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ELIZABETH,
DAUGHTER OF REV. RUFUS PALMER.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Elizabeth, daughter of Rev. Rufus Palmer, of Woodbury, Me., was a schoolmate of the author, and, there, and ever afterward, dear to her friends.

One afternoon while I was visiting at the parsonage, in the summer previous to her marriage, she placed her journal in my hands, pointing to the pages, from which I afterward made the three following extracts.

"I cannot tell how sweet and comforting this verse from the seventeenth psalm fell into my heart this morning, as father read it at family prayer."

"As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."

"With what tenderness and exaltation and confidence, it closes up the psalm, like a sudden chime of silver bells, ringing down through all the darkness and turmoil of the royal writer's soul—how, as his heart turned away from all the sorrow and strife and sin which beset him, it mounted up on the wings of that glad thought into light and peace!"

"Sudden and swift the world fell away from him, and the monarch tossed and tried, and sorely beset on all sides, is in the midst of that love and rejoicing which God gives to those who love him!"

"All this flashed like a sudden revelation across my soul, this morning. I was in deep waters at the time. I looked upon life, and the great burdens it had suddenly laid upon me, they seemed heavier than I could bear. It was a November morning, looked up by thick bluish gray clouds and mist. It did not rain, but the air had that clammy chill to it, which told us plainly that the year was dying, and the earth lay under the clouds, wan and desolate."

"Papa put down his cup of coffee at breakfast, with a resigned shake of the head, which did not escape me,—and the toast was burned, and the hash 'fried to a crisp.'"

"Hannah is a willing girl enough, but she requires constant supervision; and, as I have not a relay of bodies, I cannot be in parlor and kitchen, chamber, study and dining room, all at the same time."

"Add of course everything falls on me now. Delia is a rude, impulsive, good hearted little creature, but with half a score of birthdays on her golden head, the child is a constant care, a great vexation to me sometimes; but her bright little face is unspeakable comfort, after all. Harry is much like Delia, and only two years ahead of her, and overflowing with boyish spirits, and love of frolic."

"Newell is as unlike them both as possible, quiet, thoughtful, studious. Dear boy! he has mamma's eyes, and sometimes, when I look at his pale, sweet, gentle face, I think it has been good for me to be afflicted. His limb is better, but the doctor says he will never regain more than a partial use of it, and I believe Newell has made up his mind to be a cripple for life; but, he accepts it with a sweet resignation, that often brings the tears into my eyes."

"It does not seem possible that dear mamma has been away from us six months; I cannot bear to think of the first snow covering her grave; but, on the footsteps of this thought there follows another: 'In the hope of a resurrection into life immortal!'"

"So, when prayers were over, I went back to the kitchen with a calmer heart. For a time, everything seemed in inextinguishable tangle; Delia's hair must be curled for school; Harry wanted some assistance in his algebra; Hannah was sprinkling the clothes, and protesting she should not get the ironing done this week, unless she was permitted an uninterrupted morning; and, when I looked at the heaped clothes basket, I heartily endorsed her view of the matter."

"So we effected a kind of compromise. I agreed to do the fine things, 'pick the chickens, and make the desserts, while she was to wash the dishes, and help get the dinner. So, as soon as the children were out of the house, I squatted down to my delectable employment of picking chickens, giving just one little sigh, which was caught and strangled on my lips, to my German up stairs. I knew Jean Paul must lie unopened on the table to-day—for I had promised to be at the sewing society that afternoon. It was the first time since mamma died, and I felt that my absence would disappoint half the parish."

"Suddenly papa came into the kitchen. 'Any thing for me?' I asked, looking up from my chicken, for I heard him say that he was going to the post office."

"Nothing, Elizabeth—but, stopping short and peering at me through his spectacles, 'what does this mean?'"

"It means that I'm deposed from office, and am now second servant, and I briefly explained our culinary confederacies and relations."

"Well, it's too bad, my little girl. I lay awake a couple of hours last night thinking how your cares and burdens were wearing you down. But this morning God seems to have sent me an especial answer. I have good news for you, Elizabeth, drawing a letter from his pocket."

"Oh, papa, from whom is it?"

"From your Aunt Rachel. Her husband's brother is so much better that he has concluded, with the advice of his physicians, to try a sea voyage for his health."

"He will go to the East Indies, and take Hugh with him, and your aunt says she is ready now to come to us, provided we can find a corner for Alice, and she will do us all the good in her power."

"I could not answer papa for my glad tears. He laid his hand softly on my hair. 'It is evident the hand of the Lord is in this, my child.'"

"What a burden of care and anxiety was suddenly lifted from my heart and mind—and not to be written with my pen! Dear Aunt Rachel! Those three happy years I passed at Mapleton comes over the hills of memory with their sweet, shining faces, and smile on me now!"

"I never loved any woman, except my own mother, as I loved my father's sister, Aunt Rachel Winters."

"What a life of consecration hers is! To think how she has devoted the last five years to her husband's invalid brother, and his two motherless children!"

"What a mercy it is to all of us that just at this crisis Uncle Hugh's health is improved, so that he can dispense with Aunt Rachel's care!"

"And there will be no more jars in our domestic machinery, for the wheels always run smoothly where Aunt Rachel, that completer of housewifery, presides."

"After I had finished the chickens, I made papa a cup of coffee after his heart, on his pale, rather, and carried it into the study."

"He had just set about his sermon, and I saw the top of fragrant Mocha was most acceptable."

"Perhaps it will surprise you, I said, as he stirred the coffee with his spoon, 'a minute ought to look to some other source than coffee for my inspiration; but this weather looks up my brain in just such a mist as it does the hill yonder; and there's no harm done in hoping the coffee will dispense some of the clouds.'"

"And while he spoke there came a golden sprinkling of light through the window. 'On papa, I do believe it's going to clear off.'"

"I think so, setting down his cup, and drawing me fondly to him. 'My little girl, do you know that you are the greatest comfort I have in the world.'"

"Am I, really, papa? stroking the black locks so powdered with gray, and then bidding my face for joy on his shoulder."

"He held me to his heart a little while, and I knew in the silence, that he was thanking God for me."

"All the rest of the day had seemed set to a sweet tune. I went through the remainder of the morning's work with a lightness and joy a my heart, which kept overflowing my lips in fragments of sweet hymns and airs, so that Hannah said to me, while I was dismembering the chickens, 'Don't you feel wonderful chirky to-day, Miss Elizabeth?'"

"This afternoon I went to the society. The people all seemed so glad to see me, and many a warm clasp of the hand, and quick stirring tear, spoke to my heart the sympathy which the love would have failed to do."

"It is very late in the evening now, and I paused a little while in indecision whether to have a few pages of dear Jean Paul Richter, or to talk with my journal. The journal carried it this time, for my heart must speak its gladness, once in a while, to these mute leaves."

