The Burlington Free Press.

VOL XXXVI--NEW SERIES. VOL. VI. | BURLINGTON FRIDAY JUNE 1 1860 | NUBER FORTY NINE.

Miscellany.

DEBBY WILDER; OR THE HUNDRED DOLLAR NOTE.

BY SEBA SMITH.

There lived, a few years ago, in the interior of one of the middle States, a sturdy farmer, well-to-do in the world, by the name of William Wilder. He had wandered away from Yankee land in his younger days, to seek his fortune; and having been employed by a respectable Quaker, to work on his farm, he had contrived by true Yankee adroitness, to win the affections of the old man's daughter, and married her. His wife, having espoused one of the world's people, contrary to the rules of her order, was, of course, 'read out of the society;' if anything, he felt a little rejoiced at it, for he thought it seemed to bring her a little nearer to him.

Mrs. Wilder, however, never overcame the habits which had grown up with her childhood and youth; she always called her husband William, and continued through life to speak the Quaker dialect. But this from her lips, was never ungrateful or unwelcome to William's ears; for one of the sweetest sounds that ever dwelt in his memory was when he asked her a certain *question*, and her reply was; "William, thee has my heart already, and my hand shall be thine whenever thee may be pleased to take it."

William Wilder was a thrifty and stirring man; and in a few years he found himself the owner of a good farm, and was going ahead in the world as fast as the best of his neighbors. Nor has the whole sum of his fortune yet been stated. He was blest with a daughter, a bright, rosy checked, healthy, romping girl, full of life and spirits, and, in his eyes, exceedingly beautiful. The daughter, at the period which is now more particularly described, had reached the age of eighteen years, and was an object of engrossing love to her parents, and of general attention to the neighborhood.

"There's that Joe Nelson alongside of Debby again," said Mr. Wilder to his wife rather pettishly, as they came out of church one warm summer afternoon, and commenced their walk homeward. "I wish he wouldn't make himself quite so thick."

"Well now, my dear, I think thee has a little too much feeling about it," returned Mrs. Wilder. "Young folks like to be together, and Joseph is a clever and respectable young man; nobody ever says a word against him."

"Yes, he's too clever to be worth anything," said Wilder; "and he'll yet take it into his head, if he hasn't already, to coax Debby to marry him. I've no idea of her marrying a pauper; I've worked too hard for what little property I've got, to be willing to see it go to feed a vagabond, who never earned anything, and never will. I don't believe Joe will ever be worth a hundred dollars as long as he lives."

"My dear, I think thee is a little too hard upon Joseph; thee should remember that he is but just out of his time. His father has been sick several years, and Joseph has almost entirely supported the whole family."

"Oh, I don't deny but he's clever enough," said Mr. Wilder; "all is, I don't like to see him quite so thick along with Debby. How should you feel to see him married to Debby, and not worth a decent suit of clothes?"

"I should feel," said Mrs. Wilder, "as though they were starting in life as we did when we were first married. We had decent clothes, and each of us a good pair of hands, and that was all we had to start with. I don't think we should have got along any better, or been any happier, if thee had been worth a hundred thousand dollars when we were married."

This argument came with such force to Wilder's own bosom that he made no attempt to answer it, but walked on in silence till they reached their own dwelling. Debby and Joseph had arrived there before them, and were already seated in the parlor. Seeing Joseph as they passed the window, Wilder chose not to go in, but continued his walk up the road to the high ground that overlooked some of his fields, where he stood ruminating for half an hour on the prospects of his crops, and more particularly upon the unpleasant subject of Debby and Joe Nelson. The young man had become so familiar and so much at home at his house, that he could hardly doubt there was a strong attachment growing up between him and Debby, and he began to feel very uneasy about it. He had always been fond of Debby, and her presence was so necessary to his happiness, that the idea of her marrying at all was a sad thought to him; but if she must marry, he was determined it should be, if possible, to a person of some property, who would at once place her in a comfortable position in life, and relieve him from the foolish anxiety, so common in the world, lest his own estate should be dishonored by family connections not equal to it. While he remained there in this mood, he recognized Henry Miller coming down the road, and resolved at once to take him to supper. Miller was a dashing, business young fellow, who kept a store about a mile and a half from Wilder's, and was reported to be worth five or six thousand dollars. He had heretofore been a frequent visitor at Mr. Wilder's house, and there was a time when his attention to Debby was such as to cause him to expect that the thrifty young trader would become his son-in-law. Debby, however, was not sufficiently pleased with him to encourage his attentions, and for some time past his visits had been discountenanced.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Miller," said Mr. Wilder, presenting his hand, "glad to see you, how do you do?—fine day this."

"Yes, fine day," said Miller, excellent weather for crops. how do you all do at home?"

"Quite well, I thank you," said Wilder. "Come, go down to the house with me and take supper," said he.

Miller colored, and said he did not think he could stop. Mr. Wilder, however, would not take no for an answer, and, on considerable importunity, he prevailed upon him to accept his invitation, and they descended the hill together, and went into the house.

Debby, here's Mr. Miller," said Wilder, as they entered the parlor.

Debby rose, handed a chair, and said, "good evening," but her face was covered with blushes as she returned to her seat. As Miller seated himself in the chair, he glanced across the room and recognized Nelson. The two young men nodded to each other, and both seemed somewhat embarrassed.

At this moment Mrs. Wilder entered the room.

"How does thee do, Henry," she said presenting her hand, I am glad to see thee; I hope thy mother is well."

"Very well, indeed," said Miller, and after a few more remarks she retired to superintend the preparation of supper.

"Excuse me, Mr. Miller, a little while," said Wilder; "I want to go and show Joseph that field of corn of mine we were looking at, back of the hill. According to my notion, it is the stoutest piece in the town. Come, Joseph, go up and look at it."

"I think it is the stoutest piece I have seen this year," said Joseph; I saw it about a week ago."

"Oh, it has gained amazingly within a week," said Mr. Wilder; come, go up and take a look at it."

Joseph was altogether unaccustomed to such attentions from Mr. Wilder, and he looked not a little confused as he took his hat and followed him to the door.

