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MISCELLANY.

THREE WORDS OF STRENGTH.

BY SCHILLER.

There are three lessons I would write—
Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracing of eternal light
Upon the hearts of men.
Have Hope. Though clouds environ now,
And Gaiety hides her head in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
No night but hath its morn.
Have Faith. Where'er thy bark is driven—
The calm's disport, the tempest's wrath—
Know this—God rules the hosts of heaven,
Th' inhabitants of earth.
Have Love. Not love alone for one,
But man, as man, thy brothers call,
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.
Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Hope, Faith, and Love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind.

AUNT ESTHER'S DOWRY.

A TALE OF MARRIED LIFE.

"You are wasting all your eloquence, mamma, for I will never marry a man that I do not love; and Arthur Falkner! a widower of all others! Ugh! the very thought gives me a chill!"

"You will do as you please, of course, Miss Bel. After always having had your own way, it is not to be expected that you should regard my wishes in any matter. Your Aunt Esther has filled your head with her queer notions; but remember, 'as you make your bed, so you must lie,' and, with your refined tastes and expensive habits, if you marry a poor man, you will pay hourly penance for it."

Isabel Ashley made no reply, but a smile hovered on her lips as she leaned over her work-table and re-arranged the ivory spools of floss and thread, which were already in elegant order.

Mrs. Ashley was right. Aunt Esther, a sister of Mr. Ashley's, who, until a late year, had made her home in their household, had indeed filled Isabel's head with her "queer notions." She it was who, from the cradle, had labored to instill into her mind a love of truth—to develop her spiritual nature, as well as her intellect—to impress the religious principle upon her character; and, although there had been much in the fashionable mother's example to counteract the effects of her teachings, yet the seed so early planted could never be wholly rooted out.

Aime-Martin has said, that the most difficult thing on earth is not merely to do good, but to inspire others, and to cause them to love it. In this respect Aunt Esther had been successful. However faulty Isabel's character might be, there existed in her heart, that full appreciation of goodness, which ultimately will lead the soul onward and upward toward Infinity.

"The chain commenced on earth does not break, but ascends to lose itself in heaven." Mrs. Ashley watched her daughter's occupation until the angry flush with which she had last spoken died out of her cheeks, and then, in a calmer tone, she proceeded to give quite a lengthy lecture, during which she touched feelingly upon the elegance of Mr. Falkner's "menage," the distinguished position which a lady qualified to preside over such a mansion could not fail to hold in society, and then, in strong and glaring contrast was held up to view the life of self denial which a young couple must necessarily lead.

Isabel glanced up at her mother mischievously, her dark blue eyes twinkling with fun through their black and silken lashes, and shaking her head slowly, said—

"It is of no use, mamma—of no use. I have such 'queer notions,' as to make me prefer to be that fearful thing, 'an old maid,' even if I had to work for my living, than to live idle in a paradise, with one whom I did not love."

Mrs. Ashley gathered up her needle work, and, as she prepared to leave the room, said bitterly—

"It is quite easy to see who might have a certain person's hand for the asking of it; but if I am not greatly mistaken, Ralph Bramley is wise enough to make no declarations to a portionless lady, however far vanity may tempt him to lead her."

The door closed. Mrs. Ashley was not there to see the effect of her words; they had gone home.

At first the hot tears dropped slowly and heavily from Isabel's eyes, as she sat impatiently beating the footstool, upon which one foot rested; but as the tide of thought swelled on, her cheeks glowed vividly, and, at length, burying her face in her hands, she wept like a child.

Could it be that Ralph Bramley had been trifling with her? Could it be that the heart, which had seemed to her so noble and good, should be so utterly selfish as her mother would have her think? "No, no, no!" were the words in which her thoughts found audible answer, as she arose from her chair and hurried up to her chamber, where she spent the remainder of the afternoon in recalling every word and look, every tone, that had led her to believe that one day she should listen to an open avowal of the love which, heretofore, she had not doubted.

She knew his ambition; she knew that she should be a dowryless wife, her parents' expensive manner of living requiring their whole income; and, therefore, that years must elapse before they could be united. Still, what was that to her? There was surely no sacrifice in the present, with her pleasant home and his frequent society; and, once secure in the possession of his love, how could the future be otherwise than bright, with the confidence that she felt that his intellect would one day win him a name and a position which the proudest heiress in the land might covet sharing?

