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Maxham & Wing

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TWILIGHT.

September's slender crescent grows again
Distinct in yonder peaceful evening-red.
Clear the stars are overhead,
And all the sky is pure, without a stain.

Cool blows the evening wind from out the west,
And bows the flowers, the last sweet flowers that
bloom,—
Pale asters, many a heavy waving plume
Of golden rod, that bends as if oppressed.

The summer's songs are hushed. Up the lone shore
The weary waves wash sadly, and a grief
Sounds in the wind, like farewells fond and brief.
The cricket's chirp but makes the silence more.

Life's autumn comes! the leaves begin to fall!
The moods of spring and summer pass away!
The glory and the rapture, day by day,
Depart, and soon the quiet grave folds all.

O thoughtful girl, how many eyes in vain
Are lifted to your beauty, full of tears!
How many hearts go back through all the years,
Heavy with loss, eager with questioning pain

To read the dim Hereafter, to obtain
One glimpse beyond the earthly curtain, where
Their dearest dwell, where they may be or e'er
September's slender crescent shines again!

NIOBE RATHBURNE.

BY GRACE GARDNER.

CONCLUDED.

"I wonder why the mother doesn't make her appearance?" said Mr. Latimer, when the whole party were together in the evening. "I don't see a soul about the house besides Miss Rathburne."

Mrs. and Miss Latimer looked at each other and smiled.

"What is it? Where is her mother?"

"You will never see her mother, Robert. Miss Rathburne has none living. She has a father, who is ill and confined to his bed. In short, this young girl is both host and hostess, and you will allow that you could not find one pleasanter or more beautiful."

"You don't mean, Jessie, that this baby is at the head of this house?"

"I do, indeed, Robert; and if Nancy is good authority, I can most solemnly affirm it. 'The baby' has not only the charge of Mr. and Mrs. Latimer, sister, two children and servant, Mr. Rathburne, — the people who came to-day, Dayton, I believe their name is, — the house and servants; but also a sick father and a large farm."

"Jessie, what are you talking about?"

"True, Robert, every word. You may ask Nancy."

"And this baby beauty advertised?"

"This 'baby beauty' advertised!"

"The deuce! What does it mean? Rathburne, we've got nicely taken in!"

"So I think, dear; nicely taken in to a nice large house, where we have splendid accommodations, excellent fare, obliging servants, beautiful hosts, pleasant grounds, almost free license for the children, which they are enjoying to their heart's content, — we are very fortunate," said Mrs. Latimer, quickly, for her husband's tone was ominous of change.

"I don't mean that, as you well know, Jessie. What business has this young girl to be taking boarders? I don't understand it. What can she know of housekeeping?"

"Don't make up your mind, Robert. Wait and see."

Mr. Rathburne had not spoken, but he looked greatly annoyed.

Curious, searching eyes watched Niobe the next morning at breakfast. She seemed unconscious of being in any unusual position.

The young girl had clear, good sense and a quiet independence. She had put away as much as was in her power, her playful, childish ways, but her inward happiness at her present success, and her natural gaiety would occasionally betray themselves in brief flashes of mirth and mischief; but still there was something about her that would prevent all impertinence, and shield her as effectually as a mother's support and protection, and young Paul Davidson, old Mr. Dayton's nephew, felt this "something" when a rather too prolonged look expressed his admiration. Mr. Latimer, something of an epicure, liked his inner and also Niobe's manner, and felt reassured as to their future comfort. Mr. Rathburne, cynical bachelor that he was, still strongly disapproved of Niobe.

It was impossible that she should have the judgment and discretion necessary to take care of so large a family. She would be much more dutiful and sensible to devote her time to her poor sick father, instead of filling her house with people from the city, so doubtless, as to have an opportunity for gaiety and flirtation. Why, the girl must be heartless. It was an imprudent position also for one so young and pretty, and spoke ill for her judgment. Much thought she would give to the comfort of those in her house. They should be sensible to leave in time.

Mr. Latimer was always strongly influenced by his friend, and it was with difficulty Mrs. Latimer, by pleading the great enjoyment of the children, their good health and appetites, could prevail upon them to consent to remain until they could find something objectionable.

It is possible, Mr. Rathburne thought it depended upon him to find this something objectionable, and was impatient to do so, for he became keenly observant of both the young girl and her household arrangements. She felt instinctively that she was subjected to an unfriendly scrutiny. She became reserved in Mr. Rathburne's presence, and would have avoided him, but was constantly coming across him at unexpected times and places.

In the meantime, her guests had all come. She exerted every effort to please, and Mr. Latimer had as yet no fault to find. Each and all had felt astonishment on learning that so young a girl was their hostess, but were less disposed to criticise than Mr. Latimer and his friend.

In truth, they found it very pleasant to have so young, so kind, and indulgent a hostess. Every part of the house was at their disposal save one passage way and the rooms opening from it. The children were never allowed to enter there.

Yet Niobe had never permitted impertinence. Only once had it been attempted. Mrs. Alger, the mother of the two young ladies, Constance and Bertha, was, by nature, rude and overbearing. It was not to be expected, then, that she would stand much in awe of so young a girl. She constantly found fault with her food, yet managed to dispose of a large quantity, notwithstanding. One day, she was more than usually rude. She found fault with the quality of her meat, the quantity, and the way it was cooked and served. Mrs. Latimer felt for Niobe, and the glow of indignation mounted to her cheek. Mr. Rathburne watched her keenly; it is possible he enjoyed it. There was a deep red spot in the center of the young girl's cheek.

"Mary!" There was a slight ring in her voice, though it was lower even than usual.

The servant was at her side in an instant.

"Take Mrs. Alger's plate."

It was done so quietly and quickly that, before Mrs. Alger knew it, her plate had disappeared.

Now, to-day, the meat was more excellent

than usual, as Mrs. Alger well knew, in spite of her fault-finding, and she had only just commenced what would be a long process. She sat thunderstruck a moment, then reddened with disappointment and mortification. There was a suppressed giggle in the neighborhood of Miss Latimer. Reddening still more, Mrs. Alger rose and left the table.

Even the presence of her daughters, whose cheeks were crimson, could not prevent the interchange of a few amused glances, for Mrs. Alger was far from being popular. It may be that Mr. Rathburne felt disappointed that he was obliged to respect this young girl, looking now so unconscious, who, with so true a sense of what was due to her position, so gently exacted the consideration she had a right to expect.

The whole family, including Niobe, anticipated nothing less than the immediate departure of mother and daughters. Great was their surprise when they appeared at the next meal exactly as if nothing had happened, except that Mrs. Alger found no fault, then or ever again with her food.

If Mr. Rathburne thought Niobe's object was gaiety and flirtation, as he had said, he must have seen that she failed of her purpose.

Always strongly urged to join in their pleasure parties, she ever urged her own excuse — her father; if she had leisure, it must be devoted to him — though a decided and rather abrupt negative only would satisfy young Paul Davidson.

These young people had nothing to consider but their own ease and pleasure. And she? — A shadow came over her fair brow at thought of the contrast. Then the gay, hopeful spirit came back. Was she not succeeding beyond her own expectations, even? What if she had cares and perplexities almost beyond her strength; what matter? It was but for a little time, and it was for her father.

