



10-27-1865

The Waterville Mail (Vol. 19, No. 17): October 27, 1865

Maxham & Wing

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Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 19, No. 17): October 27, 1865" (1865). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 113.

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ON WINTHROP POND.

BY W. D. GLAZIER.

Ah, yes, this Western sky is blue,
And Summer's roses deck the land,
And year me thro' hearts warm and true,
And clings in mine affection's hand.
But still my restless memory flies
To these lovely hills and plains beyond,
And seeks a spot 'neath Northern skies,
At Tarbox Point on Winthrop Pond.

It was a day when Summer yields
To coming Autumn half its glow,
When tempered sunshine lights the fields,
And cooler breath the breezes blow;
The road we went was known full well,
In other days each inch was combed,
And soon we saw the waves that fell
'Round Tarbox Point on Winthrop Pond.

We had been parted many a year:
One kept the homestead hearthstone clean;
One, when War's bugle thrilled the ear,
Along the stormy front had been;
And one, the rover to the West,
His home had wandered miles beyond—
But all had met, that morning, here,
At Tarbox Point on Winthrop Pond.

The fresh free breezes kissed each brow,
And brought the air of And Lang Syne;
The light waves rippled at our prow,
And sparkled up like glittering wine;
To breeze and sunshine, wave and shore,
Our glad and happy hearts respond,
We felt the sail and rest the oar
Off Tarbox Point on Winthrop Pond.

Ah, what a day! The merry laugh,
The calling back the olden time,
The dear old friends whose health we quaff,
The lightsome jest, the jovial rhyme—
These made a sunshine in each heart,
And, touched by true love's magic wand,
We wished that we might never part
At Tarbox Point on Winthrop Pond.

And yet we parted; each in his way,
His several lot in life to fill;
One in the dear old home to stay,
And one to hear War's bugle thrill;
And one, where glows the western sky,
His steps to take the hills beyond;
But none to let the memory die
Of Tarbox Point on Winthrop Pond.

Ah, would in coming Summer days,
While ring the blessed bells of Peace,
We all might join our devious ways,
And bid our cares and woes cease;
Yes, even you, who staid so near,
With violet eyes and tresses blonde,
I'd leave to meet those friends so dear,
At Tarbox Point on Winthrop Pond.

Cincinnati, May 26, 1865. —Gardner Home Jour.

(From Arthur's Home Magazine for November.)

OUTWARD LOOKS.

"I never could love that woman, Cora, she is so plain-looking, and you smiled to meet her as if the seventh heaven had opened to your view!" said Olive Winter, as she and her companion walked on after having stopped a moment to speak with a lady.

Cora flushed; then, after a moment's pause, said—

"She is delicate and airy, and sweet from center to circumference; she is rare and beautiful—that is—"

"I can't see it!" interrupted Olive, provokingly. "How do you make it out?"

"I make it out by the effect she produces on me. I acknowledge that she has not physical beauty, but when I am with her it is as if a sunnier sky arched itself over me—as if some transcendent dawn would rise on the morrow—as if the dark problems of life would unroll and show a smile hidden in their secret heart. Her name is Dorcas, but I call her Aurora."

"I shall call her Miss Dorcas. I am practical, though I like to dance on the top wave with the graces. I don't fancy the kind of people that you do, Cora."

"I have observed that. Yet you would like Miss Dorcas Chester, for every one does who comes near her."

"Then she can have no salient points."

"Has not her brother?"

"Cora Preston! It is not possible that Louis Chester is her brother? He is so kindly—so intellectual!"

Cora smiled sarcastically, and said—"This was revealed to you by an extraneous circumstance."

"How?"

"It is very handsome! The same brains, the same large nature, would have passed for little with you had they not been set in a shapely physique."

"I don't know about that," returned Olive, a little tartly.

"Then I am glad if you are not in earnest in your theory."

"Mr. Chester is one who would command interest whether he were handsome or not."

"Yes, he has commanded yours, at any rate."

"Take nothing for granted, Cora," said Olive, hastily. "Mr. Chester thinks of me only as an entertaining acquaintance."

Cora walked on silently, thinking how much Mr. Chester seemed to admire her beautiful cousin, whose whole being appeared to sparkle in his presence.

"Olive," she said at last, slowly, "may I tell you my queer thoughts and wonderments? The ideal and the real, the apparent and the true, clash so strangely, so wofully, so comically."

"Say on."

"Don't you think you could love Mr. Chester?"

This was said with a thoughtful naivete, with such an honest outlook from the innocent eyes, that Olive looked deep within them, and smiled softly, as if constrained to candor.

"Perhaps I might," she said. "That is not to say that I do."

"No, but that possibility is sufficient for my argument. Now suppose he were to fall down, to meet with an accident, and in some way that classic nose of his should be so injured that it would have to be amputated."

"Oh, hush, Cora! I thought you disliked clipping the wings of fancy, and bringing one down upon a disagreeable basis."

"I want to see if your wings are of the genuine, bird-like, heaven-clinging sort," responded Cora, laughing a little, and progressing in her statement. "And suppose one of his eyes remained as usual, while the other was closed and lost—suppose his firm, characteristic mouth were so hurt that it became ugly, his thickly waving hair thin to baldness, and his whole *ensemble* ungraceful and repellent, would you still prefer him to all other men?"

"Why, he would be a perfect wreck. Of course I would never marry such an object. You know that I have a constitutional aversion to everything that does not savor of symmetry. I should pity him from my very soul. But why speak of anything so unpleasant? Would you, could you continue to love one who had become such as you have described?"

"How do I know, Olive? I should be tested by circumstances. But this I know, that I should most keenly despise myself if I should be governed by outward appearance, while the mind remained royal and free."

"Pshaw! you are Utopian in theory, and in practice you would be governed by common sense as much as I would."

"But, Olive, I will believe that there is a kind of beauty one ought to be loyal to through all changes. I will cultivate that kind of faith."

"Again the girls met Miss Chester; they bowed, and passed on."

"And I will cultivate Miss Chester, if she is so worth it," said Olive Winter.

Waterville Mail.

VOL. XIX.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... FRIDAY, OCT. 27, 1865.

NO. 17.

A year fled which was fraught with singular changes. One day the two cousins entered upon a crowded ferry-boat; ladies were seated, gentlemen were standing; in one corner sat a soldier, who was hideous to look at; his face was swollen fearfully; his mouth was turned toward his left cheek, and severely scratched; one eye was closed, and the other nearly; he looked like nothing human; his right foot was bandaged, and lay on the seat.

"What a horrid creature!" whispered Olive, looking at him.

He was trying to lift his foot down to give them a seat.

"Oh, don't stir! Pray keep your position!" said Cora, earnestly; then, fearing he had heard her cousin's remark, she added, "I have a brother in the service, and if I had not, I think I should feel grateful to every soldier."

