

The Saturday Evening Mail.

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TERRE HAUTE, IND., SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 9, 1879.

Tenth Year

THE MAIL

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

SECOND EDITION.

Town-Talk.

ABOUT A RAILROAD DEPOT.

T. T. recently had to lay over several hours at a railway station where, going from a through line to a cross road, the trains didn't connect, and he saw more of people who travel, their peculiarities and oddities, than he had ever before noticed. Doubtless Girdner and Cookerly, of the union depot ticket office here, see much of the same every day of their lives, but in this instance having nothing to do but watch the people coming and going, T. T. was impressed for the first time that in and about a depot is an admirable place to study character. There are the loungers, in themselves a study. It is astonishing how eloquently they can talk horse, and dog and locomotive. In a loquacious mood they can out-gossip a village barber-shop. Then there is the passing, or the making up of a freight train, which has been waiting for the passenger train to pass. The backing and bumping, the switching and signalling, have an excitement peculiar to themselves, and loungers as well as waiting travelers take deep interest in the movements. Brakemen come in for a drink, and conductors make their record, or something or other, and the freight snake winds its slow length away with a cough, creak and rumble.

After a while a passenger train is expected from the other end of the road. Hacks, omnibuses and wagons begin to arrive. The drivers spar and joke with the loafers. Spruce young bucks come down to see simpering young ladies off. Old ladies have awful work to get out their money to pay their fare, and can't understand it when it is paid. Dragged-out looking mammas are tasked to amuse gingerbread eating children. A countryman in a quiet corner is laying in a little bread and cheese previous to departure, while another, whose nose is chronically blushing for the sins of the world, is obscurely moistening his lips "just for the good of his stomach." Lovers, who are to be separated for a season, pace to and fro, oblivious of everything save their own communings and the too speedy flight of time. A father has come to see his son launch off into the world. The boy is full of hope, the parent of solicitude. The boy sees everything through a rose-colored atmosphere, the father looks upon the world as it is. Adolescents think he is very wise. Silver-head knows that in worldly wisdom his downy-cheeked son is a fool. The one impatiently advises, the other impatiently listens.

Expressmen dash up and tumble out boxes, bales and bundles, defiantly regardless of the plainly marked: "This side up with care." The apple, peanut and pie vendor stamps along the platform and thrusts his basket into the notice alike of the hungry and the full, and away in the distance is heard the screech and the rumble of the coming train.

As the crowd gathers on the depot platform there is to be seen prominently an old woman with spectacles, who carries a huge, big-bellied umbrella, carefully covered in a casing made up from the faded remnants of a calico dress. T. T. finds just such a woman every time he travels. There is little difference in her stature, and the sharp, distrustful expression of the face seems to belong to the class. There is almost always, and there was in this case, a pursy little man following her, with a big bundle that she would not entrust to the mercy of the baggage master, puffing as he plods along behind the dame, whose sharp elbows soon give her walking space through the crowd, and glancing at her in a fearful, half admiring sort of a way that tells of his secondary importance in conjugal affairs as plainly as if "pen-heeled" was chalked all over him. "All aboard!" cries the conductor, the train pulls out, and T. T. turns to the station waiting room to wait for the down train on the cross road.

A new couple have come in. Evidently they never traveled ten miles from their home. "I say, Joe," says the female part of the household, "ain't you most afraid the railroad will run off?" "Not a bit," says Joe, "there's no more danger, Matilda, than there is in our kitchen." Matilda is satisfied, and for a time silently gazes at the depot clock, when all at once she jumps up with a new thought and clutching her companion by the arm whispers: "Lord sakes, Joe, what you done with the trunk?" Joe informs her that he has "chucked it," exhibits the little brass token, and explains the operation of chucking baggage. The whistle of the cross roads train is heard, and everyone hurries to the door, each bent on gaining the platform first. This is the

opportunity for the man who is late for the train, and he comes elbowing his way through the outgoing crowd with a satchel in one hand, a baby on the other arm, a meek wife following in the rear, and a boy and a poodle dog also. He seizes the conductor who is just going in at the door to report, and nervously asks him not to start the train until he gets his tickets. That accomodating functionary promises to comply, and the man with the satchel, wife, boy and poodle finally get aboard the train all safe, the word is given "all aboard!" and T. T. leaves the depot at the cross roads.

