



7-10-1863

## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 17, No. 01): July 10, 1863

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

Follow this and additional works at: [https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern\\_mail](https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail)



Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 17, No. 01): July 10, 1863" (1863). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 832.

[https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern\\_mail/832](https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail/832)

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.

# MISCELLANY.

## CONQUER THY HEART.

He that ruleth his spirit, is better than he that taketh a city.  
Does thy heart tempt thee away from the plain path of duty?  
Conquer thy heart;  
Think not that life runs not roughly through valleys of beauty?  
Look to thy part;  
Wondering eyes may behold thee lifting on high the ungracious cross,  
Only be true;  
For Christ's glad smile thou canst not easily reckon all things but loss;  
Doubt not, but do.

Is thy heart filled with a gnawing, embittering pride?  
Conquer thy heart;  
Hurl it down, slay it and cast it quickly aside;  
See to thy part;  
Tender and sore though thy hidden heart be with yesterday's bruises,  
God knows it all;  
Hard are the whip-cords and scourges the dear God in wisdom uses,  
Blister the fall.

And should thy heart chafe in madness and foam at its chain,  
Conquer thy heart;  
Firm be thy hand and its fiery fury restrain;  
Act thou thy part;  
Curb thou thy steed, knight of God, with an iron arm and, fearing naught,  
Thy saddle bridle;  
Lift up thine eye as the Prince of himself and his own Ruler ought.  
A Conqueror ride.

(Boston Recorder.)

**SPENDING MONEY.**—Timothy Titcomb has the following judicious hints on the right use of money, in a recent letter:—

There is much that I might say on this subject of spending money as it relates to other people, in different circumstances, but I am addressing you—a good type of 'our successful business men.' You will find that a costly table will give you the gout and your children the dyspepsia.—Therefore live plainly. You will find that luxurious clothing only ministers to the vanity of your children, therefore insist that it be simply good and chaste and tasteful. You will find that your personal necessities are limited, and that, unless you permit your wealth to produce a brood of artificial wants, you can neither expend your money upon your children nor yourself. Have an eye to those around you. The greatest kindness you can show to the poor is to give them employment, and pay them for it well and promptly. No matter if you do not really need their service. If they need your money, make a service for them. Above all things do not give them money, unless calamity overtakes them, or they become unable to labor. I cannot too strongly insist that in all your dealings with society, with the poor and your children, you shall never depreciate in their minds the value of money. Never permit yourself, by your way of spending or bestowing money, to convey the idea that money has cost nothing; for money is sacred. See to the expenditure of your own money, and reap the satisfaction of seeing your generation enjoying the fruits of your benefactions. This waiting until death to give away useless money is the height of folly. The money is yours to spend; spend it, and thus multiply the sources of your satisfaction. Do not wait until you are dead to do a deed from which you have a right to draw pleasure. Make what you can out of your life, and get what satisfaction you can out of your money. There are many chances that it will be wasted or misapplied if you leave it to be administered after you shall have passed away.

**NO PLACE FOR BOYS.** Does it not seem as if in some houses there is actually no place for some boys? We do not mean the little boys—there is always room for them; they are petted and caressed and there is a place for them on papa's knee and at mamma's feet, and, if not in her arms, there are loving words, and many, often too many, indulgences. But the class we speak of now are the school boys, great, noisy, romping fellows, who tread on your dress, and upset your work basket, and stand in your light, and whistle and drum and shout and ask questions and contradict. So what is to be done with them? Do they not want to be loved and cherished now as they were in that well remembered time when they were little ones, and were indulged, petted and caressed. But they are so noisy, and they wear out the carpet with their thick boots, and it is so quiet when they are gone says the tired mother and the fastidious sister and the nervous aunt; 'anything for peace sake,' and away go the boys to 'loaf' on street corners, and listen to profane and coarse language of wicked men, or to the unsafe life, or to the railroad station, or the wharves, or the other common places of rendezvous of those who have nothing to do, or no place to stay. But it is argued that there are few boys who care to stay in the house after school, and it is better they should play in the open air—all of which is true. We argue for those dull days and stormy days and evenings, all evenings, in which they wish to stay in, or ought to be kept in, and in which if kept in they make themselves and everybody else uncomfortable. We protest against the usages of those homes where the mother is busy with her sewing or her baby, and the father is absorbed with the newspaper in the evening which he never reads aloud, and the boys must sit still and not make a noise, or go immediately to bed. They hear the merry voices of other boys in the streets, and long to be with them; home is a dull place; they will soon be a little older, and then, say they, 'we will go out and see for ourselves what there is outside which we are forbidden to enjoy.' We protest against the usages of those homes where the boys are driven out because their presence is unwelcome, and are scolded when they come in, or checked, hushed and restrained at every outburst of merriment.