"Thank you!" came in a muffled sound from his lips.

The young girl leaned her hand upon the window-ledge to steady herself; she stood with her back a little turned to the wounded man, as much to hide his disfigurement from remark as to seem not to notice it herself. Olive had met a fashionable young gentleman of her acquaintance, and was gayly chatting with him. Cora was thinking of her brother and the man beside her, with a pity so intense that she bit her lips to keep the tears from falling. She felt something aching past her dress; it was the soldier's crutches; the hand he extended for them was bandaged. She picked them up and asked gently—

"May I hold them for you?"

"If you will," was the answer.

His slouched hat bore no distinguishing sign, nor did the blue blouse he wore, but she saw that he was a cavalryman from the stripe on his pants. She lingered to see that no one jostled him as he left the boat; he observed it, and made her a military salute.

"Good-by, sir, sir," she said very softly, inclining her head.

"How familiar you are," said Olive. "Isn't war dreadful? That man is a private, I guess."

After watching him, as a gentleman assisted him into a street car, she said—"Do you think we shall have a gay time at Mr. Chester's next week? Is everything stylish?"

"Do you think the Hudson river stylish? That is the finest thing we shall see. The house is large and old-fashioned, covered with straw matting all through; the grounds are large and well kept, but they are not elaborately laid out."

Cora instinctively felt that her cousin was not a favorite with Miss Chester, and had been invited because she was a guest at Mrs. Preston's. It was Saturday afternoon. On Monday the cousins appeared at the country residence of Mr. Chester; they met a kind welcome. The moment Dorcas Chester met Cora alone, she held out both arms, exclaiming—

"My little darling!"

And as a little darling laid her head upon her friend's shoulder, she said—"Aurora!" They knew what it meant, but not that they were overheard. When Cora looked up, she actually started; there stood the soldier of the ferry-boat; his face was a trifle less in size. Miss Chester looked a little confused, and said, "Oh! then, Miss Preston, Mr. Irwin."

Mr. Irwin bowed, then turned on his heel and hobbled into the library. They had all been in the hall. Miss Chester went in the library, and Cora joined Olive in the parlor.

"We met that very soldier the other day!" exclaimed Cora, eagerly, the moment Dorcas made her appearance.

"Indeed?" returned Dorcas. "My brother feels the greatest pity for the poor fellow. He belongs to his regiment, and he thought he had no friends who would care for him better than I would. I must do my best to entertain him."

"I will help you, if he will allow me," answered Cora. "I'll help you dress his wounds. I've been wanting to throw myself away as a hospital nurse, and now I shall have a chance to do something. Eureka! Is he a stranger to you?"

"I have seen him before."

Miss Chester was gay and entertaining, with a mischievous sparkle in her eyes, all the afternoon; the library door was left ajar, that the poor fellow might not feel lonely.

"How was the man hurt?" asked Olive, as she seated herself at the piano and ran her hand over the keys.

"In a skirmish," returned Miss Chester. "His hand and foot were cut with a sabre, and he was thrown from his horse upon a heap of stones. He says his injuries are not in the least serious, but he must be useless for awhile. He has suffered terribly from headache."

Miss Chester closed the library door; Miss Winter went up stairs in half an hour to write letters, and in a few moments the other ladies were in the library reading, at Mr. Irwin's request. "The Idyls of the King." Aurora was called away by company, and Cora hesitated in her reading, saying—

"Perhaps I shall tire you, Mr. Irwin."

"No, my head does not trouble me now; neither did Miss Winter's music. Go on, if you please."

Cora read until the shadows of twilight fell heavily, then Miss Chester entered with a waiter of tea and various tempting little condiments.

"I should like to talk with you about that book, Miss Preston, for I believe you appreciate it, but my speech is not very mellifluous yet," said Mr. Irwin.

"He bit his tongue when he fell," said Aurora. She took Cora's face in her two hands, and looked questioningly into her eyes, then she threw her head back and laughed heartily.

"How extraordinary you are," said Cora, glancing at Mr. Irwin, whose face was twisted into a resemblance to a smile. "Why does she laugh, Mr. Irwin?"

Olive's beautiful face appeared at the door. "Is there fun here? What is it?" she gayly asked.

"I think my ludicrous appearance must have something to do with it," said the soldier.

Olive smiled, and bowed with a stately motion, inquiring—

"Are you better, Mr. Irwin?"

"I am quite comfortable."

Cora and Olive went down to tea, and when they came back Miss Chester was still in the library. Half an hour after, she put her face in the parlor door, and said—

"Girls, will one of you hold the lamp while I dress this wounded hand?"

"I am so sensitive, I can't bear anything of that kind," said Olive, corrugating her brow, and raising one hand.

Cora ran to assist, but turned pale as the cruel wound was exposed. She looked steadfastly at the wall, and the wounded man looked steadily at her, while a caricature of a smile appeared on his lips. When the work was finished, Miss Chester went to wash her hands; Cora set down the lamp, and asked pityingly—

"Cannot I do anything for you now?"

"Perhaps so, by and by. Miss Preston, you have read the words, 'I was a stranger, and ye took me in.'"

"Oh yes, they are divine. Colonel Chester knew his sister when he wished you to come here."

"I was thinking of the ferry-boat. You had compassion on me because I was a wretched looking creature. Will you play and sing 'Behold the lilies,' etc., etc.? You know it—I heard you humming it in the other room."

She seated herself at a melodeon close at hand; she sang with a soft, clear cadence, and rambled from one song to another. Mr. Chester came in, and she stopped.

"Well, my boy, how goes it?" he asked, cheerily. "Is Miss Cora helping you to pass away the time?"

"She is kind enough to do so, sir," was the answer.

"If our patient feels as the unfortunate man did who complained that twenty-four women insisted on bathing his head, I hope he will check my zeal," said Cora laughing. "Now I will leave him to you, sir," and she glided from the room.

The next morning, when Cora and Olive returned from a drive, they saw a gentleman in colonel's uniform sitting on the piazza. Dorcas knelt at his side, talking and laughing, and looking fondly in his face. Mr. Chester sat on the other side of him.

"Colonel Chester has come!" exclaimed Miss Winter, pinching her cousin's arm, ere she sprang from the carriage. They walked up the path without looking at him again, until they stood by the group. He bowed and smiled without rising; the young girls regarded him with a mystified expression; he was the wounded man, yet the swelling in his face had almost subsided. Dorcas said, "Colonel Chester!" then laughed as heartily as she did the day before, adding, "Did you not suspect?"

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Olive, advancing gracefully to shake hands.

"I've lost my poor, homeless wretch!" said Cora, with a half shy, half comical air, as she gave her hand.