Yes, it takes all kinds of people to make a world, and the greatest variety, with their characteristics most prominently displayed—those which distinguish one man from his fellow—can be found at the average railway depot.

Susan Perkins' Letter.

TERRE HAUTE, Aug. 8, 1879.

MY DEAR JOSEPHINE:—I take my pen in hand to let you know that I am well, and hope these few lines will find you enjoying the same blessing. There! I might as well sign my name right here for I have nothing else to write. This fall I hope to make my letters more entertaining. Summer is a time when mind as well as body ought to rest, and it is equally useless to make any demands upon either. Uncle still refuses to take us out of town. He is such a queer old fellow. We were invited to a large reception, a short time ago, and he would not attend because he had become too fat to wear his "swallow-tailed" coat. "Well, do get a new dress suit," said Aunt Miranda. "Can't afford it," was the reply, so we had to go without him. The next morning aunt began lecturing him by saying, "Mr. H. was there, and he looked so nice." "Did he? Well, if he would pay me that five hundred dollars he has owed me for the last two years, I could get a new suit." "Mr. B. had on an elegant new suit." "Very likely. He has lived in one of my houses for a year without paying me any rent," said uncle. That is just the way it is here, Josephine. Some people can't pay their honest debts, and owe everybody that will trust them, and yet they live nicely, go everywhere, dress elegantly, and enjoy the world to its fullest extent. I can't see how they manage it.

I promised to tell you of several weddings. One is that of a prominent Main street hatter, who, it is said, is to marry the most beautiful woman that was ever in Terre Haute. They say people always choose their opposites. Another is that of a charming blonde belle, formerly of Oxford College. Still another is that of a talented and independent young lady who prefers the practice of law to matrimony, but has finally decided to combine the two. I hope she may, but as a man cannot serve God and Mammon, neither can a woman attend to housekeeping and manage an outside business, for either she will hate the one and love the other or she will forsake the one and cleave to the other. I am a little faulty in my Scriptural quotation, but you know what I mean. And then there are the other responsibilities of married life—but we will not discuss them. I guess I will never marry. I have had a very sad experience since I last wrote you. You know I told you how near perfection my lover was, Oh! I do wish you could have heard him quote poetry, and then he had such beautiful ideas of life and such lofty aims, and he was going to bring about a great reformation of some kind, I don't know exactly what. Well, one beautiful moonlight evening we were talking together, he had been telling me what a wasted life his had been and how he longed to do better, and how much he needed my help, and wound up by asking me to marry him. I thought I might never have a chance to do so much good again, so I accepted the responsibility and we became engaged. He measured my finger for a ring which he said he would send to New York for. Then, after swearing by the sun, moon and stars that he would henceforth lead a blameless life and that he thought my love would protect him from all evil, and a great many other protestations, he took his leave. I retired to rest but was to inspired and happy to sleep. About two o'clock in the morning I went to the window and drew aside the curtain. The moonlight was so pure and beautiful I sat there for a long time wrapped in happy thoughts. Suddenly I heard a noise of shouting and singing and a group of tipsy young men came staggering down the street. Two of them I did not know but they supported a companion whom I recognized as my fiance. When they came opposite the house he stopped and leaning against the lamp post exclaimed. "Shewer by stars, shewer by man in the moon, goin' to riform th' world; goin' to commence with myself. Fact, old girl I've got an heiress, boys, I'll set 'em up every night. Green girl, greenbacks, take 'em both."—I dropped the curtain and sank down in the chair. I buried

my love then and there and shall henceforth be as sarcastic on the subject as Matie, herself. Poor girl! I wonder if she ever went through all this. No wonder women grow cynical.

"My dress is old," is her reply. "This sweet 'twixt fall 'tis fied, And now turn down the cover And let me go to bed."

I oughtn't to parody poor Tom Moore, but I feel reckless to-night. Let us change from one frivolous subject to another, from men to the fashions. You entreat me to tell you the prevailing styles. I cannot except by saying, Whatever is becoming is fashionable. If you are tall and angular, small hoops are in style as a sort of mantle of charity to cover the deficiencies of nature. Light lawns are pretty for fresh young faces, but those who are plain featured or advanced in years will be safer if dressed in thicker and darker material. If you can dress your hair becomingly, it is growing in favor to go bare headed upon the streets in the evening, although a hat or bonnet will render you less conspicuous. If nature has been bountiful to you in the way of physical charms, wear a tight fitting princess dress; but if not, then avail yourself of the uncertainty of a panier. If you have pretty arms, the present style of elbow sleeves gives you an excellent opportunity to display them—if not, make a virtue of necessity and wear long sleeves, as to condemn the immoral and unchaste slipper. Every woman has her charms and her defects. Always dress so as to display the former and conceal the latter. This is one art of the fashionable woman which her country cousin would do well to imitate.

