Editorial Remarks,

Parde of N. Harper Letters

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THE EASTON JOURNAL.

"The Laborer is Worthy of his Hire."

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Poetry.

Time to Me this Truth hath Taught.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Time to me this truth hath taught,
('Tis a truth that's worth revealing,)
More offend from want of thought
Than from any want of feeling;
If advice we would convey,
There's a time we should convey it,
If we've but a word to say,
There's a time in which to say it.

Oft unknowingly the tongue
Touches on a chord so aching;
That a word or accent wrong,
Pains the heart almost to breaking.
Many a tear of wounded pride,
Many a fault of human blindness,
Has been soothed or turned aside
By a quiet view of kindness.

Many a beauteous flower decays,
Though we tend it e'er so much;
Something secret in it preys;
Which no human aid can touch.
So in many a lonely breast
Lies some canker grief concealed,
That if touched is more oppressed,
Left unto itself is healed.

Time to me this truth hath taught,
'Tis a truth that's worth revealing—
More offend from want of thought
Than from any want of feeling.

A VILLAGE TALE.

BY L. N.

(Concluded.)

Alice, blushing and trembling, heard him for a long time without speaking; at first she seemed overwhelmed with happiness, but suddenly her countenance changed, and withdrawing her hand she had permitted to remain in Harry's, she said,

"I cannot tell how grateful I am for your kindness, how happy what you have said might have made me, but—" she hesitated at first, "I can never leave my grandmother," she said firmly.—"She is old and infirm. She could never do without me."

"Do not think for one moment," cried Harry, with generous warmth, "that I would wish to separate you. On the contrary, it would be my first care to share with you the duty of attending to her, and it would be the greatest pleasure to me to supply her with the comforts that her declining age and infirmities require. Oh! Alice will you let me do so? Will you let me be such a son as you are a daughter?"

Then he told her again in eloquent terms how dear she was to him, and how his happiness depended on her, which I'll not repeat.

She listened again in pleased silence, her modest eyes fixed on the ground, and a rosy flush suffusing her delicate face. She seemed doubtful of the reality of her happiness; it was like a dream to her. She had not known what love was till now, when her love was sought as if it was a priceless gem. She knew now why she had felt such joy when he came, and so disappointed when he staid away; why he had occupied so much of her thoughts, when performing her daily round of duties; even when she prayed, his image had come before her, and to her great distress, had distracted her mind from that holy occupation, and caused her thoughts to wander to something he had said or done. She had wondered at this, and then thought how pleasant it was to have such a friend: she could not bear to lose his friendship, and had hoped always to retain him as one. If he had left before disclosing his feelings to her, she might have found out in the distress his departure occasioned, that he was more to her than a friend, dearer than all the world beside, even (oh distressing thought!) than her dearly loved grandmother. This discovery she would undoubtedly have made, and a painful one it would have been; but in the midst of her happy dreaming about friendship, when as yet, she had only begun to think of him as dearer than a friend, he asked her love; he, the rich, handsome, intellectual man, the admired of many admirers, the sought after, the favorite pet of society, really asked her, the humble, plain Alice Snowdon to be his wife. She knew that she could not be happy without him, and yet the first thought of her unselfish heart had been for her grandmother, so helpless and dependent on her. His generous kindness to the old lady touched her deeply, so she let him talk on, to take again her hand that she had withdrawn, and even to lead her to her grandmother, to ask her blessing and consent.

Now the old lady, if she was blind, was not deaf, and in the pauses of her spinning, had heard fragments of the conversation alluded to; but not wishing to play the eavesdropper, she had spun most industriously, her wheel making as much noise as possible, though she was deeply interested, of course. But she had perfect confidence in Alice, and knew that she was not likely to be led astray, even when her feelings were concerned, besides, in her heart she could not help approving of the kind-hearted, pleasant young gentleman, who had always treated her with so much respect and consideration. Harry led the blushing Alice up, and said with the deepest respect,

"Mrs. Snowdon I have to ask the greatest favor that could be bestowed upon me. It is a priceless treasure that I seek from you. Can I have this young lady for my wife? She has given her consent, provided I obtain yours."