They went up the road, and Mr. Wilder took him all around the field of growing corn, and examined hill after hill, and looked into other fields, and found a hundred things to stop and look at, and talked to Joseph more than he had before for six months. Joseph suspected that this walk was undertaken by Mr. Wilder for the purpose of leaving Miller and Debby in the room together, but he bore it patiently, and answered all Mr. Wilder's remarks about the weather, his crops and his fields, with apparent interest, for he knew too well the state of Debby's feelings, both towards himself and towards Miller, to feel any uneasiness. At length Mr Wilder concluded that supper must be nearly ready, and they returned to the house. On entering the parlor they found Miller alone, reading a newspaper.

Mr. Wilder looked vexed.

"What! all alone, Mr. Miller?" said Wilder; "I shouldn't have staid so long, but I thought Debby would amuse you until we got back."

"Miss Debby had some engagement that required her attention, and asked to be excused; but I have found myself quite interested in the newspaper."

Wilder went out and met his wife in the hall, and asked her how long it had been since Debby left Mr. Miller alone in the parlor.

"She left in three minutes after you went out," said Mrs. Wilder, "and I couldn't persuade her to go back again. She said she knew you went out on purpose to leave her and Henry alone together, and she would not stay. It's no use, William, these things always have their own way, and it's no use trying to prevent it."

The supper passed off rather silently and rather awkwardly. Mr. Wilder endeavored to be sociable and polite to Miller, and Mrs. Wilder, as usual, was mild and complacent to all. But an air of embarrassment pervaded the whole company, and when they rose from the table, Henry Miller asked to be excused, and said it was time for him to return homewards. Mr. Wilder endeavored to persuade him to stop and spend the evening, but Henry was decided and said he must go. After he was gone, Debby and Joseph returned to the parlor, where they were joined a part of the evening by Mrs. Wilder; but Wilder after walking up and down the dining-room an hour or two, retired to bed, not however to sleep. His mind was too much engrossed with the destiny of Debby to allow repose. He counted the hours as it was told by the clock till it had struck twelve. Mrs. W. had been two hours asleep, still he had not heard Joseph go out. After a while the clock struck one, and a few minutes after he heard the outer door rather softly opened and closed, and then heard Debby tripping lightly to her chamber.

"Ah," thought Wilder to himself, "it is as my wife says, these things will have their own way. This staying till one o clock looks like rather serious business."

The next day Debby had a long private interview with her mother, and after dinner Mrs. Wilder wished to have some conversation with her husband in the parlor.

"Well, my dear," said she, "Debby and Joseph are bent upon being married. It seemed that they made up their minds to it some months ago, and now they have fixed upon the time. They say they must be married week after next. Now I think we had better fall in with it in as good feelings as we can, and make the best of it. Thee well knows I have always said those things will have their own way, and when young folks get their minds made up, I don't think it is a good plan to interfere with them. As long as Joseph is respectable and good to work, I think we ought to feel contented about it, although he is poor. It seems to me that there are as many folks that marry poor that make out well in the world as there are that marry rich."

After a little reflection upon the matter, Wilder came to the conclusion that his wife had nearly the right of it, and told her he would make no farther opposition to the match; they might get married as soon as they choose.

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Wilder, "Debby needs a little change to get some things with this week, in order to get married."

"How much will the want this week?" said Mr. Wilder.

"If thee can let her have fifteen or twenty dollars," said Mrs. Wilder, "I think it would do for the present."

"Well, now, I've no money by me," said said Mr. Wilder, "except a hundred dollar bill, and its impossible to get that changed except by taking it to the bank, a distance of ten miles. I tried all over the neighborhood last week to get it changed, but could not succeed. I shall be too busy to go myself to-morrow, but if Debby has a mind to get on to the old horse, in the morning, and take the bill to the bank and get it changed, she may have some of the money."

This proposition was soon reported to Debby, who said "she had just as lieve take the ride as not." The matter being thus amicably arranged with Mr. Wilder, there was nothing to hinder going forward with comfort and despatch in making preparations for the wedding. Debby was in excellent spirits, and Mr. Wilder was in unusual good humor towards Debby, having brought his mind to assent to the arrangement which caused him to regard Debby with uncommon tenderness.

The next morning the good old gray horse was standing at the door eating provender, full two hours before Debby was ready to start; and Mr. Wilder had been out half a dozen times to see that everything was right, and had lifted up his horse's feet one after another, all around, to see if any of the shoes were loose. And when at last Debby was ready, he led old gray to the horse block, and shortened the stirrup leather, and buckled the girth a little tighter to prevent the saddle turning, and when he had seen that all was right, he stepped into the house and brought out a small riding whip and placed it in her hand, and giving her a hundred charges to take care of herself, and be careful and not get a fall, he stepped up on the horse block, and stood and watched her as she turned into the road and ascended the hill till he was out of sight.

Debby trotted along leisurely over the long road she had to travel, but she was too full of pleasant thoughts and bright anticipations to feel weary at the distance or lonely at the solitude. The road was but little travelled, and she met but two persons in the whole distance—one as she was ascending the hill, about a mile from home, and the other in a long valley of dark woods, about midway on her journey. Had she been of a timid disposition she would have felt a good deal of uneasiness when she saw this last person approaching her. His appearance was dark and ruffianly, and they were two miles from any house, in the midst of a deep and silent wilderness, but Debby's nerves were unmoved; she returned his bow in passing, and kept on her way in perfect composure.

She reached the end of her journey in due time, hitched her horse in the shed at the village hotel, and inquired of the waiter at the door the way to the bank. As he pointed out to her its location, she observed a tall dark-looking man, with dark whiskers and heavy eye-brows, looking steadily at her. She however turned away without noticing him any farther, and went direct to the bank. When she reached the door she found it closed, and learned from the bystanders that the bank, for some reason or other, was closed that day. In her exceeding disappointment she stood silent some time, uncertain what she should do.

"Is there any thing I can do for you, Miss?" said a gentleman at the adjoining shop door.

Debby replied that she wanted to change a bill at the bank.

"Oh, I'll change it for you," said the gentleman, "if it isn't too large—come step in here."

She accordingly stepped into the store, and giving him many thanks, handed him the bill.

"Oh, a hundred dollars!" said he. "I cannot do it: I haven't half that amount in the store. But if you go across there to the apothecary's I think it likely enough he may do it."

Debby thanked him again, and went across to the apothecary's. Here she made known her wishes, but with no better success. As she turned to go out, she encountered a man behind her, who seemed to have been looking over her shoulders.