That night she went down to the drawing-room to meet Ralph Bramley with a heavy heart. Her suspicions awakened, her confidence shaken, and she resolved she would be more guarded in her manner, while she watched for a betrayal of his true sentiments.

Mrs. Ashley was already there, and Isabel, in no mood to mingle in their trifling conversation, sat apart, while her mother adroitly led the way to a discussion upon the folly of a young couple marrying without means.

Mr. Bramley went even further than herself in his disapproval. It seemed that he could scarcely find terms of censure strong enough for the thoughtlessness upon all sides in such cases. Very little delicacy, Isabel thought he showed in lavishing blame upon one who, to use his own words, "from a mistaken idea of the requirements of love, consented to become a hindrance to one who, otherwise, might have filled a sphere of the widest usefulness;" but still more severe was he upon the man who could take a young girl from a luxurious home to share the deprivations of his lot, and the parents who could consent to such a sacrifice on the part of the daughter.

Isabel's lips curled scornfully as she listened. There was very much of truth in the worldly views that he advanced; and how should her truthful heart be able to detect the sarcasm which he so well concealed, in hopes of drawing out the defense that he anticipated from her unselfish nature.

Other gentlemen, Mr. Falkner among the number, dropped in during the evening. Isabel made herself more agreeable to him than usual, without, being conscious of it, in her efforts to appear indifferent to Mr. Bramley. Ralph, who had never happened to meet Mr.

Falkner before, was now in turn deceived by the pleasure Isabel apparently received from his society, and thus the breach widened between them.

But for the mother's interference, how far different would have been the record of these two lives! Isabel's love would have ennobled Ralph Bramley's impulsive character, and developed the higher resources of his nature. Great was the hazard that both ran, and if either escaped unharmed it was not because they were not subjected to perilous temptations.

Ralph Bramley came no more to Mr. Ashley's, and the field was left open to Mr. Falkner. His brilliant conversational talents, and his aristocratic air, won him Isabel's respect and admiration; but when, after the lapse of a few weeks, he made proposals for her hand, she rejected them unequivocally. His perseverance, added to her mother's constant persuasions and her own pique, at length prevailed, and Isabel Ashley and Arthur Falkner were betrothed. What a whirlpool of excitement she was then plunged into! Congratulations were showered upon her, and every waking hour was absorbed by the visits of her friends, or the busy preparations that were going on, in the purchasing and making up of her wardrobe, which her parents insisted should be of the most costly and beautiful fabrics that could be found. She had no opportunity for reflection, and so she was hurried on, until a day or so before the wedding she accompanied Mr. Falkner to a florist to select some new plants for his conservatory. While he was engaged in giving particular directions to the gardener, Isabel sauntered down a green aisle, where roses and geraniums and fuchsias, leaning around and over, wooed her still farther on, when, face to face, she met Ralph Bramley in the narrow passage way.

Isabel received that upraising glance with no stoical nerves, and in a moment her tell tale eyes revealed all. So powerful were the emotions that overwhelmed her, she scarcely knew that Ralph had seized her hand, but the torrent of eloquent words that was poured into her ears recalled her to herself, and snatching away her hand, she said reproachfully—

"It is too late now—too late," and darted back to the spot where she had left Mr. Falkner, as though she would have sought his protection against herself. He was not there. Not many minutes elapsed, however, before he joined her, and then her wildly agitated manner did not escape his penetrating glances.

Had Isabel looked up into his eyes she would have been startled at the dark fire that was smouldering there. He asked no questions, but simply saying, "we had better go directly home, you have had too much exertion this morning," and gave orders accordingly to the coachman, who left them at Mr. Ashley's door. Gladly would Isabel have been alone, but there was no such release for her. Mr. Falkner led the way into the drawing room, and carefully closing the door, asked her attention for a few moments. Isabel tremblingly sank down upon the nearest seat, while she felt, rather than saw, that he remained standing before her, with a resolute, defiant air.