Everybody had gone to this excursion, so she could be as gay as she pleased. She ran singing out into the garden, gathered some flowers, put them into a vase which she filled with water, bounded up the stairs, turned the corner, and ran full against Mr. Rathburne, who was coming hastily from the opposite direction. The vase of flowers ran against him, too, was dashed to the floor, and shattered into a thousand pieces.

Mr. Rathburne apologized. Niobe must have been vexed with him for being at home when she thought him away, for she did not answer with her frank, pleasant smile, "that it was no matter," as he had heard her a thousand times at some little accident, but said "they were for her father," and when he felt impelled, under the circumstances, to gather them up, she let him do it, and never offered to assist; but by and by, the bright dark eyes flashed with mischief, as she watched the efforts of the proud man who, she felt, criticised and disapproved of her. He caught the flash and gave the flowers to her with chilling politeness. "I hope they are right," he said.

"I can arrange them — thank you," and sitting down on the upper stair she proceeded to re-arrange them.

It was strange he should have cared at what was his own doing, but her manner to him so different from what it was to others, to-day piqued him — to them so frank and gay, to him so indifferent and reserved. It is certain she occupied his thoughts for some time.

It chanced the next day that Mr. Latimer came across one of the most uncharitable of Niobe's neighbors.

"He wondered if they got anything fit to eat up at the Deacon's. If he did he'd better make the most of it, for it wouldn't last long. Why the girl didn't know anything more about managing and keeping things in order than his Maltese cat!"

Mr. Latimer, as he listened to the account of her incapacity and unfeeling conduct during her father's illness, decided that his family should accompany him to the city on his return Saturday.

Mr. Rathburne was deputed to inform Niobe. He assented with no apparent reluctance. It may be that his opinion of the young girl had undergone some change, but he did not attempt to dissuade his friend from his determination.

If she interested him, she puzzled him also, and perhaps this would give him an insight into her character. He found her in the dining-room.

The light suddenly died out from her young face when he informed her that Mr. Latimer's family and himself would leave on Saturday. He felt a little alarmed at her looks. What if she should faint! Niobe had never fainted in her life, so she did not now.

She was new to business, so she asked, timidly, "If they were not satisfied?"

"Ahem! — yes — they had as yet no reason to be dissatisfied with either table or accommodations."

"Perhaps the terms were too high. They should be made satisfactory."

"No, indeed — the terms were reasonable, plenty reasonable. That was not it at all."

"Would he tell her his reasons then?"

Now, Mr. Rathburne had not thought of being questioned. He had only to do with business people, in such matters, and business people never asked questions. It was plain Niobe was not business-like, but then she stood with her great bewildering eyes fixed earnestly upon him and he felt impelled to reply.

"Mr. Latimer — no — he — that is, they both thought it would be better to return to the city. Mr. Latimer was anxious to leave his family where they would be sure of every comfort, and her position was a very responsible one for one so young. With less family she would have more time to devote to her sick father."

Niobe reddened and paled.

"Oh, Mr. Rathburne! you do not know! — you cannot understand!" — and stopped. She had too much pride to disclose their circumstances to a stranger.

Mr. Rathburne thought he did understand, but the pain expressed in the young face disarmed even him.

"My child," he said kindly, "you are unused to the world. Allow me to give you a little advice, for I am much older than you. Give up this unwise plan of taking into your house people of whom you know nothing. You are too young, too fair, too unprotected. Devote, instead, your time and attentions to your father."

The dark eyes did not flash — they were full of tears which did not fall.

"Mr. Rathburne you do not know, and I cannot explain. My dear father will never be neglected. I thank you for your advice, but I cannot follow it."

Mr. Rathburne had condescended to give advice and this was its reception.

"Very well," he replied coolly, and left the room with stately step, but taking with him the remembrance of the dark, tear-filled eyes.

Niobe was left with a heavy, heavy heart. If the Latimers went, the other families would probably leave likewise, and she had been so happy and tried so hard to please. Poor Niobe! The door opened softly. Mr. Rathburne had returned to tell her something concerning their departure. She did not hear him.

The bowed young head, the deep sobs gave him strange pain. He could not understand the yearning he felt to take this young girl, of whom his reason so disapproved, into his arms and comfort where he had pained. He put away the mad thought, closed the door and went up stairs.

He joined Mr. Latimer, and went with him into their parlor. Some reference was made to their leaving on Saturday.

Mrs. Latimer spoke quietly: "I am not going one step, Robert. I intend to remain two months longer at the very latest. You are a hard-headed man, and I say it;" she added, half playfully, half seriously.

Now, as Mrs. Latimer was usually one of the sweetest and most yielding of wives, Mr. Latimer naturally opened his eyes at this independent declaration, on the part of his little spouse.

"Hoity-toity! what may this mean?"

"It means, Robert, that when a girl has the good feeling, good sense, courage and thought, to do what Niobe Rathburne has done, and is doing, to support her father and herself, and to prevent him from being turned out of his home in his sickness and old age, I will not be the first to discourage and condemn this brave girl," replied warm-hearted Mrs. Latimer, the tears in her eyes.

"Is this so?" inquired Mr. Latimer in a different tone.

"It is indeed. I learned it all from Nancy in her consternation at learning we were going. And then her distress was pitiful to see when she recollected that she had betrayed her mistress's confidence. And this is your beauty, whose chief object was gaiety and flirtation!"

And she glanced reproachfully at Mr. Rathburne. "And so gay, so sweet tempered, so thoughtful of others and so unselfish, with these dreadful cares on her young shoulders!"

My heart just aches with pity and admiration!" — Mrs. Latimer fairly broke down and wept outright.

Mr. Latimer left the room abruptly and was followed by Mr. Rathburne, looking very grave indeed.

He entered the dining room, where Niobe was washing the glass and china, just as Mr. Latimer came out. She was looking very happy at what Mr. Latimer had just said.

Mr. Rathburne walked straight up to her, his fine face glowing with feeling.

"Miss Rathburne, I am a brute."

Miss Rathburne looked up at him startled and astonished.

"Ah!"

"Yes, Miss Rathburne, I'm a brute. I misjudged and insulted you. But I want you to forgive me, if you can and will."

He was about to take her hand, which was, in her surprise, suspended over the pan; but Niobe shook her head and smiled archly.

"I would not advise you to — it is wet — some time when I'm not washing dishes."

He looked disconcerted. She went on gravely and sweetly, too happy to bear malice.

"I freely forgive you, if there is anything to forgive. You meant kindly. Your advice was very good if I could only have followed it."

"I thank you for your generous forgiveness, Miss Rathburne. I want you to know how entirely you have my admiration and respect," he said, earnestly.

"Thank you," she said quietly, and without blushing. She understood merely that he wished to make all the atonement in his power.

Mr. Rathburne had few opportunities of talking with Niobe after this. Her good sense told her that there was truth in what he had said, and he was the one to suffer most from his own advice. She was proud, too, and though she might forgive Mr. Rathburne she could not forget. He could not blame. But she charmed him as none other had ever done; and he determined if time and devotion could do it, to win it ally some consideration from her.