She looked at him and recognized the tall man with black whiskers, whom she had noticed at the hotel. Leaving the druggist's she observed a large dry goods store, and thought she would try her luck there. Still she was unsuccessful.

As she was leaving the store, she met the tall man with black whiskers again. He looked smiling at her, and asked her to let him see the bill; for he thought he could change it. After looking at it, he returned it to her again, observing, if it had been a city bill he would have changed it, but he did not like to change a country bill.

Having tried in two or three places without effecting her object, Debby found she must give it up, for she was now told it probably would not be possible for her to get it changed till the bank should be opened the next day. Consequently, she concluded to return immediately home. As she rode out of the hotel yard, she observed the tall man with black whiskers standing at the corner of the house, apparently watching her movements. But she rode on, and was no sooner out of sight than he was out of her mind, for her own perplexing disappointment engrossed all her thoughts. She passed over the first two miles of her homeward journey almost unconscious of the distance, so busily was she turning over in her mind various expedients to remedy the failure of her present undertaking. She thought of several of her neighbors of whom she thought it not impossible to borrow a few dollars for a short time. But then she knew her father was so strenuously opposed to borrowing, he would not allow it to be done; and would never forgive her should he find out that she had done it without his knowledge or consent. She might get trusted for most of the articles she wanted; but some of them of the most importance were at Henry Miller's store, and she would not ask to be trusted there, if she never obtained the articles.

Her reveries were at length broken off by the sound of a horse coming at rather a quick trot behind her. She looked over her shoulder, and there was the tall man with black whiskers, mounted on a large and beautiful black horse, within a few rods of her; she shuddered a little, at first, at the idea of having his company through the woods, but as he came up and accosted her with such easy and gentle manners, she soon recovered from her trepidation, and rode on with her wonted composure.

"Rather a lonely road here, Miss," said the stranger, looking in the dark woods that lay in the valley before them. "How far do you go, Miss?"

"Seven or eight miles," said Debby, hesitating a little.

"I am happy to have company on the road," said the stranger, "for it is rather lonesome riding alone. I trust you will allow me to be your protector?"

Debby thanked him, but said she was never lonesome and never afraid; still, in a lonely place, it was always agreeable to have company.

"Did you make out to get your bill changed?" asked the stranger.

"No," said Debby. "I tried till I was tired, but could find no one to change it."

The stranger made himself very agreeable, and Debby began to think her feelings at first had done injustice, and she tried what she could to make him amends by being social in her turn. They had now reached the deepest, darkest part of the valley through which the road lay. The heavy woods were about them, and not a sound was to be heard except the murmurings of a little brook over which they had just passed. The stranger suddenly rode to her side, and seizing the reins of the bridle, told her at once that she must give him the hundred dollar note.

"Now, this is carrying the joke too far," said Debby, trying to laugh.

"It is no joke at all," said the stranger, "we will go no farther till you give me the hundred dollar bill."

Debby trembled and turned pale, for she thought she saw something in the stranger's eye that looked as though he was in earnest.

"But surely you don't mean any such thing?" said Debby, trying to pull the rein from his hand. "It's too bad to frighten me so here."

"We mustn't dally about it," said the stranger, holding the rein still tighter; "you see that I am in earnest by this," drawing a pistol from his pocket and pointing it towards her.

"Oh! mercy," said Debby, "you may have the money if you will let me go."

"The money is all I want," said the stranger, "but there must be no more delaying; the sooner you hand it over the better."

Debby at once drew the bill and attempted to hand it to the stranger, but her hand trembled so that it dropped from her fingers just before it reached his, at that moment a gust of wind wafted it gently toward the brook. The stranger leaped from his horse and ran back two or three rods to recover it. Debby was not so far gone in her fright but that she had her thoughts about her; and seizing the rein of the stranger's horse, she applied the whip to both horses at once, and was off in a canter. The man called in a loud threatening tone, and at once fired his pistol upon her; but as she did not feel the cold lead she did not stop or turn even to give a farewell look. The remainder of the journey passed the dwellings of her neighbors, and many were the heads that looked from the windows and doors, and great was the wonderment at seeing Debby ride home so fast, leading such a fine strange horse. Her father, who had seen her come over the hill, met her some rods from the house, exclaiming, with astonishment

"What have you here, Debby? What horse is that?"

"Debby, what has thee been doing?" said Mrs. Wilder, who was but a few steps behind her husband, "thee doesn't look well; what is the matter?"

As soon as they were seated in the house, Debby told them the whole story. Mr. Wilder felt so rejoiced at his daughter's escape that he began to be in excellent spirits, and led the strange horse to the door and began to examine him.

"Well, Debby, said he, "since you've got home safe at last, we may as well begin to talk about business. The hundred dollar bill is gone, but, I'm thinking, after all, you haven't made a bad bargain. That's the likeliest horse I've seen this many a day. I don't think it would be a difficult matter to sell him for two hundred dollars. At any rate, I'll take the horse for the hundred dollars, and you may have the saddle for the twenty dollars, you were to have of it."

"And the saddle-bags, too, I suppose," said Debby, feeling disposed to join in the joke.

"Yes, and the saddle-bags," said Mr. Wilder; "no, stop, we'll see what's in them first," he continued, untying them from the saddle. "Oh, there's lots of shirts, stockings and handkerchiefs, and capital one's too. Yes, Debby, the saddle-bags are yours; those things come in very good time for Joseph, you know."

Debby colored, but said nothing.

"Now, William," said Mrs. Wilder, "thee is full of thy fun."

"No fun about it," said William, replacing the articles in the leather bag. "Here, Debby, take them, and take care of them."

Debby took the saddle bags to her chamber, not a little gratified at the valuable articles of clothing they contained. She emptied the contents on the bed, and examining to see if everything was out, she discovered an inside pocket in one of the bags. She opened it, and found it contained a quantity of bills. She counted them, and her heart beat quicker and quicker, for before she got through she had fifteen hundred dollars in good bank money.

Debby kept her own counsel. In a few days it was rumored that Joseph Nelson had purchased an excellent farm in the neighborhood that had been offered some months for $1,000, and was considered a great bargain.

"Joseph," said Mr. Wilder, the next time they met, "I am astonished that you have been running into debt for a farm in such times as these. I think you had ought to have worked two or three years, and got something beforehand, before getting into debt so much."