"I do not know, Miss Ashley, to whom I am indebted for the effort, so honorably made, to deprive me of a bride, neither do I wish you to tell me: for so long as I remain in ignorance, I shall be unable to visit upon him the punishment that he deserves, but I desire that you should know that I overheard the conversation, and—here his tones took a tinge of sarcasm, and that I commend you for the course you pursued. You were perfectly right in saying that it was 'too late.' Too late it most certainly is, and I would advise you in case you should have any further communication with your friend, to let him know that I am not a man to be trifled with."

Isabel looked up imploringly. A wild appeal for release was trembling upon her lips, but one look upon that face was enough. She knew that she might as well kneel to marble, and her lips were sealed.

Arthur Falkner read that glance, and answered it—

"We will here have an understanding—it is as well now as hereafter—and that you may feel that we stand upon equal terms, I will convince you that you receive no more than you give. I persevered in my suit to you, Miss Ashley, not from any fancied sentiment of love, but because your accomplishments, your beauty, your grace of manners, your position in society, were all such as would cause me to feel pride in presenting you to the world as my wife. I need not enumerate your motives in accepting me; but with all the luxuries of life at my disposal, I consider that we shall be equally indebted to each other. Your countenance betrayed to me your love for another. With more sincerity, I tell you in words, that my heart is buried in the grave of the one who was my wife, and I have lived long enough since her death to know that it can have no resurrection. I am called obstinate, Miss Ashley—firm, I most certainly am, and believe me while life lasts I will never yield you to another."

Isabel heard every word—heard and answered not. It seemed to her, that paralyzed by his cold demeanor, she was turning into stone. Even when he left her alone, not a tear came to her aid; and from that hour she expressed no interest in any of the arrangements that were being made—no emotion at sight of the elegant presents that were lavished upon her: until at last even her mother grew troubled and distressed, and questioned her as to the cause of her altered appearance; but Isabel's nature was a proud one, and she locked her secret in her own breast, and never, so much as by word of reproach, or sigh of regret, did she betray the anguish that had settled upon her young heart.

Oh, how carefully should mothers examine into their own motives when exerting over their children the great influence of which they are capable! How careful to see that no false pride actuates them in their approval or disapproval of a daughter's choice, for more than gold, or all the adornments that gold can buy, is the faithful love of one true heart.

Summer flowers were blooming everywhere when Mr. Falkner and Isabel were married, for it was in the sunny month of June; but autumn's frosts had cast a blight over wood and meadow before they returned from their tour, to take possession of the mansion that Mrs. Ashley had so coveted for her daughter, and which Isabel was so calculated to grace.

But all the magnificence with which she was surrounded, all the splendor of which her husband made her the mistress, failed to satisfy her yearning heart. His deference of manner

his studying of her tastes, his constant regardfulness of her wishes, might deceive others, but Isabel well knew that it was not love that actuated him, for his own lips had told her so.

Her parents were elated at her success; but Mrs. Ashley noted the frequent gloom of her manner, when free from excitement; and then the still small voice of conscience would summon her to his tribunal, until one survey of those elegant apartments, flashing with mirrors and adorned with the costliest furniture, drove away all accusing thoughts.

And so the weeks flew on, and mid-winter with its tide of fashionable parties, was ushered in. Mr. Falkner proud of the attention his wife received, urged her from one scene of gaiety to another. At length Mrs. Ray, the acknowledged leader of the ton, gave her grand ball of the season. At a late hour, appeared Isabel and her husband, and every eye centered upon them, as they advanced through the suite of drawing rooms to their hostess. Isabel, pure as the pearls she wore, seemed unconscious of all the admiration she excited. Her appearance was indeed striking in the extreme. Her clear, rich complexion was a shade more pale, her deep blue eyes a trifle larger and more intense in their depth of expression, the whole contour of her face, in short more severely classical than had seemed a few short months before; but, then, far more attractive was her matronly dignity than the girlish freshness which it had replaced.

Nothing could be more becoming than her rich dress of maize colored satin, with its bertha and deep flouncings of costly lace: and never were arms and neck revealed more faultlessly fair or more symmetrically moulded. Her magnificent black hair was dressed entirely without ornament, save at one side, where, looped in the braid, hung a most perfect spray of valley lilies.

"How beautiful she is!"

"More beautiful than ever!" were the whispered exclamations.