**AN INCIDENT WORTH NOTING.** 'Ching Foo,' the rattling correspondent of the Sacramento Union, relates the following incident, which drops down upon the realities and selfishness of life with the pleasing effect of a ray of sunlight shedding its pleasures along the dark dingles of a California canon:—

Is there nothing, then, but rascality in life? Ask a sutler or a government contractor, and he'd say no, and small thanks to him for his incredulity. I wish they had seen a little crossing sweeper the other day do a deed to shame their sharpening souls. John Howland (Howland & Aspinwall) lives in Paris, but is here now on business. Crossing Wall street, a pretty little mad-lark—a big eyed girl—asked customary obolus. Howland gave it, as he thought; a minute after he felt a little hand tugging at his coat tail, and a small voice said, 'You made a mistake sir; you gave me a gold piece.'

So he had. He carried some French pieces in an old pocket-book, and one had worked out among the nickels. Now—what do you think Howland did? Gave her the piece for her honesty, of course. Not a bit of it. 'He did better. He took the little mad-lark's hand, found she was an orphan—said, like a whole souled fellow, 'So much honesty shall not be lost in the mud of a street crossing'—walked her off, and says that she shall be taken care of as long as she lives.

**ENGLAND'S EXAMPLE.** It has always been the policy of England to use the savage and inferior races of her colonies as soldiers. Mr. Kinglake, in his brilliant, audacious, and occasionally grotesque History of the Crimean

VOL. XVII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... FRIDAY, JULY 10, 1863.

NO. 1.

## The Eastern Mail.

EPH MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... JULY 10, 1863.

### AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office. S. R. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Southly Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisers abroad 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 'EASTERN MAIL OFFICE.'

**"BY THEIR FRUITS,"** &c.—Politicians, as well as figs and thistles, are known by their fruits. The 4th of July has uncovered the treason that lurks in the hearts of the men who helped to plot the rebellion. Like their old prototype who forced so many of his servants 'down a steep place into the sea,' they lack the essential faculty of keeping still, and will sooner squeal and perish, than hold their tongues while honest men talk. Only here and there, in a few places where party brawlers have desired to be heard by themselves, has the anniversary been celebrated on any but Union ground. The great day that belongs to the whole country, and that ought to be sacred to Union in the widest sense, as well as to independence and freedom, has felt the uncivil of a great victory, and the national pulse has thrilled to its deepest fiber. Hope has shed her beams into all hearts, and a universal voice of rejoicing has gone up to heaven, as though a nation had been born in a day. And yet in one place—it may be in some other place too—the narrow and withered soul of party so far agonized itself into strength, that many thousands gathered in the prostituted name of democracy, to be made the mouthpiece of all the bile of all the copperheads of New England. At Concord, N. H., such an assembly gathered;—and Franklin Pierce, one of the co-workers in the plan of secession—a signer of the bond by which the nation was to be dismantled, and its sacred vestments divided among traitors—this man who had worn the highest honors of his country, though under the burden of being the most superlatively little of all her great men,—this ex-president, whose official mantle fell upon the shoulders of the imbecile Buchanan only because the taint of blood was already in its folds,—Franklin Pierce stood before the multitude of freemen and pleaded the cause of this great treason! He excused South Carolina for opening the drama of blood, and apologized for the unmeasured treachery of Virginia; tendering a brotherly sympathy for Vallandigham and his associates, and exhausting ingenuity in villifying the men who now stand for their country. As the mouthpieces of northern sympathizers and co-workers in secession, he made the most laborious and earnest argument in his power to defend the treason and the traitors who now drench the nation in blood. And all this in the name of democracy!—and in the sacred light of our nation's birthday! Do democrats see what a few false leaders are doing with their once honored party? Is this democracy, that pleads for treason when the people shout for victory?—that consecrates the Fourth of July to severing the Union and making independence a byword? Are those men democrats who stand aside bewildered and sad, when they hear that Meade is victorious, and that Vicksburg has surrendered? Do democrats bear any such resemblance to the Tories of '76? Did democrats kindle the "blue-light," or attend the Hartford Convention? In all our national trials, who have been foremost to fight the enemy and stand by the government in all measures necessary for its defence and honor? We say, democrats! But who are these men who now devise plans to weaken and embarrass the government?—who hold town meetings to prevent the raising of soldiers?—who send their sons away to Canada to dodge the draft?—who sneer at our victories and chuckle over our misfortunes?—and who sneak out of sight when bells ring and guns tell of rejoicing for victory? Are they democrats, and is this democracy? Ask yourselves these questions, ye men who are democrats in very truth; and be no longer deceived by those wolves in sheep's clothing who teach treason under the once sacred name of democracy, and lend the nation's birthday to "give aid and assistance" to the enemies of their country.