He thought finally of a way — the surest to reach her, which also his own kindness of heart dictated — through her father. Her leisure time was spent with him, that he knew. It required some courage to intrude there, but he presented himself one day, armed with some rare delicacies which he had sent for that occasion.

The young girl herself opened the door. She looked a little surprised at seeing him, but showed no displeasure. She invited him in. One glance told him that thoughtful love guarded that room. Its whole aspect was cheerful. Flowers were on the stand and on the mantel-piece. Fruits, jellies and wines were on the table. The old man sat in his invalid chair near the window. His daughter had evidently been sitting at his feet. Mr. Rathburne had a kind heart, much as he tried to conceal it. He had tact also, and he succeeded so well in gaining the favor of the old deacon that he was asked again. The old man had not regained entirely yet, either his bodily or his mental faculties, but was gradually doing both. It was easy to see now, carefully as he had once concealed it, that his daughter was his idol.

Niobe was poring over yellow-looking documents one morning, her fair brow corrugated with frowns. Mr. Rathburne entered and smilingly watched the unconscious girl, but with some deeper feeling than amusement in his eyes.

It had been a perilous thing for Philip Rathburne when he set himself to the task of observing Niobe Rathburne. He had been charmed from the very first, but he had long thought and called himself invincible, and his proud heart refused to acknowledge this interest, and this was why he had sought so assiduously for faults in the young girl. But he read his own heart, and ceased to struggle longer when he

learned her admirable conduct. And now came his hardest task — to overcome her reserve if not dislike, then her indifference; and then his heart beat fast as he thought of the possibility to win her love. He felt from the depths of his innermost heart — his great, warm, true heart, in spite of faults — that this love was everything to him. To surmount mountains of difficulties, or sojourn in the valley of humiliation, was nothing so he could win this good and beautiful girl for his wife. She had become less reserved, but her indifference at times made him despair. Yet still he persevered.

She started and colored slightly when he spoke, and at this trifling evidence of interest Mr. Rathburne's heart beat high with hope.

"I am a lawyer, as perhaps you know, Miss Rathburne. If I can assist you at all with legal advice, I shall only be too happy to do so."

"Oh! if you would be so kind," replied Niobe, frankly, drawing a long breath of relief. "Some of these papers do perplex me with their repetitions and odd expressions!"

The lawyer smiled and sat down beside her. She entered into an explanation. Her clearness and good sense surprised and pleased him.

It is singular that such an acute and able lawyer, familiar with such involved cases, should have needed so many interviews with Niobe to come to a clear understanding of the matter; but so it was, till the young girl began to think their affairs must have been very intricate indeed, and to wonder how they could at one time have seemed so clear to her!

The summer passed. Niobe's boarders were her warm friends. Her father was well mentally, almost physically. But the old look of anxiety had come back to his face. The night came when the house was free from guests. They had departed with warm clasps of the hand and urgent invitations. Old Mr. Dayton had left a sealed envelope in her hand. "This good young girl," he said, "must accept that as a token of his own and sister's esteem. He wished poor Paul could have been more fortunate, they would gladly have received her as a niece; but she was not to blame. Hearts could not be forced."

Mr. Rathburne took leave of her with the rest. "He was just a friend like the others," she said to herself, trying to still the pain at her heart; for these weeks of unvarying kindness, of delicate attentions to herself and father, of ill-concealed devotion of manner, had indeed overcome her reserve, her indifference; and ah! — it may be — won a deeper feeling than friendship. It was not probable she should ever see him again, she added, and sighed, and for a moment the world seemed a little dreary.

Put nothing should sadden this night — this night that she had looked forward to such a long, long, dreary time. Yes, she was, she must be happy; and saying it over and over again, she fully believed it, and was so, for now she thought only of her father.

She went to him. It was twilight, and the room lay in shadow. She hung about him softly and caressingly. — She could not keep still from excitement. She saw the anxious look in the dear face.

"Father, dear," she began. "Is our home lost to us if the mortgage is not paid by the first of October?"

"Yes, my daughter, yes," his aged voice tremulous.

"But father, dearest father, it is paid — all paid. We owe no one a penny! And here is one hundred dollars over, and another hundred good Mr. Dayton made me a present of to-day."

"Daughter, what does this mean?"

Niobe went on rapidly and flatteringly.

"Father, I was such a trouble and distress to you? You were taken ill. What remorse I felt! How I wanted to atone! God in his mercy gave me the opportunity. We had no money. We were in debt. Our house was large. People would be glad to pay for such rooms as ours. I advertised for city boarders. They came, and, father, everything prospered even with my inexperience, and so I was enabled to pay everything. People blamed me, but they did not know. Father, dear, do you care? Did I do wrong?"

The old deacon clasped his daughter in his arms, and tears fell thick and fast from his dim old eyes.

"Thank the Lord for giving me my daughter," he said fervently.

"Amen!" responded a deep voice from the shadows of the room.

Niobe rose from her father's arms, a sudden red upon her cheek.

Mr. Rathburne came forward. "I have not been an intentional listener," he said, "I was talking with your father, Niobe, when you came in. You did not observe me. He forgot me. I had been asking him to give me his daughter. He consented to. Niobe, I love, admire, esteem you more than I have words to express. I am not worthy, but you and this venerable father shall be the objects of my tenderest care through life. Niobe, darling, give me your consent."

The last rays of twilight fell upon two bowed heads before the old deacon, upon which his aged hands rested a blessing.

SPEDDY JUSTICE. — All friends of law and order will rejoice in the speedy justice which has overtaken the perpetrators of the gross outrage upon a lady in Boston a few weeks since. As soon as the parties were ordered to appear at Court, Judge Russell called a special session of the Grand Jury, who found bills against the parties. A trial was at once had, and the jury found the criminals guilty. They were sentenced to imprisonment in the State Prison for their natural lives. We like this method of doing business, and trust that the summary manner in which the guilty actors in this crime have been disposed of, will serve to check a growing tendency to such outrages in our communities.

BEECHER ON NEGRO SUFFRAGE. — "Not let them vote! They knew enough to hold fast to the Government in all the trials of four years. It is better to trust the ignorance of patriotism, than the intelligence of treason. These men had intelligence enough to guide our poor wounded soldiers through swamp and brake and wood and stream, when white men hunted them for their lives. They were intelligent enough to take their way even to the north star, while the whites went the other way. It only requires common honesty and common sense to vote."