"Who is it? who is it?" asked a fair young stranger from a northern city of the gentleman upon whose arm she was leaning.

"That is Mrs. Falkner—the belle of the season. Is it possible you have not met her before?" was the answer.

"You forget this is my first appearance in New York society. And that is her father, I suppose?"

"By no means—her husband."

"You don't say so! why she is so young, and his hair is almost gray. Poor thing! I thought her eyes were not happy ones. Do you know why she married him?"

The gentleman smiled at her naive and earnest questioning.

"I can tell you what is current in society," he answered. "It is hinted there that the daughter's choice would have rested elsewhere, had it not been for an ambitious mother; but, for my own part, I think it gossip, for Falkner seems quite devoted to his young bride, and she is so perfectly satisfied with his devotion as to be utterly regardless of the attention paid her by others. I never saw a person more so. After all, Falkner is a fine looking man, very elegant in his address, and I see no reason why he should not be as able to command the love and respect of his wife as any of the striplings of the present day, two thirds of them brainless fops, and the other third as vain and self conceited as a woman of the title talent they have."

"For shame, Mr. Macon. 'Vain and self conceited as a woman!' That is really too bad. But as you are so severe on your own sex, I will not quarrel with you on behalf of mine, provided you will tell me whether you class yourself with the first two thirds or with the last."

Mr. Macon replied in such a way as to continue the bantering conversation.

Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. Falkner danced the salon that was given up to the dancers. Here, as usual, Isabel was soon surrounded by a circle of admirers; for, as to admire Mrs. Falkner was the fashion, they were willing to subject themselves to her cold, although never ungracious, reception. This evening Ralph Bramley was the first to solicit her hand in a waltz. His pertinacity displeased her, for she had always refused to dance with him since her marriage, and, resolving to punish him, she immediately afterward waltzed with another. Her husband noticed this breach of etiquette, and censured his wife severely for it in his own mind. Had he had the least suspicion that Bramley was the one whose avowal of love he had overheard, he would have commended her instead.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A correspondent at Port Hudson writes: "The accession of the negro troops is a perfect God send. The sun, which melts our Northern boys, they endure remarkably. And another point to their credit: they do most of the work in the trenches—not that it is the design of the General to use them at any lower employ than our white troops, for these work there too, but it is because they endure it better, and especially the heat."

PAINT TO ENDURE. Mr. Rivers says, that boiling, coal tar, with slacked lime, will make a shining surface on wood work, and wall of any kind, which is imperishable as stone; it is therefore, better than all the points in the world for the outside work of outhouses, and buildings connected with the garden.

A QUEER OLD STATE.—Massachusetts is very eccentric. She is so fanatical and so radical that she has never had a Copperhead convention, never dictated the terms on which she was willing to uphold the national government, never proposed to resist the conscription, and never advised the people to be more in earnest to overthrow the Administration than to overthrow Jeff Davis. She has been content to answer all requisitions upon her for men and money, and give her energies to the defence of the nation and the support of the federal authority. Why shouldn't she blush in the presence of the Empire and Key Stone States, and consent to be turned out into the cold. The insanity of her loyalty may be dangerous.—[Boston Transcript.]

There is such a thing as an unsociable looking room. Its atmosphere oppresses you like the presence of a cold, loveless, ungenial person. A company's aspect is a horror. Things done up in a perpetual bag, whether people or furniture, are an abomination. A stray cobweb, or a thumb mark on a door, may, after all, be desirable. Darkened upholstery shows are not good models for private parlors, despite fashion. A few gingerbread carms, or a little worn-out shoe, are not always unpleasant objects of contemplation.

The Eastern Mail.

RPH MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... JULY 31, 1863.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETTENHILL & 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 Scollay 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.'

