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Maxham & Wing

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WHICH?

"Which shall it be? which shall it be?" I looked at John—John looked at me. (Dear, patient John, who loves me yet, As well as though my looks were jet.) And when I found that I must speak, My voice seemed strangely low and weak; "Tell me again what Robert said?" And then I listened bent my head. "This is his letter:

"I will give A house and land while you shall live, If, in return, from out your seven Or child to me for aye is given." I looked at John's old garments worn, I thought of all that John had borne Of poverty and work and care, Which I thought willing could not spare, I thought of seven months to feed, Of seven little children's need, And then of this.

"Come, John," said I, "We'll choose among them as they lie Asleep; so walking hand in hand, Dear John and I surveyed our band. First to the cradle lightly stepped Where Lillian the baby slept, A glory against the pillow white. So the father stooped to lay His rough hand down to loving way, When dream or whisper made her stir, And hushly he said, 'Not her—not her.' We stooped beside the cradle bed And one long ray of lamplight shed Allward the boyish faces there In sleep so pitiful and fair; I saw on Jamie's rough red cheek A tear unshed, Ere John could speak, 'He's but a baby too to sell.' And kissed him as we hurried by, Pale, patient Robbie's gentle face Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace, 'No, for a thousand crowns, not him,' He whispered while our eyes were dim, 'Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son, Turbulent, reckless, idle once, Could he be spared?' 'Nay he who gave Did us befriend him to the grave: Only a mother's heart can be Patient enough for such a sale. And so,' said John, 'I would not dare To send him from her bedside prayer.' Then stole we softly up above And knelt by Mary's cot of love, 'Perhaps for her 'twould better be,' I said to John. Quite silently He lifted up a curl that lay Across her cheek in willow wave, And shook his head. 'Nay, love not thee.' The while my heart beat audibly. Only one more, our eldest lad, 'Trusty and faithful, good and glad— So like his father, 'O, John, no! I cannot, will not let him go. And so we wrote in courteous way We could not drive our son away; And afterwards that lighter seemed, Thinking of that of which we dreamed, Happy in truth that not one of us Had missed from its accustomed place, Thankful to work for all the seven, Trusting the rest to One in Heaven!

A LOVE STORY.

"Now hush, my dear, hush, there's a man! Your mother is a poor creature, but she can take care of her little lad yet, and she will. It will never be she that will sit by and see him thrashed,—not for all the Langtons and all the book-learning in England!"

The speaker sat in her cottage kitchen, in an arm-chair by the fireside, plaiting straw; a feeble, sickly-looking woman, with a querulous face. She had fretted herself into ill health two years ago when her husband died, John Morton, the Brent fisherman, who had lost his life one wild coming home round the headland with his laden boat; and she was never likely, with her indolent and repining nature, to be anything but an invalid now for the rest of her days.

On a stool at her feet sat the boy whose unmerited whipping she bewailed,—a small child, disfigured by abundant weeping. The room had also one other occupant, a dark-eyed girl of nineteen or twenty, who sat in the window, sewing.

She sat sewing, but she let her work drop down upon her knees as Mrs. Morton spoke, and raised a face that was full of a strange kind of pain.

"Mother," she said, in a low intense tone, "I could not help it." "You didn't try to help it," Mrs. Morton retorted, quickly. "You wouldn't care if Langton broke every bone in his body,—as he nearly has done,—bad luck to his ugly face," she cried, bitterly.

"Mother, hush!"

As Mrs. Morton spoke those last words the girl's eyes had flashed, and her fingers had contracted almost convulsively.

And yet few others—men or women—in the parish would have been much concerned at a far greater amount of vituperation passed upon Philip Langton; few who had had any dealings with him would have been disposed to stand up very warmly in his defence. He was not a popular man in Brent.

He had come to the place a year ago to be master of the village school,—the rector's school, as it was called. High testimonials had procured him the appointment, nor indeed were his abilities ever questioned; they were all that could be desired, and more than were needed for the post. He was found, however, to be violent-tempered, haughty, reserved, independent, and he soon got an ill name alike with rector and scholars.

He had been born and brought up as a gentleman. His father and mother had died when he was a child; at eighteen he had quarrelled with the uncle under whose guardianship he had been brought up, and utterly without resources of his own had left his house, and from that time to this his life had been a restless battle and struggle. He was clever, ambitious, determined,—and friendless. In twelve years, spite of his talents, he had risen to no higher post than this humble one of village school-master.

In the same school at Brent, three months after the arrival of Mr. Langton, Margaret Morton had been appointed mistress. She was young to hold such a post, but since her father's death the support both of her mother and brother had fallen upon her; and this circumstance, when the place became vacant last winter, had given her, in the estimation of the kind-hearted rector, a strong claim to the appointment. She had beside been mistress in the school for some years; she was a good girl, too, and clever; the rector liked her, and before she had occupied her new post for a month it became clear that the whole school was of one feeling with him.

"I say she was clever. In a very short time Philip Langton discovered that. Presently, moved, I suppose, by some feeling of kindness, he offered, if she cared for it, to help her to advance her studies. Perhaps she too had some ambition, some desire to be at a future time more than a village school-teacher. Be that as it may she accepted his offer, and she had now been his pupil for six months. He had found her quick, earnest, and trusting; repaying that trust, he had made himself to her patient, unwearying, and gentle. Master and pupil suited each other.

It was evening, seven o'clock on a June day. The school had been cleared of its throng of children; books and slates were put away into their places; the brick floor was clean swept. At the girls' room the door was locked, but the boys' room was still open, and alone at the master's desk stood Mr. Langton, a thin, slight man, with a dark, resolute face, by no means prepossessing or handsome.

He used to give Margaret her lesson usually about this hour, and he was waiting for her

now. To-day, however, he had to wait a quarter of an hour or more before she came. When she did come at last, he was writing, and only raised his head for a moment as he heard her step.

"You are late," was all he said. "Yes; I was detained a little while at home." She had brought out her books and arranged them before he moved from his desk. Coming at length in silence, he drew a seat beside her, and took the open book out of her hands.

"What have you prepared?"

"Those two pages."

He began to question her upon them, forthwith. She could usually answer what he asked her, readily; to-day, however, her thoughts were evidently wandering. He tried more than once to fix her attention, but still, in spite of that, the lesson was ill said.

He put down the book at last.

"You are not well to-day?" he asked.

"O yes, I am well," she said, quickly.

"What are you thinking, then? Not of your lesson?"

"No," She hesitated a moment.

"Tell me."

"I wanted to speak to you, Mr. Langton," she said, suddenly. "You were very angry with my brother this morning."

"Well?"

"You hurt him very much."

"I meant to hurt him."

"He is very young."

"Young or old, he did wrong."

There was a pause. Mr. Langton sat forward, leading his dark face on his hand.

"Well?" he said again.