WIVES. — A wife does her duty to her husband, and keeps herself about blame if she is faithful and passably domestic. And a husband does his duty to his wife when he makes her sufficient allowance, and lets her be mistress in her own house, not interposing his masterhood too rudely, when he cares for her comforts and, if you will, elegant maintenance. That is his duty to her; and I am sorry, to add, a duty which every husband does not think it binding on him to perform. But is there nothing more due from either of them? Is there no generous forbearance with mutual failings? not in that aggravating way of "it is my duty to bear, and so I bear it; and do, pray, come and see what a sweet holy martyr I am, and how beautifully I am bearing it;" not in a hymn of one's own composing, sung with crisped lips and averted eyes, but in the only way worth having, with generosity of love, with the forbearing of true charity and patience. The wives and husbands living together according to the law of duty only, and not according to the law of love — the heart that is moulded only to this form — the lips that breathe no other prayer — the soul that knows no other aspiration — lives established on this platform and no other — what a cold, dry, miserable set! They are mere mummies. I know a wife of this stamp, and I dare say others know her too. She has done her duty, certainly, in her chilly life, and done it thoroughly, as duty. She has kept her husband's money carefully, and has spent it judiciously, always in the most telling manner and with the best political result. She has laid herself out with the skill of a general conquering an unwilling country, cultivating only the richer part of her acquaintance and those in whose hands, or by whose connexions, lay the worth of gold fat fees, while systematically closing the door against those who were only ailing and affectionate, and not remunerative; and she has never wanted an excuse for so closing the door even against the meekest face. She has publicly professed just as much more than the ordinary amount of piety as puts her in accord with the fanatics, yet keeps her tolerable to the careless — a nicely calculated amount, doing her infinite credit to have hit; she has married some of her daughters to her mind, and is actively canvassing for the remainder, for which purpose her house is plentifully supplied with young men of good expectations, but as hermetically sealed as was ever Eleusis to the uninitiated to such as have their fortunes still to seek; in all which she has done her duty, and the world has no fault to find. But in the true interior of that marriage — in the secret sanctuaries of the house — how does she stand? As a mask, a sham, a simulacrum, hollow from the inside and the mere effigy of a woman on the outward, as a dead, dry, make-believe of living flesh, if true widowhood means anything beyond judicious house-keeping, if a man's real mate should be more than his steward, and a mother's functions go beyond nursery surveillance and successful match-making! She has done her duty. — So be it. Rigorously and exactly she has meted out her measure of allowance, and never once has she let it flow over into the gracious excess of love, never once has she flashed out into the generous fire of sacrifice. Let her reward be the same. For her duty let her have justice and strike the balance for the rest. A miserable balance for a laden one-sided mortality, that which is made between duty and justice, with neither love or mercy to trim the scales. She has done her duty, she says again, and why should the world complain? thought to do the world justice it shows very little inclination to complain; only the hungry heart of her household may sometimes cry out in the pain of loving need, asking for a home, not only for a lodging value so much a quarter. But to her all this is mere wasteful fancy work, of which neither curtains nor wedding-cloaks can be made; just so much loss of time, she says grimly, thinking that Providence would have done well to have made of roses aerial potatoes, and of nightingales fit victims for the spit of value in proportion to their song. That would have matched her ideas of duty; at present such excesses go on the side of love, and love is a waste of power, she says. Poor thing! how she has missed the great art of strength. — All the year round.

THE LOCAL NEWSPAPER. — Somebody, we don't know who, talks well in the following paragraph in relation to the advantage of a local newspaper. We ask attention to the following thoughts, particularly of those who grumble because the local paper is not equal in size or reading matter to the papers of Boston or New York. Make the place where you reside a Boston or a New York in size or business, and then your local press will become as valuable as the press of those places. Give to the home press a liberal encouragement, and it can be much improved; but give it only a niggardly support, and that grudgingly, and it will be pretty hard work running the machine. But to the extract referred to. Here it is: —

"Nothing is more common than to hear people talk of what they pay newspapers for advertising, &c., as so much given in charity. Newspapers by enhancing the value of property in their neighborhood, and giving the localities in which they are published a reputation abroad, benefit all such grumblers, particularly if they are merchants or real estate owners, thrice the amount yearly of the meager sum they pay for their support. Besides, every public spirited citizen has a landable pride in having a paper of which he is not ashamed, even though he should pick it up in New York or Washington. A good looking sheet helps to sell property, gives character to the locality, and is in all respects one desirable public convenience. If for any cause, the matter in the local or editorial columns should not be quite up to your standard, do not cast it aside and pronounce it of no account, until you are satisfied that there has been more labor bestowed upon it than paid for. If you want a good readable sheet, it must be supported. And it must not be supported in a spirit of charity, but because you feel it a necessity to support it. The local press is the power that moves the people."

The London Quarterly Review says "Jefferson Davis simply followed the example of George Washington. Both were Southerners, both slave-owners, both levied war against an older government. Washington, a subject of

the British crown, under which he held a commission, committed an act of unquestionable treason. Jefferson Davis was never the subject of Abraham Lincoln," — and continues through twenty pages of similar arguments.

GEN. BUTLER. — The New York Tribune of yesterday makes, editorially, the following statement about General Butler, which will be read with interest in other latitudes besides our own:

"A despatch in yesterday's Times is calculated to do great injustice to Gen. Butler. It is said that that officer had not offered his resignation in a way that could be accepted. The truth is, that the General not only offered his resignation, but called on the President and begged him to accept it, as he desired to close up his affairs with government, go to New York and resume the practice of the law. The President declined, saying that his present reconstruction policy was an experiment; he did not know how it would succeed; and if it failed, he would want the General to go into the South and take hold. For this reason, the resignation was not accepted."

THE STATE OF THE CROPS. — The monthly report of the Agricultural Department for August says the returns of correspondents are very full, and shows a slight falling off of the wheat crop in New England and Middle States of something over half a million of bushels, a loss of about one and three quarters millions of bushels in the States of Maryland and Delaware, and deficiency of over twenty million bushels in the Northern and Northwestern States. The corn crop exhibits the greatest promise and is everywhere good. The potato crop is almost as good as the corn crop. The other crops harvested will be ample for all domestic purposes, and that of oats is very large. The prospect therefore is that injury to the wheat crop will be more than compensated by the unusual excellence of other crops. The tobacco crop is the only one that exhibits a general falling off in the amount planted. The heavy internal taxes on the manufactured product and the apprehension of a tax on leaf tobacco are assigned by some of the correspondents as a reason for the diminished production.

The amount of wool and the increase of sheep are shown by a table to bear a proportional advance to that which they have exhibited since 1861. The report says the rebellion has given to this great interest a prosperity which protective laws, under a high tariff failed to accomplish for it.

Every one is more or less familiar with what are commonly called *Dani's Darning-Needles*. There are many species of them to be found, some of them very beautiful in color, and graceful in flight. They are all voracious, and occupy the place among insects that hawks and eagles do among birds. But formidable as they are among the minute beings that annoy and encroach upon the interests of mankind, they are perfectly harmless to man himself. They eat mosquitoes by the million. They are, in fact, all useful, destroying a vast number of gnats and other troublesome and destructive insects. If you shut up a dragon fly for a short time in the house, he will destroy vast numbers of mosquitoes, house-flies, and other flying insects if there be any, just as a cock toad in a room will rid it of bed-bugs, fleas, roaches, and other similar vermin. Never injure or destroy these light and airy creatures, therefore. They do good and not harm. They are your friends and not your enemies. Lace-winged flies are beneficial.

Waterville Mail.

E. P. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... SEPT. 1, 1865.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.
S. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 27 Park Row, New York, are Agents for the WATERVILLE MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.
E. R. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Seelye Building, Court Street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.
Advertisers are referred to the agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS, relating either to the business or editorial departments of this paper, should be addressed to "MAXHAM & WING, or 'WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE'."

UNION NOMINATIONS.