"But I haven't been running into debt," said Joseph.

"Haven't you bought Sanderson's farm?"

"Yes, I have," said Joseph.

"At $1,000?"

"Yes," said Joseph, "but I've paid for it. I don't run in debt for anything."

Mr. Wilder was too much astonished to ask further questions.

Joseph Nelson made an excellent farmer, and a respectable man; he was industrious, and got rapidly beforehand, and Mr. Wilder was always proud of his son-in-law. It was some ten years after this, when Mr. Wilder was sitting one day and trotting his third grandson on his knee, he said:

"Debby, I should like to know how Joseph contrived to purchase his farm at the time you were married?"

Debby stepped to the closet, brought out the old saddle bags, and opening them, pointed to the inner pocket, saying, "the money came from there, sir."

GERRIT SMITH'S ACCOUNT OF HIS INSANITY--EFFECT OF FALSE REPORTS.

Mr. Smith has addressed a long letter to William Goodell, editor of a weekly paper called The Principia, which is the first he has written since his release from the Lunatic Asylum at Utica. He describes the long and severe labors, both in the walks of business and benevolence, by which his brain was exhausted; but the utter prostration of it, which led to his insanity, he charges upon the address of the Democratic Vigilance Committee. Mr. Smith says:—

"Forgetting that human powers have limits, I forgot to think that I could not do all I wished to do. But in a word, where there is so much to do that few are found willing to do, it is not always easy to resist the temptation to overdo.

"For a dozen years before the last, I had at times suffered from dyspepsia, though by no means as severely as had many persons of my acquaintances. My suffering was mainly in quick and strong sympathy of my head with my dyspeptic stomach. Vertigo, and other most uncomfortable sensations—now as if my head was made of lead, and now as if it were made of cork—were among the products of this sympathy. Never did I suffer so much in this wise as when I went to Congress. * * * But the dyspepsia, which began in the Fall of 1858, and continued a year, was attended by none of these sensations, and therefore, by none of the admonitions involved in them. Palpitation of the heart, of which I have hitherto experienced nothing, was its incessant companion and chief signal. My head felt well, and my brain worked easy.

"Dr. Gray, the Superintendent of the Asylum, believes that even in the first half of the year 1859 I had come into that stage or character of insanity called 'exaltation of the mind.' I never read, studied, nor wrote with more pleasure. I boasted that I could do more than at the age of 40. This being the condition of my brain, it is not at all strange that, although as my nurse believes, I slept but three hours a night during most of that year (less than an average of one hour a night during the last three weeks before I was removed to the Asylum,) it should not occur to me that so serious an injury as the loss of my reason would be the penalty for continuing the customary use of my brain. * * Why the dyspepsia of 1858 and 1859 affected my heart, and produced no uncomfortable sensations in my head, I am not capable of explaining. * *

"A false alarm one morning, while it did but disquiet the other members of my family, quite overcame me. The news, a few weeks after, of the death of my old and dear friend, John Brown, and his two sons, was a great shock to me. It contributed not a little to hasten my condition to its crisis. Only three weeks after I went down under a troop of hallucinations. My family were reduced to poverty: they were cast off by their friends and the world. Those who had put their property into my hands had lost it. I was bound in honor and justice to go to Virginia and stand by and suffer with my unfortunate friend. Indeed, it was only from believing that I was on my way to Virginia that I went so willingly to Utica. The idea, however, say my family, and my own memory says it also, which most haunted and distressed me, was that my friends and relatives in the South believed that I had plotted their murder. No one now doubts that I got it from the terrible charges brought against me in the manifesto of the New York Democratic Vigilant Association. For it turns out, though of course I have no distinct recollection of it, that I continued until within a very few days of my going to the Asylum, to look over the newspapers."

Mr. Smith proceeds to unfold the nature of the attack made upon him by the Vigilance Committee, and adds:—

"Finally, look at the atrocity of this manifesto lie. The frenzy of party politics has often driven men to violate the principles of sound morality. But when before was it ever known to involve a company of 31 men of high standing in the enormous crime of falling upon their fellow citizen, and, in the face of their own clear convictions of his innocence, fastening charges upon him, which they knew could not fail to serve mightily to blast his reputation; to expose him to the harassing and endangering action of the Courts, to outlaw him, and invite those whom these lying charges have filled with rage, to assassinate him?

"Perhaps there is one thing that is stranger and even guiltier than this enormous crime. It is that they who committed it are yet to show the first sign of repentance for it. But we must not fail to recollect that repentance is generally hastened by the fear of punishment; and that my thirty-one calumniators probably feel that they are not only too rich, but too numerous a band, to be in great danger of punishment. I trust, however, that even in their case, also, the Scripture shall be verified, which declares, 'though hand joined in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished.'"

More Administration Corruptions.—The Covode investigation is unpleasant business, but very useful to the country. The committee has smoked out another important fraud in the mail contracts. W. C. Barney of New York testified before the committee that he made proposals to carry the mails between New York, New Orleans and San Francisco, for $178,200; David H. Johnson offered to do the service for $162,000 and obtained the contract, but two days before the service was to have commenced Johnson notified the post master general that he could not fulfil his contract. Barney then stood the lowest bidder, but instead of giving him the contract, the government gave it to Vanderbilt for $262,500, an excess of $81,300 over Barney's price. The law requires that contracts shall be given to the lowest bidder; in this case it was given to the highest bidder. It appears also that Johnson's bid was bogus, from the start, and was only introduced as a means of making the transfer to Vanderbilt. Johnson received $30,000 for acting his part. The reason for this heavy fraud upon the treasury was that the administration wanted Vanderbilt's influence in Congress, and was obliged to buy it in this way. How afflictive these revelations must be, indeed, to the incorruptible "J. B."

Gold.—A cubic inch of gold is worth one hundred and forty-six dollars; a cubic foot, two hundred and fifty-two thousand, two hundred and eighty-eight dollars; a cubic yard, six millions, eight hundred and eleven thousand, seven hundred and seventy-six dollars. The quantity of gold now in existence, is estimated to be three thousand millions of dollars, which, welded into one mass, could be contained in a cube of twenty-three feet. The relative value of gold to silver, in the days of the patriarch Abraham, was one to eight; at the period of B. C. 1000 it was one to twelve; B. C. 400, it was one to thirteen; at the commencement of the Christian Era, it was one to nine; A. D. 500, it was one to eighteen; A. D. 1100, it was one to eight; A. D. 1400 it was one to eleven; A. D. 1613, it was one to thirteen; A. D. 1800, it was one to fifteen and a half, which rate, with slight variation is maintained to the present day.

