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ICHABOD.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I heard the train's shrill whistle call,
I saw an earnest look beseech,
And rather by that look than speech,
My neighbor told me all.

And as I thought of liberty, [street,
Marched hand-cuffed down that sworded
The solid earth beneath my feet
Reeled fluid as the sea.

I felt a sense of bitter loss—
Shame, tearless grief, and stifling wrath,
And loathsome fear, as if my path
A serpent stretched across.

All love of home, all pride of place,
All generous confidence and trust,
Sank smothering in the deep disgust
And anguish of disgrace.

Down on my native hills of June,
And home's green quiet, hiding all,
Fell sudden darkness like the fall
Of midnight upon noon!

And Law, an unloosed maniac strong,
Blood-drunken through the blackness trod,
Hoarse shouting in the ear of God
The blasphemy of wrong.

"Oh, Mother! from thy memories proud,
Thy old renown, dear Commonwealth,
Lend this dead air a breeze of health,
And smite with stars this cloud.

"Mother of Freedom! wise and brave,
Rise awful in thy strength," I said;
Ah, me! I spoke but to the dead:
I stood upon her grave!

THE WIDOW'S BEAU.

BY MISS CAROLINE A. SOULE.

Service had commenced in the neat little sanctuary, which the inhabitants of Fairmount had consecrated to the service of God. The minister had reached the psalm and Scripture lesson, and the first lines of the opening hymn. The eyes of the people were fixed intently upon him, for he was not only a good, sound, and eloquent preacher, but he was a fine looking one, too, and thus enchained not only the attention of the true but the false worshippers. The house was very still—the clear, melodious tones of the speaker were the only sounds that throbbed on the balmy, golden air, which the mid-summer Sabbath morn had breathed into that holy place. The first syllable of the second line was trembling on the lips, when a rustle at the door, and the entrance of two persons, a lady and gentleman, dissolved the charm. In a second every eye turned from the pulpit to the broad aisle, and watched with more than ordinary eagerness the progress of the couple. A most searching ordeal they were subjected to, and when fairly and quietly seated in the front pew, immediately in front of the pulpit, what a nudging of elbows there was—aye, and how many whispers, too.

In vain the sound, the good, the eloquent, the handsome Mr. B. sought again to steal the attention of his hearers. They had no eyes or thoughts for anybody else but widow C. and widow C.'s young, genteel and dashing looking attendant.

How she had cheated them! Hadn't she said she didn't feel as though she could ever wear anything but mourning? And in spite of these protestations, hadn't she come out all at once dressed in white, and walked into the church in broad day-light, leaning on the arm of a young gentleman?

Yes, indeed she had. She would have plead guilty to all these charges, grave ones as they were, and to the last two how many witnesses might have been subpœnaed. She was actually dressed in white. A beautiful robe of India mull, tucked to the waist, with an open corsage, displaying an elaborately wrought chimisette, drapery sleeves, trimmed with the richest Mechlin lace, undersleeves of the same expensive material, a white crape shawl, a white lace hat with orange buds and flowers, white kid gloves and light gaiters—such was the description every lady had on her tongue's end to repeat over as soon as the service was ended.

And the gentleman—he was dressed in style. Don't he wear white pants of the latest pattern, and a white vest, and a coat of "satin finish," and white kids, too; and don't he sport a massive chain, and didn't he gaze often and lovingly on the fair creature beside him?

Ah, yes, he did so, and there was no further room to doubt. Widow C. had cheated them. She had won a beau, laid aside her mourning, put on bridal attire, and was going to be married in church. But who the beau was, or whence he came, was more difficult to solve.

Service proceeded. The choir sung and the minister prayed and preached—the people wondered when the ceremony would take place.

But to their utter astonishment they were left to wonder.

For when the benediction was pronounced, widow C. and the strange gentleman walked with the rest of the congregation, quietly out of the church. When they reached the pavement, he offered her his arm very gracefully, and she placed her hand very confidingly on the beautiful soft coat sleeve as they passed on.

What a morning that was in Fairmount! What a world of conjectures, surmises, inquiries and doubts rolled over and over in the brain of not only gossipping ladies, but sober, matter-of-fact gentlemen. "The like of such a thing" had never occurred in the annals of the village. There was something new under the sun; a lady had had a beau and nobody knew it.

Widow C., didn't your ears burn that day?