FOR GOVERNOR.
SAMUEL CONY.
Kennebec County.
FOR SENATORS—
CROSBY HINDS, Benton.
GEO. W. PERKINS, Hallowell.
ALEX. R. BIRD, Wayne.
FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER—
ASHBURY YOUNG, Princeton.
FOR COUNTY TREASURER—
DANIEL PIKE, Augusta.
FOR CLERK OF COURTS—
WM. M. STRATTON.
Somerset County.
FOR SENATORS—
ASA W. MOORE.
HENRY BOYNTON.
FOR SHERIFF—
JOSEPH F. NYE.
FOR CLERK OF COURTS—
HIRAM KNOWLTON.
FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER—
S. C. HANSON.
FOR COUNTY TREASURER—
JAMES B. DASCOME.

PLEASANT.—We omitted to mention last week that the Waterville Threes, during their visit to Augusta, were made the recipients of a fine present from their fast friends, the members of Warren Engine Company No. 1, of Roxbury, Mass. A beautiful lantern—originally purchased by the Warrens at a cost of seventy-five dollars, and borne upon the machine until it was sold by the city upon the introduction of steam fire engines about a year ago—as brought forward by a committee who had it in charge, and presented to Foreman Hill. It is needless to say, perhaps, that it was an agreeable surprise to our boys, who prize highly this token of regard from their old friends, which they will be proud to display among their other trophies.

Who says that Waterville is willing? Last year we chronicled the setting up of the first of a row of street lamps; this Spring we were enabled to record the advent of a street sprinkler; and now we have the proud satisfaction of proclaiming that, in the progress of our municipal growth, we have arrived at the epoch, or era, or crisis—whatever you please to term it—marked by the entire of a peripatetic bootblack. A city charter must be applied for immediately. It is humiliating, however, to be compelled to state, that this enterprising innovator is not a proud scion of the dominant race, a pure blooded Yankee, but an interloping son of Gaul, whose ancestors, by coming around through Canada, deepened their complexion by contact with the native American. Though we blush for the degeneracy of the descendants of our "first settlers," whose lack of enterprise enabled this young Kanne to be the pioneer in this branch of the fine arts on our streets, we yet commend him to public patronage, for genius, we trust, will be recognized and rewarded wherever manifested. Abandoning the gross and material for the refined and ornamental, he has dropped the buck and saw and boldly seized the artist's brush; let his reward worthily match his higher calling.

OUR STREET SPRINKLER, in this dry spell, is proving its value, and goes lumbering up and down on its daily mission, earning the blessings of all on the street by laying the dust. It is filled at the grist mill near the end of the Ticonic Bridge, where a force pump, driven by the mill wheel, is kept busily at work throwing up a supply of water for this and other purposes, including the filling of a very convenient horse trough on the bridge.

MIRTH AND MUSIC.—To-morrow evening, Sept. 2, Chase & Howard's Minstrels will give one of their choice entertainments at Town Hall; and though they are strangers to us, having never been east of Buffalo before, yet they come so highly recommended by the press that we feel confident that those who go to hear them will be richly rewarded. They number sixteen performers, each one a star of the first magnitude in his line.

FOREIGN ITEMS.—The cholera at Ancona and Constantinople is reported to be spreading. The deaths at the latter place reached nearly five hundred a day.—The Russian army is to be reduced to a peace footing.—Another rebellion is rapidly spreading in China.—The cholera has reached Marseilles.

MAN KILLED.—Mr. George Marr, of Bath, was thrown from the excursion train, near Richmond, on Thursday of last week, the wheels passing over and cutting off a portion of his head and one of his arms.

REV. MR. PEPPER, pastor of the Baptist Church in this village, whose election to a professorship at Newton we noticed last week, on Sunday last formally notified his people of his resignation, and next Sabbath will probably preach his last sermon to them. Mr. Pepper has been here just five years, during which time he has won, in large measure, the respect and esteem, not only of his church and society, but of the whole community, who have found him to be that rare product, a thoroughly honest and true hearted man.

Coming to us a young man, fresh from his preparatory studies, he has filled satisfactorily one of the most difficult pulpits in the State, and with such marked ability, that he now stands prominent among the strongest men of his denomination.

Inspired by a fervent patriotism and lofty courage, his bold and cheering words rang out over the gloom and sorrow of the dark periods of the war, sustaining the doubting and despondent, and urging forward faltering patriots to their duty in the field and at the ballot-box. His people consent to a termination of his pastoral relations here with great reluctance, their only consoling reflection being that he goes to a field of larger usefulness.

SANITARY COMMISSION CLAIM AGENCIES.—The Sanitary Commission, having closed its field labors among the sick and wounded, is now giving attention to the collection of soldiers' claims for back pay, bounties and pensions, without expense to the soldier, thus saving him from the large discounts to which he must necessarily submit if this work is prosecuted by private claim agents. From a circular just issued we make the following extracts, which show the nature and extent of the work in which the commission is engaged, and which will be prosecuted for only a few months:—

There are now more than one hundred Branch offices established, to prosecute all army and navy claims on Government, free of charge. Twenty-six of these offices are in New England. An immense service has already been rendered in this way; but much remains yet to be done. These offices are to be kept open till October 1st, when they will all be closed. It is therefore most desirable that all claims should be promptly entered that every man may enjoy the advantage of this gratuitous service. Will all persons interested in seeing prompt justice done to the soldier, spread this information, through local newspapers, and such other ways as they deem best?

We are very desirous of securing suitable work for disabled soldiers; and to this end we ask the co-operation of all. We want to be informed, promptly, of all chances for employment for such men. Please, then, use your influence in your neighborhood to induce persons hiring labor, of any sort, to employ disabled soldiers, as far as possible, and as openings occur, please inform us promptly, giving the necessary particulars, so that the right man may be fitted into the place of need.

Let us not forget that to be a disabled soldier gives a man a right to our sympathies, and our active exertions in his behalf. We believe our former fellow workers are ready to exert themselves in this new undertaking, and we trust new friends are not lacking to help the work forward to an early completion.

One of these agencies—in charge of J. Burton, Esq., of Augusta—is advertised in our paper, and parties interested would do well to apply there.

HON. JOSEPH EATON, of Winslow, died on Monday last, after a long and very painful illness. He was widely known, as an energetic and highly successful business man, and had filled various offices of honor and trust with much credit. His age was 65 years.

In the list of Democratic nominations for Kennebec county, we notice the name of E. L. Getchell, Esq., the reliable and efficient cashier of Waterville Bank, as a candidate for Senator. Though he could not possibly be spared from his duties here, yet, like his illustrious leader, Judge Howard, he probably consents to yield for a time his well known preference for private life by standing as a candidate where there is no danger of being elected.

MELODEONS.—Those in want of melodeons, or musical instruments of a kindred character are referred to the advertisement of Mr. Carpenter, in another column. Purchasing of him, one would be sure of getting a good instrument, which you are not always sure of in dealing with a stranger.

The trial of Wirz, the brutal keeper of the Andersonville prison, is proceeding at Washington, and the testimony is absolutely sickening in its horrid details. The culprit's counsel, not liking the ruling of the Judge Advocate withdrawing from the defence in high disgust but have since thought better of it and returned to their hopeless labor.