"Do you wonder that I experienced the greatest pity for him, and thought Miss Chester would take good care of him?" he asked, laughing.

"I should know you to-day, Col. Chester!" remarked Olive. "But why did you play this jest upon us?"

"It began through a little accident!" said Dorcas. "When my brother found that I was expecting company, he said he would be *perdu*, until his face would make him presentable. You had not been here ten minutes, when Cora saw him in the hall; we felt embarrassed, and I said, jestingly, 'Mr. Irwin!' as I introduced him. Irwin is his middle name. When I went to him, he exclaimed, for Jupiter's sake, let me pass as Mr. Irwin until I get a human countenance! I shall scare those girls to death!"

"Did I not frighten you, Miss Winter?" he asked a little dryly.

"I was a little afraid of you!" she answered, not really perceiving his meaning.

Cora ran up stairs, and after that, was not so gentle and merciful to the wounded man; she jested with him occasionally, sometimes brought him a glass of water with a flourish of mock humility, sometimes played a lively air when he asked for music; but she took long rambles, wrote much in her room, embroidered, and in short, was heedless as any butterfly, while the offices of nurse and entertainer fell upon Dorcas and Olive. Cora had always thought of him as Olive's friend, but he had said to her, "I was a stranger and you took me in." One day when the other two ladies had driven to town in search of something to tempt Colonel Chester's appetite, Cora wandered about a little, and at length took her work-basket to an upper piazza, which she had never seen any one occupy. She was getting through the *cor* laboriously, with a little rocker and her basket, when she saw Colonel Chester sitting at the farther end, with his crutches extended before him, and his handsome, though somewhat scarred face turned expectantly towards her.

"Oh, I didn't know that you were here, sir!" she exclaimed, blushing, and a little startled. It had penetrated to her consciousness that his looks, sought her, as they once sought her Cousin Olive—and she knew that Olive would not have this so.

"Will you read to me, Miss Cora?" he asked, with a courteous inclination of the head.

"My eyes are still a little weak!"

"Certainly, if you wish it!" she replied, and the next moment she felt vexed that she had not thought of some excuse to decline. She did not know that he had been reflecting upon a particularly respectful and courteous manner towards her when he should ask her to read, so that she could not refuse; and in the midst of such profound meditations, she had come to him. As she took the book he handed her, and settled her basket on the floor and herself in the rocker, he thought she looked like innocence itself in that white morning dress. During the months he had been in the army, he had idealized Olive Winter, and had seldom thought of this rare little rose, whose perfume now stole all through his nature, with a sort of celestial uplifting; he had been surprised in her delicate intellectuality, which seemed to speak in her appreciative voice. Ah! it was toned by him, and she only vaguely knew that a strong, powerful hand was sweeping over the chords of her helpless spirit; she trembled at the revelation that came to her as she half unconsciously looked up and smiled at the beauty of a passage she was reading; he was only half listening to the words—he was wholly listening to her as her golden life fell upon him in music.

"The sun is coming around this corner," she said, moving a little, "and that reminds me that I have a little work to do before dinner."

He said nothing; she laid the book down beside him, and putting her basket in the chair, she drew it away; when she reached the door, he called, softly, "Cora!"

She only jerked the chair up the sill, as if she had not heard. When she reached her room, the little work that she did was to throw herself on the bed in a flood of happy, passionate tears; her whole being seemed touched with a new glory—with a sort of everlasting triumph. Then shot across her brain the thunderous roar of battle, and she saw Colonel Chester falling backwards, wounded mortally; she started from the bed and fell on her knees upon the floor, with eyes upward turned—oh! they searched for the "king in his beauty," and he answered her. Her head fell upon her breast, and she murmured, "Love divine and human, is life's duty! Life! patriotism is life! every holy emotion of the spirit is life! I will be loyal to life in the highest sense, so help me God. What we call death is a momentary change that does not reach life." A refined and elevating tide of thought bore her above herself, and with an exquisite intuition that assured her of sympathy, she impulsively laid her hand on the knob of her door, to go to Col. Chester, and tell him her thoughts about life and death. This was an impulse only; it was not in her to execute it. Her hand dropped from the door, she sat down, and then something earthly and common place trailed about the warm, ethereal picture that was in her soul, and framed it distinctly; so it often is! She remembered that her Aunt Winter hoped, almost expected that Colonel Chester would ask for her daughter's hand, and her aunt had been generous to her. The next day the cousins were to leave; neither by word, nor look, nor act did Cora recognize the thrilling, electric chain that bound her spirit to Louis Chester; she flitted here and there never stopping near him, and consumed much time packing her trunk. "I will leave all to the planning of the Good Shepherd," she thought. "I will not let Louis speak with me alone." It may as well be said, in parenthesis, that she had great confidence in the Good Shepherd, seeing his will so far accorded with her own, that she was allowed to believe the very fold of her dress was entrancing as it floated by Colonel Chester's crutch. But she meant well, as the little dog did when he barked, and we will not make her out so angelic that she did not believe all the time that she ought to belong to Colonel Chester before any other woman. Only she shrank from anything material that should touch or harm the divine spell that wrapped her as in a halo; she shrank from Olive's haughty anger, from her aunt's displeasure; and so she shrank from Colonel Chester.

It wanted but an hour to the time of departure; Miss Winter, who had put off packing until the last thing, was kneeling before her trunk.

"Cora, go bring my music from the piano, there's a good child, and hunt up my netting, that's a scrap of the first water!"

"Oui, ma belle reine," laughingly responded Cora, starting on her mission. "How happy and kind is her tone! How can I hurt her?" soliloquized she. "No, I will not see Louis!" for she knew by an inward way that he had been trying to meet her alone. She had the music in her fingers, when she heard the crutches coming through the hall; she laid her hand upon a folding-door to escape by an unaccustomed route; his quick ear caught the sound; he turned quickly and met her face to face in his sister's morning parlor, which was unoccupied. She meant to have carried off the encounter with a careless jest, when she saw that she was entrapped, but before his searching, controlling look, her eyes fell; he trembled as he took her hand; he had studied her, and had discovered that it was not dislike which made her avoid him.

"This will be mine, some day!" he said, raising her tremulous hand to his lips. "Forgive the presumption! You love me no one else—it cannot be but that you will come to me—if I live! And—if I fall, is there no trusting place up yonder?"

"Oh, don't!" she besought, covering her face for an instant with her two hands.

Olive's voice sounded down the stairway, "Come, Cora!"

"Good-by!" she faltered; he stooped and kissed her forehead; she hastened away, and met her cousin with a strange sensation that she was secretly betrothed, and without her conscious will. That evening, when the two girls stood by a window alone in the twilight, Cora said—

"Olive, Colonel Chester cares for me; he said so to-day!"