Heigho! I must stop and dress. Somehow, I don't feel half so broken hearted as I ought to under the circumstances; and the strangest part of all is that I keep thinking of John all the time. Such is a girl's inconsistency. Adieu, Josephine; no more till next week from Your faithful friend,

SUSIE.
LETTER FROM REV. S. S. MARTYN.

A CONNECTICUT HOME—SAIL ON THE HUDSON—CASTLE BUILDING.

MILLDALE, CONN., Aug. 1st, 1879.
To The Mail:

Let the readers of The Mail imagine themselves in a level strip of country about five miles wide, running north and south, with a ridge of precipitous hills standing guard on either side, east and west, and with spots of rolling land breaking the general level, and they will understand where I am to-day, seated in one of the pleasantest of New England country houses, the same spot where, fifteen years ago, I became strangely interested in a certain little woman who has since had much to do with my destiny and has made many a rugged spot in life bloom with hope and beauty for me. If The Mail wishes for names, that is a secret. But I will say that I have always had a great affection for this spot since those magic hours of other days, and that my children call it "grandma's house," their mother—"house," and I—well, never mind, I don't want to tell any family tales.

Here is an old New England farm of three hundred acres, divided up among the children of the good old deacon, who long since went to his reward; and the sons of that deacon, with their nephews and boys, are living in their own homes on the old farm, and carrying on a manufacturing business in "the shop" as it is familiarly called, situated on the bank of the pebbly stream which turns the wheel that carries the ponderous machinery. The click of that mill, added to the murmur of the water flowing over the dam, with the crickets' chirp occasionally striking in, unite to make music that falls with sweet charm upon the ear. Do you wonder that I wanted to come back and visit this Connecticut home? As I look out of any window, I see rising before me three peaks, called the "Hanging Hills" or "Blue Mountains," about four miles away, yet seeming scarcely more than a mile, and sitting with a kind of majestic grandeur, looking down upon the dwellers below, as if the cares of earth never disturbed their calm repose. And yet I have seen the lightning play around their tops, and the clouds roll down upon them, shutting them out from view, and have heard the thunder go crashing through them, just as the storms are wont to burst upon the valleys beneath, and to come sweeping over the pathway of us all.

I started out, however, not to talk about this pleasant summering quarter of mine, but to tell of a trip I took yesterday, up the Hudson river to Newburg and back, in company with friends who were on their way to the Catskills, where I expect to meet them soon, and where I will write you if I do.

But where do all these crowds of people come from, fronging the beaches,

loading down the myriads of boats that float past us, and flocking in every direction whether we may chance to go? As one looks at them, and never meets the same faces twice, he is tempted to exclaim, "I never supposed there were so many people in the world." They weigh the boat down almost to the water's edge, as we start, and worse than all, they hide our view. But keep good natured, Mr. Grouty-Gruff, keep good natured; the secret of happy travel is to smile a heavenly smile, and breathe out a soft "Thank you" every time any one steps on your corns.

The Hudson has been called the Rhine of America, only they tell us that it has a more varied lake-like character.

To thoroughly enjoy it, one ought to be acquainted with the traditions which have immortalized it. A guide-book is not enough. Let the boys and girls of Terre Haute read the old Knickerbocker Tales of Washington Irving, which used to interest me as no Arabian Nights ever did. Let them read up the campaigns of the American Revolution, as they were fought in the region of the Hudson. Then let them, as they get a little older, or the time comes, take a sail on the river, and they will thank me for this suggestion.

As we start, at the foot of 24th street, I remember that in this region, or about 30th street, we used to take row-boat rides across to the hills upon the other side. We were boys then, and our starting point was all rocky country. But as we have grown older, the city has stretched for miles along up the island, until now the old country landing place is supplanted by solid brick houses. After a few minutes' sail, the Pallisades begin to rise to our left, a solid line of natural rocky fortifications rising, for about fifteen miles, perpendicularly out of the water, on the western or Jersey side, and having fine specimens of architectural beauty in the way of summer hotels and private residences situated frequently upon their tops.