Ah, we wonder they didn't drop off; surely they must have been crisp and crimson.

The Rev. Mr. B. preached to a crowded house that afternoon: no compliments to him though. Every one was sure the wedding would take place then; but everybody was again sadly disappointed; and if tongues had run at railway speed before, they travelled then on electric wires. The minister might have preached in Greek that day and his sermons would have been quite as edifying. But one subject occupied the village mind—the widow's beau.

It actually seemed, too, as though the lady tried to make all the talk she could. After tea, arm in arm with the strange gentleman, she walked the whole length of the village, and away out into the cemetery, and never returned till the moon was high.

"A nice looking dress I guess she had," drawled out old grandma W., as she listened to the widow's wanderings. "I'm glad I haint got to wash it, all drabbled up with dew as it must have been—but I don't spose she thought or cared a word about it, she's so carried away with him. But I'll give her a piece of my mind the first time I have a chance, see if I do not."

But the good old dame began to fear she should never have the desired chance. She hurried through her washing on Monday, and hobbled over to the widow's as soon as possible, but the door was locked, and one of the neighbors said Mrs. C. and the gentleman went off in a carriage, nobody knew where, very early in the morning. "Yes, and never got home till nine o'clock in the morning." Look out! widow. Your character is on the carpet.

If she knew it, apparently she didn't care, for the next day she went a sailing with her beau, and the next rambling with him off to the mountain, and on the next forenoon went with him in a carriage to the station house, and there not only wept as she parted from him, but actually embraced and kissed him!!!

"What, in broad daylight?" exclaimed grandma W. "Well, if I ever heard of or seed the like on't."

Little Nell, the old lady's youngest grandchild, wondered to herself if it was any worse in broad daylight than at any other time. Perhaps you will wonder too. We do at least.

There was a large attendance that afternoon at the weekly meeting of the sewing society. Everybody went who could possibly leave home.

And what a chattering there was when the bustle of assembling was over. There was but one topic, but that was all-sufficient, all-engrossing; the widow's beau—for the gentleman must be her beau—or at least, ought to be.

Everybody had something to tell, something to wonder about. But suddenly every magpie tongue was hushed, a universal stroke of numb palsy seemed to have fallen on the group, as looking up they perceived the very lady about whom they were conversing so eagerly, standing in the doorway.

"Good afternoon, ladies," she said in her usual quiet way. "I'm glad to see so large and happy a gathering. It is a beautiful day for our meeting."

And then she proceeded to the table and helped herself to a block of patchwork, inquired for the sewing silk, which having received, she sat down in the only vacant chair, and commenced hemming a very red bird with a yellow wing, on to a very green twig, which latter had already been hemmed on to a square piece of white cloth, and the whole when completed, was designed to form the twentieth part of a bed spread. She seemed all engrossed with the bird's bill, and spoke to no one. Everybody wondered if she had heard what they were saying when she came in, but her placid countenatce soon reassured the most fearful, and every one longed to commence a personal attack.

Old grandma W. was the first to venture. She meant to "do up the matter" very delicately, and in so roundabout a way that the lady should not suspect her of curiosity. So she began by praising Mrs. C.'s dress.

"Why, it's really a beauty. Where did you get it?"

"I bought it," was the quick reply.

"Here?"

"No."

"Where then?"

"In New York last spring."

"O, you did, did you? But I thought you wasn't never going to wear anything but black again."

Every eye scrutinized the lady's face in search of a blush, but it continued as pale as usual, while she answered—

"I did think and say so once, but I have finally changed my mind."

"You have, ha! What made you?"

"Oh, I had good reasons."

Here the hearers and lookers-on winked and looked very expressively at each other.

"But did you not spoil your beautiful white dress Sunday night, wearing it away up to the burying ground?"

"*I did not wear it!*"

Here was a damper to the old lady. She had such a long lecture to read on extravagance, and she was determined to do it too, when unfortunately for her eloquent strain, Mrs. C.'s dsess had hung up in her wardrobe, and she had worn an old black silk.

After a while the old lady took a fresh start. She would not be baffled again. She would find out all about that beau before she went home, "that she would." So she began by saying:

"Your company went away this morning, didn't they?"

"*They did,*" was the reply.

"He didn't stay very long did he?"

"Not as long as I wish he had," was the emphatic answer this time.