KETCHUM IS CAUGHT!—This accomplished young forger had not only never left the city of New York, but had had the coolness to circulate about town considerably, attending a concert and lounging in Central Park, quietly dodging parties interested in his capture, until last Monday evening, when he was found by those who had been anxiously looking for him and lodged in the Tombs. He took his arrest very coolly, evidently not anticipating very severe punishment. His discovered defalcations foot up over four millions.

THREE HANGS—or did hang a day or two ago—in Mr. Fletcher's window, on Main Street, one of the handsomest clusters of tomatoes ever saw. They are twelve in number, growing closely together, of good form and nearly uniform size, all well ripened, and weighing seven pounds.

DEMOCRACY.—Webster, in his great Dictionary, thus defines the word Democrat:—"Democrat—One who adheres to a Government by the people, or favors the extension of the Right of Suffrage to all classes of men."

OUR TABLE.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for September is a good number, as we can easily see by running our eye through its pages. The following enumeration of its contents and contributors we take from a city daily:—

First, we have the opening chapters of a story by Mr. Trowbridge, entitled, "Condon Bonds"; then an essay by A. D. Wasson on the hidden meanings of "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship," followed by a graceful and thoughtful poem entitled "Twilight" (copied on our outside). A noticeable article on "Our Future Militia System" is by a writer whom we do not recognize; "The Luck of Abel Steadman," by the author of "Life in the Iron Mills," and "A Visit to the Edgeworths," by Mrs. Farrer. Mr. Sprague discourses of "A Pair of Old Shoes;" Mitchell continues his interesting novel of "Dr. Johns;" Mrs. Stowe treats of the "little fox" of "Ex-actingness;" "Gail Hamilton" enlarges characteristically upon "Scientific Farming;" and there is an installment of the diffuse and tiresome though occasionally sensible "Needle and Garden" papers. The remaining prose articles are "Running at the Heads," an account of the capture of Jeff. Davis, by one concerned in it; a continuation of Mr. Higginson's journey "Up the St. Johns River," and a Review of the "Painter's Camp," and "Thoughts about Art," of Philip Gilbert Hamerton. The splendid "Ode recited at the Harvard Commemoration" by Professor Lowell, and a pleasing sonnet written "At Bay Ridge," by Aldrich, complete the poetical contributions to the number.

Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$4 a year.

FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE.—The September number appears in a brilliant new cover, which every lady will be pleased to have upon her centre table. The fashion department, as usual, is rich in illustrations, embracing a colored double fashion plate, an eight page plate with numerous figures, a host of smaller designs, and a full sized pattern of the St. Louis Paletot, for cutting. The stories and other literary attractions of the number we need not enumerate, but readers of every variety of taste will find something to their mind in the abundant variety provided.

Published by Frank Leslie, New York, at \$3 a year.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.—We might enumerate the contents of the September number of this delightful juvenile magazine, but that would give only a faint idea of the merit of the work. It is published by those who well know how to present matters attractively and will spare no pains or expense to do so. It is pages are filled with contributions from our best writers for youth—those who can write down to little folks, without being silly, and can amuse while instructing. A copy of this magazine ought to be in every family where there are children.

Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$2 a year.

HOURS AT HOME.—We trust that the merits of this new magazine will not be overlooked by the reading public, for its aims are high and its influence cannot fail to be beneficial. Some of our most prominent scholars and divines are contributors to its pages and its contents are consequently of high moral tone and of great literary merit. The following is a list of the more prominent articles in the September number:—

Dangers and Demands of the New Era; Geoffrey, the Lollard; The Home-Feeling; The Bands of Orion; Geographical Discoveries in the East; Nobody's Heroes; Social Aspects of the Thirty Years War; The Sea of Galilee; A passage from the Life of an Inventor; Mr. Lincoln's Favorite Poem and its Author; Magdalen; Her Worship on Lake Lucerne; Sir Walter Scott and his Biography; The Wonders of Photography; Brown Studies. Published by Charles Scribner & Co., New York, at \$3 a year.

STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE.—In the September number of this nice little juvenile its young readers get another chapter of "Out in the World, or Paul Clifford on a Cruise," by Oliver Optic; the amusing story of "Duncan Baxter's Cow," and many other good things in prose and verse, with a piece for declamation a school dialogue a piece of music, etc.

Published by Joseph H. Allen, 119 Washington St. Boston, at \$1 50 a year.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY for July has the following table of contents:—

Grouse; The Arabian Way—Pagan and Christian Spectacles; Browning's Poems; The Close of the American War; North Polar Exploration; Glaniams from the Natural History of the Tropics; The Church in her Relations to Political Parties; Carlyle's Frederick the Great; Sanitary Reform in the Metropolis; The Elections. Several of the articles are able and interesting, and the one upon American affairs is a curious piece of bull-headed conceit.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.—The table of contents in the July number is as follows:—

Later Speculations of Auguste Comte; The Anti-Slavery Revolution in America; Mr. Herbert Spencer's Principles of Biology; Political Economy; Imperial History; American Novelists—Theodore Winthrop; The Principles of our Indian Policy; Contemporary Literature. For 1865 the American publishers printed an extra edition of the four British Reviews, and they will supply a few full sets at half price; \$4 for the entire sets.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co. 38 Walker St., New York. Terms of Subscription: For any one of the four Reviews \$10; all four Reviews \$12; Blackwood's Magazine \$4; Blackwood and three Reviews \$13; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$16—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works will be delivered free of postage.

New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works under the new rates will be but 56 cents a year.

MERRY'S MUSEUM for September has a continuation of "Elva Seeking her Fortune," by Sophie May, and many other pretty stories, pleasant poetry, Monthly Chat, etc., all prettily illustrated, and the whole making a rare treat for the little folks.

Published by J. N. Stearns, 111 Fulton St., New York, at \$1 50 a year.

WOMEN wishing for Sewing Work would do well to read Mr. Campbell's notice in our advertising columns. We are assured that there is a good opportunity for even those to whom the work is new to do well; while experienced hands and those having sewing machines will be able to do still better.

A RICH MUSICAL TREAT is said to be in store for us. Mr. Newton Fitz and lady, (formerly Miss Clymena Williams, and well known in this vicinity) who have been detained at the South during the war, are arranging to give a concert here at an early day. They were very successful at the South, previous to the war, and we are assured by musical people of good taste and judgment that we shall not fail to be delighted with them.

CORRECTION.—We stated the distance played by Victor engine, at Augusta, at 185 feet. We copied from the Lewiston Journal. Augusta papers state it the same, and so do Bangor. We are told by different persons that it should be 191 feet and four inches. In the absence of any positive authority, we make this statement—giving our opinion, based upon that of several candid members of Waterville Co., that this was the true distance played.

THE POPHAM CELEBRATION, on Tuesday is said to have been a complete success.

RUMSELLERS, HEAR THAT!—The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has decided that the payment to the United States of a fee, for a license and a revenue duty or tax does not exempt the defendant from responsibility for violating the criminal laws of the Commonwealth.

ROGUES ABOUT!—Mr. E. G. Sawtelle of Sidney, lost a valuable horse and buggy on Tuesday night. They were taken from his stable, near his house. On the discovery of the theft, officers started in various directions in pursuit, but, without getting track of the thief. Let people be on their guard and not wait until after horses are stolen to lock their stables.

