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Maxham & Wing

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NATURE'S MUSIC.

Come forth from the glittering homes of men—
From the city's crowded streets—
When the flowers of spring, in glade and glen,
Are springing all bright and sweet;
Where the wind-drooping vine in the gentle breeze,
And the wild vine clings to the waving tree—
There is the strains that untutored flow
From Nature's sunny lips;
They will lighten the heart weighed down with woe,
And the music of art eclipse.
The wild bird's carol, the waterfall,
Will have music to charm the hearts of all.
And come when the summer asserts her reign,
And the soothing zephyrs play
Over the rippling fields of golden grain,
On the hill-tops far away;
And hear from the forest the ceaseless din
Of the insect myriads that swarm within.
And the lightning's flash, and the thunder's roll,
And the sound of the coming storm,
Will wake a chord in the inmost soul,
That Nature alone can charm;
The organ may peal, and the choir may sing,
But nothing but Nature can touch that string.
When the chill wind of autumn is sighing around,
And summer's green mantle has fled,
How sad and low sweet, as borne down to the ground,
Is the music of leaves, seen and dead;
How sad and low solemn, the strains that we hear,
That mourn through the tree-tops the wane of the year.
When the blasts of December sweep coldly along,
Through the forests all leafless and bare,
There is music though wild, in its shrill-whistled song,
That is wafted along on the air;
And the sweeping wind on the snow-capped hills,
The heart's deep casket with music fills.
For the voices of Nature in every form,
Are sweeter than those of Art,
And the music of bird, or breeze, or storm,
Forever is dear to my heart;
And the voices of Nature, though wild they be—
I love them, they all have a charm for me.
[Country Gentleman.]

HOMELY ALICE.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

"I wonder why Alice does not come home," said Mrs. Morrison to herself, as she raised her eyes from her sewing and glanced at the clock; "it is almost five."
Laying her work aside, the mother went to the door and looked anxiously down the winding road. At a little distance—scarcely more than a quarter of a mile—arose the chimneys and spires of a large New England village, most of the houses were hidden from the sight by a grove of intervening trees, but a low, musical murmur, the commingling of a thousand sounds, mellowed and softened by the distance, reached her ear. As she listened she could distinguish the humming and whirring of the factories, the quick sharp strokes of the axe, the hammer of the carpenter, the rolling of wheels the trampling of hoofs, the merry shout of the school-boy released from his daily tasks, and now and then the far away tinkle of a cow-bell, and the lowing of kine. A faint smile stole over her pensive thought not unhappy face, and after a moment she returned to her seat again. Alice was not in sight.
The shadows grew longer and denser; they crept up the mountain-side, until only the loftiest peaks afforded a resting-place for the sunbeams, and that but for a little while. Soon the glory faded, the fine gold became dim, and the sober gray of twilight stole softly over the earth. Just then the gate opened, and with a slow and heavy pace, strangely at variance with her usual bounding step, Alice entered the house.
"Why, my daughter, you are very late," said Mrs. Morrison. "What has kept you so long?"
The girl made no reply, and but for the fast-increasing darkness, her mother would have seen that her face was swollen with weeping.