And how the ladies looked at each other. It was as good as a confession.

"When did he come?"

"Saturday evening."

"Was you looking for him?"

"I had been expecting him for a fortnight or more."

"Why, du tell if you had then, and you never told on't either. Had he any business in the place?"

"He had."

"What was it?"

This was neither more direct and blunt than the old lady had meant to put, and she forthwith apologized by saying:

"I didn't mean that—I—I only thought I—"

"O, I'd as lief you'd knew as not, he came to see me."

O, widow C. did your good name go down then. Be careful what you say next, or you'll have only a remnant of character to go home with, and remnants go very cheap.

"He did, did he, and he didn't come for nothing else then. But was you glad to see him?"

"Indeed, I was. It was one of the happiest moments of my existence."

"Well, well," said the old lady, hardly knowing how to frame her next question, "well—well, he's a real good looking man, any way."

"I think so too, and he's not only good-looking, but he's good-hearted; one of the best men I ever knew."

"You don't say so! But is he rich?"

"Worth a thousand or so," said the lady carelessly.

"Why, du tell if he is. Why, you will live like a lady, won't you? But what's his name?"

The old lady's curiosity was now raised to the highest pitch.

"Henry Macon."

"Macon! Macon! Why, wasn't that your name before you were married?"

"It was."

"Then he's a connection, is he?"

"He is."

"Du tell, if he is, then. Not a cousin, I hope. I never did think much of marriages between cousins."

"Henry is not my cousin."

"He isn't. Not your cousin. But what connection is he, du tell, now?"

"HE IS MY YOUNGEST BROTHER!"

If ever there was rapid progress made in sewing and knitting by any circle of ladies, it was by those composing this society, for the next fifteen minutes. Not a word was uttered, not an eye raised. Had the latter been done, and the roguish and expressive glances which passed between Mrs. C. and the minister, who, unobserved, had stood on the threshold, a silent spectator and curious hearer, perhaps, mind you, we only say *perhaps*, they might have guessed more correctly the name, character, standing and profession of the widow's beau.

ABOLISH THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW—SPEECH OF JOSIAH QUINCY.

In the Whig Convention at Boston, on Wednesday, Aug. 16, after the votes for a candidate for Governor had been cast, and the Committee had retired to count them, the President said:

GENTLEMEN: I have to ask of you the favor of perfect silence and attention to some remarks that will be made to you by the venerable Josiah Quincy, Senior. [Applause.] We cannot show too much reverence and respect to the aged Whig who is now about to address you.

Mr. QUINCY then came forward and spoke as follows:

I came to this meeting *by invitation*, as a citizen—not as a partisan; with no intention to *volunteer* a word on the occasion, but with a fixed purpose to respond, if called upon, as became an individual who has in this world now little to hope, and, I thank God, nothing to fear;—who has behind him only the memory of the past, and before him the opening grave, in which he must soon be deposited. From such an individual you have a right to expect words of truth, duty, and soberness. I come not here to utter vituperative demonstrations against the slaveholders of the South. They have used the powers vested in them by the Constitution to their own interests, as every other selfish association of men would have done under the same circumstances. In every step of the progress of the slave power, they have had members of the free States as half workers. If the States would regain their influence, they must *cultivate a higher standard* of political morality among themselves: they must disgrace the doctrine that "all is right in politics," and regard him who has so notoriously sold himself for place or for office, as a traitor to principle and to his country. The Nebraska fraud, as it is called, is nothing more than the last act of a series of aggressions on the free States which slaveholders have practiced for more than fifty years, in no one of which could they have been successful except through the divisions and corruptions of the free States themselves. So far from complaining at this Nebraska perfidy, I rejoice in it, It is said it is "the last straw that breaks the camel's back." I trust in heaven that this Nebraska perfidy will soon prove to be the last straw which will excite the camel of the North to rise in his strength and toss from his back one at least of the many burdens with which he is oppressed. The Nebraska fraud is not that burden on which I intend now to speak. There is one nearer home, and immediately present and more insupportable. Of what that burden is, I shall speak plainly. The obligation incumbent upon the free States to deliver fugitive slaves is that burden—*and it must be obliterated from the Constitution at every hazard.* And such obliteration can be demonstrated to be as much the interest of the South as it is of the North. *The circumstances in which* the people of Massachusetts are *placed* in consequence of that burden are undeniable, and they are also undeniably insupportable. What has been seen? what has been felt? by every man, woman, and child in this metropolis and in this community, and virtually by every man, woman, and child in Massachusetts. We have seen our Court House in chains, *two battalions of dragoons, eight companies of artillery, twelve companies of infantry, the whole constabulary force of the city police, the entire disposable marine of the United States, with its artillery loaded for action, all marching in support of a Prætorian band, consisting of one hundred and twenty friends and associates of the United States Marshal, with loaded pistols and drawn swords, and in military costume and array—for what purpose?* TO ESCORT AND CONDUCT A POOR, TREMBLING SLAVE FROM A BOSTON COURT HOUSE TO THE FETTERS AND LASH OF HIS MASTER! This display of military force the Mayor of this city declared to be necessary on this occasion. Nay, more, at a public festival he openly took to himself the glory of this display, declaring that by it life and liberty had been saved, and the honor of Boston vindicated! I make no comments. I state *facts* as the ground out of which spring the duties of the people of Massachusetts. I state another fact still more conclusive and illustrative of those duties. This scene, (thus awful, thus detestable,) every inhabitant of this metropolis, nay, more, every inhabitant of this Commonwealth, may be again compelled to witness at any and every day of the year, at the will or the whim of the meanest and basest slaveholder of the South. This also is undeniable. Now, *is* there a man in Massachusetts, with a spirit so low, so debased, so corrupted by his fears or his fortune, as to deny that he is prepared to say that *this is a condition of things to be endured*, in perpetuity, by us, and that this is an inheritance to be transmitted by us to our children for all generations? For so long as the fugitive slave clause remains in the Constitution of the United States, unobliterated, it is an obligation perpetual upon them, as well as upon us. And is this inheritance we are about to transmit to our children an inheritance of freedom? No, fellow-citizens—it is an inheritance worse than slavery. There is *not a negro* in the South that *can be compelled*, even by his master, to cut the throat, or blow out the brains of his fellow negro. Yet, so long as the fugitive slave obligation remains, there is not a militia man in Massachusetts who may not be compelled, to-morrow, to cut the throat or blow out the brains of a fellow-citizen, at the will of the basest Southern slaveholder. My fellow-citizens, believe me—the time has come for the people of Massachusetts to look upon this slave clause no longer in the ever shifting, ever dubious, ever suspicious light of party spirit, but under the influence of an enlightened patriotism, watchful of the signs of the times, and anxious concerning their duties to themselves and their posterity. But I hear some timid brother exclaim—"Why, this is, in effect, a dissolution of the Union. Did not the Southern slaveholder tell us before the adoption of the Constitution, that without the fugitive slave clause they would not come into the Union, and have they not told us every day since its adoption, that whenever that clause is obliterated they will go out of it?" And do you believe them any the more for this reiterated threat and eternal outcry? Does not the nature of things speak a louder language than that of these threateners? Are the slaveholders fools or madmen? They go out of this Union for the purpose of maintaining the subjection of their slaves? Why, the arm of the Union is the very sinew of that subjection! It is the slaveholder's main strength. Its continuance is his forlorn hope. I go further, fellow-citizens. I believe that by the nature of things, by the law of God, and the law of man, that clause is at this moment abrogated so far as respects moral obligation. There is a principle of moral law, which, if not strictly applicable, is sufficiently analagous to the obligations resulting from that clause. It is *cessante ratione cessat et ipsa lex.* Now what was the understanding and what was the state of things under which that contract was made? The free States agreed in 1789 to be field-drivers and pound-keepers for the black cattle of the slaveholding States, within the limits and according to the fences of the old United States. Between that year and this, Anno Domini 1854, those slaveholders have broken down the old boundaries, and opened new fields of unknown and indefinite extent. They have multiplied their black cattle by millions; and are every day increasing their numbers, and extending their cattle field into the wilderness. Under these circumstances, are we bound to be their field-drivers and pound-keepers any longer? Answer me, people of Massachusetts. Are you the sons of the men of 1776? or do you "lack gall to make oppression bitter?" I would willingly dwell upon this topic and others which are in my mind, but I have already occupied more than my proportion of this debate. I have pointed out your burden. I have shown you that it is unsupportable. I shall be asked how we shall get rid of it? I answer, it is not for a private individual to point the path which a State is to pursue to cast off an insupportable burden—it belongs to the constituted authorities of that State. But this I will say, that if the people of Massachusetts adopt, in the spirit of their fathers, as one man, solemnly the resolve that they will no longer submit to this burden, and call upon the free States to concur in, and carry into effect, this resolution, this burden will be cast off, the fugitive slave clause obliterated, not only without the dissolution, but a newly acquired strength to the Union.