Next week we shall commence the publication of Rev. Dr. Lamson's admirable Oration before the Alumni of Waterville College. Those who wish for extra copies would do well to notify us in advance.

The Editors' and Publishers' Convention will be held in Bangor on the 14th and 15th of September, instead of the 20th and 21st, as previously announced.

GLAD TO SEE IT!—the building of a new culvert on Main Street, just above the Mail office. The old one has been filled up for a long time, and every shower has made a miniature lake for the boys to wade in and wet their clothes and catch cold and a right smart dose of spanking—that is, if they are brought up on the good old plan that does not spoil the child by sparing the rod.

OUR VILLAGE SCHOOLS commence next Monday. For information in regard to examination for admission to High School, etc., see the Agent's notice in our advertising columns.

A gang of gypsies is in the vicinity of Lewiston, worrying honest people by begging and stealing. The poetry of the gypsy's life all evaporates when brought near to view.

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY.—The Boston Herald, in the course of an article on "Public Men and the Press," in which it deprecates the practice of the latter in writing the former into notoriety and position, says of a numerous class of our public men:—

Small men, who are unfit for the positions they hold, or to which they aspire, are successful oftentimes through the influence of the press. The press have not rightly estimated their own true position, dignity and responsibility to the public. Why is this? It is because partisan journals tend to public men who belong to their party and puff and publish what they say. Few hear what these public men say, but thousands read it when published in the newspapers with eulogistic comments about the hon. gentleman, the eloquent orator, his great power, his splendid elocution, his great wit, his happy retort, his mastery handling of the subject, etc., which nine times out of ten is all gammon.

There is not an editor of a daily paper in Boston who does not write more every day of his life than is contained in one of the speeches of these men, who are made great by the brains of others. If a newspaper publishes an article which conflicts with the theory of these great men, they are indignant, and go about abusing the editor in public and in private, although the editor aforesaid may have refrained from exposing some of their little indiscretions at their particular request. This is all the fault of the press, and should be discontinued. The press should respect itself, and not allow these selfish, cold-blooded politicians to use it in the way they do.

A YANKEE VIEW OF LUXURIES.—Some people cannot bear luxuries. A letter from California says:—

Vegetables are raised fresh for the table every week in the year, but they either lack the sparkling flavor of their kind in the east, or we have become tired of them. We were today much amused by a Rhode Island Yankee's criticism of this fact. Being asked, at the dinner-table, if he would have some green peas, he replied, "Well I guess not! I've eaten green peas so long that they hadn't no more taste to 'em than a tow string! Swamp rot such a country as this, where a man has to eat luxuries the whole year round! The fact is, I'm tired on 'em! I'd just give my old boots for one good dinner without luxuries!" Laughing, but heartily sympathizing with the honest Yankee, we called for a dish of fried apples and pork.

The Chronicle and Sentinel, published at Augusta, Georgia, in an article on the course Gen. Terry has pursued in Richmond, Va. says:—

We trust that a great majority of the Southern people will be convinced of the folly of setting up disloyal governments to be knocked down like a row of ten pins by our military authorities. The Government is determined to triumph, and those who stubbornly resist it will prove themselves their own worst enemies. A Government that would do less than that, that would dally with those who were aiming at its destruction, that would hesitate to surround itself with all the guards necessary to its protection, would not be worth living under.

The Richmond affair should serve as a warning to the residents of Georgia. Let us so shape masters that no such occurrence shall happen in this commonwealth.

The Belfast Age compliments Wheeler's circus after this style: "Wheeler's circus is decidedly a grand old show. The horses as they paraded our streets on Friday looked like the last remains of the Southern Confederacy. As they circle round the Camden and Lincolnville hills quite a commotion was observed among the crows in that region. The performance in the evening was quite good. Pete Jenkins, in that new, elegant, side-splitting farce of joining the circus, was particularly fine! We always have admired that performance for the last thirty years."

GENERAL RUGER, in command at Raleigh, N. C., in reply to a request recently made by Governor Holden to remand to the civil courts three citizens arrested for assaulting a freedman, said the frequency of such cases, and of homicide of freedmen by whites, without any action being taken by the civil authorities, required the intervention of the military power, as in his opinion the only remedy was the prompt trial and punishment of the offenders.

THE CHOLERA.—Dr. John Chapman of London, a physician who had distinguished himself for recommending the general disuse of drugs in medical practice, and who has written able articles in the medical journals of London upon medical practice generally, has lately written an article upon the cholera, in which he lays down the following propositions:—

"The primary cause of cholera is, as a general rule, the excessive heat of hot climates, and in temperate climates in summer when cholera prevails."

"The proximate cause of cholera is of precisely the same nature as that of summer or choleraic diarrhoea, but it is far more developed, and consequently its action is proportionately more powerful and intense."

"Cholera is neither contagious nor infectious in any sense whatsoever, except through the depressing influence of fear."

"Cholera may be completely averted, and when developed cured by the persistent application of the spinal ice-bag along the whole spine so long as symptoms of the disease continue."

THE NEGROES IN CANADA.—There is said to be a resident colored population of from \$40,000 to 50,000 in Canada, of which a large proportion were once held in cruel servitude in the Southern States, and after enduring innumerable perils, found a refuge in that Province from the wrongs and outrages heaped upon them by their wicked task-masters.

Referring to this class of the population, a writer in the N. Y. Tribune, dating at Toronto, says, "The laws of Canada make no distinction on account of color. The negro is placed upon equality with the emigrants from other countries, entitled to all the privileges and eligible to office, and notwithstanding they have had to encounter many obstacles in a climate very different from that to which they have been accustomed, their prosperity equals that of other people in their neighborhood. They fully appreciate the benefits of education; they make quiet, loquacious citizens—many of them have become wealthy, and some have attained to high positions in the learned professions."

The same writer—A. M. Ross—says:—

"There is much foolish talk in the United States about 'protecting the negro' and 'fitting him to enjoy the blessing of liberty.' From my experience of the colored people of Canada, and I have enjoyed unusual advantages that have enabled me to become familiar with their condition and properties, I believe them quite as capable of appreciating their freedom, and much more deserving of it, than thousands of voters in the city of New York. The negro needs no protection—no preparatory course of training. What he does need is to be placed in a position to freely enjoy those 'inalienable rights' which the founders of your institutions declared to be 'self-evident truths.' It is your duty to level every obstruction that you have placed in their path, in the way of unjust and cruel enactments, and having done that, let them alone to manage their own affairs in their own way."

The logic of your institutions, and the principles of the great men who framed these institutions, should impel you to this course, which is demanded alike by justice, humanity and expediency. But, if you continue to wickedly ignore the rights of the colored people, you may yet have to pass through the fiery ordeal of a war of races."

OUR COMMON SCHOOLS.—The common school gives to the mass of people the key of knowledge. I think it may with truth be said, that the branches of knowledge taught therein, when taught in a masterly manner—reading, in which I include the spelling of our language; a firm, legible handwriting and the elementary rules of arithmetic—are of greater value than all the rest which is taught at our district schools; but the young person who brings these from school, can himself, in his winter evenings, range over the entire field of useful knowledge. Our common schools are important in the same way as the common air, the common sunshine, the common rain—invaluable for their commonness. They are the corner stone of the municipal organization which is the characteristic feature of our social system; they are the fountain of that wide-spread intelligence, which like moral life, pervades the country. From the humblest village school there may go forth a teacher who, like Newton, shall bind his temples with the stars of Orion's belt—with Herschel, light up his cell with the beams of before undiscovered planet—with Franklin, grasp the lightning.—[Edward Everett.]