"This is a luxury, however, in which I do not allow myself often to indulge. The only beautiful way of living is to live an earnest, practical, working life, not one of fancies and dreams, and introsversions, but a life which grows and more into the lineaments of Him of whom David, the son of Jesse, wrote, 'I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness.'"

"Aunt Rachel has been with us a month, and she has brought order, serenity, gladness, to all our household. Her gentle presence acts like subtle magnetism in every department of domestic economy. I am relieved from two-thirds of my responsibility, and the remaining one is just enough to keep my heart, and mind, and body in healthful activity and sympathy."

"Her little niece, Alice, accompanied her. She seemed to find just the right corner of our home to settle down in. She is a quiet, sweet, thoughtful child, a year Delia's senior, and she and Newell get on very nicely together with their pursuits and lessons, and general juvenile employments."

"Now, give us a song—please, Lizzie."

"Of course it was Newell said this, last evening, as he took up his crutch and came toward the sofa where I sat, engrossed, for the time, in drawing a new embroidery pattern."

"We were all in the sitting-room. It was a night in mid-winter, cold, still, shining with stars, and white with snow. Harry and Delia had just entered in most hilarious spirit, from an hour's skating on the pond. Alice, sweet and demure, sat by the table with one of Abbott's histories, which Newell and she had been reading for an hour."

"Aunt Rachel's serene, matronly face completed the group. Looking at it the other day, when she sat by the kitchen fire, I thought to myself it was a face of which Longfellow would say 'something beside a date' in it. It had a story of struggle and suffering, and peace and rest, won, at last, through patience, submission and love."

"And such faces are sweeter to me than any bloom of youth, or any glow of beauty."

"A chorus of entreaties followed Newell's petition: 'Oh, yes; do give us some music, please, Lizzie, and Harry added, 'and I'll get a basin of nuts, and crack 'em, afterward.'"

"And I'll help," added Delia."

"So Newell came to the piano, and watched me with the dark, spiritual eyes, looking out of his pale face, while I played and sang for half an hour, old familiar household songs and sacred hymns, in which the young voices sometimes joined, and sweet tremulous waves of melody flowed to and fro from the old sitting room."

"Aunt Rachel put down her knitting, and listened with the quiet, pleased smile, which so often beset her face."

"At last she said as I finished 'The Watcher,' 'Lizzie, I wish you'd sing 'The Old Sexton.' You know what a favorite of mine it used to be. I could not refuse her; and yet, she did not know what a flock of old memories that hampered—how they crowded upon my heart, as I swept my fingers over the keys of the piano, and awakened the old tune which she and I sang last together, which I had never sung since that night!"

"But it all rushed back on me then; the still, summer evening, with the sweet scent of the cinnamon roses by the parlor window, and the moonlight dropping in great silver blossoms upon the carpet. I sat once more at the piano, in Aunt Rachel's parlor at Mapleton, my heart full of young, sweet hopes and dreams, as the air was full of fragrance; and he was standing there, turning the leaves of my music, and smoothing my hair stealthily, and mingling his deep vibrating tenor voice with mine, in that solemn, beautiful song."

"And so, with all these memories calling to me over the three and a half years, which lay between that June night and this January one, I got through with the third verse of my song; and then, to the great astonishment of my young auditors, I broke down utterly into a sob and a rain of tears. Wondering, sympathetic faces closed around me, and I heard Newell's quick whisper to the others: 'The song makes her think of mamma! and he put his arm around my neck, in mute sympathy; and I knew, from the silence, that there were tears in eyes beside mine. After a little while, I regained my self-possession enough to look up and say, with a smile, 'I think I've played and sung a little too much to-night, or I shouldn't have broken down so suddenly.'"

"It took some time for the gravity to wear off. I caught Aunt Rachel's eyes fastened on my face, with a look of anxiety and tenderness, which made me half fancy she suspected the true cause of my tears, for she is very acute."

"At last Harry and Delia started up stairs for the pots, and when they returned with their basins and small hammers, the cloud had passed, and laughter and light conversation leaped out of the gravity and silence once more."

The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XIV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE. . . THURSDAY, DEC. 20, 1860.

NO. 24.

But my spirits were not yet keyed to it; and I went into the kitchen, where Hannah, was 'wetting up bread' for the morrow's baking, and sat down on a stool before the birch fire, and my heart went back into that room, which I looked three years ago, and 'laid away the key in bitterness and anguish of soul, saying to myself, 'I must never cross the threshold again!'"

"I had sat before the fire, watching the red shafts of flame, with my head pillowed on my hand, when Aunt Rachel suddenly entered the kitchen. 'What made you run off from us all so suddenly?' asked the sweet, cheerful voice."

"Well, aunty, I thought you wouldn't miss me, and I'd have a little foray into dream-land before the fire."

"She shook her head, as she sat down. 'Dream-land is a dangerous country for young folks.'"

"Well, I don't wander in the forbidden paths very often."

"Then there fell a little silence; I saw that something was on Aunt Rachel's mind by her manner. She stirred the fire abstractedly—she looked at me with a doubtful, puzzled expression, and at last she said: 'It's a very odd night for your father to be out; but I knew, by her tones, it was not of him she had been thinking.'"

"Yes, aunty; but the night was never so cold or dark, or stormy, that if my father was summoned to the bedside of a sick parishioner, he would not go."

"Another little silence; Aunt Rachel spoke suddenly, as though she had at last made up her mind to it, and looking me full in the face: 'Elizabeth, I met Lawrence Murray two weeks before I left home.'"

"The old name, which never crossed my lips, unless in my prayers, slid along her voice rapid and easy. For one moment my heart stood still, then I bent forward, and seized 'aunty's' hand. 'Oh, do tell me!'"

"Why, Elizabeth, my dear child! She must have read more than I guessed in my face, by the manner in which she passed her hand over it, and by the shocked, plying look in her eyes."

"I was returning from church, when I came suddenly upon him, in company with his aunt and Uncle Murray."

"There was a glance of mutual surprise and recognition then; he lifted his hat and passed on; but I was only a few rods from my own gate, when I suddenly heard footsteps behind me, and in a moment he was by my side."

"We shook hands cordially; he told me some business with his uncle had brought him to Mapleton, and he had concluded to pass the Sabbath."

"And did he speak of me, aunty?"

"Yes; there was a pause in our conversation, and the gentleman broke it by asking, 'with some embarrassment, 'I hope your niece, Miss Palmer is well?'"

"She was, last week, thank you."

"I suppose, however, she is Miss Palmer no longer?"

"That is her name at present; and there is, so far as I am informed, small probability of her changing it."

"He appeared surprised, puzzled, a little agitated; we had reached our home now, and he said to me, at parting: 'I should see you before I leave Mapleton; if I were not so imperatively summoned to the city to-morrow morning.' I fancied, then, he had something on his mind, which he wished to disclose to me."

