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AUNT ESTHER'S DOWRY.

A TALE OF MARRIED LIFE.

As the night wore on, Isabel, wearied by the gaiety that surrounded her, wandered off by herself to a remote part of the extensive conservatory. The cool plashing of a fountain near fell gratefully upon her ears, and, finding a seat where some large tropical plants cast a heavy shadow, she gave herself up to one of those reveries now not uncommon to her. Through green vistas of drooping vines and rare blooming exotics she could catch glimpses of the brilliantly lighted apartments, as to make it seem like a scene in fairy land. Hundreds of wax tapers mingled their soft light with the glare of the chandeliers, reflecting back a thousand fold from the flashing mirrors on the glistening satin draperies that fell from the arched doorways and lofty windows—on the statuary—on the fresh blooming flowers that, arranged in stands of gilded wicker work and in vases and baskets of moss, were every where seen—throughout the drawing-rooms—around the spacious saloon—up the broad staircase; and gliding in and out amidst all this splendor, yet with no appearance of a crowd, so large was the mansion, were hundreds of fairy forms, whose dainty dresses of gossamer or of soft rich satin, sweeping over the gorgeous flowering of the tufted carpets, gave an ethereal appearance in the distance, impossible to imagine.

Isabel saw all this, and yet her thoughts were not upon it. One little year before she had mingled with the same throng the lightest of the light hearted, and now, oh where, amidst them all, she questioned, could she find one whose chains so crushed the heart with their burden as did her own? She knew it not—in her hopelessness she dreamed of no greater misery than hers; but there were those that night those to whom Isabel's burden would have been as the lightest and the purest flakes of snow. Those from whose hearts the innocence of youth had departed forever, and although they were fair smiles, and brows where time had scarcely laid a finger, yet all the music and mirth that surrounded them could not lay the phantom of memory that haunted them with its presence.

Ah, Isabel! God only can keep thee from knowing a deeper and keener anguish! He only can defend thee from the temptations that even now are gathering in thy path! Those flakes of snow that fall heavily—so freely upon thy young heart now, have not so accumulated that the sun cannot melt them away. One there is who is never dead to the cry of humanity, Trust in Him—pray to Him, and from the midst of the clouds that cast their shadows so densely upon thee, He will smile down, and His strength will guard and fortify thee against all evil.

Tears gathered in Isabel's eyes as she sat apart and mused on. Now and then a group passed her by, but in the recess in which she was hidden she was not observed. She felt grateful to her husband for the kindness that he ever showed her, and she battled with her heart, striving to stay the tide of emotion that Ralph Bramley's voice never failed to agitate. Suddenly she sprang from her seat, for the one of whom she was thinking stood beside her.

How tenderly low was the voice that so thrilled her!

"Isabel!"

She vainly essayed to answer.

"Isabel, you have almost crazed me with your coldness! Speak! Give me one word of encouragement! Tell me—are we not both equally miserable?"

Again Isabel's pale lips moved, but there came no audible answer. The reproach she would have given, was legible in her face, as he continued:

"I know that I have left you forever, but have mercy upon me, Isabel, or I do not know what extreme I shall be driven to. Do not repel me so chillingly! Let me at least look upon you, and listen to your voice, as I did once. Oh, Isabel! God only knows the storm that is raging within me—I will refuse to quiet it! It is so little that I ask of you—only throw aside those freezing tones. Look upon me as you once did, and I shall go from you a better and a happier man. Do not turn away from me—stay, Isabel, I beg of you to stay."

It was in vain. She had gone.

His brows were knitted, his eyes flashed with a fierce light, and turning on his heel, he wrenched a half opened white muslin rose from its bending stalk, and wantonly tore its petals apart, crushing them with his foot as they fell on the tessellated floor before him.

Isabel went straight to her husband, and pleading great fatigue, requested him to send her immediately home. He dispatched a servant for the carriage, and accompanied her himself, questioning her with seeming anxiety and on account of her pale cheeks and drooping air, deferred the reproach that he had intended giving when he should be alone with her.