THE NEWSPAPER APPRECIATED.—Without newspaper, life would narrow itself to the small limits of my personal experiences, and humanity be compressed into the ten or fifteen people I mix with. Now, I refuse to accept this. I have not a sixpence in consols, but I want to know how they stand. I was never—I never in all livelihood shall be—in Japan; but I have an intense curiosity to know what our troops did at Yokohama. I deplore the people who suffered that railroad smash, and I sympathize with the newly married couple so beautifully depicted in the Illustrated, as they drove off in a chaise and four, the bald old gen in the hall door waving them a last adieu. I like the letters of the correspondents, with their little grievances about unpunctual trains, or some unwarrantable omission in the liturgy. I even like the people who chronicle the rain-fall, and record little facts about the mildness of the season. As for the advertisements, I regard them as the glass and mirror of the age. Show me but one page of the "Wants" of any country, and I engage myself to give a sketch of the current civilization of the period. What glimpses of rare interiors do we gain by these brief paragraphs! How full of suggestiveness and of story are they! [Blackwood's Magazine.]

TROUBLE WITH BUSHWACKERS.—The Herald's Richmond correspondent says, "It recently became known to one of the military commanders in the western part of the State that there was a large number of cattle, formerly the property of the rebel government, and a small detachment was sent to take possession of them. On the arrival of this force it was attacked and driven off by Bushwackers of the vicinity, and was unable to accomplish their object. A larger number of troops have been sent to the scene of disturbance and a summary disposal of the bushwackers will no doubt be made."

The President has issued a proclamation removing the only remaining restrictions upon trade in the South. Articles hitherto exempted in previous proclamations as contraband of war may, after the first of September be bought and sold subject only to the requirement of the Treasury Department.

IMPORTANT DECISIONS CONCERNING PENSIONS.—The following decisions have been rendered at the Pension Bureau:—

A soldier discharged on account of a disease under which he was laboring when he entered the service, is not entitled to a pension.

Actual rank in that line regulates the amount of pension, and not brevet rank. This rule applies to aid-de-camps, adjutants, and others. If an injury results from the fault of the soldier, he is not entitled to pension.

A widow's pension ceases if she marries. The minor children, under sixteen years of age, if any, are, entitled from the day of the marriage.

No one, while in the receipt of pay or emoluments as an officer or soldier of the army, can be placed on the pension list. The pension will not commence until the party is discharged.

A minor disabled in the service does not lose his right to a pension, although he may subsequently have been discharged because of his being a minor.

A seaman was taken prisoner, and attempted to make his escape, for which he was severely punished by the enemy, and thereby disabled. It is held that the disability was contracted while in "the line of his duty," and for which he is entitled to a pension.

The pension of a Minor child ceases on arriving at the age of sixteen years.

SOMETHING ABOUT READING.—Where many do not read at all in these times, there are those who read too much, particularly the young. A moderate amount of reading and plenty of observation is what will develop the youthful mind.

In an amusing article upon the "Physicians and Surgeons of a By-gone Generation," a foreign journal describes Abernethy conversing thus with a patient:—

"I opine," says he, "that more than half your illness arises from too much reading."

On my answering that my reading was chiefly history, which amused while it instructed he replied, that is no answer to my question. At your time of life a young fellow should endeavor to strengthen his constitution, and lay in a stock of health. Besides, too much reading never made an able man. It is not so much the extent and amount of what we read that serves us, as what we assimilate and make our own. "It is that," to use an illustration borrowed from my profession, that "constitutes the chyle of the mind. I have always found that really indolent men, men of what I call flabby intellects, are great readers. It is far easier to read than to think, reflect or observe. And these fellows, not having learned to think, cram themselves with the ideas of others.—This they call study, but it is not so. In my own profession I have observed that the greatest men are not mere readers, but the men who observed, who reflected, who fairly thought out an idea. To learn to think and reflect is a great desideratum for a young man. John Hunter owed to his power of observation that fine discrimination, that keen judgment, that intuitiveness which he possessed in a greater degree than any other surgeon of his time."

A distinguished clergyman of Philadelphia, in a recent discourse on the cases for national humiliation, spoke as follows:—

It is also humiliating that we were compelled to ask the black race, upon whom we have heaped so many indignities, to help us out. We had refused to let them ride in our cars. We could hardly treat them with decency in the street; but when our armies were flying and our hearts failing, we cried out, "Black men, help!" You may like it or dislike it, but these men will share with you the honor of having redeemed the republic. And the time is not far distant when it will be decided from one end of the country to the other, that those who helped save the land shall have all the rights and privileges of American citizens. It shall not be told in other lands that the millions of people in the South, who have fought to destroy our institutions, shall have more privileges at the ballot-box than the colored race who have fought to save them.

CANNOT PLEASE EVERYBODY.—"If you please," said the Weathercock to the Wind, "turn me to the South. There is such a cry against the cold, that I am afraid they'll pull me down if I stop much longer in this North quarter."

So the Wind flew from the South, and the Sun was master of the day and rain fell abundantly.

"Oh, please turn me from the South," said the Weathercock to the Wind again.

"The potatoes will all be spoiled, and the corn wants dry weather, and while I am here, rain it will; and, what with the heat, and the wet, the farmers are just as mad against me."

So the Wind shifted to the West, and there came soft, driving breezes day after day.

"Oh dear!" said the Weathercock.

"Here's a pretty do! such evil looks as I get from eyes all around me first thing every morning! the grass is getting parched up, and there is no water for the stock; and what is to be done? As to the gardeners, they say there won't be a pea to be seen, and the vegetables will wither away. Do turn me somewhere else."

"What do they say to you this time?" he asked.

"What?" cried the Weathercock: "why every body has caught cold, and everything is blighted—that's what they say; and there is at a misfortune that happens but somehow or other they lay it to the East wind."

"Well!" cried the Wind, "let them find fault; I see it's impossible for you and me to please everybody; so in future I shall blow I like, and you shall blow where I like, without asking any questions. I don't know, but that we shall satisfy more than we do now, with all our consideration."

Let the greatest part of the news thou hearest be the least part of what thou believest, let the greatest part of what thou believest be the least part of what is true; and report nothing for truth, in earnest or in jest, unless thou know it, or at least confidently believe it to be true; neither is it expedient at all times, or in all companies, to report what thou knowest to be true; sometimes it may avail thee, if thou seem not to know that which thou knowest. Hast thou any secret, commit it not to many, nor any unless well known unto thee.

A story is told of a belated traveller, who put up for the night in the thatched cottage of a peasant in a benighted part of Scotland. In the morning, he was awake by the guide-man and his wife, who were endeavoring to hoist the cow to the roof of the cottage in order that she might eat the grass that was growing there. On being told that it would be much easier to cut the grass and bring it down to the old cow, the guide-wife answered, "Weel! weel! to think o' that ye maun had been lucked up at the college o' Glasgow!"