"And did he look as he used to?"

"Very much, my child; a little older—a little more haggard; but he had the same pleasant countenance and kindly smile."

"I was very strange, Aunt Rachel?"

"What, Elizabeth, as he did?"

"And yet I felt, when I looked at that clear, earnest, candid face, that Lawrence Murray must have thought he had good and sufficient causes for his conduct."

"None can ever know," I said to myself, more than to my aunt, slipping round my finger the ring, which was mamma's wedding one, 'what reason I had for believing that man loved me; his tones, his looks, his tenderness told me so, a dozen times, in every hour we passed together.'"

"And his leaving Mapleton so suddenly, after that night, without one word, without the slightest farewell—oh, Aunt Rachel, what did it mean?"

"Elizabeth, I have asked that question many times; and I have an intuition that God will answer it some day."

"Oh, aunty, if it had not been for you, my heart would have broken then!"

"My poor little girl! and she drew her arms around me."

"Suddenly Aunt Rachel spoke. 'Elizabeth, I think Merritt Stearns and his sister came in, that last evening Mr. Murray passed at our house.'"

"Yes; you know how intimate Julia and I were. They remained until quite late, and we three rested together in our old fashion; Merritt was always so full of sport. But, why did you ask me about this, aunty?"

"I scarcely know, looking dreamily into the fire, 'only the last time I called on Lawrence's aunt, she spoke of the recent marriage of Merritt Stearns with Miss Mathews.'"

"I thought he admired your niece, Mrs. DeWing," she said to me."

"Oh, they were only friends, because Annie and Elizabeth were much attached to each other."

"And aunty, you think Merritt Stearns might have had somewhat to do—? There was no need I should finish the sentence."

"I don't like to think so, dear; he was, I hope, too honorable a man for such an act. But it is strange Mrs. Murray's tones should come back to me now; and I did not know they impressed me at the time."

"Very strange," I said; but the pain and the darkness was in my heart."

"Just then papa came in, and the matter was pursued no farther."

"I wonder, if the joy which is in my heart will permit my hand to move steadily along these pages; and I wonder, if before I have finished the story, I shall not awake out of deep sleep, and find it a dream!"

"Only yesterday it all happened. I had been busy for an hour or two helping Aunt Rachel in the kitchen; and, finally, I took a bowl of raisins into the sitting-room, and sat down to read them by the open south window."

"It was such a delicious morning in mid-May, with billows of white cloud sail in the east, with

sweet spicy winds and showers of golden sunshine, writing in earth and air their glorious prophecy: 'The summer is to be born unto the year.'"

"And so when my eyes, weary with the winter and the long pallid rains, could look out once more upon the young grass and the rejoicing earth, I sat down to my work."

"I must have been greatly absorbed, because I did not hear the front door bell ring; and I had the first intimation of its having done so, when Hannah ushered a stranger into the sitting-room, saying, with a broad grin on her ruddy visage: 'This gentleman wants to see you, Miss Elizabeth.'"

"With the second glance I knew him. I tried to rise up, but I was faint; and he came toward me with a smile on his lips, and one in his eyes, which seemed in a great struggle, with something beyond that, full of pain."

"Miss Elizabeth," he said; and oh! how the old, deep, familiar tones, went in and out of the syllables 'I have come to have an hour's talk with you.'"

"I cannot tell whether I gave Lawrence Murray my hand, but he took it and held it, and pressed it a moment. Then a thought of God came to my heart, and calmed me; and I said quiet and steady, with my eyes fastened on his face: 'You are a very abrupt man, Mr. Murray. Four years ago, you left me in much the same fashion that you have come now!'"

"It was right I should come abruptly; and Elizabeth, if I had not believed it right, with all the struggle which it cost me to leave you then, I should not have done it."

"And looking in his face, listening to his voice, I believed him."

"Lawrence Murray still held my hands, and I knew we talked a little longer, but I think it must have been upon more commonplace, for I cannot remember one word of all he said to me, until at last the rapid question following a brief silence: 'Shall we be interrupted here, Elizabeth?'"

"I rose up, and closed the door of the sitting-room; and when I would have resumed my seat by the window, Lawrence Murray drew me down on the sofa by his side, and told me—what Aunt Rachel said: 'God would answer.'"

"The recital occupied some time to tell it; and I must write it all in a few brief lines, because it is a matter upon which my heart and soul must never dwell. I had given Julia Stearns a lock of my hair—a small curl—which was forever loosening itself from the others, and falling over my cheek."

"The brother possessed himself of it, and half in fun, half in figure, without positively affirming it, succeeded in convincing Lawrence Murray that it was my gift to him, and that I had encouraged his addresses in a manner which led that gentleman to believe that I preferred him to any man."

"Lawrence Murray is a man of stern honor, and iron will—one who could never, for a moment, brook anything like coquetry or double-dealing in the woman of his choice."

"He had implicit confidence in Merritt Stearns' truthfulness, and he felt that his only safety was in leaving me, no matter at what sacrifice."

"He had buried himself in business from that hour, and success had attended him in his profession beyond his dreams, but no fair face—oh, the words he said here were very sweet ones—I need not write them with my pen, for they are living and radiant in my heart. But after Lawrence's visit to Mapleton, and his interview with Aunt Rachel, especially after his learning that I was still unmarried, a suspicion haunted him from which he could not in any wise deliver himself—a suspicion that he had somehow misapprehended the truth in regard to me and the young lawyer. And this feeling at last drove him to Mapleton, and into the office of Lawyer Stearns, and there an interview transpired somewhat after this fashion: 'Doctor Murray, I am glad to see you,' said Lawyer Stearns, with his old, bright smile, and genial manner, as he offered the young physician his hand."

"And I am glad to see you, Stearns, and to offer you my congratulations, for I have just learned—"

"That I am a husband of six weeks' standing. Have you given me an opportunity to reciprocate, doctor?"

"No. I had hopes of doing so, when you crossed my path, four years ago."

"The young lawyer looked a little embarrassed, but he answered, in his bright way: 'It did me no good, Murray; I found all the fortifications carried before I reached them.'"

"You are not sincere there, for I have not forgotten the lock of hair you showed me in the moonlight of a June evening, nor the story you told me at that time."

"A little flush, and gravity came over the lawyer's face, then he spoke in an embarrassed way, though with a vain attempt to carry off the whole matter as a joke."

"The truth is, Murray, I hadn't seen all my wild oats then, and I wanted a little fun. Miss Palmer's lock of hair was one she had given to my sister, and I got hold of it—by fair means or foul. I presume I concealed some moonshine story to endorse the curl, for I certainly regarded you as a successful rival, whom I would have given anything to cut out. But there was no use; the parson's pretty little daughter was true to her first love."

"Merritt Stearns, I thank you for your confession, for that joke of yours has darkened four years of my life," said Lawrence Murray, sternly and sadly."