Her eyes had fallen. When he questioned her, they looked back to his face; she began to speak again, and gradually as she spoke her cheek flushed hot and bright.

"Could you not be a little gentler with them, a little less angry with them when they do wrong? I know that they must be punished; I know that Tom deserved to be punished to-day; but—if you could be a little gentler! When you are angry every one misunderstands you. O, Mr. Langton!" she cried, "you do not know half of what is said against you!"

The tears had sprung up into her eyes; her earnest distress had filled her face with a look almost of passion.

"I cannot attend to all the fools' tongues in Brent," was his scornful answer. "Stand you by me, and they may talk as they please."

"But could you not bear a little with them?" she pleaded, timidly. "Mr. Langton, you must not think they can do you no harm. They can harm you; they send every complaint they have against you to the rector. They are saying already,—the poor girl's voice almost broke down,—they are saying already that you will not be much longer here."

"Ay? are they saying that?" and he laughed.

She gave him one sad look, and then dropped her head, and spoke no more. Her clasped hands lay on her lap; presently as she sat, large tears fell down and wet them. She never moved; he also sat motionless. She thought he did not know she was weeping, but she was wrong there; he was conscious of every tear she shed.

Quietly watching her, he let the silence last for several minutes; then bending to her at last, he said these words:—

"If it comes to that,—if I am not to be here much longer,—Margaret, will you let me leave Brent as poor as when I came?"

She started as he spoke, but she neither replied to him nor raised her head. He did not withdraw his look from her; after a few moments he spoke again.

"I have loved no woman before. You are my first love, Margaret. Will you be my wife?"

She answered him then.

"What am I that you should ask me this?" she said, in an agitated voice. "I am nothing but a poor, ignorant girl. O no—no—no!" she cried. "Your wife must not be one like me!"

"Margaret," he said.

She had not looked up till then, but at that call, as if his passionate tenderness compelled her, she raised her face. What need was there to speak again? By her two hands he drew her near to him, and took her in his arms.

II.

THEY told no one of their engagement, for they knew the outcry that would on all hands follow its discovery, and no one suspected it. For three months they were both infinitely happy.

Even in the school during these months there was improvement. Margaret's power over Mr. Langton was very great; one word or look from her, one touch of her hand, could subdue him in his angriest and haughtiest mood; and, rendered pliable by his love for her, he strove, and often strove successfully, to bend his pride, and curb his temper. Thus for a time, all things went wonderfully well. But this hollow kind of peace was not a thing to last. Margaret could not be always by his side, or in his sight; and one day at length, in an unlucky hour, suddenly, without warning, the three months' tranquility expired.

Mr. Langton quarrelled with the rector. The rector was really wrong in the ground of quarrel, and Philip right; but Philip, in his indignation, forgot all deference due to him as his employer, stood up before him as equal to equal, and the end of that day's business was, that when the schoolhouse was closed in the afternoon, the key of it went into the rector's pocket.

He had written the sentence of their separation. Margaret knew that, but she did not reproach him. They met together that evening for the last time, at the foot of a cliff beside the sea, which had witnessed many a meeting of theirs before, with the calm wide water stretching from their feet.

"It must have come sooner or later," he said. "Do not grieve so for it, my darling. I was wasting time here. My going now will only bring me back to you the sooner."

She looked up wistfully in his face.

"The future is all so dark," she cried; "we cannot see into it. I feel as if I was holding the last link of a golden chain; and to-night—to-night before I sleep—it will have fallen upon me."

"No; it will not have fallen!" he answered, cheerfully. "Your hand grasping one end, mine holding fast the other, it will remain

stretched out between us until the hour that I come back. Margaret, I will work for you; I will struggle for you; I will rise for you. And you," he cried, "wait for me! for no power, but the power of God taking my life, shall keep me from coming back."

"I will wait," she said. "I will wait years and years. If you die before I ever see you again I will wait for you till we meet in heaven."

III.

SHE did wrong to keep their engagement from her mother. Poor Margaret knew that, and was troubled by the knowledge; but she had not courage to awaken the storm of abuse which she knew would fall upon her head should she divulge it, so she let time pass on, and told her mother nothing. She kept her secret for two years, hearing from her lover occasionally, but not often, and living on her silent trust in him.

After these two years were ended, one day, a bright summer afternoon, Mrs. Morton stood at her cottage door, shading her eyes from the strong sunlight as she looked eagerly towards the school-house, whence the school-children were coming pouring out and swarming down the road, and whence presently, with a step slower than theirs, came Margaret. Mrs. Morton's tongue was loosed as she drew near.

"O, dear me! what a time that school does keep you!" she ejaculated. "Such a state I've been in all day; my poor head's just worn out with thinking. Margaret, you never will guess as long as you live, but what do you think the postman brought me here this morning?"

"What, mother?" As she spoke Margaret's whole face flushed.

"O, you may well ask what. I tell you you'll never guess. Why, he brought a letter from your Uncle Tom, in America,—who might have been dead and buried, for anything I've known, these five years,—and he's sent us money to go out to him. Yes,—he says we're to go out to him, every one of us, and he'll keep us as long as we live. Why, Margaret!" Mrs. Morton cried. "Margaret! God bless the girl, are you going to faint?"

"Mother, come in. Mother, come in and shut the door."

White and trembling, Margaret passed into the kitchen. She let her mother join her there, and grasping her hands tight within her own, she began to speak hurriedly, in a low, constrained, almost hard tone.

"Mother, I cannot go; I cannot leave England," she said. "If you go you must go alone. No—no—don't look like that at me. I have had news, too, to-day. O, mother!" she cried, all hardness suddenly breaking down as she clasped Mrs. Morton's hands upon her breast, "speak gently to me, look kindly on me. Dear mother! dear mother! I am going to be Philip Langton's wife."

Mrs. Morton stood before her daughter, face to face, and caught her by the arms.

"You are going to be what?" burst from her lips. "Going to be what?" she cried.

"I am going to be his wife." Her answer came almost triumphantly now. "I promised him long before he went. He wrote to me to-day to tell me that he could marry me. And he is coming!" she cried, the light flashing up into her face.

It was the last flash of gladness that lighted that poor face for many a day to come. Margaret had told her secret, and what followed was a storm of tears and passionate reproaches so violent as to exhaust all the small stock of strength that Mrs. Morton had, and force her, before many hours were over, to her bed, where she lay and sobbed and moaned all night, and by morning had worn herself ill enough to make Margaret unable to leave the house. Throughout that whole day, from morning to night, her daughter sat beside her, listening to her reproaches, and her self-bewailings, and her passionate entreaties. For years past, indeed for well-nigh her whole life long, Mrs. Morton had been very well aware that her strength lay in her fretful pertinacity, and her deadness to every other creature's comfort but her own. In former days she had ruled her husband by her querulous selfishness; for years she had ruled her daughter by the same means; selfishness was to her armor of proof, and as she had resorted to it in countless straits before, so she resorted to it now. Margaret had worked for her, and devoted herself to her, and humored her, and Mrs. Morton felt that it would be hard now to do without this filial care; and feeling this, whatever a generous and noble nature could least bear to have itself accused of, these things did the mother launch at her daughter's head. She hung herself as a dead weight round Margaret's neck, and then, wringing her hands, called every one to witness how Margaret was about to throw her mother off.

