The Express.

R. N. HUDSON, EDITOR.

TERRE HAUTE, IND.

WEDNESDAY.....JUNE 13, 1860.

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES.

FOR PRESIDENT,
ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
OF ILLINOIS.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
HANNIBAL HAMLIN,
OF MAINE.

Presidential Electoral Ticket.
Electors for the State at Large,
WILLIAM CUMBACK, of Decatur,
JOHN L. MANSFIELD, of Jefferson.

District Electors.

1st District—Cyrus M. Allen, of Knox;
2nd District—John W. Ray, of Clarke;
3rd District—Morton C. Hunter, of Monroe;
4th District—John H. Farquahar, of Franklin;
5th District—Nelson Trusler, of Fayette;
6th District—Reuben A. Riley, of Hancock;
7th District—John Hannah, of Putnam;
8th District—Samuel H. Huff, of Tippecanoe;
9th District—James M. Tyner, of Miami;
10th District—Isaac Jonkinson, of Allen;
11th District—David O. Dailey, of Huntington.

Republican State Ticket.

FOR GOVERNOR,
HENRY S. LANE, of Montgomery.
FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,
OLIVER P. MORTON, of Wayne.
FOR SECRETARY OF STATE,
WILLIAM A. PEELLE, of Randolph.
FOR TREASURER OF STATE,
JONATHAN S. HARVEY, of Clarke.
FOR AUDITOR OF STATE,
ALBERT LANGE, of Vigo.
FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,
JAMES G. JONES, of Vanderburgh.
FOR REPORTER OF SUPREME COURT,
BENJAMIN HARRISON, of Marion.
FOR CLERK OF SUPREME COURT,
JOHN P. JONES, of Lagrange.
FOR SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,
MILES J. FLETCHER, of Putnam.

County Opposition Ticket.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER,
HARVEY D. SCOTT,
FOR CLERK,
JACOB H. HAGER,
FOR SHERIFF,
SAMUEL CONNER,
FOR REPRESENTATIVES.
JOHN P. USHER,
HENRY FAIRBANKS.
FOR COMMON PLEAS JUDGE,
ALEX. B. CRANE.
PROSECUTOR COMMON PLEAS COURT,
PUTNAM BROWN.
FOR CORONER,
N. W. BENSON.

CAMPAIGN EXPRESS.

It will be seen by reference to another notice in this paper, that we are now issuing the Weekly Express as a campaign paper, for the small sum of 50 cts. during the campaign. This will enable every one to take it, and we would be glad that our friends would make an effort and send us clubs from every section. The good cause can be much advanced in this way. The readers of the Campaign Express will be kept fully posted in all the news of the day, and in matters of public interest.

Send us in a host of names, friends.—*Fifty Cents* ain't much money.

Public Speaking.

THOS. H. NELSON and ALBERT LANGE will make political speeches, at the following times and places:

MIDDLETOWN, Friday, June 15th, at 2 o'clock P M.

FAIRSANKS, same day at 7 o'clock P M.

MARON, Saturday, June 16th, at 1 o'clk P M.

The people without distinction of party, are invited to attend.

Douglas and the Richmond Convention.

The Convention which is now in session, composed of the "bolters" and a delegation from New York, in the city of Richmond, Virginia, will, in all probability, adjourn to meet at Baltimore on the 18th. If this is done, it is evident the object will be to defeat Mr. Douglas, and if he is not defeated at Baltimore, or if a pro slavery platform is not adopted, then the seceders will again meet at Richmond, perfect their organization, adopt their separated platform of principles, nominate a pro slavery Democrat and thus we will have two Democratic Presidential candidates in the field.

If however the influence of the seceders in the Baltimore Convention should be sufficiently powerful to defeat Mr. Douglas and adopt a platform enunciating doctrines peculiar to Southern politicians, then the friends of the Little Giant in the North, will, in all probability run him as an independent candidate. In either event we cannot see what will prevent there being two Democratic candidates in the field. One the exponent of that most infamous doctrine, which says, the Federal Constitution carries slavery into all our Territories, and the other, the humbug doctrine of Popular Sovereignty.

But will Mr. Douglas receive the nomination at Baltimore? This is now the absorbing question. We can not see how it is possible that the friends of Mr. Douglas can force his nomination, in the face of the bitter opposition that will continually meet him. From present indications the South will be united against him, and he is not as strong in the North, as he was at Charleston. If the two third rule is adhered to, Mr. Douglas can not get the nomination at Baltimore,—if it is abrogated he may. A few days however will determine it, and let the nominee of the Baltimore Convention be the Senator from Illinois, or any one else, the American people, next November will choose for their President "Honest Abe Lincoln." Nothing in our judgment is more certain than this. The enthusiasm with which his nomination is received everywhere—the great weight of moral character he brings into the canvass, and the absolute necessity for a change, taken all together, speak in unmistakable language, that Lincoln is to be the successor of J. B.