As Mr. Quincy closed, three deafening cheers were given for him.

MANY ladies have two faces, one face to sleep in, another to show to company; the first is generally reserved for the husband and family at home; the other is put on to please strangers.

COL. FREMONT'S ACCOUNT OF THE GREYTOWN "OUTRAGE."

A Washington correspondent of the N. Y. *Daily Times*, writing under date of Thursday last, makes the following interesting statement:

Col. J. C. Fremont was one of the American citizens present at Greytown at the occurrence of the "outrage" upon Mr. Borland, for which such fearful retribution has been visited by Capt. Hollins upon the town. As he is known the world over, as a cool, clear-headed, and truthful gentleman, his statement of that transaction, and the facts connected with it, cannot be otherwise than highly interesting at the present time. Upon questioning him on the subject this morning, he very cheerfully communicated to me his understanding of the affair, which is substantially as follows:

It was quite evident that, for some reason or other, a very strong prejudice existed at Greytown against all Americans; a prejudice amounting to almost a positive hostility, and to conceal which no pains whatever were taken. The immediate origin of the difficulty in which Borland participated, was the homicide of a negro captain of a bungo, or river boat, committed by Captain Smith, of a steamer plying on the river. Notwithstanding published statements directly the reverse, this homicide was considered by the Americans, almost without exception, a deliberate, cool-blooded murder, without a shadow of palliation. There had been some previous difficulty between Smith and the negro. On the day of the homicide Smith's steamer ran into the negro's bungo, when the latter threatened to shoot Smith if he broke his boat. The bungo, however, was uninjured. Subsequently the steamer started down the river, and after it had proceeded some distance, put back again, apparently for no other purpose than to run into the bungo, which it did, crushing it like an eggshell. At this time the negro was sitting in his boat with his gun across his knees. The weight of testimony is, that he made no hostile demonstration against Smith, having neither risen from his seat nor raised his gun, when Smith deliberately shot him. Immediately upon being shot, the poor fellow got up, and while attempting to step from the wreck of his bungo into the boat alongside of it, his strength failed him, and he fell into the river. And yet, presses who esteem it their duty to defend the Hollins victory, right or wrong, tell us it was universally admitted that the negro was shot by Smith in self-defense.

A warrant was issued by the Mayor of Greytown for Smith's arrest, and an officer went on board the steamer, as everybody knows, but was prevented from getting his prisoner by forcible resistance of the passengers, headed by Borland. In aiding the Minister thus to resist the officers, the passengers did not intend to endorse the murder of the negro, or absolve the murderer. On the contrary, it would have been a very easy matter to have had him hung on brief notice by a "Committee of Vigilance," had either of the acknowledged leaders proposed it. But Mr. Borland, in a speech made to the crowd, as well as in private conversation, told them he was instructed not in any way to recognize the authority of Greytown (deriving its authority from the Mosquito King) as separate and distinct from Nicaragua.

To permit the Greytown officers to arrest an American citizen and try him for crime, would be to recognize the authority of the Town government in the fullest sense; and so Mr. Borland urged them to aid him in "crushing out" this scion of the Mosquitoes. If the government of Greytown was illegal, deriving its powers from incompetent authority, the act of the officers who attempted to arrest Smith could only be looked upon as the act of a mob, proper to be resisted by mob force. In this opinion the whole steamer's party concurred. And, of course, the arrest and imprisonment of Mr. Borland that night was also looked upon as the act of an irresponsible mob, without law or authority of any kind.

"A LITTLE girl had been playing in the street until she had become pretty well covered with dust. In trying to wash it off, she didn't use water enough to prevent the dust rolling up in little balls upon her arms. In her trouble, she applied to her brother, a little older than herself, for a solution of the mystery. It was explained at once—to *his* satisfaction, at least;

"'Why, sis, you're *made* of dust, and if you don't stop you'll wash yourself all away!'

"This opinion, coming from an elder brother, was decisive, and the washing was discontinued."