For two days Margaret bore this persecution almost in silence, sitting hour after hour by her mother's side, with her poor heart growing cold and faint within her. What should she do? They were all against her,—mother, brother, friends; she had no one to take her part, no one,—not a single one,—to utter Philip Langton's name except with abuses or reproach. What should she do? Hour after hour for those two weary days the poor girl's desolate passionate question went up to Heaven.

And slowly and relentlessly, as those hours went on, the hope that had been her torch so long faded and died out. She fought for two days, and then the battle ended. When the evening of the second day came she knew that she must give him up.

She must give him up,—her love!—her life! She was sitting when the struggle ended by her mother's side, who, worn out with forty-eight hours of fretting, was lying at last with closed eyes and lips. She had lain so for half an hour, her thin face shrunk, her pale cheeks hollowed with those two days' illness, and for half an hour Margaret had sat and watched her. Sat in the deep silence,—the first moments of peace that had been given her,—and watched her as she lay there, sickly and feeble and lonely, till a conviction rose within her heart that conquered her,—a despairing hopeless conviction,—that she dared not leave her.

She sat when it had come, and rocked herself to and fro, crouching her head, putting out her hands and covering her face, moaning over and over again some low, unintelligible, broken-hearted words. She never changed sound of movement till Mrs. Morton's querulous voice broke on her misery. She only changed them then to raise her white face to her mother, and

strive to utter words which at her first effort choked her and would not come.

And when at last, kneeling by the bedside, with her face pressed upon her outstretched hands, the poor girl uttered them, giving her broken-hearted promise that she would go, for her reward there came this answer:—

"Could you not have said as much at the beginning," Mrs. Morton said, "without doing your best to kill me first? But you are still as you have been all your life,—thinking of no creature in the world except yourself."

IV.

THE promise was given, and from that time onward she was altogether passive. The chief object of every one about her was to hurry her away before Philip Langton could hear that she was going. She knew this, but she never said a word. Living as they did they only needed a few days to make their preparations for departure. The rector promised, without detaining Margaret, to find a substitute for her in the school. By the end of a week they were all in readiness to go.

She sat, on the last night, in her own room alone. Through all the week poor Langton's unanswered letter had lain upon her heart. To-night she wrote to him.

Like one whom sorrow had stunned into insensibility, she told him all that had been done; she told him of the promise she had given, almost without one demonstration of emotion. And only then, when all was said, suddenly at some stray thought—the chance recalling of a few words uttered long before—all the great agony of her heart burst forth.

"Do you remember," she said, "that evening when we parted, how I told you that I felt as if I had hold of the last link of a chain?"

And then—

"What am I to do?" she broke out wildly. "O my God! what am I to do? How am I to live all my life long alone? O Philip, help me! Philip, have mercy on me! write me one word, or I shall die. Oh, if I could have seen you once more,—only once more,—only once more before I go! All day long,—all night, as I lie awake, I think of it. O Philip! write to me,—write to me and forgive me, or my heart will break."

She had been in her new home for a month when the answer to that appeal was brought to her. A hard and cruel answer. This was what it said:—

"I trusted all my happiness to you, and you have wrecked it. For this I give you no forgiveness. From your solemn promise to become my wife—from your solemn promise to wait for me till I should come and claim you,—no power on earth had the right to set you free. You have broken those promises of your own weak choice and will. Had I been by your side you had not dared to do this wrong to me. If you had been faithful I would have loved you as never living man will love you now. I would have cherished you as never man will cherish you. You have chosen your own lot apart from me. And I—"

The letter broke off here. To this last blank desolate line there was added nothing but the passionate bitter cry,— "Margaret! Margaret!"

V.

A PLEASANT room, with windows opening to a terrace, and beyond, a garden sloping to the sea. A summer day in southern latitudes.

"And so, after all these years," cried a lady reclining on a cushioned sofa, "Henry Fitzgibbon has come back again!"

"Ay, he has come at last."

"I am so curious to see him. We must go early, Mr. Travers, and have a talk with him before the other people come. And with regard to the girls, Miss Morton,"—Mrs. Travers raised herself a little, and turned her head,— "as my sister likes you to be early, you had better join us about eight."

At the far end of the room Margaret Morton sat writing, with a cheek that nine years have pale, and a figure that their hand has made more slight. All the rounded comeliness of former days is gone; and yet that calm, refined, strong face is beautiful now with a beauty it never possessed of old. The dark eyes have a deep, tender look in them, sometimes sad, oftener composed and cheerful; for she has wrought her way out of that great anguish of her youth, and it shades her years now only with a silent and subdued sadness, no longer with passionate sorrow and revolt.

Yet the love that caused that bitter suffering has been the leading star,—the refining element of her life. Its influence has led her in everything that she has done,—in everything that she has struggled to become. She has been true to it in her whole heart and being, in spite of Philip's injustice, in spite of her own renunciation.

She has risen to the position of a governess in a merchant's family. Hither and thither her lot has led her, during these nine years, over that wide American continent. She is now in a pleasant southern town on the coast of Florida. She is all alone in the world. The kind uncle who brought her over is dead; the sickly mother dead, too, a year ago; her brother, the only one remaining, is a fortune-seeker in California.

"You will be at my sister's at eight o'clock," Mrs. Travers said; and at eight o'clock Margaret and her two pupils sat in Mrs. Maurice's drawing-room.

She sat before a side-table strewn with books, and whiled the time away in turning them over. There were a few small groups of ladies in the room, making a faint buzz of conversation, but it was not loud enough to interrupt her. For a long while she read undisturbed, until the feeble buzz at last leapt into quicker animation, for the drawing-room door was opened, and new voices sounded, new faces entered, entered and filled the room.

A few feet from where she sat there stood a small empty sofa. Toward this there presently came two persons, and took possession of it,—Mrs. Travers and a gentleman whose face was strange to Margaret. As they sat down it was he who spoke first.

Begin from your own marriage, and tell me everything," he said. "What has become of all my old friends? I can scarcely see or hear of one of them."

"I can give you a score of histories," she answered. "Who shall I begin with?"

And they fell at once into an animated talk together.

It might have lasted perhaps for half an hour, when, after a momentary pause, Margaret heard these words:—

"In the midst of all this," Mrs. Travers' companion said, "how in the world have you contrived to be so little changed? To look at you I can scarcely believe that I have been away; yet the whole morning I have been complaining to Langton that I cannot recognize a single face I see."