☞ **We give in our weekly issue, to day, the Premium List of the Vigo County Agricultural Fair. The farmers should lay this number by and preserve it for future reference. It is valuable to them, and we have been at much expense in being able to give it to them at this early day.**

The Agricultural Society is making commendable efforts to excite a rivalry among our agriculturists and mechanics, and we will, we have no doubt, have one of the best fairs this Fall, ever seen in this County. In a few days the large and handsome poster of the society will be done, and it should be placed at every prominent place in this and the adjoining Counties. Read carefully the premium list, and then get ready to compete for some of the prizes.

The New Albany Ledger and the Springfield Convention of 1854.

A few days ago, we took occasion to reply to an article which appeard in the Journal of this place, wherein Mr. Lincoln was charged with favoring resolutions *said to have been* adopted at Springfield, Illinois, on the 5th day of October, 1854.—The editor of the Journal, in his article in relation to this matter, said that Mr. Lincoln was "one of the committee who drafted the resolutions," and that he had never "changed or modified his sentiments in relation thereto since." We then replied to those charges of the Journal, and showed, first, that Mr. Lincoln was not in the city of Springfield at the time the supposed Convention was in session, but was attending court in Tazwell county. We showed further, that in 1858 Mr. Lincoln, in one of his speeches in reply to Mr. Douglas, had stated these facts, and in relation to being on a committee on resolutions he used the following language:

"It is true they did place my name, though without authority, upon the committee, and afterward wrote me to attend the meeting of the committee, but I refused to do so, and I never had anything to do with that organization. That is the plain truth about all that matter of the resolutions."

We hardly thought any other editor in the State, except our neighbor, would be so regardless of the truth as to repeat this charge, but we now find the same thing revised in the New Albany Ledger with additions and extensions.

The editor of the Ledger, without the least proof to sustain him and wholly reckless of the facts of the case, in relation to this Convention, says:

"The leading spirit in that Convention was Abraham Lincoln, who was in hot haste to break up the Whig party, to which he had previously belonged, because it would not sectionalize and abolitionize itself. Mr. Lincoln desirous of obtaining the honor of laying down a platform for the new party, moved the appointment of a committee to report resolutions expressive of the principles on which it was to be formed, and accordingly himself, J. F. Farnsworth, and Ichabod Codding were appointed such committee. Subsequently Mr. Lincoln, chairman of the committee, reported the resolution."

Here is a striking example of how a false hood gains by being repeated. Our neighbor said that Mr. Lincoln was "one of the committee on resolutions," but the editor of the Ledger says, "that he was the leading spirit in the Convention," that he "moved the appointment of a committee on resolutions," and that as "chairman of the committee he reported the same."

We have some curiosity to know where Mr. Norman gets his information, that Mr. Lincoln *"moved the appointment of the committee on resolutions and that as chairman he reported the same."* We are inclined to the opinion that those assertions are manufactured out of whole cloth, and the editor's *pen* has written charges which he will find exceedingly difficult to sustain.

We say to the editor of the Ledger, that Mr. Lincoln was not the "leading spirit" in a Convention which met in Springfield on the 5th day of October, 1854, and passed the resolution referred to—that he did not "move the appointment of a committee on resolutions"—that he was not "chairman" of that committee and never made report of any such resolutions. And we now say to Mr. Norman, the editor of the New Albany Ledger, *that no Convention ever met in Springfield, Illinois, and passed such resolutions.* That those resolutions which the editor says are "ultra, undisguised abolitionism," if they ever passed any Convention, it was in Knane county, Ills., and that Mr. Lincoln never knew any thing about them, until he was charged with being the father of them by Mr. Douglas in 1858

Here is Mr. Lincoln's reply to this charge, and it is so conclusive, so overwhelming, so crushing on his opponent, and so masterly in its presentation, that we quote it entire:

As introductory to these interrogatories which Judge Douglas propounded to me at Ottawa, he read a set of resolutions which he said Judge Trumbull and myself had participated in adopting, in the first Republican State Convention, held at Springfield, in October, 1854. He insisted that I and Judge Trumbull, and perhaps the entire Republican party, were responsible for the doctrines contained in the set of resolutions which he read, and I understand that it was from that set of resolutions that he deduced the interrogatories which he propounded to me, using these resolutions as a sort of authority for propounding those questions to me. Now I say here to-day that I do not answer his interrogatories because of their springing at all from that set of resolutions which he read. I answered them because Judge Douglas thought fit to ask them. I do not now, nor never did, recognize any responsibility upon myself in that set of resolutions. When I replied to him on that occassion, I assured him that I never had anything to do with them. I repeat here to-day, that I never in any possible form had anything to do with that set of resolutions. It turns out, I believe, that those resolutions were never passed in any Convention held in Springfield. It turns out that they were never passed at any Convention or any public meeting that I had any part in. I believe it turns out in addition to all this, that there was not, in the fall of 1854, any Convention holding a session in Springfield, calling itself a Republican State Convention; yet it is true there was a Convention, or assemblage of men calling themselves a Convention, at Springfield, that did pass *some* resolution. But so little did I really know of the proceedings of that Convention, of what set of resolutions they had passed, though having a general knowledge that there had been such an assemblage of men there, that when Judge Douglas read the resolutions, I really did not know but they had been the resolutions passed then and there. I did not question that they were the resolutions adopted. For I could not bring myself to suppose that Judge Douglas could say what he did upon this subject without knowing that it was true. I contented myself, on that occasion, with denying, as I truly could, all connection with them, not denying or affirming whether they were passed at Springfield. Now it turns out that he had got hold of some resolutions passed at some Convention or public meeting in Kane county. I wish to say here, that I don't conceive that in any fair and just mind this discovery relieves me at all. I had just as much to do with the Convention in Kane county as that at Springfield. I am just as much responsible for the resolutions at Kane county as those at Springfield, the amount of the responsibility being exactly nothing in either case; no more than there would be in regard to a set of resolutions passed in the moon.