The Free Press

BURLINGTON:

FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 1, 1860.

THE NOMINATION.

[From the Newark (N. J.) Advertiser.]

"We rejoice with everybody around us at the auspicious nomination of Abram Lincoln, of Illinois, whose name, since this *Call*, ought no longer to be spelt Abram, but with the addition of another syllable, like that of the great founder of the Hebrew nationality. He enters into the contest for the Presidency with manifest advantages over those which Mr. Seward would have possessed.

Mr. Lincoln has strong claims to the support, not only of the Republicans, but Americans, Union men, and moderate Democrats everywhere.—His personal history and rise are so extraordinary and even romantic as must touch the hearts of the great mass of the people. They must love the manliness that has thus won its way amid discouragements, want of early advantages, and want of patronage. They, indeed, are the lot of thousands, but who like him have overcome their blighting power?

The nomination of this eloquent and popular man has taken politicians by surprise. It crossed the wishes and efforts and contradicted the predictions of some of the most managing and skillful in such things. The *people* may be said to have made it themselves, and will therefore take care to make his election sure."

[From the Pittsburg (Pa.) Journal.]

"Mr. Lincoln will be elected by the people by a very decided vote. He is the idol of the Northwest, and will nowhere encounter any prejudice. He has more good points and fewer objectionable ones than any of the prominent candidates. This was, no doubt, the secret of his success over the other more prominent candidates.

Since writing the above, we learn by telegraphic dispatch that the old Republican war horse Hannibal Hamlin of Maine, is the nominee for Vice President. He is the man who had a majority of 17,000 votes for Governor of that State in 1856. The ticket will do well, friends. We are bound to elect it."

[From the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.]

Gov. Seward and the Chicago Nomination.—If anybody doubts the devotion of Gov. Seward to the principles of the Republican Party and his abnegation of self, it is only necessary for them to read the following from the *Auburn Daily Advertiser* of Saturday. Governor Seward himself, wrote the short leader which announced the result at Chicago; and it is characteristic of the man. We speak advisedly when we say that the following not only speaks the sentiments of Gov. Seward, but that it was written by him.

[From the Auburn Daily Advertiser of Saturday.]

"We place the names of Lincoln and "Hamlin at the head of our columns, with "pride and satisfaction. No truer exposi-"tion of the Republican creed could be giv-"en, than the platform adopted by the Con-"vention contains. No truer or firmer "defenders of the Republican faith could "have been found in the Union, than the "distinguished and esteemed citizens on "whom the honors of the nomination have "fallen. Their election, we trust, by a ma-"jority, will restore the Government of the "United States to its constitutional and "ancient course. Let the watchword of the "Republican Party, then, be Union and "Liberty, and onward to Victory."

The Corruption at Washington.—The Philadelphia Inquirer contains a statement of the disclosure made by Wendell before the Covode investigating Committee. The President will need to get out another protest, if matters are to be ripped up in this style. These developments are scathing comments upon the hypocritical sentiments of the Fort Duquesne letter. We quote as follows:

"Washington, May 13—Wendell has been again before the Covode Committee within a day or two, and given some important evidence. He testified at the last meeting of the Committee that he had spent for the Pennsylvania election and the Lecompton measure $130,000. Thirty thousand dollars was spent to influence votes for Lecompton. He stated that the President and himself differed as to the number of votes, over a certain number, it would be necessary to obtain to pass the bill. The President thought that five were necessary and Wendell thought that with three they could succeed.

The money was paid out by Wendell with the understanding that he was to retain the public printing, but immediately on the re-assembling of Congress it was taken away from him. He testified that he believed the President must be aware that the $30,000 which he (Wendell) paid out was to go for influence for Lecompton. That was the implied understanding.

Wendell evades the questions put to him as to the members of Congress who received the bribes, and adds that the moment the thing was over, he endeavored to obliterate every recollection of it. His books were before the Committee, but were in such a careless and blind manner that nothing could be made out of them.

In one place two hundred and fifty dollars was marked down somewhat singularly, and the Committee asked him to explain it. He replied that it was paid to one man in a doubtful Democratic district in Pennsylvania. Some of the checks made payable for the Pennsylvania election were drawn in favor of ladies, whose names appeared in the body of them. All the committee, it would seem, can desire now, is to obtain the names of those members whom Wendell and the President selected to pay the necessary funds. Things are coming to a definite state, and the Lecompton business will appear with all its corruptions."

Cattle in Streets.—I see that in many places farmers are still in favor of cattle running in streets, and one of the speakers here quoted thinks they might get something in villages. A plea is made in favor of the latter, as village residents, unlike farmers, have not land for pasturage. I am sorry this slipshod practice should meet with any favor. I have known a village where about twenty cows were turned into the streets. Many of them were skillful in opening gates, and all were ready to make a plunge into any yard or garden where the gate was accidentally left unlatched. Women, whose husbands were absent, had to get up in the night and drive street cattle out of gardens. Poor tenants who could not own a cow frequently lost their cabbages and other vegetables by these highway robbers. The sidewalks were spattered with manure, and no well dressed lady could easily traverse the flagging without getting her dress more or less smeared about the bottom. Children were frequently terrified by fear of assaults from the cattle. An examination was made to see if the advantages of the practice were equal to all these evils. But little grass grew in the streets between the flagging and carriage track; and although there were in the aggregate several miles of street, yet the whole amount of pasturage afforded was not greater than that growing on two acres of good grass—just enough for the support of two animals, the remaining eighteen living on plunder. The pasturage of the two cows was deemed insufficient to compensate for the mischief done by the twenty, and they were excluded from the streets. There was another reason in favor of excluding them—several hundred shade trees had been set out, and it was thought to be cheaper to pay the keeping of two cows than to construct several hundred cribs around these trees to save them.

As for *farmers* allowing their cattle to run at large, I never yet saw the man who on being questioned did not admit that the time spent in frequent searches for them, and the deterioration of the animals from irregularity in milking, and the occasional omission of milking when they could not be found, far overbalanced any profit of the practice. I know of nothing in favor of it but laziness and a slipshod habit, usually masked under the plea of "necessity."