She looked up with an involuntary start, but it was only for a moment. She had heard strangers called by that name before. There were more Langtons in the world than hers.

"By the way," Mrs. Travers said, who is this Mr. Langton? Where did you pick him up?"

"Langton? Oh, he is a man with some name in political circles in England. He is just now secretary to Lord —"

"He is not in the room at present, is he? I am so tired,—but I don't see him."

"No; he and Travers got into a discussion together, and we left them to fight it out."

"They turned the talk back to their own affairs. With a low sigh Margaret stooped her face again upon her book. "It is not Philip, it is not Philip," she whispered to herself. Bending her head she shaded her eyes, and for a minute closed their lids, and before their attitude was altered, before her eyes were reopened, there fell upon her ear the long unheard voice.

"How beautiful your open sea here is," it said. "It brings to my mind the only place where I ever lived before by the open sea,—a little village in the South of England."

She looked up and saw him. That vision that nine years had robbed her of; that lover to whose memory her life, with all its struggles, successes, endurance, had been an offering. There, before her, his foot within a pace of where she sat, his dark, familiar face clear in her sight; familiar, and yet low strange, after this absence, this silence, this abnegation of nine years.

A hand was laid kindly on her arm, and on her ear came the tones of another voice:—

"You feel this room very hot," it said. "Do not, Miss Morton? I am sure you are hot, you look so pale and tired. Come away with me, and let us take a little walk upon the terrace."

The outstretched hand drew her from her seat. Oh, this was cruel! Then leapt to her lips one piteous cry, one helpless cry of passionate resistance; and then she rose and went. Away she went, from where her hungry eyes had rested, to the dimly-lighted terrace.

"Now take my arm, we will walk for a little here."

She answered "Yes," but she could not do it. She tried, and walked a dozen steps; then suddenly stood still, and cried,—

"Let me sit down."

She leant against a pillar near her.

"Mrs. Carlton, let me sit down where it is not light! Oh, here, where it is not light," she cried.

"My dear, there is no seat; stand still one moment."

Pausing to ask no questions, Mrs. Carlton hurried to the house. She was absent for a few seconds; then she returned, but not alone. Another arm was laden with the chair that she had gone to find, and another hand set it by Margaret's side.

"Thank you, Mr. Langton. Now, my dear, sit down. You will soon be better in this fresh air."

She sat down as she was bidden; helplessly, without a word. She gave no thanks.

Having come, he stayed. Deliberately and at once he took the place where she had stood, and leant where she had leant against the pillar. He stood with his face partly towards her, with the light upon it.

"We shall never teach this northern snow-draw to bear our southern warmth," Mrs. Carlton said. "Mr. Langton, are all your countrywomen so hard to accustom to new climates? Are they all such fragile creatures as this one?"

He turned his head where Margaret sat, and looked at her. Following that look there came no change upon his face, no token in him of recognition, nothing but this quiet answer,—

"You are used to a warmer coloring here. Our northern snows rob Englishwomen of that."

"And yet England is a good way from the pole. And you are not like a snowdrop, Mr. Langton, at all."

"I am scarcely English; my mother was an Italian."

"Was she? I did not know. And have you lived in Italy? Ah, Mr. Langton!" she cried suddenly, in a quick outburst of her southern enthusiasm, "I tell me about Italy. What parts of it do you know? Do you know Rome and Venice? Ah! tell me about them."

Her request was eager, but he was very slow to do her bidding. Possibly his thoughts were occupied to-night with other things than Italy's falling palaces and walls; yet presently her quick questionings roused him; he warmed and spoke. There, where the light fell on his face, illumined each kindling lineament, he stood and talked to her of the mighty cities of the south.

It was a thing that might have been a dream so strange, unreal: the southern summer night and the softened lights; the scene so unlike all scenes of home, and yet in the midst of it, so calmly, quietly mingling with it, that one home figure, the centre star of Margaret's life. But even he so changed. All calmed, softened, refined; the old dark face, dark and irregular still, but in its whole expression grown so full of harmony and strength; its restive pride composed, its aggressive temper all subdued.

She listened to him as he talked, listening at first with a strange thrilling wonder of delight, then presently with a nameless sickening pain. Oh! she had striven all these years to reach up to his height, and he had left her in the race, as if she had not run.

"And now, after all your European wanderings," Mrs. Carlton said, "you have at last come here."

He answered, "Yes."

"Are you going farther south?"

Waterville Mail.

E. H. MAXHAM, DAN L. H. WING, EDITORS.

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ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS

relating either to the business or editorial departments of the paper, should be addressed to "MAXHAM & WING," or "WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE."

THE CONCERT OF THE Musical Festival, last evening, was emphatically one of the richest musical feasts ever offered to our citizens. And strange it seemed, to those present, that the attendance was so small. We were positively ashamed of the singular lack of musical taste and culture indicated by this indifference. A whole orchestra of the choicest class of musicians, with several distinguished artists from abroad, is received with a degree of carelessness that looks as if intended to make them unwelcome. Where, we inquired, is the musical taste of which our village was in time past so proud? Common civility to visitors would have filled the house; and here is an audience that in numbers might be mistaken for the choir. Our Commencement concerts gather a crowd of strangers; and here is a far richer entertainment which the performers are left to enjoy almost to themselves. We were never more surprised and ashamed than last evening, of this neglect of ordinary civility—to give it no worse name. Something, looking like welcome if not like appreciation, is due from our citizens on occasions like this. It is due to our good name abroad, if not to our self respect.

THIS EVENING there is an opportunity for correcting what may thus be made to pass for an oversight. Another concert, with a programme of marked attraction, will be given at the Congregational church. Commencing with the usual variety of songs, duets, etc., it will close with portions of Haydn's grand oratorio of "The Creation." In this concert either of the following artists, in solo, is worth an evening's attendance:

Mrs. J. A. CROWELL, Soprano, of Bangor.
Mr. O. A. PEARSON, Tenor, of Bangor.
Mr. M. W. WHITNEY, Bass, of Boston.
Mr. E. L. APPLETON, Violin, of Bangor.
Mr. J. D. CONLEY, Violoncello, of Bangor.
Mrs. F. S. DAVENPORT, Piano, of Bangor.

To which, from recollection of last evening, we may add the name of Miss Jackson, whose "Beloved Eye" was recalled with great enthusiasm. As a whole, we can assure our citizens that the entertainment will be one of the best ever offered to their musical taste; and if it does not secure a good audience, it will be somebody's fault.

ADJOURNED.—The regular meeting of Ticonic Division, this evening, is adjourned to Saturday evening, on account of the Concert of the Musical Festival.