"I beg your pardon for it all, my dear fellow," answered his friend. 'If I had known my joke would prove so serious a matter, you know I would sooner have parted with my right hand than indulge in it.'"

"And the doctor left the office, and took the next train for—me!"

"Elizabeth, the cake is ready to turn into the pans. Have you finished the raisins?" asked Aunt Rachel, coming to the sitting-room door."

"And then she saw Lawrence Murray. Her look of amazement was ludicrous."

"But I rose up and said to her, with a broken voice and shaking limbs: 'Aunt Rachel, you know you said God would reveal that great mystery some time. He has done it this morning.'"

"In a few minutes she understood all; but, for once her cake had to go into the oven without any raisins."

"Lawrence remained to dinner. Aunt Rachel introduced him to papa as an old friend of hers."

from Mapleton. I think he was much pleased with the young physician."

"In the afternoon we had company. Lawrence left for awhile, saying he should return in the evening, and must have a private interview with me."

"The company had gone, and I was standing by the window looking out upon the sad, sweet moonlight, as it mounted the budding boughs with silver, and laid its snowy embossing on the young grass."

"My heart was full of the strange events of the day—a great, tremulous joy, which touched on pain, seemed to possess my soul."

"Elizabeth."

"I knew the tone, and I had not need to turn my head to see the speaker's face. He had been standing by the front window, as he came up the path, and he had walked very softly to my side."

"For a little while we stood there, silently looking out on the night, and then Lawrence Murray said to me: 'Elizabeth, it was just such a night as this, four years ago next month, when I went over to your aunt's cottage at Mapleton, with a question for you in my heart, a question upon which seemed to hang all the hopes of my manhood, all the joy of my life.'"

"You know what followed: the sudden agony and desolation which fell upon my heart, so great that I do sincerely believe that if it had not been for God's grace, which upheld me, I should not have endured the suffering for one day; but I have not now come to speak of this—I have come to ask you the question, for which I sought you four years ago. Elizabeth, will you be my wife?'"

"And the answer I made—is with God and Lawrence Murray."

"To think that this night I belong no more to myself! How wisely God has ordered that Aunt Rachel should come to us, or they could never have spared me from my home."

"But I cannot yet bear the thought of going away, and it will not be until next autumn."

"How solemn I feel, a solemnity that is sweeter than any hilarious joy!"

"Oh, Lawrence Murray, it is given unto me to make your life happier? Will my tenderness, my devotion, enlarge, and enrich, and make more alluring the years which God may give you?"

"Will you be a truer, nobler, better man because we shall walk together?"

"These are questions which press and weigh upon my heart heavily to-night, and I can only answer them in the words of the Psalmist, which fall into the heart like sweet dew, calming and healing it: 'What time I am afraid I will trust in thee.'"

"WHO VIOLATES THE CONSTITUTION!—Under this head the Tribune has the following well-put statement: 'Many years ago—long before Massachusetts had passed a Personal Liberty bill—South Carolina enacted a law under which citizens of Mass. and other States arriving at Charleston as seamen, stewards, cooks, etc., of vessels, and not even suspected of any intent to violate the laws, were—in case they were of the colored race—subjected to the indignity and outrage of being dragged from their respective vessels, shut up in prison, and there kept until their captains were ready to sail, when they were restored to him on payment of a round bill of cost. Massachusetts believed this a gross violation of the Federal Constitution, and undertook to test its validity in the most loyal, quiet, unobjectionable manner. So she chose one of her most eminent and conservative lawyers—Hon. Samuel Hoar—to proceed to Charleston and there make a case, and bring it to the bar of the U. S. Supreme Court for authoritative adjudication. Neither Massachusetts nor Mr. Hoar had any suspicion that this action would give offence. They had no idea of doing anything but establish the most vital and constitutional rights in the most peaceful and inoffensive manner. Mr. Hoar was so unsuspecting of what followed that he took his daughter with him to Charleston. Yet he had hardly found a lodging in the city when—the object of his mission being noised about—an assemblage of the Quivvers, which would have been called a mob, beset his hotel and compelled him, on penalty of death, to hurry on board a steamer and set his face northward in the briefest possible time. He was told that the companionship of his daughter alone protected him from personal and probably fatal violence. The bare idea of allowing him to test before a slaveholding Court the legal rights of citizens of Massachusetts was utterly scorned. Nobody in Charleston thought of upholding him in so doing."

"—Now look on the other side. Congress passed in 1850 a Fugitive Slave act, which Massachusetts believes to be unconstitutional and knows to be tyrannical and unjust. She naturally desires to contest its validity. She passes an act to protect the Personal Liberty of her inhabitants, which is held to be a coercion of the Fugitive Slave law. No court of competent jurisdiction has pronounced this act unconstitutional. If South Carolina wishes to contest its validity, and to carry that contest up to the court of last resort, we will warrant any agent or commissioner she may send to Boston the most courteous treatment from first to last and every desirable facility in the prosecution of his errand. Let Gov. Gist simply write by him to Gov. Banks or Gov. Andrew that he is dispatched on this business, and we guarantee him as kind, as courteous, as honorable a reception and treatment as man could desire; and he need not bring a daughter along to secure such treatment."

"The Washington correspondent of the New York Post says: 'Mr. Sumner, in the debate on Monday, made a dead shot. Jefferson Davis had declared that Personal Liberty bills were not the reason for the dissatisfaction at the South; it was

turns out to be untrue. The local authorities had arrested seven men for disturbing the peace, but most of them had been discharged. One letter says that Montgomery had been working on his farm since Judge Williams left the Territory, and another letter says he is in a fortified camp at Mound city with three hundred men. All the letters agree, however, in the statement that the Missouri troops will not go into the territory to fight him, and that they will very shortly be ordered home.

The Eastern Mail.

RPH MAXHAM; DAN'L R. WING.
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... DEC. 20, 1860.

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Waterville Farmers' Club.

Met at Jos. Percival's Dec. 13th, subject "Winter care and feeding of Stock," continued.

D. Holway practices housing his cattle nights as soon as the weather becomes cool, and commences feeding them when they first come to the barn, with his best hay, with roots or root tops; so that the change from grass to hay shall be gradual; and feeds his coarsest fodder and straw in the coldest weather, at which time they are most hearty. Feeds but three times a day with little at a time, till they have eaten sufficient. Waters but once, in the middle of the day; lets them remain out about one hour in the middle of the day if pleasant; wants them kept clean, dry and warm, and thinks if kept in this shape they will consume less food, and will come out in the spring looking well. He is not in favor of feeding largely on roots in the coldest weather.

G. W. Pressey feeds three times a day, does not disturb his cattle after dark, waters twice, feeds liberally with potatoes; wants his cattle kept dry, clean and warm.