I allude to this extraordinary matter in this canvass for some further purpose than anything yet advanced. Judge Douglas did not make his statement upon that occasion, as matters that he believed to be true, but he stated them roundly as *being true*, in such form as to pledge his veracity for their truth. When the whole matter turns out as it does, and when we consider who Judge Douglas is—that he is a distinguished Senator of the United States—that he has served nearly twelve years as such—that his character is not at all limited as an ordinary Senator of the United States, but that his name has become of world-wide renown—is *most extraordinary* that he should so far forget all the suggestions of justice to an adversary, or of prudence in himself, as to venture upon the assertion of that which the slightest investigation would have shown him to be wholly false. I can only account for his having done so upon the supposition that that evil genius which has attended him through his life, giving to him an apparent astonishing prosperity, such as to lead very many good men to doubt there being any advantage in virtue over vice—I say I can only account for it on the supposition that that evil genius has at last made up its mind to forsake him.

Does the editor of the Ledger now think that Mr. Lincoln was the "leading spirit" in this Convention—that he "moved the appointment of the committee," and as its "chairman," reported those abolition resolutions? May not the Roman maxim in all its force, apply to our cotemporary?

"Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus."

Hon. Wm. G. Coffin.

This gentleman was to have returned home by the first of the present week. As is known, our county delegation were instructed to vote for Mr. Coffin in Convention. He comes home to prosecute the canvass for the nomination for Congress, *for which he is a candidate.* Others are favorably mentioned for the position, including Dr. Stevenson of Putnam, and Col. Nelson of Vigo, either of whom we can heartily support if chosen, but both of whom we are informed, say they do not desire the position. Mr. Coffin, on the contrary, is a candidate for it, and if chosen, will, we are assured, prosecute the canvass vigorously to the closing of the polls on election day. While we are ready to go for the nominee whoever he may be, we ask that Mr. Coffin's claim shall receive a fair and respectful consideration.—*Rockville Republican.*

Either of the three of the above named gentlemen would make a suitable and efficient candidate for Congress. Either of them would make an efficient canvass and a good Congressman. They are all good Republicans and are awake to the corruptions of the Democratic party and the necessity of placing the affairs of the General Government in the hands of a different class of men, than those who have controlled them for the last several years.

As for Col. T. H. Nelson we feel justified in saying, that if the Republican party of this Congressional District desire him to make the race, he will bear our standard aloft, from the moment of his nomination until his triumphant election. He will fight with a Damascus blade, and storm the enemy in their strong holds and in their weak ones. He will rally Republicans all over the District and eloquently advocate the great doctrines of our party.

Col. Nelson is willing to take the race, if it is desirable that he should, and occupying this position, he awaits the action of the Congressional Convention.

Mr. Cookerly and Congress.

Our neighbor, Col. Cookerly, publishes a card in his paper on Monday, in which he announces himself as a candidate for Congress in this Congressional District.—He does not do this to "disturb the harmony or conflict with the wishes of the Democracy of the District—*but to gratify his friends.*" This is certainly very commendable in the Colonel, sufficiently self-sacrificing and truly Democratic. We are satisfied Mr. Cookerly would not run for Congress unless the people desired it, nor would he go to Congress, unless he got votes enough. In either case he displays a degree of individual forbearance which for a Democrat is a little astonishing.

But the truth is, Col. Cookerly has more claims on his party than any other man in this Congressional District. We speak seriously and desire to do justice to the claims of our neighbor. He has done more work for the Democratic party in the 7th Congressional District, than all the present aspirants for Congressional favor put together. He has spent more money and sacrificed more time for the good of the cause, than any other man in the District. He has battled for the party in its darkest hours, as well as in its days of sunshine.—He has, for the last ten or fifteen years, been always foremost in this county in contending for Democratic measures and men. If the Democratic party rewards its most able and self-sacrificing advocates, then should the Democratic Congressional Convention give its nomination to Grafton F. Cookerly.