About a week passed away before an opportunity presented itself to Mr. Falkner, to express to his wife his disapproval of her treatment of Mr. Bramley. They were driving out on the Harlem road, when Ralph passed them on horseback, Isabel scarcely returning his salute.

"I have very seldom, Mrs. Falkner," said her husband, "seen any thing in you to which the most fastidious could object, with the exception of your treatment to Mr. Bramley. I have once or twice been mortified at your violating the plainest rules of etiquette, where he was concerned, as in the matter of waiting with another, at Mrs. Ray's, after having refused him. You know that it is gratifying to me to have you receive attention, and that the usages of polite society require you to accept of it; and although as I have observed before, your general manner is colder than I should desire it to be, it seems to me that it is frequently increased to rudeness to Mr. Bramley. I am in hopes that when you know him better your unreasoning prejudices will vanish; for I can assure you that I find him a young man of remarkable talent, and I should not be surprised should he eventually rise to some of our highest offices. I trusted him yesterday with a case that requires great legal research and acumen; and, by the way, I had forgotten to mention to you that he dines with us to-morrow. I hope you will remember he is my friend, and treat him as such."

Isabel bowed her head in answer, and turned away to conceal the fearful eyes and quivering lip. Her first impulse was to confide in her husband, who she knew would never have placed this trial in her path had he known all, but then to her memory came the words, "I do not wish you to inform me, for so long as I remain in ignorance, I cannot visit upon him the punishment he deserves;" and Ralph Bramley was still too dear to her for him to be subjected to any danger for her sake. No, she would hide in her own heart all his struggles, and none should dream of the bitter waters that were surging there.

The next day Mr. Bramley kept his appointment and dined with them, and from that date became a frequent visitor at their house.

Isabel, sustained by a higher principle than even her sense of duty, was forever on her guard; and not unworried was she for the

VOL. XVII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... FRIDAY, AUG. 7, 1863.

NO. 5.

The Eastern Mail.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE... AUG. 7, 1863.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 87 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. H. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Southway Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisements are returned 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."

COMMENCEMENT.—The programme for Commencement week at Waterville College is as follows:—

Sunday Evening, Aug. 9th, there will be a Sermon before the Northern Missionary Society, by Rev. Joseph Ricker, of Woburn, Mass.

On Tuesday, Aug. 11th, will occur the Class Day Exercises of the graduating class. In the evening an Oration will be delivered before the Literary Societies by Ralph Waldo Emerson, Esq., and a poem by S. F. Smith, D.D.

Wednesday, Aug. 12th, will be occupied with the public exercises of the Graduating Class. In the evening there will be a Concert at the Church by Bond's Union Band, to be followed by the President's Lecture, as usual.

THE SEASON. The continued wet weather, which marked most of the month of July, has given an unusual growth to most of the field and garden crops. Many farmers who commenced their haying about the first of July with the prospect of little more than half a crop, have been compelled, for want of suitable weather, to see the quantity nearly doubled by the refreshing rains. Since Saturday last the weather has been just, right, and the quantity of hay secured has been immense. Corn, potatoes, oats, and all the field and garden crops, promise well. Indeed, the season is emphatically one for thanksgiving, aside from the hopeful aspect of the war.

At the International Exhibition, at Hamburg, McCormick's reaper took the first prize as the best machine presented, though there were several English competitors present. This might have been expected; but, wonderful to relate, American sheep from Vermont took two first prizes and one second in competition with the best German and French Flocks. It takes the Yankees.

WATERVILLE SECTION. The following is a list of the officers for the present quarter:—

L. A. Wheeler	W. A.
E. S. Sheldon	V. A.
Fred. H. Caffrey	S. A.
Geo. K. Wentworth	A. S.
M. C. Low	T.
Ella M. Chandler	A. T.
C. Wescott	P. W. A.
C. H. Percival	Chaplain
Hattie Low	1st Visitor.
Jennie H. Condie	2nd Visitor.
W. F. Dyer	G.
A. S. Maxwell	U.
James Lowe	W.
J. W. Emery	S.