Olive Winter was utterly silent, while a dark storm raged within her, but she felt vaguely and dully, "I was a stranger and ye took me in." She saw that some hurt to her earthly prospects had come from her lack of soft, human charity—some hurt to her heart. Ay, sometimes without comprehending it so well, we hurt our everlasting prospects—we hurt our sweetest capacities.

A few weeks later Louis Chester stood beside Cora.

"I am going back to-morrow!" he said, looking tenderly, reverently upon her downcast face. She placed her hands within his, and looked up at him solemnly, yet with a strange, tremulous smile.

"Evermore!" she said, faintly. "And so I can be strong—so I can pray we may be faithful to God—to the world. Let us ask no more now!—only that we may reach to the height of sacrifice—afterwards we shall live in his glory."

"Perhaps here—perhaps hereafter!" he whispered.

"Ay, I know it! Life is somewhere large and sweet."

Did they meet again? Yes, verily! They were destined to meet in safety and joy after the war.

A man in Boston, who had never expressed a very high opinion of "Blue Noses," married a Nova Scotia girl. Some time after a Nova Scotia acquaintance, who knew his former opinions, said to him—"I suppose you have changed your mind now that you have a 'Blue Nose' wife." "Not by a darned sight!" was the reply of the husband, who declined making any further explanations.

He said nothing; she laid the book down beside him, and putting her basket in the chair, she drew it away; when she reached the door, he called, softly, "Cora!"

She only jerked the chair up the sill, as if she had not heard. When she reached her room, the little work that she did was to throw herself on the bed in a flood of happy, passionate tears; her whole being seemed touched with a new glory—with a sort of everlasting triumph. Then shot across her brain the thunderous roar of battle, and she saw Colonel Chester falling backwards, wounded mortally; she started from the bed and fell on her knees upon the floor, with eyes upward turned—oh! they searched for the "king in his beauty," and he answered her. Her head fell upon her breast, and she murmured, "Love divine and human, is life's duty! Life! patriotism is life! every holy emotion of the spirit is life! I will be loyal to life in the highest sense, so help me God. What we call death is a momentary change that does not reach life." A refined and elevating tide of thought bore her above herself, and with an exquisite intuition that assured her of sympathy, she impulsively laid her hand on the knob of her door, to go to Col. Chester, and tell him her thoughts about life and death. This was an impulse only; it was not in her to execute it. Her hand dropped from the door, she sat down, and then something earthly and common place trailed about the warm, ethereal picture that was in her soul, and framed it distinctly; so it often is! She remembered that her Aunt Winter hoped, almost expected that Colonel Chester would ask for her daughter's hand, and her aunt had been generous to her. The next day the cousins were to leave; neither by word, nor look, nor act did Cora recognize the thrilling, electric chain that bound her spirit to Louis Chester; she flitted here and there never stopping near him, and consumed much time packing her trunk. "I will leave all to the planning of the Good Shepherd," she thought. "I will not let Louis speak with me alone." It may as well be said, in parenthesis, that she had great confidence in the Good Shepherd, seeing his will so far accorded with her own, that she was allowed to believe the very fold of her dress was entrancing as it floated by Colonel Chester's crutch. But she meant well, as the little dog did when he barked, and we will not make her out so angelic that she did not believe all the time that she ought to belong to Colonel Chester before any other woman. Only she shrank from anything material that should touch or harm the divine spell that wrapped her as in a halo; she shrank from Olive's haughty anger, from her aunt's displeasure; and so she shrank from Colonel Chester.

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Waterville Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,
EDITORS.
WATERVILLE . . . OCT. 27, 1865



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Advertisements 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" WATERTOWN MAIL OFFICE.

KEEP THE SABBATH!—"Of course, that's bible," says Tom—and Dick—and Harry. And yet Tom, Dick and Harry have their different ways of keeping it, and if there is a Tom Junior he suggests a fourth. Young Tom would merely keep it with a fast horse, or with a gun and setter dog; but two out of three of the seniors would "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy" on baked beans and pork. Now, of all popular ways of obeying this commandment, the pork and beans custom is the worst theology. A hardy and hearty man exhausts himself with labor during six days, so far that God finds it necessary to give him a special commandment to rest on the seventh, and then commences his rest by burdening his stomach with the heartiest and most indigestible meal of the week, which he follows up with two more like unto it, and refuses to aid digestion with so much as a ten minutes walk. What commendable obedience! We can think of—but to tie one off of effecting the same object—to tie one hand behind him, and do his usual day's work on Sunday with the other. "But I must have my regular meals," he says. Why not say, "But I must have my regular exercise?" Digestion and exercise are dependent on each other, and when one gives out the other must, sooner or later. If the command had been "Thou shalt not eat on the seventh day," who would not have sense enough to reduce his labor accordingly? This suggestion needs no argument, when once looked at by an eye that has any reason in it—that if a laboring man would get profit instead of loss by the Sabbath day, by resting his physical system, as God intended, he must reduce the labor of his stomach to its capacity to digest food without the aid of exercise. Whether he can best effect this object on pork and beans, he can tell by trying the experiment—next Sunday.

A HINT.—Mr. Secretary Seward made a speech at Albany, last week, in which he made some very pointed allusions to Mexican affairs, and the relation our government proposes to assume toward Maximilian and his new empire. He said, among other things, that he expected to "see republican institutions, wherever they have been hitherto established, throughout the American continent, speedily vindicated, renewed and reinvigorated."

GOOD.—The two Blairs, Frank and Montgomery, after doing all they could to work mischief in the Union ranks, have gone squarely over to the democrats. If there are any more Blairs on the face of the earth, we commend them to the copperhead democracy—the worst wish we could bestow upon our worst enemy.

The Bangor Times is right in thinking that we were not educated in a stable, and are, on that account, unable to see things as he does; but we persist that we understand his "lingo" well enough to see that the rule of "honor among thieves" is one of the lessons he winked out of sight when he charged all the "jockeys and gamblers" of the late fair upon "New York and Boston." McClellan's friends are not so far off as that; and the Times is a standing witness that the stable vocabulary brings a neigh and a bray nearer together than New York and Bangor. As for our championship, which he thinks "unfortunate," we bow to the impeachment, but under the rule of good for evil, we concede that, McClellan is fortunate in having a champion of his own kidney.

CONCERT.—The old "Harmonic Glee Club," so well remembered for the pleasant music it dispensed, some few years ago, in this and neighboring villages, proposes to refresh our memories in the direction of "old acquaintance," by a concert. They will be assisted by Messrs. Carroll, Piper and Marston, and by Messrs. Caffrey and Pittman. Mrs. Blanchard will preside at the piano. It is designed as a complimentary benefit to Mr. H. N. Moore, a former member of the Club, who has lately returned from the South. Messrs. G. A. Phillips and S. C. Marston will be favorably remembered here as belonging to the Club. With such a corps of favorites, all reckoned as the home talent of our village, we hardly need to promise a choice entertainment, or to urge our citizens to give them a full house. The concert will be at Town Hall, Tuesday evening next.