We say this in justice to our neighbor. The combined claims of the other aspirants do not approach his, and while we do not undervalue their qualifications for the place, it is certainly no disparagement to them to say, he is in every respect their equal. If the Democratic party owes any thing to its most devoted friends, then is there due Mr. Cookerly, the first honor of his party in this Congressional District.

☞ The telegraph of yesterday gave the rumor of a movement to personally injure, if not assassinate Senator Sumner, for the speech he recently made in the U. S. Senate. That speech is a severe one, and perhaps an imprudent one, but a Senator saw proper to make it—there is nothing individually objectionable in it—he attacks a great domestic institution of the country—exercises the privilege of an American Senator—the freedom of speech, and if it cannot be answered by speech, it should not, ought not, *must* not be answered any other away.

If one hair of Mr Sumner's head is touched by Southern bullies because he made that speech, a thousand daggers, in the hands of Northern freemen, should immediately surround him, and his life, and the freedom of speech be preserved, though "the temple fall."

If the freedom of speech cannot be exercised where the capitol of the nation now stands, that capitol should be removed to soil where this privilege is recognized. We hope there are enough friends to American liberty at the capital, to protect the Senator from Massachusetts from all harm, but if harm come, woe be to the parricidal hand which strikes the blow.

The Graded School Festival.

On Tuesday evening, the 19th inst., the Graded School of this city, give a Festival *"for the benefit of poor school children."*

We can hardly imagine a more praiseworthy movement than this. How much more christian is it, than are our festivals generally. "For the benefit of poor *school* children." This comes home to the heart of every good man and woman. Seed thus cast upon the waters, will return, bringing many fold blessings to the sower. We hope to see this festival liberally patronized by all classes, and by all the churches of the city. It is common ground, where all of us *can* stand, and all of us *ought* to stand. The "poor school children" ought to be assisted, and it is the duty of the rich full grown men and women of this city, to lend that assistance.

☞ One of the comic papers (Momus) for last week, has a well executed cut representing "The Last Rail Split by 'Honest Old Abe'." The real giant, standing six feet three in his rough boots, and having "pulled off his coat and rolled up his sleeves," is wielding an immense beetle, with his foot on a log labeled "Democratic party," said log being already split half its length, and a fatal wedge so fairly inserted that it is perfectly apparent the descending well aimed blow of the ponderous maul will completely divide it, never to be re-united. In the back ground is the prairie, with the pioneer's cabin, a well sweep, &c. The picture is highly suggestive of the present posture and prospects of the Democratic party, as well as of the mission of the Republican standard bearer.

For the Express.

Weeping Water---Minnehoohoo!

Where the western sun is glowing,
All the broad plain overflowing,
With its golden flood of daylight—
Where the harvest moon is brightest,
Pouring silver o'er the sleep world—
Where the long grass waveth ever,
In the strong or gentle west wind;
Where the scented flowers open
Nectar'd cups to busy, brown bees—
Tiny, busy, little wild bees,
Labor's music wildly humming—
Groves of forests by the rivers,
Bending slender branches downward,
Mark the course of flowing rivers,
Dip with dewlets all their green leaves.

Once the red man lorded proudly,
Claimed its blue skies, waters, hunt grounds,
Revel'd in its milk and honey,
Stretched his great limbs in the oak shade,
Chased the bison on the prairie,
Sang wild war songs at his lodge door,
Taught his children strange old legends.

Thus at eventide a chieftain,
Listening to the purling waters,
Watching now his curling pipe fumes,
Smiled a blessing on his people,
Calmly taught his sons and daughters.

Told a story of the river,
Why they named it Weeping Water.
Told a tale of strange adventure,
Tale of sorrow, tale of wooing,
Orphan'd maiden, lost, forsaken,
Wandering out to weep and die.
How he found her by the river,
Weeping, shivring, drenched with spray;
Saw the Water Spirits hov'ring,
Saw them blessing with a baptism,
Hope distill'd, with holy peace hands.—

Gushing from a little rock cup,
Gurgling, babbling, o'er the pebbles,
Smiling, glist'ning in the sunlight
Dashing gayly down the ledge rock,
Came the streamlet near the weeper;
Waved back, from the beauteous weeper.

Softly hushing all its gladness,
Sighs are echoed in its ripplings,
Tears are gathering in its bosom.
Spread a tear mist o'er the willows,
Hung a drop on leaf, and grass blade,
Sobbing fell, in drippings o'er her.

And the Water Spirits parted
Back the foliage shadows from her,
Let the sun's rays down upon her,
Shed a rainbow halo 'round her.

Ev'ry dewlet on the grass blades,
Ev'ry tear drop on the branches
Mingled in the radiant glory,
Strove to lift her sorrow from her,

Gazed the chief in admiration,
Wonder'd if she were a goddess,
Wonder'd if she were a woman:
Watched her long in doubting silence;
Bravely went and stood beside her,
Parted back her raven tresses,
Stoop'd and kiss'd her jeweled fingers—
Pointed to the water weeping,
Pointed to the fairy spirits—
Listen'd to the mourner's story—
Spoke kind words of consolation—
Won'd and won the maiden's lone heart—
Built a home beside the river—
Named the river Weeping Water.