J. M. Pressey, from Cal., says they feed barley meal wholly for provender in Cal. to their cattle and to team and road horses; that they do well, and look well and keep in fine condition.

Jos. Percival thinks cattle should be watered three times a day, and if offered water immediately after eating, they will drink three times a day. Houses his cattle nights, the year round; thinks they will do better and the extra trouble will be paid for in dressing. Feeds three times a day. Wants his coarse fodder, such as cornstalks, straw, cut and mixed, with a little oat or barley meal; feeds liberally on roots, as they keep the cattle in the same condition that grass does. Keeps his cattle clean, dry and warm. Thinks if a farmer has a large surplus of corn fodder and straw which he wants converted into dressing, he should allow his cattle to run at large cold days and feed liberally on them, they will consume a large amount and be sure to come out poor in the spring.

F. O. Marston thinks well of feeding sheep on corn fodder; but if fed on hay without any provender, they should occasionally have a few roots to keep them loose. Waters twice; wants his cattle kept warm and snug.

G. C. E. Shorey feeds his cattle on his coarsest fodder when they first come to the barn, with a liberal supply of potatoes. Thinks calves should have the best of hay or some potatoes; feeds three times a day; lets his cattle remain out about four hours in the middle of the day, pleasant days; waters once a day.

Dr. J. F. Noyes does not feel capable of giving much information in regard to winter care, as his early experience was when his Father and others kept their cattle in Rhode Island, without any stables or shelter, except some old hovels for them to run under in a severe storm; but thinks much attention should be paid to their comfort in addition to their regular feeding; that they should not be fed too liberally on first coming to the barn, nor too largely on roots at any time; that more care should be taken in the treatment of the diseases among cattle, horses and sheep; that farmers should inform themselves more about the nature and cure of the different diseases incident to them; that a liberal use of the card daily is essential to the health of cattle.

The discussion was very interesting. The next meeting is to be at Geo. W. Pressey's same subject continued, with "buildings for shelter."

BE WARNED!—We called attention several weeks ago to the non-explosive burning fluid, sold at the stores of E. Marshall and D. Webb. We are satisfied from numerous test experiments that this fluid may be used without the least danger of explosion, under any circumstances; and after using it for some time we know it to be equal to the best of fluids in all other respects. Those who have so long feared danger had better be warned in season. Hardly a day passes without painful accidents to women and children from lamp explosions, and those who can secure themselves without extra cost, are culpable if they do not.

CHRISTMAS.—There will be a Christmas Tree at the Congregational church, on Christmas Eve, with appropriate religious exercises.

OUR TABLE.

PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.—One copy of the January number of this monthly may be traveled a round about road, for it has but just reached us, while our neighbors were made glad by its reception nearly a fortnight ago. But, late or early, Peterson is always welcome; and this first number of a new year, especially so, for it is a rare combination of pictorial and literary attraction. Two fine steel engravings are given, each accompanied by a good story; also a beautiful fashion plate; a colored Berlin pattern for work bag or chair seat; a piece of music, and patterns and designs innumerable, curious, pretty and useful. Of the stories, one is by the author of "Sour L.—" another by J. T. Trumbull, "Father Brightrides," author of "Neighbor Jackwood," &c., and a third by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens—and as these are all marked "to be continued," it shows that good as is the January number, there is abundance of rich fare in prospect. An amusing parlor charade will also be found, with scores of valuable recipes.

Published by Chas. J. Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

MEYER'S MUSEUM.—Boys, the January number of this old favorite is a beauty—full of good stories and pretty pictures. One of the stories commenced—Pistol and Bravery—will run through the year, and we need only that it is written by Jacob Abbott, author of "Harpers Story Books" and the "Ballo Books," to convince you that it will be one you will wish to read. A single dollar, sent to J. N. Stearns & Co., 116 Nassau Street, New York, will bring this nice little work to you, with all its literary and pictorial attractions, once a month for a whole year. Do you think you could put a dollar to any better use?

Boston Mobs.—It is a strange feature of the times, that there has sprung up in the metropolis of N. England a combination of wealth and political power pledged to put down freedom of speech. It was more than twenty years ago that an association of men and women barely escaped with their lives, because they met to consult about the best mode of securing freedom of speech to all men. That was one of the great moral epasms that whilom curdled puritan blood, to relieve darker passages in its record. It drew down but little open and bold rebuke, but it strained the nerves of public sentiment so deeply that twenty years of rest has restored them to but doubtful steadiness. The threat of disunion has re-awakened the toadyism that doubles its haunches upon dollars and cents, and another effort to stop the mouths that say liberty belongs to all men, will either succeed or fail in great Boston. The first movement, at Tremont Temple, was more than successful; and when all was over, and the leading republican papers were found more than half dumb in their rebukes, the great mercantile mouth of Beacon Street proclaimed that henceforth no more free speech would be heard in Boston!

The second trial came on Sunday last, when Wendell Phillips, one of the most eloquent of Boston men, proposed to preach at Music Hall. So confident was the expectation of a riot, that two military companies were put in readiness to be called at a moment's notice, and one hundred policemen were distributed among the audience. With this security the regular religious services were carried through without disturbance. The discourse was pungent in rebuke of all opposition to freedom of person and speech, and closed with the sentiment that "The community which does not protect its humblest and most hated citizen in the utterance of his opinions, however false or hurtful, is nothing but a gang of slaves."

When Mr. Phillips left the house the crowd began to jostle him, and the police assumed his protection. A mob of two thousand persons followed him to his house, and only dispersed when the chief of police, Mr. Ham, ordered the arrest of all that refused.

Here was a partial triumph of the right of free speech; but it yet remains to be proved whether this right shall stand or fall in Boston. While a mob that threatens life is only required to disperse, and the city papers are half paralyzed to silence, there can be no freedom there, that is not backed up by bayonets. If Boston would wash herself of past sins, she must stand erect against this last and most inhuman demand of slavery.