**THE HUTCHINSON CONCERT,** on Saturday evening, was heartily relished and appreciated by the company present, which, by the way, was only about two-thirds as large as it should have been, and as it would have been if our community had not been all alive with the exciting war news. John has grown older, but his voice is as sweet and clear as ever, and he has the same hold upon the hearts of his audience when he chants the praises of rural delights, human progress, and universal freedom. The harp playing of Mr. Whitcomb was decidedly the best ever heard here, and is spoken of in terms of unalloyed admiration. Let us hope that they will soon visit us again.

**DELICACIES.**—One of the special delicacies of modern times may be accounted Speer's Sambuci wine, which combines with rare purity and nicety of flavor, the good qualities of port and claret, it is neither insipid nor bitter, but hits the happy medium most to be desired in a constant beverage or in a drink for the sick. For invalids it is invaluable by virtue of its tonic qualities, and particularly its absolute freedom from all adulterations. Actual trial will show that the Sambuci wine has excellences of its own unrivalled by any other wine in the market. [New Yorker.]

When strangers visiting Wordsworth's house wished to see his study, the servant said the library where my master keeps his books is in that room, but his study is in the cellar.

Harrisburg was at first declined; but as the enemy came nearer and the danger increased, the colored man was allowed to stand in the defense of the homes from which many of the prudent owners had fled in terror. In Portland, too, when the citizens rallied to retake the captured Cutter, the 'local' editor of the *Argus* was seen marching in the same rank with a colored soldier, with no thought that he was thereby smothering the Constitution 'all to flinders.' The Almighty is giving the negro an opportunity to prove himself a man, and the first step in the process is, to show that he has courage and can fight.

**GEN. MEAD.**—Of the new commander of the Potomac a newspaper writer says, 'He is as dashing as Hooker, as modest as Burnside, and as self-poised as Rosecrans. I hope he is the man at last.' And the New York Times congratulates the country on the fact that he cannot be an aspirant for the Presidency, as he is not eligible to the office, having been born in Spain.

The following questions submitted to the Judges of the Supreme Court of this State, by Gov. Coburn, have been unanimously decided in the negative, so that no more copperhead town meetings need be held:—

First, has a city or town a legal right to pledge its credit to raise money for the purpose of paying the commutation of such of its citizens as may be drafted into militia service of the United States, under the act passed at the last Congress? Second, has a city or town any legal right to raise money by taxation to provide commutations for such of its citizens as may thus be drafted?

The *Philad'a Bulletin* says that one of the most mortifying circumstances connected with the invasion of the State, is the precipitate flight of thousands of able bodied men from the border counties. In many cases they left the weak and helpless women and children exposed to the merciless treatment of the rebels. They did not stop anywhere to organize for resistance, but they hurried on until they got the Susquehanna river between them and the enemy.