JUVENILE CONCERT.—A class of juveniles who for a few weeks have been under the instruction of Miss Annie J. Nutting, will give a Concert at the Town Hall on Saturday evening, in which they will have the assistance of a few musical friends. It will no doubt be a pleasant occasion and we expect to see a full house.

TOWN MEETING. At a meeting of our citizens, on Saturday, after considerable discussion, it was voted to pay to drafted men, who will enter the service, the sum of three hundred dollars, and to those who furnish substitutes the sum of two hundred dollars. Without determining how to raise the money, the meeting adjourned to Thursday afternoon of this week, at which time it is not unlikely this action may be somewhat modified.

About 44 per cent. of the drafted men thus far examined at Augusta have been accepted, and of this number only one third will take their place in the ranks, the other two thirds furnishing substitutes or paying their commutation money.

Hutchinson, of Gardner, the convicted deserter—upon whom so much sympathy has been wasted, and whose execution was suspended through the intercession of bishop Burgess and others—slipped off his irons, the other day, as he has many times before, and escaped from custody.

The nine months' regiments with Banks are returning home up the Mississippi as he promised they should. The 22d Maine, which goes to Bangor, was in Boston on Wednesday. Arrangements have been made in Augusta for the reception of those that are to be mustered out there.

"GIVE IT UP?" We (the senior), boast the finest quality of ripe tomatoes, picked in our garden in the 6th, though apparently ripe some days previous. They are from plants procured at Mr. Goodwin's. Has anybody even Mr. Goodwin himself—beaten this? [P.S.—We propose to pick nice ears of sweet corn for Commencement, unless somebody else spoils our boast.]

There is a rumor by way of San Francisco, that the British have commenced hostilities against the Japanese, and that Jeddo was bombarded, and Negasaki sacked, with great slaughter in both of these cities.

OUR TABLE.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. The July number of this sturdy old representative of John Bull has the following table of contents:—

Caxtonia, part 17—devoted to 'Posthumous Reputation.' From Cracow to Warsaw: Letter from Poland, No. 2. Ireland Revisited. 'Why has not Italy done more?' The London Art Season. Under the Limes: Pen-and-ink Photographs from Berlin. Chronicles of Carlisle: The Perpetual Curate, part 2. The State and Prospects of the Church of England.

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 but 50 cents a year.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co., 28 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 \$10; 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 but 24 cents a year for 'Blackwood,' and but 41 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY.—The contents of the August number of this popular magazine are as follows:—

Our Future, by Lieut. Egbert Phelps, U. S. A.; Autumn Leaves, by Mrs. M. W. Cook; Across Maine in Mid-Winter; Diary of Frances Kraskinska, continued; The Sleeping Peri; My Lost Darling; Reason, Rhyme and Rhythm, compiled and written by Mrs. M. W. Cook; The Buccaneers of America, by W. L. Stone; Under the Palmetto, by H. G. Spaulding; The Spirit's Reproach, by Mrs. M. W. Cook; Jefferson Davis and Reputation—A Letter from Hon. Robert G. Walker; Evergreen Beauty, by Major Samuel H. Hurst; Dying in the Hospital, by Mary E. Neely; Literary Notices; Editor's Table. Hon. Robert G. Walker's Letter will be read with special interest.

The Continental is published by John F. Trow, New York, at \$3 a year, and is sold by all periodical dealers.

FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE.—The August number is splendidly illustrated in both its literary and fashion departments. The large, handsomely colored plates, and numerous novel designs and patterns, must be seen to be properly appreciated. The literary attractions are rich, as usual, and embrace some very interesting stories, including a continuation of 'John Marchmont's Legacy,' by the author of 'Lady Audley's Secret.' The number can be found at any periodical dealer.

Published by Frank Leslie, 72 Duane St., New York, at \$3 a year.

WAR OF REDEMPTION.—Lee is reported at Culpepper, his army lying between the Rapidan and the Rappahannock. Our own army faces that of the Confederacy, apparently contenting itself with an occasional reconnaissance and movements to repel any threatened advance of the rebels.