NEVADA TERRITORY.—So rapid is the growth and expansion of our country that it is no easy task to keep posted in its geography and statistics. How many of our readers can give the boundaries of the Territory of Nevada, or name its capital or chief places? And yet here we have before us a copy of the *Virginia Daily Union*, a large, handsomely printed sheet, that would be creditable to any of our Atlantic cities, liberally filled with advertisements—showing that this far-off, little known country abounds in thriving, enterprising people. Turning to the American Almanac, we find that the Territory had a population of 50,568 in 1860, about one half being Indians; its capital is Carson City, with a population of 2500, while Virginia City had a population of 3000 in October, 1862. The famous Washoe mines are in this territory, and the whole country is rich in mineral wealth, as an evidence of which, as well as of the patriotism of the inhabitants, it is stated that last fall, Storey county alone made a contribution of \$20,226.22 to the Sanitary Commission, in eight massive silver bars, five of which weighed 111 pounds each.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Edwin B. Crowell, for several copies of the above named paper.

TOWN MEETING.—Our Selectmen have posted a warrant for a meeting of the voters on Saturday afternoon next, at which they will be called upon to decide if they will pay \$300 to each drafted man of our quota who shall be mustered into the service of the United States or furnish a substitute.

Jeff Davis has appointed Aug. 12th as a day of humiliation and prayer.

Wherever the colored troops have been tried—whether raw contrabands, or the freed men of the North or South—they have invariably fought bravely and persistently, some times shaming their officers and white comrades by their superior courage. Why can we not have many more of them?

A great destruction of sugar at Havana, by fire, is reported.

When shall the freedmen be re-consigned to slavery? Stanton, our Secretary of War, says—

"When the negro blood which was shed before Port Hudson and at Milliken's Bend shall return from the ground to circulate in the veins of living men, then, but never till then, by consent or action of mine, shall one freed man emancipated by the President's proclamation be returned to slavery!"

No VASSALBORO EXPRESS.—Bear in mind, all ye who are interested, that Mr. Palmer, the new proprietor of this line, is giving the most careful attention to all matters committed to his care. This Express is a great convenience to the citizens of Waterville, Winslow, and Vassalboro, and should be patronized by all whose interest it promotes.

TROTTER.—Mr. John A. Judkins, lessee of the Waterville Park, has arranged for a trot Commencement Day, Wednesday the 12th of August, at 1 o'clock P. M. Three purses—\$40, \$25, and \$15—will be up; and arrangements are well planned for a fine time.

THE BELLS.—The famous Peak Family of bell ringers, in all their various attractions, and in full numbers and costume, are to perform at Town Hall July 30th. Nobody need be cautioned to go early if they would get a seat; the Peak Family never fail of crowded houses, and the lovers of music in this place hold them most cordially in memory.

The New York Times says 'there are assurances that Gov. Seymour intends to assume no position antagonistic to the General Government, or calculated to bring this State in conflict with it.'

The tarna Yankee must have his newspaper wherever he goes; and no sooner has he worked his way into a Southern town than he straightway proceeds to enlighten the heathen through the medium of the press. Through the politeness of a young friend, Capt. George C. Getchell, we have received the first number of 'The Port-Hudson Freeman,' bearing date July 15th, just six days after our forces obtained possession of this rebel stronghold. Though but a small sheet it crowds loudly over the victories on the Mississippi, and is running over with patriotism and spirit.

The tone of the English press has altered since Meade's victory, and Roebuck has with drawn his motion for recognition in the House of Commons. We have evidently nothing to fear from England, officially. What Louis Napoleon may do, remains to be seen, for he keeps his own counsel.

ONE OF THE LEAKS.—A lad of 15 years, employed at the War Department in Washington, as a messenger, has been detected in tampering with the dispatches. His father and brother are in the employ of the rebel government.

OUR TABLE.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The contents of the August number, just issued, are as follows:—

An American in the House of Lords, by F. Wayland, Jr., is a spirited Yankee photograph of this august body; Theodore Winthrop's Writings, are briefly reviewed by one of his many admirers; 'Debby's Debut,' is an honestly good story; Wet Weather Work, continued by Ike Marvel, though fairly dripping with moisture, is by no means dry reading; 'Clivio Banquet,' by Hawthorne, is full of humor and most admirably done; 'The Geological Midian Age,' is another popular scientific article by Agassiz; 'The Pleur-deis in Florida,' is another chapter of early American History, graphically done; 'Side Glances at Harvard Class-Day,' by Gail Hamilton, is a characteristically spicy review of certain queer doings at Cambridge; 'Political Problems and Conditions of Peace,' by Judge Woodbury Davis, of our State, discusses grave and important national questions. There are also the usual well written Reviews and Literary Notices and several fine poems.