"Alice, why don't you answer me? Where have you been since school? You ought to have come straight home."
Alice stood motionless in the door-way for a moment, and then, tossing her sun-bonnet upon the nearest chair, she threw herself upon the carpet by her mother's side and hid her face in her lap. Tears streamed through her tightly clasped fingers, and her slender frame shook with suppressed emotion; but not a word or a sob escaped her. Her demonstrations of grief were not at all childish.
Mrs. Morrison was distressed beyond measure. Her daughter had no "gift" for weeping, and her tears rarely flowed without a cause. Raising her from the floor, she drew her to her bosom and kissed her silently.
"What is the matter, my child?" she said at length. "What makes you so unhappy?"
She received no answer, save the quick pressure of trembling lip to her cheek.
"Have you had any trouble in school?"
Alice shook her head.
"Are you sick dear?"
There was another shake, but no words.
Mrs. Morrison's voice sank to a lower key, as she continued solemnly—
"Have you been doing wrong, Alice? Is there anything you ought to confess to me, and dare not? Do not fear to trust your mother, my child."
"Oh, no, no, mother! I have not been doing anything wrong—not that I know of; and I never am afraid to trust you. But—"
Her tears choked her utterance, and, slipping from her mother's arms, she resumed her old position upon the floor.
Mrs. Morrison said no more, but silent smoothed back the hair that had fallen over her daughter's face, with a gentle, caressing touch. She knew that after a storm, there comes a calm, and concluded to wait patiently for fair weather.
There was a lull, at last, although the waves of grief and passion had been too deeply stirred to become quiet at once. Alice raised her head, and looked earnestly in her mother's face.
"Mother, am I so very, very homely?"
There was a fearful pathos in her voice and manner that made Mrs. Morrison's heart throb painfully, and surprise and sorrow combined to keep her silent. The question was simple enough of itself, but it was no easy task for that loving mother to answer it truthfully.
"Am I, mother?"
Mrs. Morrison rose from her chair, and, taking both Alice's hands in hers, drew her to the sofa and twined her arm about her waist.
"What makes you ask me such a question as that, my child?"
"Because I want you to answer it, mother. I didn't know it before."
"What didn't you know, Alice?"
"That I was homelier than the rest of the girls. I didn't even dream of it!"
"Why do you think so now, dear?" asked Mrs. Morrison, as she pressed her lips to her daughter's forehead.
"Why, I overheard them talking about it—Grace Elliot and Esther Lee and Mary Burton. Grace said she never saw such a homely creature as me, and if she wasn't better looking she should want to die. And then Esther Lee said she was very sorry for me, for she had heard her mother say that it was a great misfortune, and that she should think you would feel terribly about it. Mary said something, too; but I didn't wait to hear what it was. I thought I should go crazy, mother, she continued, burying her face in her mother's breast, while her tears flowed afresh, but more quietly than before.
Mrs. Morrison bent over her child, and clasped her to her heart, with, if possible, even increased tenderness. She really did not know what to say or how to avoid the question that she still shrank from answering.
Alice was indeed remarkably plain—plain almost to positive ugliness. Her eyes were