We understand the same company will give a concert at Kendall's Mills the latter part of the week; they propose to give another here on the benefit of the Soldiers' Monument Fund.

[For the Mail.]
MY AIR-CASTLE.

They say that people build them now, and it makes me wonder if they are as fair, as grand as mine; and I wonder too, if the builders love them as I loved mine,—if they watch them with anxious care, seeing them more perfect as each block is added, until the whole seemeth very good!

Human hearts are alike, and many, many times my fancy seems to see the pale ghost of a ruin look out from beneath a smile, or the laughing lip curve with a quick, regretful bitterness.

'Twas in a lushed night hour that mine arose, while the bright moon looked down, and the pale stars, until my heart grew warm, and I longed to see it rise,—until I loved this fairy fabric, yet scarce begun.

It was my secret, mine, and none should know how swiftly, steadily it grew, no ear should hear the hammers of the builders, no eye should see its lofty beauty, brighter, even when the morning came,—no heart save mine grow proud and happy when it should be in every part complete!

In silence, all alone, I wrought, and my soul was thrilled with sweetness never felt before. They wondered whence the light came to my eye, the smile upon my lips, the songs that would burst forth! Yes, they wondered!

How blind! and yet, how could they see it—my darling dream, my beautiful castle! Thought and fancy renewed their strength each day, and were my willing slaves. By them its walls were reared until they touched the clouds; then livelier fancy decked it with gorgeous sunset tints, flooded it with purple twilight, and bathed it in the calm light of the night queen's smile. 'Twas then I entered its portals, and gazed upon its perfect beauty, until my heart was full of joy.

I built a lofty throne, and on it placed an idol; I made a costly crown—with rarest gems it gleamed—and on my idol's brow 'twas placed, then I knelt before the throne, and humbly worshipped. For one moment, one little moment, earth seemed almost heaven.

But a shadow through the sweet light fell, as the Goddess of Reality came, and rudely laid her heavy hand upon my castle. What then? Oh! then it fell in glorious ruin at my feet! Only the throne stood mockingly erect,—the idol was but dust, and that had fallen, too!

"'Twas a blinding storm of rain
Fell from my eyelids heavy,
Raising a mist of pain;"

and when I looked, with longing, where once my pride stood, all I had loved had fallen, and at my feet it lay, a fair, but shapeless wreck!

I reared a tomb—'twas in my heart's most secret chamber that it stood—and in its darkness I laid away my hopes, my pride; then I placed the crown close by the throne—for ah! no other idol might be worshipped there—no other brow might wear that crown!

Then I closed fast the doors, and gave the key to memory; but lingered yet about the place to plant the clinging ivy, and the sweet "forget me not," pure snowdrops, and the loving mignonette, until it hardly seemed a sepulchre.

Sometimes Memory brings the key, and invites me there; then all alone I go, and dream again my moment's joy, then pluck a leaf or flower, and come away.

They say my smile is bright—my eye is full of laughing light, but I wonder if they never see the shadow of that tomb, if they never see the ghost of my dream, that mournfully looks out from the eyes that meet mine in the mirror!

O! Memory! keep those doors still closed; be faithful to your charge, and never let a curious eye peer in and read my secret!

SWEET PEAS.

LECTURES.—We understand there is to be a course of lectures, mainly upon doctrinal subjects, at the Universalist church, commencing on Sunday evening next, at the usual hour of service. The subject of the first discourse will be the parable of "The Rich Man and Lazarus."

PEARS.—Every ill wind is said to bear some good to somebody; and we think the failure of the apple crop this year will turn attention to pears. There is no stint of this crop, and we have seen better samples than we ever saw before. Mr. Hiram Conforth, of this town, to whose efforts in pear culture we have before alluded, has handed us specimens of the following kinds, raised by him in an orchard of young trees just beginning to bear:—the Flemish Beauty, Beurre de Beaumont, Louise Bonne de Jersey, Andrews, Lawrence, and Vicar of Winkfield. He has great faith in his ability to raise the pear with success as a paying crop, and has set a fine orchard of the choicest kinds. He seems to understand what he is doing, and to be determined to do the work well. This is the condition of success, which we doubt not will crown Mr. C's experiment. He took one of the Society's premiums at the late fair. Whatever may be his crop and his prospects next year, we hope the Society may hear from him again.

Under the heading of "Reconstruction Bogus," the Boston Advertiser chronicles the fact that at the late competitive declamation of the Freshman class at Cambridge, the first premium was awarded to a student who had lost an arm while serving as a Captain in the Confederate army, and the second to a young man of negro descent.

The Secretary of State, by direction of the President, has instructed Gov. Perry to continue to exercise the functions of Provisional Governor of South Carolina until relieved from duty by an order from the President.

THE FENIAN CONGRESS in session at Philadelphia, have organized a government for Ireland, modelling it after our own, with a President, Senate, House of Representatives, etc., and styling it the Irish Republic. Col. John O. Mahoney was unanimously declared President. Much fear is felt in Canada in regard to the designs and movements of the Fenians; many feeling confident that the demonstration in Ireland is only a feint, and that a raid into Canada is contemplated.

A NOVEL BET was won the other day by Mr. Geo. W. Clark, who hauled a buggy, weighing two hundred and twenty pounds, from Skowhegan to North Anson, in eight minutes short of three hours.

SUSPICIONS OF FOUL PLAY are entertained by those who know the facts, in regard to the dead body of a man recently found at one of the chain of ponds in Somerset County. The Anson Advocate says it was not the body of the Frenchman Murrow, he having turned up alive and well.

THE CHOLERA has appeared in England, and is on the increase in France. Sanitary precautions are urged upon the people of this country, in anticipation of the speedy visit of this dreaded scourge.

Mr. George Francis Train apologized to the Fenian Congress at Philadelphia, on Wednesday, for "the misfortune of having been born in Massachusetts."

We feel very confident that Massachusetts regrets the fact more than Mr. Train.

OUR MINISTER TO ENGLAND has made a pretty urgent demand for indemnity for damage done to our commerce by rebel cruisers fitted out in British ports, and has received a very square refusal from Earl Russell, not only for indemnity but even to submit the matter to arbitration. While refusing to allow a foreign State to pass upon the matter, the English government will consent to the appointment of a commission to adjudicate the various claims of both parties during the late civil war, which the two governments shall agree to refer to the commissioners. Serious trouble may yet grow out of the affair.

TO THE POINT.—The Richmond "New Nation" very properly asks, "With what show of consistency can the clergy and religionists of the South parade themselves before the public, begging for money to send the Bible and missionaries to heathen lands, when they at the same time are throwing all opposition in the way of educating, elevating, and ameliorating the colored people at their very doors?"