The Atlantic is published by Ticknor & Fields, 135 Washington St., Boston, at \$3 a year, and is sold by all periodical dealers.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY, for August, has two fine engravings—'Saved,' and a portrait of Benjamin West. The reading of the number is of the usual excellence and variety. Published by Poe & Hitecock, Cincinnati, at \$2.50 a year.

WAR OF REDEMPTION.—Two corps of Lee's army are reported at Culpepper, while Ewell, at last accounts was still in the Shenandoah valley. A smart fight was had at Manassas Gap, on Thursday, in which, though the rebels largely outnumbered the Federals, our forces were successful and drove the enemy with heavy loss.

The rolling stock of four railroads was left in our hands by the rebels, when Jackson was evacuated.—This included 40 engines; and the Southern papers say the loss is wholly irreparable. Johnston, with a force of 30,000 was reported at Brandon. Many of the Mississippi planters are anxious to return to the Union.

A raid into rebel territory, from Washington, N. C. was very successful. A railroad bridge across the Neuse River, near Rocky Mount, was burned; several miles of the track of the Wilmington and Weldon railroad destroyed; a cotton factory was destroyed with a large quantity of cotton, 30,000 pounds, of bacon, &c. Some prisoners were taken, and two or three hundred contrabands followed the expedition on its return.

One of the Massachusetts regiments fell into an ambuscade, recently, at Donaldsonville, La., and lost 150 men. Gen. Banks is contemplating active offensive movements and will attempt the recapture of Brashear City and the Opelousa railroad.

An expedition from Charleston, up the Kanawha valley to Wythesville, for the purpose of cutting the Virginia and Tennessee railroad, was completely successful. The town was captured after a hard fight, 120 prisoners taken, with 2 pieces of artillery and 700 stand of arms. The citizens having fired upon our soldiers, the town was burned.

An expedition sent into the Red River region captured two steamers, compelled the rebels to destroy two more, and took a large quantity of ammunition, sugar, salt, and other stores.

The notorious guerrilla, Morgan, who has recently been on a raid into Indiana and Ohio, has been captured with all his forces.

Gen. Blunt has again routed the rebels in Arkansas, taking some prisoners and a quantity of commissary stores.

The siege of Fort Wagner, on James Island, at Charleston, continues. On the 19th the rebels attempted to drive our forces from the Island, but they were repulsed with heavy loss. Subsequently our forces were repulsed in a charge upon Fort Wagner, losing heavily.

Grant has evacuated Jackson and retired to Vicksburg, having destroyed all the machine shops, rolling stock, cannon, and the railroad track between the two places. The library of Jeff. Davis, captured at Jackson, it is said, contained many letters and documents which will throw much light upon the secret history of the rebellion.

Time and labor are money.—Save up your refuse grease and fatty substances and purchase a box of the Saponifier or Concentrated Lye; blend the two together (following the directions accompanying each box) and you will find you have made the best soft soap you ever used. The only genuine article is that put up by the Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Company. See advertisement in another column.

MARRIAGE OF DAUGHTERS. Henry Taylor, in his 'Notes from Life' comprised not a little sound as well as practical philosophy upon the incidents leading to marriage, and the relation of mothers thereto. We give it for the benefit of both mothers and daughters:

"If an unreasonable opposition to a daughter's choice be not to prevail, I think that, on the other hand, the parent, if their views of marriage be pure from worldliness, are justified in using a good deal of management—not more than they often do use, but more than they are wont to avow or than society is wont to countenance—with a view to putting their daughters in the way of such marriages as they can approve. It is the way of the world to give such management an ill name, probably because it is most used by those who abuse it to worldly purposes; and I have heard a mother or pique herself on never having taken a single step to get her daughters married, which appeared to me to have been a dereliction of one of the most essential duties of a parent. If the mother be wholly passive, either the daughters must take steps and use management for themselves—which is not desirable—or the happiness and the most important interests of their lives, moral and spiritual, must be the sport of chance, and take a course purely fortuitous; and in many situations,

where unsought opportunities of choice do not abound, the result may not improbably be such a love and marriage as the mother and every one else contemplates with astonishment. Some such astonishment I recollect to have expressed on an occasion of the kind to an illustrious poet and philosopher, whose reply I have always borne in mind when other cases have come under my observation—'We have no reason to be surprised, unless we know what may have been the young lady's opportunities. If Miranda had not fallen in with Ferdinand, she would have been in love with Caliban.'