Red Chief long ago has perish'd,
Mourning maiden sleeps beside him,
Bridges bind the murm'ring river,
Long forget its Indian Legend,
White men hew the giant forests,
Sweeps the steam-horse o'er the smoothe plain,
Proudly waves the Nation's banner,
Brightly gleam the Stars of Freedom.

Still we sing the Weeping Water,
Still we note its wondrous story,
Fain would save from dark oblivion,
All its past,—yet tell the present.

When the early spring was waning
Up the cold earth from its sleeping,
And the pale buds just unfolding,
Yellow leaflets to the sunlight—
When the dark and swollen waters,
Rush'd with fury down the ledge rock—
Came a guest of honored merit,
Nation honored—brave "Abe Lincoln,"
Heard the maddened river roaring,
Saw the foaming, Weeping Water;
Saw no tear drops, saw no rainbows;
Water spirits changed to muskrats—
Heard its name but not its legend—
Thought of big child crying "hoohoo."

With the song of Minnehaha,
Ringing dreamly through his mem'ry,—
Laughing Minne—Minnehaha;—
Crying Minne—wit suggested
Why not name it Minnehoohoo?
Weeping Water—Minnehoohoo!

Far and wide among the people,
Sounds the fame of "Old Abe Lincoln,"
Faithful, earnest, Honest manhood—
No man can compete with Lincoln.
Honest wit shall have the pref'rence,
Though it conflict Indian version,—
Weeping Water—Minnehoohoo.

TERRE HAUTE, JUNE. LIZZIE.

HONEY CREEK TOWNSHIP,
June 9, 1860.

Pursuant to appointment the Honey Creek Township Opposition Club met at the Township House at 2 p. m.

On motion J. P. Park took the Chair.

On motion of J. W. Dodd, T. C. Pugh was appointed Secretary, Pro. Tem, the Secretary being absent.

Moved by Caleb Jackson, that the constitution and name of the Honey Creek Township Opposition Club be revised.—Adopted.

On motion of Gordon Lee a committee of five was appointed to revise the constitution of the Club.

The President appointed Hiram Smith, Gordon Lee, T. C. Pugh, R. A. Gilcrease and Joseph Greigs, said Committee.

The Committee reported the following constitution and platform, which were adopted:

The undersigned unite themselves under the name of the Lincoln Club of Honey Creek Township, for the purpose of advancing the interests of the Republican party, and promoting the election of Hon. Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin to the offices of President and Vice President of the United States, and declare the Chicago Platform as our political principles

The officers of this club shall consist of a President, two Vice Presidents, Secretary, Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of five, who shall discharge the duties usually devolving upon such officers, and they shall be elected in such manner as the Club shall determine, and shall hold their offices for the term of six months.

The regular meetings of the Club shall be held on the second Saturday of each month.

On motion of J. W. Dodd the meeting proceeded to the election of officers of the association.

The election resulted as follows:

President—J. P. Park.

Vice Presidents—Hiram Smith and F. Mills.

Secretary—T. C. Pugh.

Treasurer—John Weir.

Executive Committee—J. G. Lee, Oliver Greigs, Oliver Curry, Robert Gilcrease and Charles Durham.

Moved by J. W. Dodd that the Hon. T. H. Nelson be requested to deliver an address at the next meeting of the Club.—Unanimously adopted.

Moved by J. G. Lee that the minutes of the meeting be published in the Wabash Express. Adopted.

On motion the meeting adjourned to the second Saturday in July.

J. P. PARK, President.

T. C. PUGH, Secretary.

MEETING AT GOSHEN.—There was a very large Republican meeting held at New Goshen on Friday last.

Speeches were made by Col. T. H. Nelson, Albert Lange, Esq., and others. Much enthusiasm prevailed.

BATHS.—The bathing establishment at the foot of Wabash street, is growing daily more and more popular.

We hope it may be well sustained, as it is an institution from which much benefit is to be derived.

WRITTEN FOR THE WABASH EXPRESS

The Portrait, or an Author's Courtship.

BY A LADY.

[CONTINUED.]

"From a gentleman whom I have never seen, but with whom I have corresponded more than a year."

"How singular, to correspond with folks without having seen them, first, I could not take interest enough in people to write to them, unless I knew and loved them."

"I take interest enough in several to write to them regularly. In this gentleman I take a deeper interest than I am willing to acknowledge to my own heart. He is one of the foreign correspondents of the 'Morning Post.' All the letters that have appeared in that paper from Paris for the last three or four months are from his pen. He is a very intellectual man, possessed of talents of a high order. Similarity of tastes led to a correspondence."

"Edith I'll strike a bargain with you; if you will read me some extracts from your letter, I will read you some from mine."

"I will do it, you commence."