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small, of no particular color, and, except at times when she was unusually animated, dull and expressionless. She was tall of her age, and her limbs had none of the pliant roundness peculiar to childhood. Her thin face was pale and sallow, and her hair, though abundant, was harsh and unmanageable. Yes, Alice was "very homely," and the truth was never more apparent to her mother than at that moment, when she sat there gazing upon her with loving eyes, and longing to say to her, "you are as fair to others, as you are dear to your mother, my child."
But this she could not do—the fact was too evident to be concealed or evaded. She had hoped that her daughter would never give a thought to the matter, until she was old enough to feel that a beautiful soul is of far more worth than a beautiful body—that the beauty of a loving heart and a noble mind will endure for aye, while that of face or form perishes beneath the touch of disease or time, and she deeply regretted that the veil had been so rudely torn from her eyes, that she had so early learned the painful truth that she was "homelier than other girls."
"Beauty is of but little consequence, my Alice," said Mrs. Morrison, after a pause of some minutes, during which her child still lay within her arms. "You must not feel in this way."
"Oh, but I can't help it, mother—and besides, I should think it was of a great deal of consequence. You would think so, too, if you had ever seen Grace Elliot. She is so beautiful!"
"I have seen her, Alice, but that does not change my opinion."
"But if beauty isn't of any consequence, mother," said Alice, with a quick glance at the kind face that was bending over her, "what makes people love her so much better than they do me?"
"How do you know that they do?"
"Oh, I know it well enough. It is a pleasure just to look at her. She is Esther Lee's cousin, you know, and she has been to school with her all this week. You can't think what a fuss the girls make over her; and Miss Mason, too. She never passes her seat without stopping to give her a kiss, and to smooth down her long curls, and say something kind and pleasant to her; and she has never kissed me once, since school began."
"But Miss Mason thinks a great deal of you, Alice. She told me, only yesterday, that you were the best scholar she had."
"May be she does think a good deal of me, mother, for I don't believe I make her much trouble. But she don't love me, for all that. She never puts her arm round me, nor draws me to her, as she does Grace; and she don't seem to want me to be near her. But I never knew why it was, before, but now I do; it is because I am so homely."
"I think you are mistaken, Alice," said her mother, appearing to take no notice of the last remark. "You must not give way to a jealous, exacting spirit. That is certainly no way to win friends."
"I am not jealous, mother—not a bit. I don't blame any one for loving beautiful people and beautiful things, for I do myself. But oh, I wish I was dead! I don't want to live another day," she continued, with a burst of yet more passionate tears. "I have never done any thing very wicked, and am no worse than the other girls, and yet I am so ugly that nobody loves me. It isn't just; it isn't right!"
"Alice! Alice! what are you saying? Are you not afraid to utter such blasphemous words? Look at me, my child," said Mrs. Morrison, forcibly removing Alice's hands from before her swollen face. "Who gave you your life? Who made you as you are?"
"God, I suppose," was the sullen answer; "but it isn't any thing to be thankful for. I would a great deal rather never have been born. I wish I never had been, or else that I had died when I was a little baby, as Willie did!"
Inexpressibly shocked, Mrs. Morrison dropped the hands she had taken, and, sinking back upon the sofa, she covered her face and groaned aloud. At any other time such manifestations of suffering on the part of her mother would have gone straight to Alice's heart; but now she was so much engrossed by her own passionate emotions, that she did not even notice them. It was some minutes before Mrs. Morrison became sufficiently composed to command her voice again.
"Nothing to be thankful for, Alice? If you have a thankless, ungrateful heart, you are indeed to be pitied. Have you not a pleasant home, with every thing about you to make you happy? You are fond of study—Have you not all your life long had plenty of books and the best of teachers? Have you not good health, an eye that can perceive all the beauty and loveliness that surrounds you, an ear-tuned to all the harmonies of nature, and a mind capable of deriving the most exquisite pleasure from both?"
Alice hung her head, but said nothing.
"And who gave you all these blessings? Yet you are murmuring because, in His wisdom, He has seen fit to give a brow less fair and an eye less bright than those of some of your companions! For this slight cause you are rebelling against your heavenly Father, and are ready, or pretend that you are, to resign the life that He has given you!"
She paused—but Alice sat silent and motionless, with her head resting upon her folded arms, and Mrs. Morrison went on.
"You say you are no worse than other girls, and yet you are so ugly that no one loves you. I never thought to see this day, Alice. I did not dream that my child would ever doubt her mother's love."
With a smothered sob, Alice sprang to her mother's arms again, and clasped her own around her neck.
"I do not doubt it, dear mother—I never did. I did not mean you. But no one else loves me and you don't know how hard it is!"
"You have made a great many discoveries, today, Alice—quite too many, indeed. You are tired and excited, and do not judge of these things correctly. By tomorrow you will begin to number your friends again, and you will find the list much larger than you expect."
"But, mother—"
"Not another word on this subject tonight, my dear daughter," said Mrs. Morrison, enforcing her words with a kiss. "When you are in a more reasonable mode I will talk with you again. Now go brush your hair, and we will have tea. It has been waiting for us some time."