The old lady was very much roused; she trembled with agitation, but suddenly composing herself, said with dignity.

"Before I give either my blessing or consent, I have some questions to ask you. Mr. Lee you don't know what you ask me. That child has been my hope and delight, the very pride of my heart since she was a little babe. I have had nothing else to love; my blindness deprived me of all interest in life, so what could I think about and love but her, till I'm afraid I have loved her too much. What has she not done for me? I couldn't tell you the amount of care and trouble that I've been to her."

"Not trouble, grandmother," murmured Alice.

"No my dear, you didn't think it trouble, for it always seemed to give you pleasure to wait on me, but I know it was trouble, nevertheless. I couldn't part lightly with her. Mr. Lee—no, not to a king on his throne would I give my child without the certainty of his making her happy. The world would regard her as humble, no doubt, but she is all-in-all to me, and I know, though I say it myself, that she is worthy of any one, however high he may be. Do you love her as I would wish you to do? Will you be the friend and protector, that I would like the man to be, to whom I resign my Alice?"

"I will, so help me God," solemnly replied Harry.

"And Alice, my darling," she turned tenderly to the young girl, "Do you love this gentleman? I know you would not have given your consent without thinking so, but I am so anxious for your happiness, my child, that I want to be certain. You know nothing of these things. Don't imagine that a mere fancy is love. Do you like him better than anybody you have ever seen, even better than *me*, Alice?" and she smiled somewhat sadly.

The question was a very embarrassing one, particularly as Harry was present. Alice's cheek crimsoned, and she tried to stammer out some answer, failing in it completely. But she took her grandmother's hand and pressed it, and the old lady rightly interpreting her silence, was satisfied.

"May God bless you my children." They knelt before her, and she laid a hand on the head of each. "May you, Alice, be as good a wife as you have been a daughter, and there will be nothing more required of you. Mr. Lee, you will be kind to my child, I know; love her as she deserves to be loved, and I think you will be happy. Don't forget God, my children. If your life is prosperous and happy, let not prosperity harden your heart, that you forget to thank the Author of all good. It is the lot of all to have troubles: bear them patiently and well, for Providence directs all events. Only be faithful and cling to one another through it all, and you will be triumphant at last; if not in this world, then in the next."

* * * * * *

"Tell me, Harry," said Alice to him, a day or two after the conversation above alluded to, "how could you like me? It seems so strange to me, that, after being with so many accomplished, attractive ladies, you should have thought of me. I am neither handsome, accomplished, elegant, intelligent or anything else that you are accustomed to."

Harry smiled fondly on her. "You are not aware of your own attractions, my little love. It was not for your outward appearance, though that is fair enough, nor for accomplishments, for I'm sick of (so-called) accomplished young ladies, nor did I want a learned woman, for such are generally pedants, but for a something in the inner world, the possession of which is generally overlooked or undervalued;—that is, a soul. It was your untiring devotion to your aged relative that first caught my attention. If it had not been for that, I should perhaps, never have known you. I thought that indicated the possession of other qualities, which your countenance seemed to express. I found on acquaintance a mind there too, though you are too humble to think much of it; and perhaps the accomplishments will be added after a while, for I love them when they render one's home more attractive, and like them not when merely shown in public to catch the admiration of spectators."

"I wish for your sake that I was only a little more like your elegant acquaintances, for I'm afraid the contrast will be mortifying," said the humble Alice.

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Harry in horror. "My dearest girl, it was because you were so dissimilar to them, that I first loved you. Believe me, that world, of which you know nothing, is but a hollow mockery after all. Have you like those tawdry, painted beings, that the world is made of, with all their affected airs and graces. Never—I hope. No! I feel sure you will never be like them."

"Then if you fear so much such a change in me, I had better remain as I am," said Alice playfully.

"Yes, dear Alice, I know that you will never be otherwise than you are. That is, I hope so with all my heart."

"Then I do not," answered Alice. "I hope to be much better than I am. I should be very sorry indeed, never to improve, never to be better than I am now."

Harry hardly thought there could be room for improvement in her, but he did not shock her humility by saying so.