The copperheads, we are pleased to learn, were treated with proper contempt by their Southern brethren, to whom they went like wilding hounds to make their submission. At Hagerstown, says a newspaper correspondent,—

'One man told the rebels he resided near Waynesboro, Pennsylvania, and was a good rebel. He had voted for Breckinridge and loved Jeff. Davis while in demand. Little and abolitionists. They listened attentively, and at the close told twelve horses, and brought him to Hagerstown, where they insisted on his joining the army. Mr. Beard, of the same place, a devout Davis worshipper, told them the same story. He owned but one horse. Two scouts told the animal, but said that inasmuch as Mr. B. was a good Confederate, they would restore the horse upon a receipt of ten dollars in greenbacks. He gave the money and received the halter of the horse in his own hands. But another scout rode up, and claimed a ten dollar interest on the horse. He was about to take him along, when Mr. B. handed him the money, with a groan, and received his quadruped from the hands of scout number two. Ere five minutes had elapsed another rebel rode the animal away.'

**THE NEGROES AT HARRISBURG.**—Those who like a good story, will enjoy the way in which the Providence Journal puts the case of negro soldiers at the capital of the Key Stone State:—

'Our elder readers have all heard the story of Sammy Usher, who fell over the dock at Bristol, and was fished up by the man whom all others he disliked. Sammy was sent sinking and his cries, growing fainter and fainter, had fortunately reached the ear of Parker Borden, who generously jumped in and fished up the drowning man, just in time to save his life. Sammy shook the water from him, and turned to thank his deliverer, when he saw in the uncertain light that it was no other than his ancient foe. The gratitude depicted in his face changed at once to indignation and disgust. 'What sort of a place is this town of Bristol,' said he, 'that when a gentleman falls into the dock there is nobody but Parker Borden to help him out!'

Our colored brethren seem to have met with a similar reception at Harrisburg. The State was invaded; the capital was in danger; urgent appeals for immediate aid were sent forth; New York and New Jersey were appealed to; preparations were made to remove the public archives and valuable private property to a place of safety. Among the first to respond to the call of help was a company of negroes. They had much less at stake than the white men; most of them could probably have transferred their chief worldly effects, those who had any, except what was on their backs, into postal currency in fifteen minutes, and could have gone to a place of safety with no damage to their future prospects. Nor has the State an equal right upon them; she had never treated them as citizens nor accorded them the rights of citizens; nor demanded of them all the duties of citizens, they belonged to a despised race. Yet they were among the first to hasten to the threatened point. And how were they received? They were told that they could not be permitted to fight for the safety of the State, unless they would agree to very different conditions from those imposed upon the white men who were following them at their comparative leisure. The Harrisburg Sammy Ushers were not going to be pulled out of the water by any Parker Borden.

We do not know who was to blame for this; we do not know what absurd regulation prevented any body or anything from aiding in the great emergency that called for every effort to save the state from invasion. Fortunately the order was countermanded by authority from Washington, and the stout arms of the black volunteers accepted in spite of color.

Joseph F. Nye has been appointed Sheriff of Somerset County.

### OUR TABLE.

**CONTINENTAL MONTHLY.**—The contents of the July number are as follows:—

Emancipation in Jamaica, by Rev. C. C. Starbuck; Abigail Witherspe's Retreat; Reason, Rhyme, and Rhythm, continued, by Mrs. Martha Walker Cook; Mrs. Ralston's Party, by L. V. F. Randolph; Diary of Frances Krasinska; Ladies' Loyal League, by Mrs. O. S. Baker; West of the Mississippi; The Cavalier Theory Refuted, by W. H. Whitmore; The Early Artibus, by Grace De la Verite; The Third Year of the War, by Hon. Frederick P. Stanton; Was He Successful? continued, by Richard B. Kimball; The Chicago and other Canals, by Hon. Robert J. Walker; Woman; Literary Notices; Editor's Table.

The articles are of great variety, and many of them are ably written. Published by John F. Trow, New York, at \$3 a year.

**EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.**—The June number has the following table of contents:—

A Glance at the Italy of Cavour; Rough Notes of a Ride to Babylon; Constitutional Tendencies; Girolamo Savonarola; Charles James Blomfield; Epigrams; Crinolins; Chronicles of Carlingford—The Perpetual Curate, part I; Index.

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

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co. 38 Walker st., New York. Terms of subscription. For any one of the four Reviews \$3 per annum; any two Reviews \$5; any three Reviews \$7; all four Reviews \$8; Blackwood's Magazine \$3; Blackwood and three Reviews \$9; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$10—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns, these works will be delivered free of postage. When sent by mail, the postage to any part of the U. States will be 24 cents a year for 'Blackwood,' and but 41 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

**YOUTH'S CASSETTE AND PLAYMATE.**—The story of 'Bob, the Fireman's Dog,' in verse, will interest the little folks, who will find the June number full of interesting and valuable reading, prettily illustrated. A full page Prize Puzzle will exercise their ingenuity. Published by Wm. Gould & Co., Boston, at \$1 a year.