Judge Cadwallader, of Philadelphia, of the United States District Court in that city, has decided that any one who resists the draft participates in the rebellion.

New York City remains quiet, and the police and soldiers are arresting rioters and recovering stolen property. The draft will be resumed as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made.

Hon. John J. Crittenden died at Frankfort Ky., on the 26th.

Several of the Boston Rioters have been examined and fully committed for trial.

Massachusetts had 18 regiments and 4 batteries to the Gettysburg battle, and her dead number seven or eight hundred.

The Maine State Seminary will hereafter be known as "Bates College."

Philadelphia refused to appropriate money to pay the exemption of drafted men, but voted \$1,000,000 for the relief of the families of conscripts.

A case, to test the constitutionality of the enrollment act, will probably be made up in New York, by mutual consent.

REASON OF LEE'S INVASION. The Richmond Dispatch says;

"There are persons who think, and have thought from the first, that the invasion of Pennsylvania was a rash and dangerous experiment, which there was no justification for having undertaken. We are not one of those. On the contrary, we believe when the secret history of this war shall have been published the conduct of the General will be amply justified by circumstances of which we are now and must for a generation remain completely ignorant."

Could any of the Northern Copperheads supply this information, if they should think it safe or advisable? We trust the matter will be cleared up before the present generation passes off the stage.

THE REBELS AT MCCONNELLSBURG, PA. The editor of the *Fulton Republican*, published at Connelburg, Pa., says that while the rebels occupied that town his office was pointed out to them by the Copperheads as an abolition concern. Several of the officers called upon him and asked to see his files. After examining them the Lieutenant in command said: "I see, sir, this is a Republican paper; you advocate a vigorous prosecution of the war, and are in favor of sustaining your government in everything. I like to see a man one thing or another." Taking several copies of the paper, they left without molesting anything in the office, to the great indignation of the copperheads of that place.

THE HOLLOW SHELL.—Gen. Joe Johnston has confirmed in the most striking manner the justness of Gen. Grierson's statement that the confederacy is but a hollow shell. He and Gov. Pettus and the confederate government worked for seven weeks to gather a force large enough to compel Grant to raise the siege of Vicksburg. Davis, in a speech at Vicksburg a few months ago, expatiated on the transcendent importance of the place and declared that it should be held at all hazards. He has evidently exerted himself to the utmost to keep his promise. Gov. Pettus issued an excited appeal to the citizens of Mississippi, after the fall of Jackson, to come forward and save their State, which would be at the mercy of the foe, if Vicksburg should fall. Johnston has scurried together all the forces, regular and irregular, that he could raise in Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia and South Carolina, and yet so completely had the whole country been stripped of its able bodied men, that Johnston has scarcely been able to annoy the rear of Grant. There could be no better proof of the fact that the capacity of the South to furnish troops is exhausted. It has raised its last army. Wherever our troops penetrate into the interior, they find the shell as hollow as Grierson found it in Mississippi. Grant and Banks can now dispose of all the forces west of Georgia. Rosecrans' army is largely superior to Bragg's. If Lee's army should be broken up the armed power of the rebellion would make but a sorry show. [Providence Journal.]

By doing good with his money, says Rutledge, 'a man, as it were, keeps the image of God upon it, and makes it pass current for the merchandise of heaven.'

The Baltimore city council have voted to expel from the schools all children who will not learn to sing the national air. The council also voted to give the Christian Commission \$500 and the cost of a salute, instead of burning powder over the fall of Vicksburg.

How can it be proved that a horse has six legs? Because he has four legs in front and two behind.

How the Prince of Wales popped the question to the Princess of Denmark.—Please design to marry me? And the fair Dane designed.

Little Archie was cautioned about holding his fork, as it came in close proximity to his eye, his mother telling him that he might put his eye out, and be blind. He gave it a three fold consideration, and a bright idea struck him. "Then, mamma," said he triumphantly, "I could have a dog."