In Cincinnati, says the New Orleans Delta, they have large manufactories of old barrels, to contain old, good old Maderia wine and brandies that have made the circuit of the globe, or lain for many years among dust and cobwebs, in some ancient cellar. A new barrel, just from the cooper's hands, is hoisted to the upper story; in a short time it is returned to the lower floor, with the unmistakable evidences of great age—all stained, nasty, the veritable marks of the French and Spanish custom houses, and the imperial arms nearly worn off, and even cobwebs drawn across the bung.

[For the Free Press.]

Messrs. Editors:

I have lately seen in your paper several articles relating to some defects in the Union High School. I beg leave to point out another: the total want of a Debating Society. It is true that there has been one, but for some unaccountable reason it was broken up. Why is it not of as much importance as the school itself? In no other place, here at least, can a boy be trained so well to speak in public: there he sees his friends around him, and, in the heat of debate, expresses his thoughts with a clearness and perspicuity which astonishes even himself. Especially the lad who goes from the school to the workshop or the counting room has no other resource. He has none of the advantages of the University, and in the Academy he speaks about once a month; he learns a piece and speaks it without caring much about it; all he cares for is to get over it as soon as he can, right or wrong.

Can there be no help for this? Must a scholar make a failure because he has no place to practice?

I appeal to you citizens of Burlington on the part of my associates. We ask for your counsel and aid.

A Member.

We do not see how the "citizens of Burlington" can do much to help our young correspondent. If the lads of the High School wish to debate, we presume there is nothing to hinder them, and if they do not wish to debate they need not and will not, we suppose. For our own part we do not think there is any need of *forcing* "the gift of gab." It comes along quite fast enough in our country. Habits of accurate study, perseverance in storing the mind with useful knowledge of all sorts, reading good books, avoidance of coarse and slang phrases of all sorts, pains in writing of compositions, to say what one thinks in brief and clear language without any straining for effect, make the best preparation for good speaking when the time for speaking in earnest comes.—The occasional declamation of suitable pieces, the productions of riper minds, is also very useful, if it is *thoroughly and well done.* The worst thing about that practice is the unwillingness of young persons to be at the pains to thoroughly master the language and expression of the pieces they speak. To do this require labor, and study. Those who are not willing to take the pains to speak *well*, the able productions of others, are not very likely to do much bettter with their own, be they young or old. As for the awkwardness which almost always attends first attempts at addressing a mixed assembly, that in practise will soon wear off, when the previous discipline has been such as we have recommended above.

The Doe and her Fauns. "A day at Long Lake" in the Knickerbocker for June, contains the following charming description of the home of the doe and her little fauns:

"Let the reader watch with us at this cover. It is even an old hunter's boast to have witnessed a scene like this. We shall not have to wait her egress long. Hark! she is coming even now. The trailling fir-boughs wave slightly and part, and the doe trips out, half-proudly and half-timidly. he stops short and quickly turns her large, facile ears, now forward, now backward, to test the rustling breeze for sources of warning. A long time she stands with one fore-foot slightly lifted, and her large liquid eyes rove into every nook in the glen. She is gaunt, and her coat is dry and rough in spots, for her motherly cares and alarms have wrought severely upon the gentle creature.

"Her long scrutiny, it seems, is satisfactory, and she trots a few steps away from the cover, but only to halt a few rods distance, and turn a fond look back upon the spot that conceals her treasures and her cares. Finally, persuaded that the coast is, indeed clear, she starts off down the glen at a quicker, more decided trot, and is out of sight. She is gone to the brook eighty rods away, to crop the wild water-grass. One who has seen this will hardly again draw a trigger upon so motherly a creature.

"Not that the doe is away, perhaps we might steal a hasty peep at these loved, torturing treasures of hers. If so, we must be quick and silent about it, for she is likely not to be away long, and the most trifling whim getting into her brain would send her back any moment. Let us creep to the far side of her retreat, and there wind our way flat on the ground, under the heavy spruce branches. This should be the spot, the centre of thicket; but where is her bed? You don't see it; a careless eye would not detect it in that stray handful of moss. But our guide tells us to peer more closely, and surely there is the slightest of palpitations under that blanket somewhere; it rises and sinks, as if to the faint breathing of something. Carey lifts the moss blanket, and ah! there they are! two of the tiniest of satin-coated, velvet-spotted nestlings huddled up together. The little hoofs that hardly would cover a ten-cent bit shine like polished ebony. What a look of guileless wonder is in the large, tame eyes. They do not start or shrink with fear, for they know no enemies. This one raises its head to lick your hand, and rubs its velvet nose against your palm, and appears to like your caresses. But they shiver; the damp, raw air of this spruce thicket is too chill; and we must hurry away from this sanctified precinct of maternal solicitude; so replace the moss, warm and downy, and we will shy away, leaving no broken twig for a sign."

Excitement in Rutland.—The citizens of Rutland are in a state of excitement caused by the discovery of what some deem a double murder in that place. Five months since the wife of Dr. Allen, now a physician of Rutland, formerly a Baptist minister, died, as was then supposed, of a tumor in the stomach. Dr. A. had been suspected of an intimacy with a Mrs. Weeden. Last week Tuesday, Mr. Weeden died—Dr. Allen attending him. On Saturday both the bodies were disinterred. The same night Dr. Allen and Mrs. Weeden were arrested and lodged in jail. The stomachs of the two deceased persons are now in New York for chemical investigation.

The Cattle Murrain in Mass.—An extra Session of the Massachusetts Legislature has been called by Gov. Banks, to meet on the 30th of May. The purpose for which it is called is to take such measures as may be necessary in view of the dangerous prevalence of the cattle disease which is making such destructive work in some parts of that State. The subject causes great solicitude in Massachusetts. Some fears are expressed in Maine that the disease may be introduced into that State by the importation of cattle from Mass. Mr. Goodale, Secretary of the Maine Board of Agriculture has issued an address in which he says it is "scarcely possible to exaggerate the paralyzing effect of such introduction upon the agriculture of Maine—an interest of greater magnitude than all the other pecuniary interests of the State combined." The only security, he believes, is the non-importation of cattle from the direction where the disease prevails. In conclusion he says.