No more deserters from the draft will be arrested, and all those in custody will be discharged.

Very dangerous counterfeits of the national currency are in circulation, principally of the larger denominations.

THANKSGIVING. Gov. Cony has appointed Thursday, the twenty-third day of November next, as Thanksgiving Day in this State.

GRAND DIVISION S. OF T.—The attendance at Rockland was very fair. H. K. Morrill, the Grand Scribe, reported the present number of Divisions to be eighty-eight; numbers initiated during the past year, 2,289; present membership numbers over 5,000; and fourteen new Divisions have been chartered. The following officers for the ensuing year were chosen:—

G. W. P. Z. Pope Vose, of Rockland; G. W. A. Rev. D. P. Thompson, of Winslow; G. W. S. H. K. Morrill, of Gardiner; G. W. T. J. S. Kimball, of Bangor; G. W. Chap. Rev. E. S. Small, of Winterport; G. W. Con. Daniel Patten, of West Hampden. The proposition made three months ago, to hold two sessions per year, received a decided negative.

The proposition for raising the dues from Subordinate Divisions to ten cents per capita, came up and elicited a very animated discussion, and was finally carried by a two-thirds vote by Divisions.

The meetings of the Grand Division for the ensuing year were located as follows:—January session, Bath; April, Saco; July, Carmel; October, Richmond.

The trial of Wirz has finally concluded, and although there is no doubt that he has been found guilty and will be sentenced to be hung, the President has not yet been approved of the doings of the court.

"A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY."—THE GREATEST LITERARY HOAX OF THE AGE.—Who does not remember the thrilling story with the above caption? It went the round of the Journals, and was finally issued in a cheap edition and sold marvelously. It now turns out to have been a pure fiction of the writer—that no "Philip Nolan" ever lived and was cursed to banishment. The writer, confesses to it all, but says that some phases of Aaron Burr's trial and pilgrimage had something to do with the plan of the story. Thus is exposed another of those literary hoaxes that have taken the public by storm, the interest of which is now turned into a species of vexation and disgust. [Exchange.]

SHO! Deu tell! The next thing will be for some wiseacre to make the discovery that Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress is not a veritable history, but simply an allegorical representation. We did not suppose that any one connected with the press was deceived as to the nature of the article in the Atlantic.

HORSE THIEVES.—It is proposed by numerous persons interested, to hold a meeting on Wednesday evening, at the office of R. Foster, Esq., for the purpose of forming an association for mutual protection against horse thieves, burglars, and robbers generally. In other places, where such societies have existed, they have proved highly effective in giving security to property. All who have need of the safety protection will do well to attend—precisely at 7 o'clock.

The two kings that rule in America. Joking and sowing. Vive la Republique!

OUR TABLE.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The following is a list of the articles in the November number of this stirring monthly, with the names of the contributors:—Why the Putnam Castle was Destroyed, by Robert Dale Owen; The Rhyme of the Master's Mate; The Visible and Invisible in Libraries, by Mrs. R. C. Watson; Letter to a Young Housekeeper, by C. P. Hawes; The Peace Antium, by J. G. Whittier; Dr. John, X., by Donald G. Mitchell; Rodolph Topfer, by H. M. Fletcher; The Chimney-corner, X., by Mrs. H. R. Stowe; Jeremy Bentham, by John Neal; A Farewell to Agassiz, by O. W. Holmes; The Forge; The Progress of the Electric Telegraph, by George B. Prescott; The field of Gettysburg, by J. T. Frowbridge; Alexander Hamilton, by C. G. Hazewell; Reviews and Literary Notices.

The next number will contain the opening chapters of a new novel by Charles Reade, entitled "Jealousy." Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$4.00 per annum, with liberal discount to clubs.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—The illustrated articles in the November number, the last of a volume, are—Ascent of Popocatepetl, The Walker River Country, How to Redeem Woman's Profession from Dishonor, There are many other excellent articles, in prose and verse, including continuations of "Armadale," by Wilkie Collins, and "Our Mutual Friend," by Dickens, and "Recollections of General Rousseau." A new volume of this popular magazine will commence with the next number, and ample arrangements have been made with authors and artists to sustain its well earned reputation. Published by Harper Brothers, New York, at \$4 per annum, and sold by periodical dealers everywhere.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE for November has three very good embellishments—"Plotting Mischiefs," "A Stitch in Time," and "Play Hour," with patterns and designs, a piece of music, &c. The reading matter is of the usual excellence, and includes a continuation of Miss Townsend's serial, "Whether It Paid," and many other good stories, one of which will be found on our first page.

We are pleased to learn that the circulation of this magazine is greater than ever before, and the enterprising publishers, speaking of the future, say—"We shall bring into its pages a still more vigorous literary life—a higher excellence—a broader spirit, and a more earnest advocacy of all things pure and noble. The terms will remain the same, but from eight to sixteen pages of reading will be added, and the quality of the paper improved, so as to place our magazine in all respects among the leading periodicals of the day."

Published by T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia, at \$2.50 per annum, with liberal discount to clubs.

HOURS AT HOME.—The November number, the first of a new volume, is filled, like its predecessors, with able and eminently readable articles on a variety of subjects—offering palatable mental nutriment, but not content to humor and perpetuate sickly and diseased opinions. Of the contents we may mention English Criticisms, by Mrs. Anna M. Wells; The Cruise of the Leopard, H., by Oliver Optic; The Boy of Chickamauga, by Edmund Kirk; Farming for Boys, IX., by the author of "Ten Acres Enough;" Sir Walter Scott and his Dogs, by Harriet Beecher Stowe; Sunday Afternoon, by Carl Hagen; "Winning His Way," IX., by Carleton; Round the Evening Lamp.

We regard it as a gratifying indication of an improving taste in the reading public that this new and excellent monthly is rapidly winning popular favor.

Published by Charles Scribner & Co., New York, at \$3 a year, with liberal discount to clubs.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.—"Grandma's Portrait," is the title of a handsome steel engraving in the November number of this magazine, which contains, as usual, a prettily colored double page fashion plate, with numerous patterns and designs of novelties for dress and ornament. Its pages are filled with good stories and other interesting reading.

Published by Deacon & Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2.50 a year.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.—The November number of this charming juvenile has the following table of contents:—Half Hours with Father Brightshoes, IV., by J. T. Frowbridge; Sir Franklin, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; How a Pine Tree did some Good, by Samuel W. Duffield; Disappointment, by Mrs. Anna M. Wells; The Cruise of the Leopard, H., by Oliver Optic; The Boy of Chickamauga, by Edmund Kirk; Farming for Boys, IX., by the author of "Ten Acres Enough;" Sir Walter Scott and his Dogs, by Harriet Beecher Stowe; Sunday Afternoon, by Carl Hagen; "Winning His Way," IX., by Carleton; Round the Evening Lamp.