"To-morrow" came, and Alice had, to all appearances, recovered her equanimity. It is possible that her cheek was a shade paler, and her voice and manner more subdued than usual. But she made no allusion to the conversation of the previous night, and her mother hoped that it had already faded from her memory.
Yet as weeks passed on, it became evident even to the most casual observer that Alice was greatly changed. Her thin face became still more thin, and her spare figure seemed taller than ever. A look of quiet happiness, and a cheerful smile hitherto lent a charm to her otherwise plain features. But now they were rarely seen, and in their place she wore an expression of settled melancholy, blended with pining discontent. She went to school each day, and attended to her accustomed duties; not however, with the life and animation that had previously characterized her, but with the mechanical precision of an automaton. Formerly, her laugh had rung out as gleefully as the gayest of her companions; now it was seldom heard. She shunned their presence, joined not in their sports, came and went alone, and in short, was in a fair way to lose their love and confidence, however dear she might have been to them before.
At home she was no better. She moved about like one in a dream, seeming to take neither interest nor pleasure in her wonted employments. She shrank from the presence and observation of strangers; if there were guests in the house, no persuasions could induce her to enter the parlor, or appear at the table. Even attendance at church, in which she had always taken great delight, seemed suddenly to grow distasteful to her; and when, at her mother's request, she accompanied her thither, she kept her veil drawn closely over her face, and scarcely lifted her eyes, during the whole service.
Of course Mrs. Morrison was not insensible to all these changes, but thinking they proceeded as much from physical as mental causes, and that with renewed health, her spirits would return, she said nothing directly upon the subject to Alice and contented herself with quiet but ceaseless efforts to divert her mind from all painful themes, and to reawaken an interest in her old pursuits and amusements.
One evening, nearly three months after the commencement of our story, Alice came in from school, with a saddened, thoughtful air, and seated herself on a low seat by her mother's side. Mrs. Morrison laid aside her work, and taking her daughter's hand, commenced, or attempted to commence a cheerful, lively conversation with her. But the answers she received were not only "few and far between," but very brief, and ere long Alice's head dropped on her mother's knee, and they both sat in perfect silence.
"Mother, are there any nannies in this country?" asked Alice at length, without raising her head.
"Any nannies? Yes, dear, there are several," replied Mrs. Morrison, somewhat surprised. "I believe there is one in Boston."
Some minutes passed before Alice spoke again.
"How old must a girl be before she can take the veil?"
"I do not know, my child. I have never paid any attention to these things. Why do you ask?"
"Because I want to go into a nunnery as soon as I am old enough," was the reply.
Smiles and tears were striving with each other, as the mother bent to kiss the flushed cheek that rested on her knee. The former gained the mastery, however, and she said:
"You don't know what you are talking about, my dear Alice! Go into a nunnery! Why, you would die of the blues in less than a month!"
"No I shouldn't, mother. I have thought about it a great deal, and I have made up my mind to go, that is if you are willing."
"I certainly am not willing, dear. Willing to lose my Alice! You would be sorry enough if I were to say—go! Why do you wish to go to a nunnery? Can you tell?"
"Yes, ma'am, but I would rather not," was the low response.
"You must tell me, my dear Alice. I must understand this matter," said Mrs. Morrison tenderly yet firmly. "Why do you wish it?"
"Because I don't want to see any body, and I can't bear to have anybody look at me," replied Alice, bursting into tears. "You know how homely I am, mother!"
"My dear child!" exclaimed the mother, kissing away the tears. "My dear child, is that the trouble? I am glad you have given me an opportunity of talking with you on this subject, for I have been anxious to do so, and yet disliked to allude to it myself. I almost hoped you had forgotten it."
"I never shall forget it, mother; I think of it night and day, and it makes me so wretched. One of the girls was angry with me this morning, and she said I was growing homelier all the time, and that I was cross and hateful. Oh, how I want to go far away from here, and live where there is no one who knows me, she continued, weeping still more bitterly.
For a few moments Mrs. Morrison allowed her to weep in silence. Then she said:
"Hush, Alice. I want to talk with you, and I cannot while you are in such distress. Look up, my darling, and tell me if you can bear to hear some very plain truths?"
Alice bowed her head, as an affirmative answer, and made an effort to check her tears, while her mother proceeded:
"You certainly are no beauty, my Alice, and it would be false kindness in me if I were to flatter you into the belief that you were. Now, I wish you to tell me why you grieve so deeply on this account?"
"Because I do want to have people love me, mother, and they don't! I would be willing to suffer any thing, every thing, if I could only be as beautiful as Grace Elliot!"
"But suffering seldom increases one's good looks, Alice, and if you despair of winning the love of your associates by your beauty, what is the next best thing for you to do?"
"Alice was silent. She had not thought of any next best thing to do, except taking the veil."
"Should you not try to win it by something more enduring than beauty? You have a mind and heart, my daughter; do you count them as nothing? If you nurture and cultivate them they will not gain friends for you? These are far more important and valuable than a beautiful face and form, Alice."
"But what made Mrs. Lee say it was such a misfortune, that I was homely then? And