NORRIDGEWOCK AND SMITHFIELD will hold their annual Cattle Show and Fair at South Norridgewock on Tuesday, Oct. 8th. As usual, no premiums will be given, but committees are appointed who will award first, second, and third preferences, according to merit. "This is to be a show," says the Secretary, Mr. B. A. Davis, in his announcement, "where people can bring their stock for comparison, and make their odd steers, and which, in fine, will be a holiday for all." Their exhibitions have always brought out a good attendance and been very interesting.

THE GLASS WORKS in Portland were totally destroyed by fire on Tuesday evening. The loss is \$100,000, on which there was an insurance of \$50,000; and 100 workmen are thrown out of employment. The Press, from which we learn the facts, trusts that the works will be immediately rebuilt, for the Company were doing a prosperous business, and their work had a good reputation.

A GENERAL CONVENTION OF Young Men's Christian Associations of Maine is to be held with the Associations of Lewiston and Auburn on Wednesday and Thursday, October 17th and 18th next. Efforts are being made to secure the attendance of Hon. Henry Wilson, Henry J. Durant, Esq., and others.

CHANGE OF TIME.—The steamers of the Portland Steam Packet Company now leave Boston at five o'clock P. M. This is a pleasant and economical route.

THE ELLINGER TROUPE OF MINSTRELS with the little great Com. Foot and his fairy Sister, are in this State, and we hope will visit our village. Everybody who heard them before will be anxious to see and hear them again.

[For the Mail.]
TRUE TO NATURE.

If any one, standing at the Temple street crossing, will cast his eye along Main street, he will discover an elevation at the Boutelle Block, and another at the Williams House, with a depression between them at the Hay Scales—the view somewhat resembling the back of a double-hump camel. This was so formerly, though not so distinct as at the present time. We have been more than true to nature. In many villages this depression would have been filled at the start, forming a level street; but that would have made the grade a foot or two lower than it is now, lost the carting of many hundred loads of gravel, and destroyed the humps.

True the gravel and humping process has buried the centre of the West side of Main Street and Ticonic Row, and placed the thresholds of many doors on several streets underground. But this may be easily remedied. The buildings can be raised. Let us be true to nature if it becomes necessary to raise every building in town.

It has been thought by some that clearing out the gutters when they become filled up would carry off the water as well as raising the street. But this we do not know. We have never tried it. But we do know that when the street is raised with coarse gravel water will not stand in the highest places, or at least on the rocks contained in it. Besides, the scraping out the ditches would injure the humps and destroy the beautiful inclined plane in front of Ticonic Row.

The humps were raised a short time since, so that the present road commissioners are right in carting a little more gravel into the depression and extending it on to the Boutelle hump. When the other hump is raised, a little more gravel can be put into the depression. The gravel, perhaps, might be taken from the humps and hauled into the depression; but that would form a level, and render the scraping of the ditches necessary, which is not so remunerative as carting gravel.

Gravel and stone crossings have frequently been laid across the humps, but it has always been found necessary to cover them up again in order to keep the humps above the depression. If we would maintain our consistency and continue true to nature, we must always appoint men for road commissioners who own teams and farms. They will continue the humps and the carting of gravel is a pleasant exercise in times of leisure.

CATTLE MARKETS.—Only about half as many cattle and sheep were at market this week, as were reported last week, but there was little or no change in prices. The market was however, a little unsettled, in consequence of the change of day at Cambridge. Of store cattle, Gideon Wells sold 6 two-year-olds to P. P. Perham for \$195, or \$32.50 each; one pair oxen, 6 ft. 8 in., 5-year-old, for \$175; 6 ft. 3 in., 3-year-old, for \$165.

THE ELECTION.—The Kennebec Journal has official returns from 459 towns, which give Chamberlain 57,462, and Pillsbury 45,644; Chamberlain's majority, 11,818. Chamberlain's majority in these same towns last year was 26,756. Thirty-one small towns and plantations remain to be heard from, which gave last year, Chamberlain 576; Pillsbury 628.

The folly of carrying loaded pistols about the person—for which, indeed, there would seem to be no excuse in this quiet and civil part of the country—has just been demonstrated at Augusta. A Mr. Plummer, of Whitefield, went there with his son and nephew, who were to attend the Commercial College. While the boys were jumping from the wagon, a pistol in the pocket of one of them hit against the wheel, discharging it and lodging the ball in the back of Mr. Plummer. The ball was traced to the lungs, but could not be recovered. It is feared the accident may prove fatal.

The letters of Colonel Forney, written from Europe to his paper, the Philadelphia Press, are to be published in a volume. They will be issued soon by T. B. Peterson and brothers, Philadelphia.

THE PENOBSCOT MUSICAL ASSOCIATION will hold its twentieth annual session in Bangor, commencing on Tuesday, Oct. 8th, at 9 o'clock A. M. and continuing in session four days, under the direction of Prof. L. H. Southard, of Boston. A large array of home talent will be in attendance, with many distinguished and favorite singers from Boston, together with the celebrated Mondelesohn Quintette Club. Free return tickets on the railroads will be given to all who attend from abroad.

A basket of fine apples, from the new home of Mr. Kenrick, on Elm Street, reminds us—in addition to our thanks to the donor—that he will be a good substitute for any substitute from the fruit committee at the coming fair. There will be a good show and some very fair tasting. The Apple crop, in Irish phrase, is small but large; and pears, plums, grapes, and other nice things, will no doubt fill at least their usual space on the tables.

Thirteen inches, good measure, makes a long ear of corn. The proof of this can be had in some samples sent us from the farm of Galen Hoxie, of Fairfield.

We are further indebted to Mr. Hoxie for a box of very choice plums. Of the Green Gage, Peach, and Lombard, we prefer the quality of the latter—and certainly it exceeds the others in beauty. Mr. H. said nothing of their relative productiveness. His success in raising plums renders him a good counsellor to those who would enjoy this luxury.

STOCK SHEEP.—Those in want of choice stock sheep would do well to read the advertisement with this heading in another column.

OUR TABLE.

THE DIAMOND DICKENS.—The probability that Dickens will shortly come to this country to give readings from his works makes it desirable for all who hope to hear and thoroughly appreciate him, to be acquainted with his wonderful writings. The Diamond Edition renders this desirable for all. The cost of each volume of the beautiful Illustrated Diamond Dickens is only \$1.50; plain edition, \$1.25. It can be procured of any bookseller, or will be sent postpaid by the Publishers, Ticknor and Fields, Boston.

Of the last issue of this elegant edition, the *Cleveland Herald* says:—"Little Dorrit."—The eighth volume of the dainty little "Diamond Edition" of Dickens is now out, completing nearly two-thirds of the whole series. The same merits that we have admitted for the former volumes of this edition mark the present volume, namely, compactness, beauty of typography, substantial paper, characteristic illustrations, handiness of size, elegance of appearance and remarkable cheapness. It slips easily into an ordinary coat pocket, taking up but little space, whilst it is handsome enough, inside and out, for the library shelf or the parlor table."