"Let me urge every citizen of Maine, whether he be a producer or consumer, drover, vender or carrier, to do all which lies in his power, to preserve our present exemption from this pest: and I recommend not only that no cattle be brought in from abroad, but also, that for some months to come, there be no driving from place to place, or exchange, or circulation in any way, of those within our borders, which can be dispensed with."

An Irish corporal, who now and then indulged in a noggin of right poteen, was thus accosted by his captain while standing at ease—"What makes your nose so red?" "Plase, yer honor," said Pat, "I always blush when I spakes to an officer."

LETTER FROM SENATOR SEWARD.

HE ENDORSES THE NOMINATIONS.

The following letter from Wm. H. Seward, to the Republican Central Committee of New York, which we find in the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser of yesterday, will be read with interest. It shows the nobleness of the man; will raise him higher than ever in the esteem of his friends; and justifies the confidence which all who know him have reposed in his patriotism and his fealty to the principles of the great party of which he is a prominent leader; and will give union and vigor to all who wish and work for their spread.

Auburn, May 21.

"Gentlemen—I will not affect to conceal the sensibility with which I have received the letters in which you and so many other respected friends have tendered to me expressions of renewed and enduring confidence. These letters will remain with me as assurances in future years that, although I was not unwilling to wait even for another age the vindication of my political principles, yet that they did nevertheless receive the generous support of many good, wise and patriotic citizens of my own time.

Such assurances, however made, under the circumstances now existing, derive their priceless value largely from the fact, that they steal upon me through the channels of private correspondence and altogether unknown to the world. You will at once perceive that such expressions would become painful to me, and justly offensive to the community, if they should be allowed to take any public or conventional form of manifestation.—For this reason, if it were respectful and consistent with your own public purposes, I would have delayed my reply to you, until I could have had an opportunity of making it verbally next week, on my way to Washington, after completing the arrangements for the repairs upon my dwelling here, rendered necessary by a recent fire.

"The same reason determines me also to decline your kind invitation to attend the meeting in which you propose some demonstrations of respect to myself, while so justly considering the nominations which have been made by the recent National Convention at Chicago.

"At the same time it is your right to have a frank and candid exposition of my own opinions and sentiments on that important subject.

"My friends know very well that while they have always generously made my promotion to public trusts their own exclusive care, mine has only been to execute them faithfully, so as to be able, at the close of their assigned terms, to resign them into the hands of the people without forfeiture of the public confidence. The presentation of my name to the Chicago Convention was thus their act, not mine. It may have found them unprepared.

"On the other hand, I have no sentiment either of disappointment or discontent, for who, in any possible case, could without presumption claim that a great national party ought to choose him for its candidate for the first office in the gift of the American people? I find in the resolutions of the Convention, a platform as satisfactory to me, as if it had been framed with my own hands, and in the candidates adopted by them, eminent and able Republicans, with whom I have cordially co-operated in maintaining the principles embodied in that excellent creed. I cheerfully give them a sincere and earnest support. I trust moreover, that those with whom I have labored so long, that common service in a noble cause has created between them and myself relations of personal friendship, unsurpassed in the experience of political men, will indulge me in a confident belief that no sense of disappointment will be allowed by them to hinder, or delay, or in any way embarrass, the progress of that cause to the consummation which is demanded by a patriotic regard to the safety and welfare of the country and the best interests of mankind.

"I am very sincerely and respectfully,

"Your friend and obedient servant,

"William H. Seward.

"Messrs. Charles C. Nott, William A. Bull, A. J. Williamson, C. S. Spencer, and F. W. Shepard, for the Republican Central Committee.

FOREIGN.

The steamship Persia, from Liverpool on the 13th, reached New York on the 23d. The most interesting news from abroad is the descent on Sicily by Garibaldi, with a considerable force, to take part in the insurrection there. His force is reported to be above 2000 strong, and well armed and provided provisions for some months. The embarkation was from near Genoa, on the night of the 5th. Nearly 8000 persons, of all ranks, flocked to the beach to bid them good speed. The enthusiasm of the government troops at Genoa was so great that it was necessary to confine them to barracks to prevent their deserting, to enroll themselves. A second expedition, with a much larger force, is reported to be in preparation, and 6,000 volunteers are already enrolled for it. It is reported that the vessels sailed under English colors, and that English money furnished the means. A Paris correspondent of the New York *Commercial*, writes as follows:

The expedition of Garibaldi has excited the indignation of all the European Courts. Certain of the Paris journals, who see with envy the increase of Piedmont, and fear the success of Garibaldi in Sicily will add another province to the "Kingdom of Upper Italy," compare him to the great fillibuster, Walker, and rank the attempt upon Sicily with those of Nicaragua. But the comparison is a gross outrage on the character of Garibaldi, and the cause to which he has devoted his whole life—the unity of Italy. Walker attempted to gain possession of a country to which he was a total stranger, and which was in a state of peace, for mere selfish purposes. Sicily, on the contrary, is a part of the country to which Garibaldi belongs; it is governed by a Bourbon—a foreign Prince; it is in a state of revolt against the Government; and to this state of revolt Garibaldi was a total stranger; he goes there, therefore, from purely patriotic motives, to aid a portion of the nation to which he belongs, to rid them of a hateful and insupportable despotism. Before taking this step, he resigned his two positions of trust under the Piedmontese Government—those of General in the army and Member of Parliament. It may, no doubt, with truth be said that this act of Garibaldi will create new difficulties for Piedmont, whether the revolution succeeds or not. But Garibaldi hears only the voice of suffering Sicilians, and rushes to their aid.

A Fair Democratic Opinion—The New York *Sun* has the following estimate of the Chicago nominations, which some of its Democratic brethren in this vicinity ought to read and reflect upon:

"The first impression produced among our city politicians, that the rejection of Mr. Seward and the nomination of Mr. Lincoln by the Chicago Convention was a blunder, has been removed by subsequent reflection. It is now admitted that Mr. Lincoln's nomination is a strong one, and that he will receive the united and cordial support of the party. He is, emphatically, a man of the people, and owes his present proud position to his own efforts and energy.