why did she think you must 'feel terribly' about it? These are the very words she used."
"Mrs. Lee and I sometimes view things quite differently, my dear. Beauty is not to be despised, and it is natural for us to love the beautiful wherever we find it. But I shall never regard your want of it as a misfortune, if it leads you to seek for that spiritual loveliness, without which personal beauty is a curse rather than a blessing. Do you understand me, Alice?"
"Yes, mother—but I should think that beauty was a blessing any way. I don't understand how it can be a curse."
"It is not necessary that you should, at present, dear, and we will not stop to discuss the question now. But are you satisfied that you cannot make your face any fairer than it is?"
"I know that I can't, mother," said Alice, shaking her head mournfully. "It is of no use to think of such a thing. It will be as homely as can be, always!"
"Not quite as bad as that, Alice. It might be far worse. But you can make your soul beautiful if you choose. Your mind and heart are in a great measure under your own control. Now which will you do—spend your time in idle grief and discontent over an ill that you cannot avoid—or in striving to become wise and good, gentle and loving?"
Alice did not reply to this appeal, but the smiles that shone through tears, and the warm clasping of arms about her mother's neck, spoke far more eloquently.
"You have not been happy during the last few weeks, my Alice," continued Mrs. Morrison, fondly returning her embrace. "You have not been yourself. Perhaps your school-mate was not so far off of the way in thinking that you 'grew homelier all the time,' for discontent and sullenness can disfigure the most beautiful face, and they certainly don't improve yours. You have lost more love than you have won, I am afraid!"
"I know it, mother. I know that I have loved as if I did not care whether the girls loved me or not, and I have been cross and sullen. You don't know how I have felt! Just as if there was no one who cared for me, and as if it was all make believe if they appeared to. And I couldn't bear to go to church, because it seemed as if everybody stared at me, to see how homely I was!"
"That was mere fancy, my child. You have been making yourself a great deal of unnecessary trouble. But I hope that has all passed, and that from this time forward you are going to lead a new life—a life of such cheerful industry that you will have no time to hunt up bugbears, or manufacture them either!"
"I will try—I will try, dear mother," was the response, as Alice hid her now crimsoned cheek upon Mrs. Morrison's shoulder. "But I am afraid those bad feelings will come back again!"
"Very likely they will, my love. There is one, however, who will give you strength to resist them, if you seek for them aright. One who will help you to make your life so beautiful that those who know you will remember only that. May God bless you, my Alice, and be your shield and your support in every hour of need. Now, have you no lessons to prepare for to-morrow?"
The conversation of that evening never passed from the mind of Alice Morrison, nor were the resolutions then formed ever forgotten. "Make thy life beautiful, my child," her mother had said, and the words made a deep, abiding impression upon her young heart. Never did she cease striving after that spiritual beauty which gleamed with a radiance so undimmed before her mental vision. Often, it is true, her strength and courage drooped often was she tempted to halt by the wayside, to tarry by the fountain, to linger in the valley. Often the mountain-path looked cold and bleak and desolate, and she was fain to throw aside her pilgrim's staff, and rest in some sheltered spot where ease and indulgence had built them a bower. But she yielded not to the tempter—she gave no heed to the song of the siren. Steadily and serenely, though oftentimes with an aching heart and a weary foot, she walked on in the path she had marked out for herself; ever striving to mould her daily life and actions after the fair ideal that haunted her very dreams; neglecting her duty neither to herself nor to others; cultivating alike her intellect and her heart, yearning after the good and the beautiful, and shrinking instinctively from the false and the corrupt.
Mrs. Morrison had early discovered, or thought she had discovered, the germs of unusual talent in Alice, and having abundant means at her command, had spared neither pains nor expense upon her education. Realizing, as she did her daughter's extreme plainness, and feeling that that plainness might possibly hinder her in forming those ties that we consider the strongest and dearest, she was the more anxious to provide her with such resources of mind and heart as would prevent life from becoming stale and wearisome when the heyday of youth should be over. And she was not disappointed in the result. When Alice reached the verge of womanhood, it was with a richly stored and highly cultivated mind, a clear intellect, and a heart that was the abiding place of all generous and noble feelings, and all sweet and womanly sympathies.
And did the sorrow of her childhood never revisit her? Did its shadow never darken her pathway?
It did—but at rare intervals. An earnest and enthusiastic love for the beautiful was deeply interwoven with her whole character, and it was but natural that she should regret, even with tears at times, that she was not capable of inspiring the admiration she was so willing to lavish upon her companions—that she should grieve that her body was not a meet temple for the indwelling of the spirit she had so striven to render fair.
But it was not often that these feelings were awakened; and they were untainted by the slightest tinge of bitterness or envy toward those who were more favored than herself, or by any wish to depreciate charms she could never hope to possess.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IMPORTANT DECISION OF THE SUPREME COURT. The Rochester Express assumes to have "private information of a very important decision by the Supreme Court of the United States upon a question just coming into discussion. If the report which comes to us be true, the highest judicial tribunal has solved a knotty problem, and relieved the country from the anticipated fierce agitation of a question which has already excited considerable controversy.