They were a well matched pair. She looked up to him with the greatest admiration; though he hardly knew it, for her bearing was too modest for him to perceive how much she loved him, secretly wondering how he could admire her, and then thanking God for the affection of so good, so superior a man. The more he saw of her, the more in love he was with her; the more endearing and winning she became in her domestic relations. She always performed her accustomed duties in his presence. She would rise and set the table with a pretty apology, dust, even sweep before him; sometimes burn her face over the fire preparing some little delicacy for her grandmother. Although these things took her time and attention away from him, he loved her all the more that his presence did not prevent her performance of what was an obvious duty. Being perfectly unconscious that what she did was worthy of admiration, she moved about so easily and naturally, that everything seemed graceful and pleasing she did. He regarded her as entirely too good for him, scarcely believing it to be a reality that he had met with the very woman, whose character was the *beau-ideal* of his dreams, and that he had been fortunate enough to win her love. Still the world might have said that the advantages were all on his side; might have wondered (and no doubt it did wonder) that he could select so humble an individual, wonder at what he could see in her, and say, of course, that she must be exceedingly elated at her rare good fortune, at her wonderful luck in securing a husband, wealthy and pleasing in every way. He alone knew the purity of her spirit; and that his wealth and superior station would have been as nothing in her eyes; even his agreeable manner and handsome person would not have fascinated her, had he not possessed higher, better qualities, and that she, in her innocence, had not thought of his wealth or his station.

He had more reason to congratulate himself on his choice every day as he became better acquainted with her lovely qualities. Her nature was almost too fine-strung to bear contact with the world; her sensitiveness so acute that the slightest suspicion of anything dishonorable would have crushed her. She could meekly bear to be reminded of her faults, repent, and strive to improve, but to be accused of anything mean or low—things that she held in the utmost contempt, would have grieved her to death. And as she was utterly incapable of such things herself, so she would have regarded others as equally so. For instance, it never would have occurred to her that any lady could be guilty of the gross indelicacy of trying to entrap any one into matrimony—in vulgar phrase, to catch a husband. She would never have dreamed that such a thing could be possible, because her own pure spirit was incapable of so doing.

Harry saw her nursing the sick and the poor, providing them with the necessaries of life out of her own scanty means, taking the money that other girls would have devoted to dress and ornament, and giving it to those who could not find bread for hungry children, to bed-ridden fathers, and poor widows and orphans. It was not much, to be sure; not near so much as a rich man would spend on his table in one day, but it did a great deal—went a great way. The penny saved on one yard of a dress, would purchase a meal for a starving child. Oh! if all young ladies would think of this, would but reflect how much good might be done with the money they spend on each superfluous trifle, on the gratification of some petty vanity! Alice did not seem to think of herself, her whole life appeared to be a study for the happiness of others, and their comfort. Her grandmother told Harry, that when she would receive the money for her scholars, she seemed always to consider how she might spend it on others to the best advantage, instead of thinking what it would purchase for herself. And still she always looked so neat and nice. She looked nicer in that humble calico dress, than other girls in their costly silks. However, she always showed good taste in whatever she wore, for her dresses, whatever the material, were always of a pretty color and pattern.

Harry's appearance never confused her, when he suddenly entered in some poor hovel, perhaps, where she was bathing a poor sick head, trying to hush a fretful infant to sleep, while its sickly mother might rest, bandaging wounds, or doing anything that her kind heart might prompt her to do. She would welcome him with a sweet smile as if glad of his presence there, but as she did not regard her work as anything extraordinary, or that doing what she thought she ought to do was worthy of admiration, she was not embarrassed.

Now he must leave her; he had already extended his visit to its utmost length, and important business called him home. He had her promise that they would be married that Fall, that is, she partially agreed to it, provided her grandmother was well.

Harry went around and took a formal leave of all his lady friends. But somehow or other, they all treated him coolly, and, by no means, gave him a pressing invitation to remain longer in their midst. Some of them even had an injured air, as if he had cheated them of some thing which belonged of right to them. Some of them were good natured enough to conceal their disappointment under a kind, friendly air, but there was a vast difference from the time, when he was the object of enthusiastic admiration and officious attention. Harry was only amused at this; he bade each lady a friendly "good-bye," and thanked her for his agreeable visit.

