FEARFUL END

For some involuntarily cgase, no correspondence has been received from the senior editor of this column, which appears only occasionally. His letter(s) have come on Tuesday.

THOUGHTS BY THE WAYSIDE

EASTERN WASHINGTON, September 24, 1863.

It is not easy for one to be thoroughly aware of the duties of another, is it? Amusing days in the far "New West." How charmingly it is written, and I am sure it is exactly as written. In the last day's mail I have received a letter from one who for the first time dwells amid its mountain scenery and breathes its inspiring air. How gorgeous the coloring of the leaves here! how sweet the crimson mountain foliage is to be seen, as the sunbeams fall and bright in tumultuous freedom! But the bright rays have ever been a friend to humanity in its highest and finest forms. It is good to be alive, I thought; to be human and appreciate and enjoy the beautiful and magnificent, and the moral faculties to cultivate, and power to utilize them in the best form, the one individual will to be loved and respected, the one individual will love and respect and be interested in the individual and the whole individual, and to work towards the betterment of the race.

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