"PARIS, Sept. 6th, 183–

I can scarcely realize that I have spent five weeks in this gay city. Most of the time has been occupied in sight seeing, yet I feel that I have scarcely seen anything there is so much here to attract attention. I have accomplished more than I otherwise could have done by being accompanied around the city by my college friend Arnand, who is as much at home in Paris, as I am in New York. I passed the day with him yesterday, at his father's country seat, which is situated on the Seine a few miles south of Paris. It is one of the loveliest spots that I have ever seen, and Arnand's family is one of the most charming that I have visited in Europe.—I hope at some future time to be able to introduce you to those accomplished friends of mine. Tell Edith that she was brought to my mind in the most agreeable manner one day last week. I went to the room of M. Pene with Arnand. I saw there the portrait of a lady, who bore such a striking resemblance to Edith, that if she had been in France, I should have declared that she had sat for it. The lady was dressed in white satin, and from a tiara of pearls, there depended a veil which covered the whole figure. The painting was faultless in execution, and most splendidly framed. Every one stops to look at it, and wonders who it is. M. Péné tolds us that he painted the face from a miniature, and the figure robed in that style, to please a friend.—Tell her further that Arnand, who is a man of the most refined tastes, says that if that picture is a correct likeness of her, that she is very handsome."

"That is enough of my letter, now read me yours."

"PARIS, Sept. 8th 183–

Since I last wrote you, I have visited so many places in Paris and its vicinity, and have met such a number of eminent men, that I scarcely know of what, or of whom to tell you first. Last Thursday I visited Versailles, for an account of which see my next letter in the 'Morning Post.' A few days since I was introduced to M. Sismondi, the venerable historian of Italian literature. It has been frequently said that authors are never very devoted, nor affectionate husbands. If the remark can be applied to writers generally, M. Sismondi is one of the exceptions. The kindly, affectionate manner, with which he treats his young English wife is noticed by all. I dined with Spurzhiem the celebrated phrenologist yesterday. Have become very well acquainted with Cooper, your gifted novelist. He is not very prepossessing in his appearance, though he is one of the most agreeable, charming of men. He is highly appreciated in France. This last acquaintance furnishes me an opportunity to ventilate my English, as we always speak in that language. N. P. Willis is also here, but I have not seen him, nor do I expect to see him, as I leave for Italy to morrow. I shall remain there several months, in order to study, and become better acquainted with the flora of the maritime Alps. As you have kindly granted my request, and as I expect to see you as soon as I return to America, were it not absolutely necessary for me to visit Italy for this purpose, I would recross the Atlantic at once. I would see, and talk with you, in preference to all the learned men I have yet met in Europe. It seems strnge that I should admire, I may say love, a lady whom I have never known, but so it is. I sometimes wonder if I am to be, like Barry Cornwall is, indebted to my literary labors for my wife. If so, I hope my home will be as cheerful and happy as is his—I wish you could visit the home of that poet. In fact I wish that you were always with me, could become acquainted with all the persons whom I know and like, and see everything which interests me."

CHAPTER IV.

"I give him credit for possessing a few grains of common sense," said Kate, after Edith had finished reading her letter, "when he said that it was 'strange' that he loved a lady whom he did not know; it seems not only strange, but ridiculous for a man to profess to love a woman without knowing her. I should be very careful about assuring a person that I loved him without I knew more about him than even seeing him half a dozen times. But to love a person never having seen him or her, as the case may be, is absurd. Persons may be very intellectual, and fine writers, and as long as they remain personally unacquainted, may be much admired, but when known, they may be so unattractive in personal appearance, or so disagreeable in manners that they repel those whose admiration and love they wish to win."

"I have been told that the jewel is enclosed in a splendid casket, that the beauty of his form and features is as remarkable as the brilliancy of his talents. It would be singular if a man could travel as much, and mingle in the polished and intellectual society in which he seems to be perfectly at home, without being possessed of the most agreeable manners."

"Well, girls, I think I have afforded you sufficient time to have discussed your letters, and I think now you had better prove to us old people how interesting you can make yourselves," said Mr. Romayn as he and his wife entered the library.

"Edith, I called at the parsonage, and invited your uncle to take tea with us—There, the the door bell is ringing. Tell Dinah that if Dr. Murray has come, to show him in here."

Dinah according to the instructions of Edith, hastened into the hall to deliver the message of the young lady.

"If it am yourself dat hab cum Doctor, massa David said to bring you to the south west room.

"Why what is he doing there?"

"You see dat chile Miss Edith wanted a room all to herself where she migh'nt be 'sturbed, and massa David whe jest spiles her, by letting her fish her own way 'bout things said she might fix it up to suit herself. De chile has done gone, and acted as if she was clean crazy. Eberting is green, green carpet, green curtains, and chairs covered wid green. Dat's an unbecoming color to a dark 'plexion, makes 'em look yaller. When I see young Missus in de midst of so much green I tinks of noting but dat she looks like a dandelion in a big grass plat."