He and Alice wrote frequently to one another during the summer. Though so unaccustomed to letter-writing, a pure heart and a correct judgement guided her pen, and her letters were worthy of herself. She had much to do; her school to attend to, and all her numerous occupations; besides she studied the books he recommended amd sent her, and made her simple, tasteful preparations for their bridal.

A month or two, however, before the time appointed for their marriage, she wrote to him in an agony of distress and anxiety.—Her grandmother was very ill, was near dying. She had had a paralytic stroke, and the doctor said that she could never rise again. The last words were almost blotted out with the tears that blinded her eyes when she wrote.

Harry lost no time in going to her. Now in the time of her greatest affliction, he could show her what a true, honest, manly heart could do to support her under the trial.—She saw him coming and flew dow to meet him, crying as if her heart would break, told him that her grandmother was dying.

There was many in the room with the dying old lady, kind persons, who had helped Alice much in her nursing She never spoke again; but it seemed that she was conscious before she died, for she placed her hand first on Alice, then on Harry, as if imploring him to take care of her, and with this dying thought for her darling, she gently breathed her last.

When Alice saw that her grandmother was dead, she wept and sobbed no more, but kneeling by her bedside, she prayed long and silently. Then she rose, and one of her friends seeing how exhausted she was, begged her to go and lie down. It was then about two o'clock in the morning. Harry too joined his petitions to theirs that she would rest herself. She seemed to be averse to leaving the dear remains while they were on earth, but gently yielding to their repeated urging, Mrs. Lawson made her lie down in the adjoining room.

Harry had intended to go to the little village inn, but Mrs. Lawson insisted upon his going to their house, where he would stay till the funeral obsequies were over, the last sad duty performed for the good old lady. Poor Alice would have been desolate indeed, had it not been for him.

Their marriage was deferred for that winter, but in the Spring they were married from Dr. Lawson's house, and she went with him to the tasteful, elegant home he had provided for her, to be the gentle, presiding Genius of his household. With her the troubles attendant on mortality would be no serious ill, for her loving tenderness and unerring faith would smooth away the gloom from her husband's brow, and her guiding hand would ever direct him onward and upward, when his faith would be darker than hers, and the temptations to which he was peculiarly exposed, should assail his more natural nature.

Verily, the price of such a woman "is far above rubies," and "Favor is deceitful, and beauty vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

Wonderful Hair Producer.

Last week Dr. ———, of New York, sent us a cake of his *onguent*, with the modest request to puff it and send the bill." Venerable and far-sighted capillary producer! we do so, and more, too. Your Onguent is a big thing. Although in small cakes, it is nevertheless a colossal item. We tried it. Following the printed directions, we made a lather and applied the brush. The lather was mixed in a glass dish, and in four minutes a beautiful hair, all shades of color, had started from the dish. We applied some to our face, and it took four swift barbers to cut down and mow away as fast as the beard grew. We put a little on the toe of each boot, and each boot in an hour looked like a Zouavo moustache. We put some on a crowbar, and it is covered with long curly hair, like a buffalo, and in the coldest weather it can be used without mittens. A little on the pole to the carriage started the hair on it like moss. We dropped some on the stove, and as a fire was kindled the hair started, and the hotter the stove became the faster grew the hair, till the smell of burnt hair became so powerful as to drive all from the room. The stove was set in the barn, and it can't be seen now for the hair. Only one application. A little applied on a wagon whe has in five days started a vigorous crop, and now the wagon can be driven over a plank road and not make a bit of noise, so well are the wheels covered with soft hair. Only one application. Dollar a cake. We skinned a goose, put on some of the Onguent, and in two hours the feather-grower was enveloped in hair like a squirrel, and was seen this morning trying to climb a shagbark hickory in the back yard.