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE for October has a very pretty embellishment, "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," with the usual number of fashion engravings, and a piece of music. Of the reading matter of this excellent family magazine it is enough to say that it is as good as usual, embracing stories by Miss V. F. Townsend and T. S. Arthur, etc.

Published by T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia, at \$2.50 a year.

WE refer to the Card of Mr. Conley, who proposes to give continued attention to the wants of pianists in the way of tuning, repairing, etc. He takes the place of Mr. Hill, and will no doubt give satisfaction. (See his advertisement.)

THE KING OF TOMATOES was brought in to our office a day or two since by Joseph Marston, Esq., of our village. It weighed two pounds and ten and a half ounces, beating the crowd by eight ounces. Mr. Matthews, one of the competitors, was confident he could find one in his garden that would beat the Major, but on looking he found that the hens had been there before him and had eaten it up. We suppose this closes the great Tomato Tournament for 1867, but next year the lists will be reopened, for all who choose to compete for the championship.

IMPROVEMENT.—We are pleased to notice that the old Mathews & Gilman store, next north of the Common, now owned by the Gilman heirs, and at present occupied by C. A. Chalmers & Co., is undergoing renovation and improvement. It is to receive a new front, letting a little more daylight into what is one of the best business stands on the street. One after another these old bastions in our village are invaded by the march of improvement and made to conform somewhat to the fashion of the times, greatly to the profit of their owners.

MR. FERNALD, of the Continental House, gave his parting compliments to a few friends on Monday, in the tangible form of roast turkey and suitable fixings. Mr. F. relinquishes the Continental against the wishes of many friends, who have noticed with pleasure the good order and propriety with which the house has been conducted. Fair travelling patronage, with a good company of boarders, have rewarded his efforts; and wherever he may go, he will carry the endorsement of a community of which he has proved himself a worthy member.

CHARLES W. WINGATE, one of our well known Waterville boys, has just opened an elegant store in Portland for the sale of Watches and Jewelry, and of course his old friends will be eager to call upon him. Read the following notice, which we clip from the *Press*, and examine his card in our advertising columns:—

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.—It is with more than ordinary pleasure that we refer to the card of Mr. Chas. W. Wingate, the successor of Mr. A. Dunyon, the veteran jeweler, at the old stand, corner of Middle and Temple streets. Mr. W. comes to Portland with a splendid reputation in his calling, having been, for a number of years engaged in the manufacture of fine jewelry in New York city, and being also a thoroughly practical jeweler, having served an apprenticeship with his father, Mr. Chas. J. Wingate, well known in the Kennebec towns for a series of years. His store, just completed is one of the most elegant and best appointed in any of New England, and is furnished in the richest and most tasteful manner. The stock which he offers is all new and has never been surpassed in beauty and value in Portland. Mr. Wingate can claim a proper recognition from the people of Portland, for he is a worthy representative of one of our oldest and most honored families. We ask purchasers and the public to visit his fine store and gratify their love of the beautiful and useful by an examination of his magnificent stock, for in all respects it has no superior.

THE BURGLARS, who have lately been operating in Westbrook, Lewiston, Auburn, Augusta, Bath, Bangor, and other places, have just been ferreted out and arrested in Portland. One John White, a native of St. Johns, N. B., but educated in roguery in New York City, is the leader. Finding himself in a corner, he made a clean breast of it, and assisted the officers in reclaiming a large share of the stolen property.

"Warrington" of the Springfield Republican explains the political condition of Maine in a very concise way. "Maine," he says, "is in quite a different condition from California."

"We have got only 20,000 majority, but we can give 20,000 next year if we want to. It does not follow that because Dr. Winslow sees fit to lift only a fifty-six pounder to-day, he cannot lift half a dozen like it tomorrow. What we want to get at is the strength, not the exhibition of it, and a blow which knocks down a man is enough, even if sufficient force to knock down an elephant is not put into it."

PIERCE is daily adding to his list of home virtues—stereoscopic, etc.—all of which are exceedingly well done. Drop in and look at them; it won't cost you anything and cannot fail to give you pleasure.

MINERAL PAINT.—The attention of Farmers and others is invited to the advertisement of the Grafton Mineral Paint Co. in this week's paper.

"GIVING UP THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT."—Under this heading the Portland *Press* administers a severe but well deserved rebuke to the members of the republican party in Pennsylvania and Ohio for their cowardly abandonment of the great principle of universal suffrage; and in the last half of the article certain general truths are enunciated which we hope will have weight in deciding upon the future action of the party in this State in reference to temperance legislation.

"Better suffer defeat than to triumph through a cowardly abandonment of principle. The Republican party cannot afford to win a victory on such terms, for a success attained through wrong is sure to be followed ultimately by overwhelming disaster. Even so brief a history as that of the party has yet been long enough to show that this is true. The Republicans in 1862 were afraid to commit themselves to the advocacy of emancipation, and suffered defeat; but in 1863, having learned that justice pays, they triumphed. In Connecticut last year they allowed a supposed expediency to control their action, and the result was unfavorable enough, it may be hoped, to teach them better."

The Republican party is nothing, if not radical. Those who attempt to adapt the idea of a golden mean, which is true enough in physics, to morals and to politics, blunder stupidly and fatally. There is no wisdom in trying to be half just and half unjust. Most truly has the party thus far been one of great moral ideas—a truth which its enemies have felt most deeply in their hearts, when they have sneered at it most bitterly with their lips. It is possible that the prevailing conservative epidemic may go out with the cholera, yellow fever and the other disagreeable accompaniments of warm weather. If it is to become chronic, the Republican party will have no stronger hold upon the people than any political organization that is actuated solely by a desire to retain place and power. The relinquishment of the purpose of enfranchising the negro would be of all things the most fatal to its future prospects; for it would weaken most seriously the moral force of its cherished plan for the reconstruction of the Southern States. It would stamp with insincerity its protestations of regard for the welfare of the negro. It will compel Congress to hesitate before attempting to force upon Kentucky and Maryland what Ohio and Pennsylvania will not accept.

EXTENSIVE AND DARING BANK ROBBERY.—On Thursday last, a bold and successful robbery of the Bluehill National Bank, in Dorchester, Mass., was effected in broad daylight, to the amount of \$52,774. The following account of the robbery is given by the Cashier of the Bank, Mr. E. J. Bisphan:—

"Just as Mr. B. was preparing to close the bank for the day, the time then being about twelve, three men came into the bank, two of whom passed to the end of the counter, opened the door and went through, standing about eight feet from the cashier. The third man going to the opening in the iron guard, through which money was passed, flung down a \$50 greenback and asked for change. The movement towards the counter being simultaneously given to the men desiring the change. Mr. Bisphan, who was sitting at the time the three entered the bank, rose and stood at the counter behind the opening in the guard. Taking up the \$50 bill to look at it, his attention was directed therefrom by the two men who had passed just within the door in the counter, and to his great astonishment and fear, saw in the hand of each a pistol pointing toward him."