A SLAVEHOLDING REPUBLIC.—The fire eaters have boasted much of foreign favor and support, in their attempt to construct and maintain a slaveholding confederacy, but if the tone of the foreign press is a correct indication, they are leaning upon a broken reed. That mighty thunderer, the Times, has told them plainly, that they will look in vain for British sympathy though they bid for it with an offer of free trade; and the London Saturday Review takes the same view of the case. We extract a portion of an article in the last named paper:—

As soon as it becomes worth while to discuss the establishment of a separate Federation of the slave owning States, the considerations which suggest themselves are such as to make us wonder at the folly of the undertaking. The least drawback on it is its expensiveness. At present, the cost of the General Government is most unequally distributed between North and South; and though in the Southern section these expenses are much larger than in the Northern, from the greater inaccessibility of the country, the amount contributed by the slave States to the revenue which pays them is out of all proportion smaller than the amount raised from the States of free soil. This, however, a trifling reason for valuing the Union, compared with others. It is possible that the planters do not perceive that their connection with the Northern States has the effect, as it were, of insuring their peculiar institution? Looked at impartially, it is much more like a contrivance for keeping up negro servitude than for weakening it. The utmost outrage with which they are menaced by Mr. Lincoln and the Republicans is a Congressional measure prohibiting the introduction of negro slavery into the Northwestern Territories of the Union. Even this disadvantage is not necessarily a consequence of the Republicanism carrying the Presidency; for Congress is still hostile to the Republicans, and the Southern planters, who are unanimous themselves, and allied to a powerful minority in every State of the North, have a reasonable prospect of even now thwarting their antagonists' policy. But if the Southern States once succeeded in constituting a separate Federation, it is surely clear that every question now pending between themselves and the North would become at once an international question. Every point now at issue in the domestic forum of Congress would come under the cognizance of the general society of na-

tions. What sort of division of the unsettled territory now belonging to the United States would ever be agreed upon between the Northern and Southern Federations nobly pretend even to conceive; and this is the very difficulty which seems to show that the severance could never be effected without bloodshed. It is plain, however, that every attempt of the Southern States to expand beyond the territory absolutely secured to them would be resisted, not simply by their Northern neighbors, but by the whole strength of European civilization. The more reckless spirits of the South are pushing on their quarrel in the belief that, if they were once dis-embarrassed of the Union, they could render province after province from Mexico, and fill each successive acquisition with their slaves. But Europe would have a word in the matter. It is simply the incorporation of the North with the South which prevents European statesmen from treating the annexations of the United States as unavowed extensions of the area of slavery. They cannot now upbraid a confederacy of which more than half the members have no slaves, with conquering and annexing merely in the interest of cotton and negroes, but there would be no scruple about taxing the Southern Federation with designs which it would be at no pains to conceal. Nor is there, we take it, the slightest doubt that the free States would rather assist than impede the efforts of European diplomacy. The Monroe doctrine would be destroyed by the very fact of separation, and a Northern Union once divided from the South, would not be long in making the discouragement of slavery the cardinal principle of its foreign policy. In short, the measure of the dangers of separation is the advantages now derived from union. Slavery is sufficiently unpopular in the world for a mere slaveholding Commonwealth to run no small risk of becoming the victim of a general crusade. But the actual connection of the Southern States with the North has the effect of masking their exclusive devotion to a hated system. The Constitution of the United States, as experience has abundantly shown, can often be so managed as to promote the objects of the slave owners, and whatever advantage is gained in this way is gained without incurring danger, and almost without attracting attention.

The extravagant notions of their own prowess entertained by the Americans of the Southern States has persuaded them that they would lose nothing in military strength and resources by casting off the bondage of the Constitution. We can only say that England is the only country which has had a serious struggle with the United States, and English experience does not bear out the Southern pretensions. During the revolutionary war the English troops scarcely commanded a foot of ground in the North which they did not actually occupy. But later in the struggle, the South was all but subjugated; and had not the inconceivable strategy of the English generals given a different turn to the issue, it seemed at one time probable that, even if New England and the Middle States obtained their independence, the mother-country would be left in possession of Georgia and the Carolinas, just as she was of Canada and Nova Scotia. Similarly, in the war of 1812, nobody in England ever doubted that the Southern States were the vulnerable part of the Federation; nor has the result changed this opinion. The expedition to New Orleans, though willfully given up to destruction by General Pakenham, was exceedingly well planned; and had not the signing of peace in Europe interrupted hostilities, a second expedition, on a larger scale and under better commanders, would assuredly have ascended the Mississippi. It is not, indeed, to be supposed that anybody in England ever doubted, or doubts, the personal gallantry of the Southern whites. Even if the Southerner be somewhat of a bully, we have no faith in the popular assumption that a bully is a poltroon. But we in Europe have recently learned to distrust the strength of every system which is based on the depression of a subject population. There were brave men in Italy who were wedded to the cause of legitimacy—such men, for example, as are still grouped around King Francis at Gaeta. But the lesson we have received is that it is never safe to calculate on the abasement of subjects. The Southerners can hardly disdain the negro as a rebel more than the local Italian despots despised their people as mutineers. If the negro is considered half an animal, the Italian was thought half a woman. "My people," wrote King Ferdinand, "bend their necks and obey." Yet a very slight assistance from without swept away the Italian tyrants; and for our part we do not envy the Southern whites when once a negro Garibaldi is among their slaves.

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.—Some of our readers, we know, are well acquainted with this excellent agricultural paper, and prize it in proportion to their knowledge. Others, there are, who never having seen a single copy of it have yet learned to prize it through the well written articles we have copied from it. To such we would say that the Country Gentleman is one of the best agricultural papers in the country—neatly printed in a convenient form for binding, and well worthy, too, of preservation in this way—handsomely illustrated, and packed full of matter of great interest to farmers of every class. Sixteen quarto pages are given every week, and the price is only \$2 a year. Address Luther Tucker & Son, Albany, N. Y.

The same gentlemen also publish "The Illustrated Register of Rural Affairs," one of the prettiest and most useful little handbooks of agriculture we have ever seen. The number for 1861, just issued, which we recently noticed, is certainly a gem, and richly worth twice the price asked for it. Sent postpaid, to any address, for twenty-five cents; and it can be had in large quantities much cheaper.

DODGAS ON PERSONAL LIBERTY BILLS.—The following was the close of Mr. Douglas's speech in the Senate on Tuesday:—

"I wish we could have a list of the fugitive slaves that are returned, and of the number rescued; and I venture the assertion that Southern gentlemen would be amazed at the fidelity with which that law has been executed. I believe if we could have a record of the cases, they would be ashamed to bring up that subject as one of the causes to justify the dissolution of the Union. I have no apology to make for the Personal Liberty bills. I think them all a violation of the spirit of the Constitution, and I think they ought to be repealed at once, and I think our Northern people ought to repeat them as a duty to themselves—not upon any demand of the Southern people, but to put ourselves in the right. The State I have the honor to represent never passed any such law. I wish there was no cause of complaint of any other State. While we hear of Personal Liberty bills presented as causes of

disunion, we are told, and so far as I know, the statement is true, that in no case have these bills been the cause of depriving a master of the return of his slave. These bills generally exist in that part of the country where fugitives never come, yet it so happens that there is the greatest excitement on this question just in proportion as you recede from the slave States. Those of us who live upon the borders can live in peace with each other. There never was a time when my friend from Missouri (Mr. Green) and myself could not have settled this question by referring it to the Justices of the Peace on each side of the river, with power to choose a third and we agree to abide by the award. But when you go North to Vermont, where they scarcely ever saw a slave, and would not know how one looked, they are disturbed about the wrongs of the slave. And when you get down South to Georgia and Alabama, where they never lose any slaves, they are disturbed by the outrages of these bills and the non enforcement of the Fugitive Slave law. Just in proportion as they have no interest in it, and don't know what they are talking about." (Laughter in the galleries.)