**HOW TO MAKE COPPERHEADS.**—Teach your boys that 'liberty is license,' and begin the lesson on the third of July. If they have been taught obedience the past year, permit them to disobey father and mother, and to disregard law and decency, till the anniversary of license is over. Give them tin horns and kettles, and permit them to render night hideous with their howls. Allow them to batter down gates and fences; to blow horns under the window of their sick grandmother; to throw fire crackers in at windows; to break open churches and ring bells all night; and finally, after exhausting the vocabulary of rowdiness, to come home half drunk and half dead, and go to bed in their boots. Don't permit the selectmen to interfere, with any foolish measures of law and order; and if the deacon attempts to exclude their rowdiness from the church, tell them to knock the old saint on the head. If anybody is sick, let the doctor drown them in opium till the row is over. Let the 4th of July and Yankee Doodle reign till all things are put under their feet. Shan't we be free on 'Independence Day?' Shan't we young Vallandighams have free speech, and the young Brackens a free press? Shan't the big boys kick their grandfathers, and the little ones throw fire crackers into their mother's lap, on the 4th of July? This is the way to train up copperheads. If not sent to the reform school they will live to go to Fort Warren.

**WAR OF REDEMPTION.**—Twice has the rebel army of the Potomac ventured into free territory, and twice has it been signally beaten and driven back—this time, we trust, never to recover its former strength. In a succession of battles in the vicinity of Gettysburg, Penn., on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of last week, our new commander, Gen. Meade, defeated the enemy with great slaughter, taking many prisoners, and compelling Lee to retreat precipitately. Our soldiers never fought better, and the rebels never resisted more stubbornly; but eventually, northern pluck and endurance decided the contest in our favor. Our loss is great, and sorrowful tidings will soon be borne to many homes all over the land. In the midst of great public rejoicing there must be much private grief; indeed, while our hearts are full of gratitude for the glorious result, we all mourn for those who, bravely withstanding an invading foe, have fallen in our defence.

The gallant Gen. Reynolds, whose name has so often figured with honor in the war reports, was killed on Thursday, and Gen. Sickles lost a leg on Friday. 'After their defeat the enemy immediately took up their line of march for the other side of the Potomac, parolling the most of the prisoners in their hands, and losing many of their own men by capture and desertion. Hurrying after them from all directions, our forces have harassed their retreat, capturing men and trains; but the precise amount of damage inflicted cannot be determined at present. The bridges are reported to be all destroyed, and the river so much swollen by recent rains that it is not fordable. It is to be hoped therefore that this formidable rebel army may be still farther depleted; indeed, we see no good reason why the pursuit should cease this side of Richmond.

Glory to God! Vicksburg is ours. It surrendered on the 4th of July, as if to add still further lustre to our ever memorable national birthday. Pemberton offered to surrender if the men could be permitted to march out with the honors of war. Not a man shall leave, said old Unconditional Surrender, except as a prisoner. The country is wild with joy over the happy result. Port Hudson must follow soon.

The movement on Richmond was merely a feint to cover more important operations. The rebel papers of the 4th claim to have driven

the small force at Bottom Bridge to Tustall Station. They admit, however, that the Home Guards in King William's Co. were captured, and they conjecture that Dix and Keyes have gone in a northwesterly direction to break up railroad communication. They knew nothing of the battles which had been fought in Maryland, and were flattering themselves that Lee, who had been ordered home, was safe in the Shenandoah Valley.

Our last advices from Dix report him at Hanover Station, having taken 700 prisoners in Hanover County.

Our wounded at Gettysburg are officially reported to be 12,000. Estimating the killed at 3000, and prisoners at 3000, would make the total loss in the several battles at 18000. The rebel prisoners estimate their own loss at 30,000.

Rosecrans, by a dashing forward movement, has driven the enemy across the Tennessee river to Chattanooga, taking 2000 prisoners, and opening railroad and telegraphic communication across the State. It is said that Buckner has joined Bragg in his retreat and this clears East Tennessee of rebel troops and relieves Kentucky from threatened invasion.