The cashier, a man sixty years old, without the means of defence, felt that he was completely at the mercy of the intruders. Astonished and helpless he knew not what to do, and even had he formed any plan for protection, the two ruffians did not give him time to carry the same into execution. In less time than it has taken to write this paragraph thus far, Mr. B. was struck with the fist of one of the two men who went behind the counter, the blow taking effect just over the left eye. The blow knocked the cashier senseless to the floor, he falling upon his face, with his hands upon the same.

The third man immediately went behind the counter, and while two of the men were gagging, tying the legs at the feet of, and putting handcuffs upon Mr. Bisphan, robbed the vault which was open and the drawer in the counter. This being done, they left in an orderly manner, locking the door after them, passed down the stairs into the street, jumped into their buggy and drove off in the direction of Roxbury."

SECRETARY STANTON.—Senator Wilson, in a letter to the Nation, says of Mr. Stanton:—

"From the day he entered the war office to the close, I have followed him with the best opportunities for observation, and I am sure the nation owes a debt it can never pay to him. As chairman of the military committee I was brought into intimate relations with Mr. Stanton. I saw him under all circumstances—in the hour of victory, in the day of disaster, and in these later times of anxiety and humiliation—and I can truly declare that he was an able, honest and devoted statesman. Often rough in speech and act; sometimes hasty and of necessity unjust, he was yet ever earnest, passionately devoted to the country and to liberty. It has been my fortune to know many public men during the trial through which we have passed, but no one has impressed upon my mind more evidences of being actuated by a sense of duty to the country."

"I know that he remained in office for the past two years to do what he could to save what the country had done. He felt that it was a hard lot to be entrusted by friends, and we often talked the matter over. Some months ago he said to me: 'I will not resign; I will die in this room rather than leave my post of duty. I know I have done some good and prevented much evil, and our friends may see it when I am gone.' He believed it was the duty of a public man, as well as a soldier, to sacrifice himself, if need be, for the country. I honored and loved him for silently bearing the burden of office and reproach. He gave the highest evidence of patriotism and unselfishness in staying in Johnson's cabinet."

Grant knew that Mr. Stanton remained in office for the sake of the country, for he was present, only a few weeks ago, when Mr. Stanton spoke of these matters. They were friends, agreed in policy, and I am confident Grant is acting from the same high motives. If so, he is making a great sacrifice that should win our respect. If he is acting otherwise, he is false to opinions which I know he entertained only a few weeks ago.

Yours truly,
HENRY WALSON.
Natick, Mass., August 21, 1867."

NORTH KENNEBEC AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—Our Show and Fair this year, we have reason to believe, will be a very interesting and successful one, if the weather proves favorable. Let all come up to the work, simply by contributing their dollar for a membership, and bringing their animals, &c. to the exhibition, and the finances of the Society will be put in a condition to yield large premiums hereafter. In urging farmers to attend, perhaps we can not do better than to use the following paragraph from the *Maine Farmer*:—

ATTEND THE FAIRS.—This month inaugurates the farmers' holiday season, which most appropriately takes place at a time when the labors of the year are drawing to a close, and rich harvests reward the work of the husbandman. Nothing is so much in accordance with the pursuit of farming, and the spirit with which it should be engaged in, than this annual crowning of the year by an exhibition of the varied products of the farm and garden, evidences alike of the industry and skill of the farmer and the benignant blessings of Him who has promised "seed time and harvest," to the end of the world. Do not fail, therefore, to attend the fairs held in your county and town, and take along with you to contribute to its interest and success whatever you have produced in the way of animals, fruits, vegetables, and the other industries of the farm. Make the day not a holiday merely, one in which you seek only recreation; but make it a day in which to learn, as an opportunity of like kind occurs but once a year, and as each year brings out something new and useful, be sure to take advantage of these opportunities and add to your own stock of knowledge from the yearly accumulations of your neighbors and friends gathered together on the occasion. They doubtless have learned something you have not found out, and it will be no robbery to appropriate their knowledge for your own benefit.

THE REAL REMEDY FOR STRIKES.—A correspondent of the Hartford (Conn.) *Courier* gives the following account of a co-operative association of pen-knife makers, who are doing a manufacturing business at Northfield, Conn.:—

"Some twenty years ago a number of workmen in the knife factories throughout the State struck for higher wages, feeling sure that their employers received the lion's share of the profits. The demand was not acceded to. Instead of loafing around idle, and combining to prevent others from working, as it is fashionable nowadays to do, these men—mostly English and Scotch—asssembled and talked over the situation, and concluded to go into business for themselves. One of their number reconnoitred, found an old unused mill on a little brook in Northfield, and made a bargain for it—\$5 a month—and the farmer who owned it was to take his pay in pocket-knives. They counted up their capital, and found it to consist in an even five dollars apiece, the fund of those who had only two or three dollars being pieced out by those who were the fortunate possessors of seven or eight. They appointed one of their number president of the company, invested this capital in the machinery required, bought their stock on time, and went earnestly at work. They were generally sober and industrious—those who were otherwise dropping out of their own weight, and giving place to better men. The business succeeded. The capital was largely increased. Dividends were declared. The profits, instead of being absorbed by one, were shared by all. The workmen capitalists gathered their families about them and each built himself a snug white cottage along the road leading to the adjacent hillside. Some of the past officers have proven unworthy or inefficient, and the company has met its share of mishaps, but the general result has been prosperity."

MAINE ELECTION.—The Bangor Whig publishes returns from 390 towns and plantations, embracing over nine-tenths of the vote of the State. In these towns Gov. Chamberlain has 53,711 votes, Mr. Pillsbury 42,163; majority, 11,548. Last year the same towns gave for Chamberlain 63,768; for Pillsbury, 38,569; majority, 25,199. The towns not heard from gave last year for Chamberlain 5,929; for Pillsbury, 3,276. Gov. Chamberlain's majority this year, says the Whig, will not be far from 14,000.

The Whig also publishes returns for the Legislature, embracing 25 Republicans and 3 Democrats in the Senate (no choice of three in York county), and 94 Republicans and 38 Democrats in the House—18 districts not heard from.

We learn from the Bangor Whig that work upon the European and North American Railway bridge at the mouth of the stream is progressing, and we are told by the builders that the bridge will be in a condition for laying the rails by the 1st of October. A draw pier has been erected in the centre of the bridge, 150 feet long, with a passage way of 83 feet width on each side.