PROF. O. S. FOWLER, the father of Phrenology in this country, and an able and practical exponent of the science, will commence a course of lectures at the Town Hall in this village to-morrow (Friday) evening. For further particulars, see advertisement in another column.

The well known reputation of Prof. Fowler obviates the necessity of commending his lectures to public attention. Our people have heard him, as well as heard of him, and need no prompting on this point. He has recently concluded a course of lectures in Bangor, in reference to which the Whig of Monday says:—

Professor Fowler's course of Phrenological and Physiological lectures, just closed in this city, has been more successful in every respect than any similar course ever delivered here. The attendance has been very large, and from among the most intelligent of our citizens—and the satisfaction generally expressed demonstrates the interesting and profitable character of the information imparted. The lecturer is thoroughly versed in his subject—by far the ablest scholar and thinker in this country, in his peculiar branch of science—and as well versed in all the laws of life as any student of human nature in the land. He is indeed a veteran in his work—and it is gratifying to know that he has been fully appreciated in all sections of the country which he has visited in his extended lecturing tour, now of more than a year's duration.

THREE WEEKLY PAPERS AT AUGUSTA.—The Journal and Age will both make three-weekly issues during the session of the Legislature. As they will be published on alternate days of the week, they will, together, furnish a daily report of the doings of the assembled wisdom of the State. Terms for each—\$1 for the session.

FORCIBLE ABDUCTION.—A Mrs. Curtis—wife of Waisell M. Curtis, of Bath, from whom she some time ago separated herself in consequence of alleged ill treatment—was forcibly seized in Portland, on Tuesday of last week, by her husband and his father, and taken first to Topsham and then to Bath. Officers were immediately put upon the culprit's track, by her friends, who arrested and took him to Portland, where he was examined in the Municipal Court and ordered to recognize, in the sum of \$500, for his appearance at a higher court in March.

THE RURAL ANNUAL AND HORTICULTURAL DIRECTORY FOR 1861. The Sixth Annual volume of the Rural Annual and Horticultural Directory is on our table. To those not acquainted with the previous numbers, we would say, that the Rural Annual is a handsome book of 120 pages, published in Rochester, N. Y., at the office of the Genesee Farmer, and designed to furnish a large amount of valuable and interesting information in a cheap and permanent form. A new number is prepared each year, containing entirely new matter. Among the contents of the present number we notice treatises on the Farmer's Kitchen Garden, Shade and Ornamental Trees, management of Window Plants, cultivation of Immortelles or Everlasting Flowers, Ornamental Hedges, Sulphur for Mildew on the Grapes, designs for Farm Houses, Cottages, Suburban Residences, Barns, &c.; Ornamental Water Fountains, Construction of Gates, Calendar of Operations, Cultivation of Pears, with many other articles of interest and practical value to the Farmer, the Fruit Grower, and the Horticulturist. It is illustrated with 80 beautiful wood engravings.

The Rural Annual and Horticultural Directory for 1861, will be sent, prepaid by mail, on receipt of 25 cents in postage stamps. Address JOSEPH HARRIS, Publisher of the Genesee Farmer, Rochester, N. Y.

The following is from the New York World, one of the most conservative papers in New York city, and is in harmony with the sentiments of our most far-seeing and conservative business men:—

CONCESSIONS.—In the dangerous pass to which public matters have come, it is not worth while to get frightened. The Union is an inestimable blessing, and every exertion, consistent with manliness of character, should be made to save it. But we must consider the future, as well as the present. We can afford to give the cotton States their rights; but we can't afford to concede to them more than they may reasonably claim under the Constitution.

In proportion as we go beyond that, these States will be likely to rise in their demands. Whether the present performance is a tragedy or a farce, we can hardly afford to have it repeated every four years, if the presidential election chances to go against the South. We hope the North does not want any time to make up its mind that the cotton States cannot be permitted to rule the country in perpetuity by holding the dissolution of the Union in terrorism over us.

If they cannot be kept in the Union without giving them more than the Constitution gives them, it is better that they should go.

if Bechelder's pig weighed 328 lbs. at 7 mo. and 10 days old, and White's 375 at 8 mo. and 24 days, which was the best pig? Go to the schoolmaster, Moses, and let him make your figures. If you can't get it by arithmetic, "try" it by grammar; you can work wonders there.

FROM WASHINGTON.—We copy the following from Friday's correspondence of the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser:—

"During this morning and yesterday afternoon further developments have been made respecting the causes of disagreement between the President and the Secretary of State, which led to the resignation of the latter. It appears that the President had given orders to have the sloop-of-war Brooklyn held in readiness to proceed to Charleston, to aid in the defence of Fort Moultrie at any time when he should command it, but declined to do anything immediately by way of reinforcing the garrison there at present. Secretary Cass took ground in favor of prompt action, and strenuously maintained, in his place in the Cabinet, that to neglect to send troops there after the threats that had been made and the events that have transpired, implied a discreditable weakness in the federal government, and an inability to enforce its authority and compel obedience to its laws, and that that interpretation would be put on such neglect by the secessionists, who in consequence would grow bolder and be led further than they would otherwise dare to go. The President, however, could not bring his courage up to the point demanded by Mr. Cass, who therefore refused any longer to be a member of the federal administration."

From the World's correspondence:—

"Dispatches have been sent in all directions exaggerating the state of affairs here. There were several meetings of the various military companies of the city last night. All resolved to stand by the Union to the last. The conservative sentiment increases daily, and thousands begin to favor coercion, so disgusted are they with the precipitate haste of South Carolina."

In the Committee of Thirty-Three to day Mr. Corwin reported a series of resolutions which it is said will meet the approval of a majority of the Republicans on the Committee. The first pledges the faith of Congress against any attempt to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia; the second is against Congress interfering with the inter-slave trade between the slave States; the fourth is in favor of an amendment rendering the Fugitive Slave Act effective and satisfactory to the South; the fifth is against any discrimination by Congress against slave States asking for admission; the sixth is in favor of protecting persons and property in the Territories, until they shall have 30,000 inhabitants, when non-intervention shall be the law. It is thought the Committee will be able to report by the middle of the week.

SURGICAL.—Jerry McCarthy, of Pittsfield, suffered the amputation of a leg on Wednesday, by the skillful hands of Dr. J. F. Noyes, of this place. He was a laborer on the railroad, 45 years old, and the trouble came from an injury received several years ago. He was "etherized," and lay quietly without giving any evidence of pain during the operation; and is apparently doing well.

THE WEATHER.—The thermometer has marked 17 degrees below zero, on several mornings, recently, we believe, and the Kennebec has frozen over, here and farther down the river. The sleighing has been excellent for some time, but how it will be left by the storm, which is now (Thursday morning) in progress, remains to be seen.