Enumerating the contents, however, gives but a faint idea of the merits of this delightful work; but ask the next boy you see with a number, reading as he goes along the street, for he cannot wait until he arrives at home, and he will tell you, in language more expressive than elegant, that "it is really!" The publishers will endeavor to make the next volume still more attractive. A portrait of Mrs. Stowe will be given in the January number.

PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.—The embellishments in the November number are—"Protection," a steel engraving; "The Ride in the Park," a wood cut; a colored fashion plate; a Smoking Cap, pattern in colors; and a host of other patterns and designs. The music of the number is the Spanish Fandango, arranged for the guitar. The story readers are well provided for, as usual, while the minor departments, which some regard as most important, are well filled.

Peterson announces that several new and attractive features will be introduced in the next volume, including double-sized colored steel fashion plates, while increased interest will be given to the story department. There is no cheaper magazine of its class than Peterson's.

Published by Chas. J. Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year, with still more favorable terms to clubs.

YOUTH'S CASSETTE AND PLAYS.—The October number, which, if not to be amiss to mention, begins a new volume and furnishes a good opportunity to commence subscriptions, is full of nice stories and other good reading for the little folks, including an amusing school dialogue, with numerous spirit embellishments. Twelve numbers like this are worth much more than their subscription price to any family of children.

Published by William Gould & Co., 33 School St., Boston, at \$1.25 per annum.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received the following pieces of new music from Oliver Dison & Co., the well known Boston publishers:—"Constellation March," composed by A. E. Pillsbury; "Autumn Leaves Polka Redova," by Albert H. Fernald; "The Dot where the Old Folk Died," Song and chor., Words and Music by M. B. Leavitt; "My mother did so before me," Song, by Bernard Covert.

"The Chelsea War Widow," Poetry by St. John—sung with great applause by Charles Fettingill, of the Morris, Fell & Trowbridge Opera House.

The above will be found with all music dealers, or they may be obtained of the dealers direct. A great deal of music is now sent by mail, the postage being but a trifle.

CATTLE MARKETS.

The number of cattle and sheep at market this week is about the same as last week, and although the reporter says he cannot raise his figures, yet trade was very brisk, everything was cleaned out, and the market favored the drover. Extra Western beef sold for 14 1/2 and 15c; first quality, 12 and 13c; and second quality, or good fair beef, at 11 and 12c.

Messrs. Daniel and G. Wells had 214 cattle from Maine, which were of better quality than the average of New England cattle of late. Some of their oxen and some of their young cattle were well fattened. They sold 83 oxen to H. W. Jordan, live weight 1384 lbs for 13 cts., 87 sks 8 cts at 12 and 11 1/2 cts per lb.; 8 steers at 10 1/2 cts.; beef cows at 10 cts.

D. and G. Wells sold a large number of workers at from \$125 to \$260; yearlings at \$20; two-year-olds \$30 to \$45 each.

Old sheep sold at 6 and 7 1/2 cts per lb.; sheep and lambs, in lots, at from \$3 to \$5 per head.

SPLENDID CORN, of a very large eight rowed kind—that sample presented us by Mr. Henry Haywood, of Winslow. It is well adapted to his fine intervalle land—when the season is right.

This climate has no blossoms embued with a scent as exquisite as that exhaled by Phalon's "Night Blooming Cereus." In the tropical valleys of the Andes grow the flowers from which it derives its name, and the fragrance which they pour out upon the moonlight air dwells unimpaired in every drop of this rare extract. Sold everywhere.

TIONIC DIVISION S. OF T.—The following is a list of the officers for the present quarter:—

C. A. Chalmers, W. P. F. W. Bakeman, W. A. C. F. Clay, R. S. J. U. Woods, A. R. S. F. S. Chase, T. E. R. Drummond, F. S. Frank Magwire, Chap. Joshua Nye, C. N. P. Downer, A. C. Melvin H. Dunbar, I. S. Mrs. R. I. Lewis, I. O. Celia Scribner, Carrie Emery, } L. O. Ellen Boothby, }

A few weeks ago a gentleman in Petersburg, employed for the purpose by the military authorities, canvassed the city to ascertain the number of houses struck by Federal shells during the recent siege. His investigations developed the fact that there were over eight hundred houses struck by whole shells, beside a large number of others which received rude touches from fragments.

THE FIRE IN BELFAST.—The Belfast Age gives the particulars of the fire in that place about a week since, from which we gather the following items. The fire laid one third of the most densely part of the town in ruins, destroying many of the best blocks and stores, and a vast number of dwelling houses. The number of buildings consumed was one hundred and thirty. The burnt district covers a territory of half a mile in length by thirty or forty rods in width, and comprising about twenty acres. The whole territory was swept clear. It comprised nearly all the older portion of the town. The total amount of losses will not fall short of \$200,000, about forty per cent of which is insured.

The Age says that the wide spread destruction caused by the fire was almost if not entirely due to the neglect to provide suitable fire apparatus. There were two fire engines—one entirely out of repair, and the other in tolerable repair, but old and inefficient. The hose also was poor and gave out when most required. It there had been two good hand-engines the fire might have been checked at an early stage. The reservoirs also were generally empty, and the fire commenced at the time of low tide. An engine from Scarsport did good service.

"The Editor of the Canfield, Ohio Herald, says:—

"WHEATON'S ITCH OINTMENT.—It has been said that to 'get the itch' is no disgrace, but it is disgraceful to keep it." No one need have the itch 48 hours if they will use Wheaton's Ointment, for it is a sure cure! We saw it tried on the persons of several children and adults a few weeks since, and the itching at once ceased, and in two days not an eruption was visible. It is effectual in removing blotches, pimples, and especially old sores. We used the Ointment on one of our own children, and the effect was magical. The itch, which has been so prevalent about here, has not yielded to the usual remedies for this complaint, and we are glad that a remedy has been discovered that is so effectual and yet so cheap. Read the advertisement."

In the Atlantic Monthly for January next will be begun the publication of "Passages from Hawthorne's Diary." Hawthorne left several volumes of the every-day record of his life in the Atlantic Monthly for January next will be begun the publication of "Passages from Hawthorne's Diary." Hawthorne left several volumes of the every-day record of his life beginning with his college days; and the publication of passages from these volumes must introduce readers to a more intimate acquaintance with the remarkable writer than most of his friends enjoyed while he was living.

Our country has at last been got rid of two noted guerrillas in the manner many others should go, by hanging. Champ Ferguson was executed at Nashville, Tenn., and Capt. Magruder at Louisville, Kan., on the 20th inst.