Banks's communications have not been out at Port Hudson, and the bombardment is still going on.

**PICNIC.**—The several Sunday Schools in this place have arranged to join in a picnic to Winthrop, on Wednesday next; to leave at 10 o'clock and return at 5, in the regular train. Fare out and back 25 cents.

Among the killed at Gettysburg was Corporal Joseph Simpson, of Co. A. 20th Maine Regt—a true man and a brave soldier. Though of foreign birth, he better realized the worth of our free institutions than many who have been brought up under their fostering care. He leaves a wife and three children; and we trust that amid the general rejoicing these afflicted ones will not be forgotten.

At a town meeting in Winslow, on Saturday, a proposition to pay the fine of every drafted man was dismissed "double quick," and with great unanimity.

Many of the 15th Maine were taken prisoners at Gettysburg, in that gallant charge by Reynolds, and among them were the two sons of Dea. W. A. F. Stevens, of this village. William, the eldest, telegraphs that he has been paroled, and that Edwin is on his way to Richmond.

'Carleton,' of the Boston Journal, only gives expression to the popular feeling, when he says, in closing his account of the three days fight at Gettysburg:—

'All honor to the heroic living, all glory to the gallant dead! They have not fought in vain, they have not died for naught. No man liveth to himself alone. Not for themselves, but for their children, for those who may never hear of them in their nameless graves, have they yielded life—for the future—for all that is good, pure, holy, true; just—for humanity, righteousness, peace—for paradise on earth—for Christ and for God—they have given themselves a willing sacrifice. Blessed be their memory forevermore.'

Benjamin F. Dunbar, son of Mr. Franklin Dunbar, of Winslow, a member of the 21st Maine regiment, who was wounded in the last attack on Port Hudson, has since died in hospital. His age was 22 years.

The 23d, 25th, and a portion of the 27th regiments have arrived in Portland, and will be mustered out of service as soon as the rolls are complete. A part of the 27th regiment, remaining under the command of Colonel Wentworth, volunteered to remain on duty at present until the emergency requiring all the troops which were in the field had passed.

**ROMANCE READING AND MARRIAGE.**—The views of Tisot, expressed in the following paragraph, may seem so extreme as to border upon exaggeration. Yet the underlying vein of truth is full of practical suggestion:—

It is possible that of all causes which have injured the health of women, the principal has been the prodigious multiplication of romances. From the cradle to the most advanced age, they read them with an eagerness which kept them almost without motion and without sleep. A young girl, instead of running about and playing, reads, and perpetually reads; and at twenty becomes full of vapors, instead of being qualified for the duties of a good wife or nurse. These causes, which influence the physical, equally influence the moral man. I have known persons of both sexes, whose constitution would have been robust, weakened gradually by too strong impressions of impassioned writings. The most tender romances hinder marriages, instead of promoting them. A woman, whose heart is warmed by the language of love, does not seek a husband—a hero must lay his laurels at her feet. The fire of love does not warm her heart; it only influences her imagination.

**Postscript.—Thursday Morning.**

The latest news from Lee reports him concentrating his forces on the old Antietam battle field—a flood in the Potomac making his crossing next to impossible—and it is quite probable that another bloody battle will be fought soon. Meade's head quarters were at Frederick, but some of our corps are farther advanced. We have taken 60 cannon, and prisoners are continually being taken by our cavalry upon the enemy's flank and rear.

Including the wounded, 18,000 prisoners were secured at Vicksburg.

Gen. Prentiss has twice repulsed the rebels at Helena, Ark., killing 500 and capturing 1200. The colored troops fought well.

The report that Alex. H. Stephens, the Confederate Vice President, had requested permission to proceed to Washington in a rebel steamer, with a communication from Jeff Davis to President Lincoln, was no sensation story, but an actual fact. The favor was denied, but much curiosity is felt as to the nature of the proposed communication.

The old Exchange hotel in Hallowell, with a brick store adjoining, was destroyed by fire on the evening of the 4th.

**THE DRAFT** will be immediately ordered in Maine. It has already commenced in Massachusetts.

'Carleton' awards a good deal of credit to Gen. Howard, for his judgment and foresight in the choice of position when first on the recent battlefield, as well as for gallant conduct during the bloody contest.