"LEWIS'S NEW GYMNASIUM.—The second number of this journal of Physical Culture, in addition to much valuable reading, has an illustrated series of "Gymnastic Exercises without Apparatus," with which, its continuations, will meet a public want. Let all who are in poor health, and those who, having good health, wish to prolong its enjoyment, and everybody who is interested in the physical training of youth, examine the new publication. Published monthly, by Dr. Dio Lewis, Boston, at \$1 a year.

ANOTHER EARTHQUAKE.—During the forenoon service on Sunday last, the jar and tramp of one of these mighty forces of Nature was distinctly perceived by the different congregations in our village. The people looked here and there and winked—"earthquake!" and then they one and all thought of "the dissolution of the Union." It was also noticed pretty generally, all over the State.

FROM WASHINGTON.—We copy the following from the Washington correspondence of the New York Times:—

A letter from Gov. Houston, received here this evening, denies that he has consented to convene the Texas Legislature. He urges a convention of all the Southern States.

A private and impromptu caucus of both Democrats and Republicans of different States was held here this evening, and a feeling was prevalent that, if Southern cotton States would withhold their secession doctrines for a few weeks, perfect confidence would be restored, and that the financial, commercial and political interests would be strengthened.

I am told on good authority, that Senator Fitch of Indiana told Jeff. Davis yesterday, that if the present secession movement was continued, his State would remain firm by the Union, and demand coercion. He is preparing a strong Union Coercion speech, to precede or follow Douglas.

I am authorized to say that Commodore Shubrick has not stated that he would resign his commission in the United States Navy. He only remarked that when called on to act, he would try and do what was right.

I met with one of the largest print manufacturers in the East last evening, who said that in a pecuniary point of view manufacturers at the North were benefited by the talk of secession; that cotton factors and brokers in the South were never more desirous of selling the stock of cotton than at present. In many instances cotton has been offered for two and a half cents per pound than three months since; but at even this discount manufacturers refused to buy, having on hand the spring styles of prints, and a sufficient quantity of cotton for all extra demands, and having perfect confidence that they can purchase every bale of cotton which they wish whenever they need it. He was a strong supporter of Bell and Everett.

Nothing but an extreme case could have induced Gen. Cass to retire at this time. His conduct is approved by all parties but the

avowed secessionists. This is testified to by the general manner in which he has been visited since then.

It is reported that Major General Wool recently wrote a patriotic letter to Gen. Cass, denouncing secession and recommending the reinforcement of Fort Moultrie, and it is believed the letter influenced Gen. Cass in determining his course.

At the conclusion of an argument before the Supreme Court last week, Hon. Reverdy Johnson of Maryland, took occasion to remark briefly upon the present crisis, and in the course of his remarks expressed the earnest desire that Heaven would silence the "whinnings of imbecility, now discouraging and sicken- ing the honest public heart." Mr. Johnson is not a very ardent admirer of the President.

SECESSION.—The South Carolina convention to enact secession, met at Columbia on Monday, and adjourned to Charleston, where they were laying out their work in detail at latest date, though nothing definite had been enacted.

In Congress, Mr. Davis of Mississippi had withdrawn from the select committee on compromise, and other Southerners were proposing to leave. A proposition to re-enact a Missouri compromise line, made by a Southern member of the committee, was tabled. Another from Davis of Maryland, for a modification of the fugitive slave law was to be considered.

The following resolve, offered in the House by Mr. Adrian of New Jersey, was adopted, 151 to 14.

Resolved, That we deprecate the spirit of disobedience to the Constitution wherever manifested, and that we earnestly recommend the repeal of all statutes by State Legislatures in conflict and in violation of that sacred instrument, and the laws of Congress passed in pursuance thereof.

BEECHER'S SERMONS.—To ascertain how you may have the sermons of this celebrated preacher regularly and at a very low price, with the latest news, market reports, and much interesting miscellaneous reading, see advertisement of Boston Traveller, in another column.

BEECHER.—So strong were the threats to mob Henry Ward Beecher at the Plymouth church on Sunday last, that 200 policemen were ordered to protect him. New York and Boston are in league against freedom of speech.

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND SOUTH CAROLINA.—The N. Y. Commercial Advertiser has the annexed dispatch from Washington, revealing the position of France towards the secessionists.

"The position of France and Louis Napoleon toward the seceding States is now a topic of conversation as it has heretofore been of speculation. Reliable intelligence has been received to the effect that the Emperor of France declines to pave the way for negotiations with South Carolina. Overtures have already been made to him and his recognition has been solicited. He states that even if a Southern Confederation is recognized by the Northern States and by the rest of the Union, France cannot tolerate the idea on which this separate existence is based, and she will not endorse the system of slavery or the revival of the slave trade."

This intelligence is rather dampening to the heated spirits of the secessionists, who had counted confidently upon French sympathy, and if necessary, intervention. But the whole policy of France is in the line of humanity, and against such a denial of rights as is contemplated and maintained by the South.

THE COMPANION FOR THE TOILET.—Mr. Joseph N. Souther, formerly of the firm of Stanwood & Souther, of Augusta, but now agent for the sale of "Burnett's Celebrated Toilet Articles," has recently passed through our State, making contracts for advertising and establishing local agencies for the sale of these unrivalled articles. Knowing the character and reputation of gentlemen of the press, and their nice appreciation and good taste, he has submitted specimens to their inspection with the happiest results. Their testimony to the virtues of these articles is unanimous and hearty, and the following good word by one paper of high standing, is echoed far and near:—

If the lady reader is about traveling, &c., wishes to make a most acceptable gift to a friend about doing so—if she proposes visiting a watering place, or would like something nice to have in the country, let her try one of Burnett's Toilet Companions, containing a bottle of his Occasine, which dresses the hair perfectly, without greasing, drying, or stiffening it—a flavor of Florida, one drop of which performs the handkerchief deliciously—one of Kahlston, the best cosmetic in the world, and one of the Oriental Tooth Wash. These preparations are of approved usefulness and all that they profess to be.

CONCESSIONS.—In the dangerous pass to which public matters have come, it is not worth while to get frightened. The Union is an inestimable blessing, and every exertion, consistent with manliness of character, should be made to save it. But we must consider the future, as well as the present. We can afford to give the cotton States their rights; but we can't afford to concede to them more than they may reasonably claim under the Constitution.

In proportion as we go beyond that, these States will be likely to rise in their demands. Whether the present performance is a tragedy or a farce, we can hardly afford to have it repeated every four years, if the presidential election chances to go against the South. We hope the North does not want any time to make up its mind that the cotton States cannot be permitted to rule the country in perpetuity, by holding the dissolution of the Union in terrorism over us.

If they cannot be kept in the Union without giving them more than the Constitution gives them, it is better that they should go. [Chicago New Covenant.]