LOOK OUT FOR BREAKERS.—There was no time during the war when the spirit of speculation was more rife than at the present. Men, eager to amass fortunes at once, are rushing into the whirl of financial excitement, determined to become rich at a single turn of the wheel of fortune or be ruined. The consequences to the people are disastrous. War prices are again down upon us with a vengeance, and upon almost every article we buy we have to pay tribute to the speculators. Every thing is advancing. Our government taxes, including national, State and municipal, enormous as they are, do not compare for a single moment with the taxes the people are paying to the speculators who are treating a monopoly in almost every commodity in the market. Take the single article of lard, there is no security in the market, and yet the price of the same never was so high. The New York gamblers to-day are boasting that they will bring it up to fifty cents per pound before spring.

Say what we will, the great business law of demand and supply does not control trade at the present time. The people are paying tribute to the inordinate avarice of capitalists, to the tune of hundreds of millions. But this state of things cannot last always. There will be a limit to the wild furies of the speculators. If we are to have no wholesome checks upon an inflated currency, then it will in the end explode itself, and engulf the whole financial world in ruin. If it is curtailed then a reaction will follow, and many who are now basking in the sunshine of extravagance and living upon borrowed capital, will be blown sky-high before the fury of the tempest. In either event the blow will come. It is therefore the part of wisdom to prepare for it.

The President, during an interview with a number of citizens of South Carolina and Florida, on the subject of the Islands, expressed himself opposed to any system of colonizing the freedmen, believing the contact with whites will increase their intelligence and ameliorate their condition in all respects.

HOUSEHOLD FRIENDS.—Coe's Cough Balsam and Coughs Cures—they should always be in the house ready for immediate use; they are the most reliable remedies known. The one always handy and speedy in cases of sudden attacks of croup among the children, or for curing the most stubborn coughs and colds, is excellent for sore throat and lung difficulties, the other—Coe's Dyspepsia Cure—is certain to cure dyspepsia, no matter of how long standing, indigestion, and all diseases that originate in a disordered state of the stomach and bowels.

The New Bedford Mercury says that as a gentleman, now a distinguished merchant of Boston, but formerly a resident of Nantucket, was one day engaged in planting potatoes on his farm in that town, a dry old fellow stopped to watch the operation. The merchant, more enthusiastic than skillful in his farming, was dropping five seed potatoes in each hill. Ah! planting potatoes, squire," said Uncle Jerry. "Yes," replied the merchant, "and if the rot does not take them I expect to have a good crop. What time do you think it best to dig potatoes, Uncle Jerry?" The old fellow looked into a hill, and replied, "Dig 'em now; you'll never get a bigger crop."

A wide awake minister, who found his congregation going to sleep on Sunday before he had fairly commenced, suddenly stopped and exclaimed: "Brethren, this isn't fair; it isn't giving a man half a chance. Wait till I get along a piece, and then if I ain't worth listening to, go to sleep; give a man a chance."

A Providence paper referring to the outlandish and utterly abominable words constantly coined by telegraph operators says, "The Associated Press pours a stream of cold poison into the English language every morning." We hear of buildings being "burglarized," and of steamers "colliding," and oil wells "conflagrating," and the other day we were told an actress had "debuted" with success! There ought to be a law against such atrocities.

Henry Ward Beecher condensed volumes into a few lines when he recently said in Philadelphia: "There must not be one court for white men and another court for black men. If you are to classify it cannot stop here. Now it is color, but by and by there will be a classification on account of condition, and there will be laws for the rich man and laws for the poor man. I appeal to every man if he can dodge this principle, or get rid of it."

Mankind may be divided into three classes: 1. Those who learn from the experience of others—they are happy men. 2. Those who learn from their own experience—they are wise men. 3. And lastly, those who learn neither from their own nor other people's experience—they are fools.

A "CRACKING" BRIDGE.—An observing man, who was recently travelling in the cars, noticed a gentleman and lady seated in close juxtaposition, and, judging from their conduct, imagined that they were exceedingly intimate. In front of the comfortable pair sat two Germans. When near a certain town the train passed through a long dark bridge. Amid the thundering and rattling of the cars could be heard a noise that sounded for all the world like the concussion of lips. As we emerged into daylight, one of the Germans slowly drew his spectacles down over his nose, and exclaimed,— "Vall, I think dat ish tam bad bridge. I hears him crack one, two, three, four times."

The lady drew down her veil, and for the remainder of the trip looked mute and quiet.

Gen. Howard received a letter from Joe Davis, brother of Jeff. D., in which he not only impatiently demands the restoration of his own property, but that of his brother Jeff, which for two years past, has been cultivated by a colony of freedmen. The modest rebel even declines to debate himself by taking the oath.

A Swiss paper draws an unflattering picture of Werz before he quitted Zurich for America, and says he was imprisoned for forgery and embezzlement, and was divorced from his wife.

A fire in Charleston, S. C., on the 11th inst., destroyed several mercantile and manufacturing establishments and the Courier newspaper office, causing loss to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars. Fifteen or twenty persons were killed by falling walls and as many injured.

The Dry House connected with the Door, Sash and Blind Manufactory of B. T. Foster in Clinton, took fire on Wednesday last week, and was partially destroyed. Loss \$200.

Advices from the Freedmen's Bureau in Texas show that only ten negroes are subsisted in that State by the government.

Governor Johnson of Ga. writes to the President that he desires the United States military forces in that State to be retained while the State is being organized. He wants the troops to preserve order.

The North Carolina Convention passed an ordinance to prevent any future legislature assuming or paying any debt created directly or indirectly for the prosecution of the rebellion; the convention adjourned to reassemble in May next.

The Atlantic Coast Mail Co.'s steamer Atlanta on the passage from New Orleans to New York sprung a leak on the 14th instant, and on the 15th, when two hundred miles south of Sandy Hook, went to pieces. The passengers and crew numbered fifty-two persons, and of these but five are known to have escaped.

Montgomery Blair, in his New York speech, said: "I am a democrat of the Jefferson-Jackson type, a republican of the Lincoln Johnson stamp." He evidently thinks himself several gentlemen rolled into one; and is as much confused as the old fellow, who in 1828, hurrah'd for Gen. John Quincy-Jackson, by George. [New Bedford Mercury.]

THE HIGH PRICE OF PAPER.—Those papers whose proprietors were the first to reduce their subscription prices, have sadly come to grief. News paper has risen almost one hundred per cent, since the first of August, and is now nearly as high as it was at any time last year, and the tendency is still onward and upward. There is little prospect of relief until spring. Paper labor, and all the materials which go to make a newspaper, are so high, that no proprietor can afford to publish a paper for less than double the price received before the war. Still, people complain because prices are not reduced, never thinking that the matter is entirely beyond the control of publishers.