It is said that one of the Judges, (supposed to be Nelson,) has written an opinion on the legal condition of the revolted States on the conclusion of the war for the suppression of the rebellion, and this opinion is concurred in by the whole bench, including Chief Justice Taney. The opinion is said to maintain that the States in rebellion have lost their rights as States, and must come into the Union simply as territories subject to the General Government and entitled to its protection. New State organizations may be formed by the people, under the Constitution and laws of Congress, as in the case of other territories, but the old States can not come into the Union with their present organization and officers.
FARMER GARRULOUS TALKS.—"I do hate to see a farmer slouch, slump, slump, slump, splash, splash, through mud and manure, with his pants down under his feet, as if he were used to it, and there was no way of avoiding it. In the first place, there is no need of it. I know some men who walk in the same path, through the same mud, all their lives, dabbling their clothes, tracking up the doorsteps, the piazza, and wiping the filth off of their boots on the good woman's carpet or neatly scrubbed floor. I do not wonder that certain women cease to respect and love their husbands—cease to labor to minister to their comfort, when they manifest so little regard for, and appreciation of, their wives' labors.
It makes me foam at the mouth to see a man so great a slogger as not to pave his yards, where his household must travel continually. My respect for a man who goes about his daily labor on a farm without any regard for the labor he may make or save his wife—who fails to slum dirt and keep himself and clothing clean when he may do so as well as not, without neglecting a single duty as a farmer, is not so great as to prevent me calling him a brute. How easy it is for a farmer to have heavy boots, with large tops to them, in which the extremities of his pants may be kept clean. And overalls are economical, to say nothing about the comfort they ensure and the labor they save.
Why, John, I would not have a hired-man on my place who, in his labor on the farm, did not have some regard for his own cleanliness, in the prosecution of his work, for a sloven is careless. He is reckless in the use of his employer's property. Such men never were known to do anything neatly and skillfully; they are uniformly botchers. They are sure to drive over a big rock and break a wagon axle, rather than slum it; drive over bars and break them rather than pick them up; and drive against a swinging gate and break it, frighten the team, and smash the wagon, rather than take the trouble to fasten it back; drop the manure fork, or hoe, or shovel, right where they happen to use it, and drive the load over it and break it, sooner than pick it up and set it in a safe place; set the milk-pail in the excrement rather than clean the stable or select a clean place in the yard; milk the cow without cleansing her bag when she needs it; feed the calf in the pail, and then carry what milk there is left and strain it in the tub, to be incorporated in the morning cheese. Indeed, there is nothing filthy, careless and reckless which he will not do, and I will not have my reputation as a producer and manufacturer of farm products sacrificed by such slovens.
Now, John, I do hate to hear those pigs squeal in that way. I wish you would clean out their pen and give them some clean, dry straw and some food, and see if they will not become better natured."