The rebels report a recent success over Banks, in which they claim to have captured 600 prisoners.

Scott's raid into Kentucky is at an end. He has retreated from the State with a loss of 400 prisoners.

We have in the field 12 colored regiments and 1 battery; ready for service 2 regiments; and 25 more are rapidly filling up.

The Union symptoms are so strong in North Carolina that the Richmond Enquirer calls upon Jeff Davis to suppress the Raleigh Standard and wipe out the Supreme Court of the State. The Standard says that Gov. Vance will stand by both and if Davis attempts to use physical force a revolution in the State will be the result.

A portion of Grant's army has left Vicksburg and proceeded down the river, some say bound for Mobile, and others to Charleston.

The rebels have erected new works on James Island. Gen. Gilmore is confident of a successful issue of the siege.

Savannah is said to be nearly destitute of troops, and the inhabitants fear an attack.

We have a report that Brashear city has surrendered to one of our gunboats.

It is now said, on the authority of a letter from Richmond, that the mission of Vice President Stephens was to prevail on our government to desist from arming negroes, threatening, in case of refusal, to retaliate by arming and organizing them in the rebel service. We do not believe that they dare do any such thing, even if they have the arms to spare, which we very much doubt.

No black prisoners were found at Port Hudson, and the suspicion is that they were all murdered after capture.

Our loss in the recent assault on Fort Wagner was 1571, and the rebels say that they buried 650 of them. This extraordinary proportion of killed, it is thought, could only have been reached by an indiscriminate slaughter of our wounded. The officers and men of the colored regiment they refuse to exchange, and report has it that our colored soldiers who have been taken prisoners have been sold into slavery.

In view of these facts, the President has issued a proclamation, promising protection to all our soldiers, and assuring the rebel government that for every colored soldier sold into slavery, a rebel prisoner shall be put to hard labor, and for every soldier of the U. S. killed in violation of the laws of war a rebel soldier shall be executed.

Dr. James Rouse, of Rockland, a notorious secessionist, in an altercation with Mr. Cornelius Hanrahan, a loyal Irish citizen, shot him with a pistol. He was promptly arrested, but on his way to jail escaped from the officer. Hanrahan will probably recover.

The Union majority in the recent election in Kentucky is over 20,000. Bramlette is chosen governor, and Brutus Clay, brother to Cassius M. Clay, is elected to Congress in the Ashland district in place of the late John I. Crittenden.

The disturbances in Franklin County have been effectually quelled, and no further trouble is anticipated.

The copperheads of Iowa are making trouble. In a recent collision with Union men at South English, Keokuk Co. the rebel leader was killed and several of his followers wounded. They claim to have 4000 men armed, and military assistance has been called for to put them down.

The rebel steamer Alabama was reported at St. Thomas on the 18th ult., in company with the Georgia, a new frigate of 16 guns, on board of which Capt. Semmes and three of his officers have lately been transferred.

Russia utterly refuses any interference in the Polish question by France and England. It now remains to be seen what they are going to do about it.

The draft was resumed in New York City on Tuesday.

Wm. L. Yancey is dead, they say, and John B. Floyd sick unto death.

Thanksgiving was observed in this place by public services at the Cong'l church and at Town Hall. At the former place there was a 'thank-offering' in form of a contribution for soldiers, through the agency of the Christian Commission.

HOT. The mercury stood at 99 in the shade on Monday.

DRAFT RUNAWAYS IN CANADA. Those who contemplate fleeing into Canada for the purpose of escaping the draft should read the following, taken from the St. Catherine's Journal:—

'The Canadian mechanics and workmen, who have paid taxes for years, and who are, and always have been, and always will be loyal to their government and country, are beginning to feel the effects of the large influx of these emulators of Bob Acres, for they agree to work for small wages, are employed of course, and thus throw out of employment, for at least a portion of their time, our own 'good men and true.' A large number of our mechanics, sooner than go idle, have provided themselves with certificates that they are British subjects, and have gone over to Yankee land to supply the places of these runaways. We don't think much of the trade, but suppose it must be endured. Those who employ these men will have a serious account to settle with their consciences when this cruel war is over.' They actually encourage cowardice, one of the meanest, lowest and most useless elements of human character.