It is a vast city indeed, stretching before us, not to speak of the five hundred thousand inhabitants crowded into Brooklyn beyond, which is only a grand sleeping room of New York. And one never realizes this immense size so much as when he starts out in either direction. The island is, I believe, 11 miles long on the East River side, from the Battery to Harlem River, and 13 miles on the west or Hudson River side, being on an average from two to three miles wide, from east to west. Think of the greater part of this space as crowded with houses, and as a mass of struggling, toiling humanity.

But away we go,—sunlight overhead, aches and cares left behind in spite of us, and the majestic river, like so many different lakes, continually presenting new and unexpected beauties to view. I had forgotten this feature of the river, with its winding course making the hills and mountains that rise tier upon tier in the distance away, seem like so many sentinels standing guard upon the shores of as many seas. The width, in many places, as at Tappan Zee, opposite Tarrytown, where Washington Irving lived, is not far from four miles, while the hills close in a kind of circle around, giving to the whole the appearance and effect of a lovely bay or lake. How beautifully the towns and cities nestle among the mountains, as if Nature hung with delight upon man's endeavors to embellish her.

And thus on we go, until on our left, sailing up, we reach Stony Point, where General Anthony Wayne, of Revolutionary fame, or "Mad Antkony," as he is familiarly called, situated on the bank of the pebbly stream which turns the wheel that carries the ponderous machinery. The click of that mill, added to the murmur of the water flowing over the dam, with the crickets' chirp occasionally striking in, unite to make music that falls with sweet charm upon the ear. Do you wonder that I wanted to come back and visit this Connecticut home? As I look out of any window, I see rising before me three peaks, called the "Hanging Hills" or "Blue Mountains," about four miles away, yet seeming scarcely more than a mile, and sitting with a kind of majestic grandeur, looking down upon the dwellers below, as if the cares of earth never disturbed their calm repose.

Some one in our company irreverently remarked that the "old fellow's nostrils ran the wrong way!" In this region is West Point, and if the old Grecian heroes were ever furnished by the Gods on Olympus with more congenial surroundings for the development of the warlike spirit, yet like a patriotic American, I shall still doubt it. Just beyond West Point, and on the same side of the river, is Cornwall-on-Hudson, where lives Terre Haute's former favorite, Rev. Lyman Abbott. Ten miles further north, as if sitting at the head of an inland sea, lies Newburg, the place of my destination, the old Revolutionary town where Washington's headquarters are still preserved with jealous care—a plain, old style house, transformed into a sort of national repository for revolutionary relics. And now we land, walk a quarter of a mile or so up a steep declivity—certainly the steepest for a city I ever climbed—and reach at length the heart of the old place. The city numbers today 18,000 inhabitants. What a view bursts upon the eye as we look off up and down the river! Words simply fail to describe it. And so we pass on, hump up old-time ministerial comrade set-

led in the loveliest of parsonages, are introduced to his wife and beautiful children, take dinner with him, and then turn my steps to meet the afternoon boat, which comes along only too soon, to bear me back.

Along this time, I step aboard and er-

long am lost in reverie, in which home, friends and castle-building mingle indiscriminately together, until, if every place I people with my own fancies on those river banks were mine, no feudal chief of the middle ages could have held more undisputed sway over his fiefs of estates, nor could Kidd's lost treasure have sufficed to buy me out. Ah, well, the castle-building is the only kind of building most of us will ever own.

When we can gain undisputed possession at so small a cost as sailing on a beautiful river, and merely calling our houses into being as Aladdin called his good genius up to do his bidding of old, why not make the most of it? Soon at least, shall we get back to the rush, rumble and wrangle of the city, and now for awhile let us be rich and fortunate and great, as we take our day's sail upon the sleepy, dreamy, peaceful old Hudson, with its Sleepy Hollow, its Sunnyside, its Idlewild, its Dunderberg, its Storm-King Mountain, and its Crow Nest, on either side. They who can thus carry their castle-building with them throughout all life are the truly favored, for their panics, shocks, storms, the loss of friends—whatever may befall—cannot harm them; if the crash come to day the new castle can rise on the morrow, and a new world of beauty come forth on call.

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