A CHALLENGE TO EX-SENATOR PUGH. Mr. Pugh having in one of his stump speeches in Ohio declared that one good Democratic regiment could whip all the negro troops in the United States' service, Jefferson Y. Toombs writes him from Cincinnati as follows:

"In order to attest your sincerity I make to you this proposition, presuming you to be one of the good Democrats referred to. My mother was an African woman, my father a white man, one of the first families of the South. I am, therefore, of that class of persons to whom you refer, so far as lineage is concerned; furthermore, I am less in stature and of less weight than yourself, being somewhat older. I propose, therefore, in order to test the question of prowess, to fight you in any manner and with any weapons, and at any time which will suit your convenience, in order to set at rest and finally dispose of this much agitated question."

ADVICE TO PASTORS. The Congregationalist thus exhorts pastors:

"Don't keep your flocks on cold victuals. You will have hard work to keep them in good condition if you do. You will have to use the very best material, such as common men find it hard to get, and you will have to cook it in the best 'style, to sweeten it very nicely, and season it very daintily, and it is only cold victuals after all. But give them food warm, all steaming from the furnace of devotion, its fires lighted from off the Altar of the Most High. It will taste good, and be freely eaten, and nourish and strengthen the souls of your people, even though the material be only of the coarse and common sort. If you would get along easily for yourselves, and profitably for your people, don't keep them on cold victuals."

LABOR DESPISED. Mrs. Kemble, in her residence in Georgia, thus tersely speaks of the social status of labor at the South:

"The Northern farmer thinks it no shame to work. The Southern planter does; and there begins and ends the difference in their condition. Industry, man's crown of honor elsewhere, is in the South his badge of utter degradation; and so comes all by which they are surrounded—pride, profligacy, idleness, cruelty, cowardice, ignorance, squalor, dirt and ineffable abasement."

In one of the towns in Maine, a man was opposing the administration on account of the President's emancipation proclamation, and declared that "it was not called for." "Yes it was," said a man in the crowd; "I've heard you call for it, Mr. Partridge, on your knees in solemn prayer, before God; and now you're complaining because your prayer for the bondman has been answered in a little different way from what you expected." The political and religious Copperhead thought it time to go home, as there was a shower at hand.

[Augusta Journal.]

GOING TO CHURCH. I tell you it is a good thing for a man to wash his face clean, and put on his best clothes and walk to the house of God with his wife and children on Sundays, whether he believes or not. The church is a place where, at least good morals are inculcated, and where the vices of the community are denounced. You can afford to stand by so much of the church, and, by doing so, say, 'Here am I, and here are mine, with a stake in the welfare of society, and an interest in the good morals of society.'

The majority of the sermons preached have their foundation in the eternal principles of right—in the broad moralities to which you and every other decent man subscribes. You know that, as a system of morals, Christianity is faultless. You know that if the world should live up to the morals of Christianity—we will say nothing about it as a system of religion—there would be no murder, no war, no slavery, no drunkenness, no licentiousness, no lying, no stealing, no cheating, no wrong, that every where men would walk in peace and concord and fraternal affection, and that the golden rule would be the universal rule of life. The pulpit is the spot of all others in the world where, through the wonderful agency of the human voice, these morals are taught; and do you tell me that you will not go to church because you do not believe in what is taught there? You do believe in at least three quarters of the teachings of the pulpit.

You cannot afford to teach your children by words or deeds that the great mass of the teachings of the pulpit are unworthy of consideration; for their safety, their respectability, their prosperity, their happiness, all depend upon the adoption and practice of Christian morals. Do you teach them Christian morals? Are you careful to sit down on the Sabbath, or at any other time, and instruct them in those moralities that are essential to the right and moral issue of their lives? My friend, you have not the face to do any such thing, for your position will not permit you to do it, who will? Unhappily your wife is quite as much under your influence as your children, and unless those children go to church on Sunday, they will get no instruction in Christian morals whatever except such as they may pick up at the public schools.