To Edith the winter passed rapidly away. Every steamer brought letters filled with interesting sketches of travel from Xavier Villeneau. He felt that the information he had acquired in Italy richly repaid him for the time, and labor, there spent in the prosecution of his studies. Late in April Edith received a letter from her correspondent, assuring her of his intention to leave for America late in May. He wrote that he had counted the days that should elapse before he could see her, and that he was as anxious to return to New York as if he was a lover, who expected to be welcomed there by his betrothed bride. How was it with Edith? She had always worshipped intellect, and when the consciousness dawned upon her that she was the idol, before whom so brilliantly gifted a man as M. Villeneau bowed, she felt that her happiness would be perfect could her destiny be linked with his. He was a young man of rising fame, and his abilities had been acknowledged by men eminent for their learning and talents. As the weeks wore on Edith's desire to see him became the most intense.

It is morning—the 14th of June, it is the anniversary of Kate's birth, and as has always been the custom it is to be celebrated by a party given at Linden Hall.

"Kate," said Alfred Vincent as he walked in the parlor occupied by his sister, "I think I had better invite Edith to ride out this morning, and spend the day with you. I may be detained in New York, later than she would like to come here. I shall tell her to come prepared to stay several days, for I intend to bring three or four gentlemen with me from New York, to remain over to-morrow. I want to 'get up' an agreeable party to go fishing."

Edith accepted her friend's invitation.—The beautifol day was followed by a starlight, lovely evening. Several guests had been received in the drawing room, when Alfred Vincent entered, accompanied by a tall, foreign looking man.

"My sister, permit me to present M. Villeneau."

The gentleman bowed gracefully, and said with a smile of peculiar sweetness, that he "regretted excceiingly to have detained her brother till so late an hour, but he was obliged to do it, or forego the pleasure of meeting her upon that festive occasion."

"I saw the name of M. Villeneau in the list of arrivals by the America, in a morning paper, and I determined to bring him here to spend the evening, if not otherwise engaged. Kate, I don't see Edith, where is she? I desire to introduce M. Villeneau to her. I see her now; there she is, nearly opposite to us, talking with Clements, an old admirer of her's. Villeneau, Clements has been all devotion to her for several years, but she does not appear to fancy him much. Singular that such a plain looking girl should inspire affection deep in a man like Clements.—You see that he is remarkably fine looking, and the ladies say extremely fascinating. One would think that he would be attracted by a more showy, handsome woman, than Miss Romayn is."

"I rather like the appearance of Miss Romayn. Her large dark eyes are certainly beautiful, and she looks as if she was very intellectual."

"In intellectual abilities there are few who are superior to her; she has no equal in my circle of acquaintances."

"If you gain her permission, present me to her at the earliest opportunity. I should prefer for particular reasons to be introduced to her when she is alone."

"I'll arrange that, by taking her into the conservatory, and then I will come for you; in the mean time talk to Kate, she will introduce you to some of her friends also."

"Clements, I protest against your monopolizing one lady for an entire evening," exclaimed Alfred, as he offered his arm to Edith. "You must excuse her for a little while."

As Alfred entered the conservatory, Edith inquired, "who is that tall, homely man that came here with you this evening? What did you say to him, that made him look at me?"

"I merely told him your name, and that you are the most intellectual woman with whom I am acquainted."

"If I am the most intellectual woman that you know, I pity the remainder of your female acquaintances, their lack of mental endowments. Every time I turned my eyes in that direction, I saw his fixed upon me. I should like to known what right he has to stare at me?"

"He has the same right to look at you, that any man has to gaze upon beauty wherever he finds it. Permit me to introduce him to you."

"No indeed I won't, I don't fancy his appearance, and besides I dislike to talk with young people when they wear spectacles. It may not be so, but it always looks to me like affectation to see youthful persons wear glasses. With old people it is different; they make them appear more venerable."

"Do be obliging, and gratify me, by permitting me to introduce the stranger to you. I have spoken to him about you, and he insisted upon being presented to you.—He is a very learned man, and a most accomplished gentleman. You will be captivated by the elegance of his manners, and the brilliancy of his conversational powers, in less than half an hour."

"As I am a guest at your house, and as you are so desirous that I should become acquainted with him, you may in view of those considerations introduce him. But as for liking him very much, you may make up your mind at once to be disappointed in that respect."

"I'll invite him in here," said Alfred, as he started off for his friend.

"I'll show the gentleman by the frigidness of my manners, that I don't like him," mused Edith. "They are approaching.—I must act my part well."

"Miss Romayn, allow me to introduce a highly esteemed friend, M. Villeneau, who has just arrived in this country from France."

A glance sufficed to tell Edith, that her correspondent, and lover, stood before her. She turned deathly pale, essayed to speak, but could not. Villeneau, who scanned her features with intense interest, noticing her emotion, and her efforts to regain self-control, offered her his arm, at the same time making some playful remark to Alfred, to draw his attention off from Edith. That young gentleman laughingly bowed himself out of their presence, and the two, having met, to know each other for the first time were left alone.