SPEER'S SAMBUCCI WINE. We publish to day an advertisement of this noted and excellent American Wine—samples of which can be tasted at all our Druggists. We believe it to be superior, in every respect, and in all desirable qualities—medicinal not excepted—to pure and genuine imported port, worth ten dollars a gallon. Try it, if you are an invalid requiring a healthy and harmless stimulant, and shun the miserable humbug wines with which the country is flooded, and not one gallon in a thousand of which contains a drop of the juice of the grape. [Watkins Republican Druggists keep this wine.]

EARLY WHEAT. The Genesee Farmer for August says that since the advent of the midge the great aim of the wheat grower has been to get a variety that will come into flower a few days before the midge flies make their appearance. The reason why the Mediterranean is so much less liable to injury by the midge, (erroneously called the weevil,) is its earliness. But it is a wheat of comparatively poor quality. What is wanted, the Farmer says, is a variety of white wheat, 'as good as the Soules, and as early as the Mediterranean.' If such a variety can be found, it is hoped that it will be exhibited at the Great International Wheat Show to be held at Rochester, N. Y., September 8, 9 and 10, 1863. Such a wheat, the Farmer asserts, 'would be worth millions of dollars to Western New-York alone.'

One of the ill effects of the late disastrous riots in New York is that it must put a stop to all thoughts by Mr. Lincoln, if he was cherishing any, of offering an amnesty to the rebels. Until the government has proved the ascendancy of law over riot, the rebels would scout any offered terms of peace.

The Mobile Tribune, speaking of the New York riots, remarks:

'These riots are the result of the doctrine taught by the Democratic party, which in New York city, has strength enough to defy the Government.'

THE PENINSULA, is the title of a new paper started by our soldiers at Fernandina, Fla. We notice in it an interesting account of a contraband celebration at that Post on the Fourth of July. Everything was conducted in admirable style, and the table would compare favorably with the best set upon similar occasions in the North. Colonel H. M. Plaisted, who is commander of the Post, at their special request, acted as President of the day. The celebration closed with a grand dance, which was participated in by all the young colored population in the vicinity. [Bangor Whig.]

HEIRS WANTED FOR A LARGE ESTATE.—One of the easiest ways to procure money, is to inherit it, probably few persons have not at some time dreamed, either awake or asleep, of a fortune left for their enjoyment by some unknown relative. Occasionally such cases have actually occurred, and being duly set forth in newspapers, have added stimulus to the imagination to fortune seekers. Sharps have not left this field unworked, and their circulars glitter with golden hopes for those longing for easily obtained wealth. One professes to keep a register of all unclaimed property in England, to which register, access is allowed for one dollar. Another requests all families of a certain name, say Smith, to communicate with him concerning a large estate to which the Smith family are heirs; of course a small fee is expected if all the particulars of the said estate are required. In one instance the promised estate was said to have been lying unclaimed in England one hundred and fifty years. There would be about as much probability of heirs in this country realizing from such a property now, as there would of recovering Pharaoh's crown by fishing in the Red Sea. The circulars containing such offers are worth something as material for lamp-lighters, or making over into new paper; in which use we commend them. [American Agriculturist.]

HOW TO DRAW TEA. Pour tepid or cold water enough on the tea to cover it, place it on the stove hearth, top of tea kettle, any place where it will be warm, but not enough so as to cause the aroma to escape in steam. Let it remain about half an hour, then pour on boiling water and bring to the table.

CURE FOR POISONING BY IYX.—In case of poisoning by ivy, plunge the part affected in hot water—as hot as can be borne—holding it there some time. The unpleasant itching and burning sensation will be removed—and two or three applications are a sure cure—at least this has been the case with our informant.