Gen. Butler dropped in at the War Department a few days after his return, and while there, the following authentic conversation transpired:

Gen. Butler—I have called, Mr. Stanton, to learn why I was removed from the Department of the Gulf.

Sec. Stanton—I assure you, General, that it was from no lack of confidence in your patriotism, capacity or integrity.

Gen. Butler—I did not ask you, Mr. Secretary, why I was not removed, but why I was.

Sec. Stanton—You are a lawyer, General, and so am I, and you are aware that it is not always polite to tell all we know.

Gen. Butler—Well, what are you going to do with me now?

Sec. Stanton—How would you like to take the Army of the Potomac?

Gen. Butler—Did you ever know a merchant, Mr. Secretary, to invest largely in an old stock of goods?

This was the responsive and suggestive answer to the Secretary. Whereupon General Butler made his exit from the War Department, being even with him. [Correspondence N. Y. Herald.]

A PRETTY GOOD STORY.—Editors, like other shrewd men, must live with their eyes and ears open. A good story is told of one who started a paper in a Western town. The town was infested with gamblers, whose presence was a source of annoyance to the citizens, who told the editor if he did not come out against them they would not take the paper. He replied that he would give them a "smasher," next day. Sure enough his next issue contained the promised "smasher" and on the following morning the redoubtable editor, with scissors in hand, was seated in his sanctum, when in walked a large man, with a club in his hand, who demanded to know if the editor was in.

"No sir," was the reply; "he has stepped out. Take a seat and read the papers—he will return in a minute."

Down sat the indignant man of cards, crossed his legs, and commenced reading a paper. In the meantime the editor quietly vanished down stairs, and at the landing he met another excited man with a cudgel in his hand, who asked if the editor was in.

"Yes sir," was the prompt response; you will find him seated up stairs, reading a newspaper."

The latter, on entering the room, with a furious oath, commenced a violent assault upon the other, which was resisted with equal ferocity. The fight continued till they had both rolled to the foot of the stairs, and had pounded each other to their heart's content.

WHAT WE OWE TO DECORUM.—I will do just as I please, says many a headstrong young man, "for whose business is it, if I choose to take the consequences?" Not so fast, good sir. If you knew more of human nature you would be aware that you cannot outrage even the smallest conventionalities of life, which are known under the common name of decorum, without injuring your reputation, estranging your friends, and preventing strangers, who might be useful to you, from making your acquaintance. But this is not all. You have no right to disregard decorum, for the consequences reach others than yourself. Your example is a way of doing harm when it is not doing good. Your conduct affects the standing of your family and associates, as well as yourself. Going through life is like treading among a labyrinth of spring guns. If you follow the beaten track you are yourself safe. But if you diverge to the right or left, your indiscretion is sure to injure yourself, and may harm others also. A wise man never outrages decorum, recklessly violates prejudices, or thoughtlessly acts regardless of the opinions of the world.

APTITUDE IN BUSINESS.—Thousands engage in the strife of business, but really how few possess an aptitude for it! An old merchant-stated at public dinner, that eighty out of every hundred of those who are engaged in mercantile pursuits had failed, although their opportunities were quite as favorable as were those of the few who had succeeded. It was not lack of industry, but of aptitude, that had caused them to fail. Very few men possess this quality, which for want of a better name has been called luck, and without which no man, however astute and prudent he may be in others, can hope to succeed in the mutations which invariably accompany the adventurous career of the merchant. Aptitude is everything. A man may have an excellent idea of music but no amount of study will make a musician; so he who engages in business, however clear his opinion may be on the conduct of others, may never himself succeed in that which he is competent to criticize.

WHOSE BUSINESS IS IT? Men say, substantially, "If I choose to be corrupt, whose business is it but my own? If I choose to be a gambler, I am my own worst enemy if there is any harm in gambling; and what business has any one else to trouble himself about it?"