At first Villeneau talked to her about his journey and how pleased he was to return. When she had regained her composure, he told her that he had arrived the night previous, and should have written to her, to gain permission to visit her that evening, but he had seen Alfred Vincent, and had received an invitation to the party, and expecting to meet her there, had accepted it for that reason.

"Now have you no word of welcome for me, when I crossed the ocean to see you?—I have thought of you for months, and imagination has often attempted to paint the bliss of this hour. Edith I have longed for the assurance that you would love me. May I not indulge the hope that I can win that love?"

"I gladly welcome you, I am delighted to see you, but the meeting was so unexpected, I was not aware of your arrival, and was so astonished when you were introduced that I could not speak."

"I supposed when Mr. Vincent requested an introduction for me that he told you my name."

"No he did not. He said he wished to introduce a friend, and that he was so agreeable, that in less than half an hour I would be fascinated by his charming manners, and splendid conversational powers."

"What answer did you make to that recommendation?"

"Tell me truly," said he after he had waited a few minutes for an answer.

She raised her eyes to his face. When she saw those dark blue eyes, which beamed with intelligence and benevolence fixed upon her, with that admiring, that adoring gaze with which a woman so loves to be regarded by her lover, when she noticed the smile of fascinating sweetness which played around the faultless mouth, as she looked upon those hitherto grave features now radiant with hope, her heart thrilled strangely, and a feeling unknown before took possession of it. Her countenance, like a true mirror reflected the glowing admiration which she felt for him. As he witnessed the revolution of feeling toward himself he laughingly told her not to answer the question. He added, "your tell tale eyes assure me of the regard in which I am now held, and I am satisfied I thank Heaven that I have lived to experience the bliss of this hour."

"Clements," said Alfred Vincent, as Edith and Villeneau together entered the drawing room, "I should not be surprised, if you should find in that charming, intellectual, Frenchman, the only rival that you have ever had in the affections of Miss Romayn. I believe he has fallen in love with her already, and I have never before seen her face assume that expression of perfect satisfaction and happiness by which it is now lighted."

"Talk to me about anything else, joke about what you please, but do not torture me with the idea, that another will be able to win her if I do not. As long as she evinces no decided preference for any one, I cling to the hope of finally winning her. I have been too devotedly attached to her, to think of now giving her up."

"I am surprised that she has not married you before this. One would suppose that you would become tired of waiting for her, and if you are determined to marry, look around for somebody else. Why man, there are any number of splendid girls that would gladly accept your accomplished self, and your fine house, and your handsome fortune."

"If Edith was one of them, I should be satisfied, but as she is not, it makes no difference to me with what feelings I am regarded by other ladies."

"What important question is being so seriously discussed by this council of two?" said Edith, as she and Villeneau approached them.

"I was amusing myself at Clement's expense. Don't look so doleful Henry, for if you do, you will give us all the blues, and we shall not insist upon your remaining to be one of the party to-morrow, Miss Edith, I leave you to use your influence with M. Villeneau, and remember that you are particularly interested in securing agreeable company for the fishing excursion. It is unfortunate that you cannot stay in the boat, but always have to be landed on an Island, to watch, but not to participate in, the pleasures of fishing."

"Where are you going?" asked Clements.

"Near Fisher's Island, three miles from the main land. We always go there when Miss Edith accompanies us. She doesn't fish, and the motion of the boat as it lays upon the water is disagreeable to her. We land her on the Island; sometimes one of the party keep her company, an I at others she sits alone on a shady hillside, watching us. She declares that she enjoys a fishing party immensely, and is alway delighted to go with us."

As Clements and Villeneau were obliged to be in town the next evening at six o'clock, it was arranged that the party should start early in the morning, take a lunch at noon, return and dine at Linden Hall at three.

CHAPTER V.

Some one has remarked "that all men are subject to disappointment as well as some women." It proved on this occasion a disappointment to both. The next morning the rain poured down in torrents. The guests were obliged to resort to indoor amusements. At noon the rain ceased; the sky was cleared of every cloud, and in those flowers which had survived the storm, there seemed to exist a spirit of amiable rivalry which should exhale the sweetest perfume. Late in the afternoon, while the gentlemen were standing on the verandah, waiting for the carriage, Edith, who stood in the door a little removed from the group, was approached by Villeneau.

"When do you return home," he enquired.

"Not till Sunday; I shall then attend church, and will remain at home."

"May I call on you on Monday? I must go to Washington on Tuesday, and shall remain there three weeks. Upon my return I shall expect to see you again."

"I shall be most happy to see you at any time," replied the lady thus addressed.

Several hours later the two girls arm in arm entered the parlor.

"Edith, I have just learned a beautiful new waltz; wouldn't you like to hear me play it?" So saying, Kate ran her skillful fingers over the keys of the piano.—The waltz having been played, she paused for her friend to make some comments, but as she said nothing, she preceeded to play other compositions. Edith, who appeared to be unconscious of all that was transpiring around her, arose and wal