THE P. & K. R. R. Co. will put upon their road, in about a fortnight, a new and splendid smoking car, to run with conductor Mitchell's train. It is now receiving the finishing touches at the paint shop of the Co., under the skillful hands of Mr. Joseph Hill, foreman. We learn also, that this Co. are constructing a new freight depot at Skowhegan, 175 feet in length by 48 feet in width.—[Gospel-Banner.]

A correspondent of the *Sunrise* tells a story of a horse belonging to Mr. John Jenson of Fort Fairfield. Said horse had been too sick for several weeks to leave the stable, but one day last week the poor animal left his quarters, staggered to the village, visited his well remembered stopping places, turned around and went home again. His master sat by the upraised window of his house. The old horse put his head in the room, looked at his master, looked at his mistress, looked at the children, looked at the pictures on the walls, looked at everything as if bidding them farewell. He then turned away, walked into the field, and lay down and died.

A writer in the Hartford Post thinks Walt Whitman a good man whatever he may be as a poet. He is described as "a large, wild-looking, bristly man, bearded like a pard, and his face rosy with health; yet he is full of the most tender sympathies, and ever ready to risk his life for others." He went to Washington in 1861, hired a little hall bed-room, prepared his own meals, and became a regular nurse of sick and wounded soldiers in the hospital, giving them his love, his time, and all the money he received from the sale of *Leaves of Grass*. For years he made himself their constant servant, giving them all he could of everything, and they became wonderfully attached to him,

listening for his step and looking for his fresh and kindly face as a mother's. Walt Whitman is a splendid man whatever he may be as a poet; and no one who has ever known him can ridicule him."

A LADY'S OPINION OF A LADY'S MAN.—Mrs. Stephens, in her monthly magazine, gives a certain class of men, the like of whom are seen in every community, the benefit of her opinion, as follows:—

Our own private opinion of the "lady's man" is, that he is thoroughly contemptible—a sort of life hardly worth thinking about—a handful of foam drifting over the wine of life, something not altogether unpleasant to the fancy, but of no earthly use. A woman of sense would as soon be put to sea in a man-of-war made of shingles, or take up her residence in a card house, as dream of attaching herself to a lady killer.

Women worth the name are seldom deceived into thinking a lady's man the choicest specimen of his sex. Whatever their ignorance may be, womanly intuitions must tell them that the men who live for a great object, and whose spirits are so firmly knit that they are able to encounter the storms of life—men whose depths and warmth of feeling resemble the current of some mighty river, and not the bubbles on its surface, who if they love, are never smitten by mere beauty of form and features—that these men are more worthy even of occupying their thoughts in idle moments, than the fops and men about town with whose attentions they amuse themselves. If we were to tell him this he would only laugh; he has so much pride about him, although full of vanity; and it matters not to him, what we broadly affirm or quietly insinuate.

Soft and delicate though he is, he is as impervious to ridicule as a lead carrier, and as regardless of honest contempt as a city alderman. Were you to hand him this article, he would take it to some social party, and read it aloud in the most mellifluous voice as an homage to his own attractions.

COOL.—As General Scott's army was marching triumphantly into the city of Mexico, a procession of monks emerged from the gate of a convent situated on the eminence at the right, and advanced with slow and measured tread, until they met the army at right angles. The guide or leader of the procession was a venerable priest, whose hair was whitened with the frost of many winters. He held in both hands contribution box upon which there was a lighted candle; and when within a few feet of the army the procession halted. As the army proceeded, many a true believer drooped some small coin or other into the good priest's box. Ultimately there came along a tall, gaunt, limber-sided, gander-legged Yankee, who on seeing the poor priest, thrust his hands into his breeches pockets, as if in search for a dime, or something of the kind. The priest observing this movement, advanced, as usual, while Jonathan, holding forth a greasy looking roll of paper, commenced very deliberately to unfold it. The holy man anticipated a liberal donation, and put on an air of the most exquisite satisfaction. Jonathan continued to unroll piece after piece of tri-twisted smoking tobacco. He next thrust his hand into another pocket, and drew forth a clay pipe, which, with the utmost deliberation, he proceeded to fill by pinching off small particles of the tobacco. When this was done, having replaced his tobacco in his breeches pocket, he stooped forward and lighted his pipe by the expectant priest's candle, and making an awful inclination of the head, (intended, perhaps, for a bow,) he said, "Much obliged to ye, squire," and tramped on.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.—The Bath Times mentions a man who said on election day, "I have come forty miles to vote for my bitterest enemy; but I am not voting for him; I am voting for the principles he for the time being is made to represent."

THE LAW OF LIBEL AND THE RIGHTS OF THE PRESS.—In a libel suit brought against Bennett of the N. Y. Herald, Judge Barnard of the Supreme Court of New York decided that to hold that the proprietor of a newspaper can be sued by every one who may imagine he has been damaged by a publication common to a court, would be to prevent its usefulness as a journal. To hold that such an action would be offered and held out a premium for individuals to commence suits for that they might think damaging, but which no one else would. The object of a journal is information; that can only be obtained by publishing such items of fact as may be of general notoriety, or such public proceedings as may have transpired before a body having authority to act.

SWEET CORN.—It is a surprising fact that sweet corn is not abundantly grown among farmers. Every farmer thinks he must raise his five or ten acres of Indian corn every year, in order to have something to fatten his pork and to furnish fodder for his stock.

Now, if every farmer would grow three or five acres of sweet corn, his crop would prove of much more value in proportion to the number of acres, than Indian corn for feeding purposes. Last spring I planted six acres of sweet corn, for the purpose of taking it into the market green. But after the market became "glutted," I concluded to save the balance of my corn and cure it for feed. I cut and fed to my hogs corn (in the stalks) every day, and they would eat stalks and all as clean as they would eat green clover. Through the month of October and until the last of November, I fed husked corn. I can say I never killed so fat pork before. They seemed to be completely filled up with lard. I prefer the sweet corn stalks to anything else in the shape of fodder for stock, and especially for cows giving milk there is nothing equal to it. The stalk, husks, and leaves are much more juicy and sweeter than any other corn fodder. I would recommend those that sow fodder to sow the sweet corn in preference to any other. Be careful to trace up your seed in the fall, and then you will not fail to have good seed when you come to plant or sow.

SOLDIER WIT.—We have read many amusing specimens of soldiers' wit, during the late war; but as good as we have seen was the reply of a Virginia cavalryman to a North Carolina infantryman. It was on the march towards Adirsville, in November, '65, a cold, bright morning, while the troops were lying along the road waiting for obstacles to be removed in front. A fellow came jogging down the line on an old flea-bitten frame of a horse, and as he passed a chap greeted him with—"I say, mister, you are mighty like a brother of mine the hogs eat up."

The cavalryman did not relax a muscle, but gazing "tar heel" straight in the face, replied—"Well, my friend, 'tis a monstrous pity they hadn't finished your family while they war a eatin'!" and moved on amidst shouts of laugh and derision.