Born of poor but honest parents, he was early thrown upon his own resources, and was obliged at one time to work as a common farm laborer to earn a livelihood. It is said that he received but about six months of a regular school education; but if he had not the assistance of schoolmasters, he had a strong and clear mind, which he industriously improved. His life is an example of what the poorest boy may attain to in this free country, by habits of industry and self-culture.—Mr. Lincoln is peculiarly a self-made, self-educated man, and is in all respects, a sterling representative of the "go-ahead" American character. That he would, if elected, make a good President, we do not entertain a doubt.

His chances of an election are certainly good unless the democrats show more wisdom at Baltimore than they did at Charleston. The people are tired of being ruled by professional politicians, and they would rather vote for a man like Mr. Lincoln, who holds in a measure, an independent position, than for an old party leader, who has friends to reward and enemies to punish."

An Instance of Longevity.—It is a rarity to meet with a person who attains the remarkable age of a hundred years. Such an instance occurs at this time in the case of a venerable old lady in the town of Richmond, in this county,—Mrs. Squires, relict of Stephen Squires, who was 100 years old last March. She retains her faculties tolerably well for a woman so advanced in years. Her husband was one of the early settlers of this town, though he subsequently removed to Richmond.—*Huntington Remarker.*

Going it Strong.—The Chicago *Counsel*, of May 12, says: "The election of John Bell is as certain as that we shall have a President, and probably that of Edward Everett also."

New Publications.

Harpers Magazine for June, just published, commences the twenty-first volume of this popular serial. The contents of the present number present a variety of good articles, among which we note the illustrated papers: "A Summer in New England," "Monuments in the United States," and "Insects belonging to the Cotton Plant." "The First Overland Trip to California," will specially interest. There is also another instalment of Thackeray's story of "Lovel, the Widower." The caricatures at the end are rather dull. For sale by Fuller.

Illustrations of Scripture, suggested by a Tour through the Holy Land. By Horatio B. Hackett, D. D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1860.

This is a second and revised edition of a very interesting and instructive volume, by Prof. Hackett, of Newton Theological Seminary, the first edition of which appeared about five years ago. The title indicates the purport of the work. It is not a volume of travels; but a collection of disconnected illustrations of passages in the sacred Scriptures, which speak of geographical or physical facts, and of manners and customs in the countries occupied by the Jews. The several distinct illustrations have appropriate heads, and there is an index to them by their titles, and a full catalogue of the texts of Scripture which are illustrated. The execution of the work is admirable. We know of no other work which can be a substitute for this of Prof. Hackett.

Say and Seal. By the author of the "Wide Wide World" and the author of "Dollars and Cents." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott.

Messrs. Brown & Taggard have sent us this joint work of the Misses Warner. It is a tale of how a theological student, teaching school in a country village, teaches also the daughter of his hostess, who, at the same time, teaches him the lesson inevitable under such circumstances

It has been objected to the previous works of Miss Warner, that her heroines were constantly weeping, one "weak, washy, everlasting flood." That Scylla has been avoided in this work. Every thing is *couleur de rose*—at least Faith Derrick's cheeks always are, and reflect their light upon all around, despite her constant endeavor to hide them in her hands. The amount of labor performed by those blushes is marvellous; a *steam* derrick could not do more. But we presume it will be considered an illustration of the the power of Faith.

This work is decidedly better than the previous productions of Miss Warner in many respects. There is less of diffuse and tiresome dialogue in it, and more of incident. The principal characters are rather Miss Warner's idea of what theological students and country maidens should be, than pictures of what they usually are. Were they a little more like ordinary mortals, with a *few* failings, the scenes would appear more real and life like, for this age. But as it is, the work is interesting, and many will sit far into the night to read how Pattaquasset learned of Mr. Linden's engagement, and what became of Dr. Harrison.

For sale at Fuller's.

BUSINESS CHANGES.

"Lovely's Hotel," on Church Street has passed from the hands of Mr. E. J. Hill to those of Mr. L. D. Turrill, formerly of Swanton, and more recently of the Central House, in Rutland. The name of the house has been changed to the Central House, and it is undergoing repairs and alterations which will add much to the convenience of its internal arrangements. Mr. Turrill "knows how to keep a hotel," as we have heretofore had frequent opportunities to perceive, while Mrs. Turrill, his capable and amiable helpmeet, has the rare secret of making her guests *at home* with so little apparent effort that they never know how it is they are made so comfortable. They will make the Central House an exceedingly popular resort for travellers and permanent boarders.

Dewey is extending the rear of the store on Church street, purchased by him awhile ago, to the full depth of the lot, and remodeling the interior preparatory to his removal thither a month hence. It will make a spacious and elegant store, and in it Dewey will do a bigger business than ever.

The store occupied by Mr. A. Prouty, on Church street, has been divided into two, one of which will be occupied by a Mr. Wingate, as a Jewelry store. This Mr. Wingate, as we learn from the *Times*, is a son of Mr. Charles J. Wingate, of Watertown, Me., who has purchased the store from Mr. Turk, as well as the dwelling house on College street now occupied by Col. Bowdish, and intends to make Burlington his permanent residence.

One of the most cheering signs of the canvas in New York state, where, as against Seymour, (if nominated,) the fight will be a hard one, is the prompt adoption of Lincoln and Hamlin by the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, now as heretofore Mr Fillmore's especial mouth piece. The Advertiser has up to this time acted against the republicans, even to the extent of the famous "hybrid ticket" last fall. Being now attacked for its change of position, it says: "It [the opposition to the republicans] is one of a hundred by-gones which to-day, in the face of a united opposition, with the sun of victory rising o'er the land, are mere shadows of the past."

Thursday's New York *Times* contains a long and interesting letter from Mr. Raymond, describing visits made by him, since the Chicago Convention, to Mr. Lincoln, at Springfield, Ill., and to Gov. Seward, at Auburn, N. Y. He states that Mr. Seward will resume his seat in the Senate, probably early next week, and will serve out his term; but will not, "in any event or under any circumstances," accept a re-election; that he will not take a place in the new Republican Administration (if the next is such), or be again a candidate for the Presidency; and that, "henceforth, the only sphere of his labors will be his home, and the society which surrounds it." Mr. Raymond attributes Gov. Seward's defeat at Chicago to Mr. Greeley's efforts in opposition to him—a matter to which we may refer again.

Improving.—A Texas paper says that Rev. R. P. Thompson, a native missionary in that State, is "breaking himself of swearing, and reads the Scriptures quite fluently."