A little applied to the instand has given it a coat of bristles, making a splendid penwiper at little cost. We applied the lather to a tenpenny nail, and the nail is now the handsomest lather-brush you ever saw, with a beautiful soft hair growing from the end of it, some five or six feet in length. Only a dollar a cake. Applied to door stones, it does away with the use of a mat. Applied to a floor, it will cause to grow therefrom hair sufficient for a Brussels carpet. Only a dollar a cake—directions thrown in A little weak lather sprinkled over a barn, makes it impervious to wind, rain or cold. It is good to put inside of children's cradles—sprinkle on sidewalks, anything where luxuriant grass is wanted for use or ornament. We put a little on the head of navigation, and a beautiful hair covered it. A little on the mouth of La Crosse River started hair there resembling the finest red top grass, in which cows, sheep, pigs, hogs, snipes, woodcock and young ducks gaze with keen relish. Only a dollar a cake. Sent by mail to any address. One application will grow a luxuriant moustache for a boy—two applications will be sure to harrass the entire rebel army. Dollar a cake. Sent by mail or any other man. Samson used it. $1 a cake.

VERDICT OF A JURY OF BOYS.

When Dr. Nathaniel Prentice taught a public school in Roxbury, Mass., he was very much a favorite; but his patience at times would get very much exhausted by the infraction of the school rules by the scholars—On one occasion, in rather a wrathy way, he threatened to punish with six blows of a heavy ferule the first boy detected in whispering and appointed some as detectors. Shortly after one of the detectors shouted:

'Master, John Zeigler is whispering.'

John was called up and asked if it was a fact. (John, by the way, was a favorite both with his teacher and school-mates.)

'Yes' answered John, 'I was not aware of what I was about; I was intent on working out a sum, and requested the boy who sat next to hand me the arithmetic that contained the rule which I wished to see.'

The doctor regretted his hasty threat, but told John that he could not suffer him to whisper or escape the punishment, and continued:

'I wish I could avoid it, but cannot without a forfeiture of my word. I will,' he continued, 'leave it to any three scholars you may choose to say whether or not I omit the punishment.'

John said he was agreed to that, and immediately called out G. S., T. D., and D. P. D. The Doctor told them to return a verdict, which they soon did, (after consultation,) as follows:

'The master's word must be kept inviolate—John must receive the threatened six blows of the ferule; but it must be inflicted on voluntary proxies—and we the arbitrators, will share the punishment by receiving each of us two of the blows."

John, who had listened to the verdict, stepped up to the Doctor, and with outstretched hand, exclaimed:

'Master, here is my hand; they shan't be struck a blow; I will receive the punishment.'

The Doctor, under pretence of wiping his face, shielded his eyes, and telling the boys to go to their seats, said he would think of it. I believe he did think of it to his dying day; but the punishment was never inflicted.

SELECTING SEED WHEAT.

We have before alluded to the experiments of Mr. Hallett, of Brighton, in England, in the selection of wheat for seed and the results which have attended it. It is an interesting and important matter with the farmer, and one which we desire to press upon the attention of our readers. Mr. Hallett commenced his experiments in September, 1859. He then planted one grain of wheat, and year by year selecting most carefully the produce of the finest heads as seed for next year's crop, and improving every successive harvest, he has at length more than doubled the size of the original heads, the weight of the product greatly increased, and he is enabled to sow much earlier than formerly.—These are most important considerations.

It will be remembered that at the meeting of the Board of Agriculture last winter, Mr. Haines, of Aroostook, stated that he one year separated his seed wheat, so as to have the largest, heaviest grains only, to sow.—In this way he obtained about one peck from a bushel. A bushel and a half of this selected seed was sown side by side in another field, with wheat uncleansed, and the former was four time as good as the latter, and the yield correspondingly heavier. The field upon which it was sown was very uniform in character throughout, and this difference in the looks of the wheat could be distinguished as far as the field could be viewed so as to see the grain.

The benefits of careful selection of seed through a number of years, become so evident that we think farmers can but profit from the experiments which have thus far been made in this direction; and there is this advantage in it, that the plan is open to every farmer alive, and with but a small expense attending the operation. To raise pure crops of every variety for seed, is a matter of the *greatest importance*, and we wonder it has so long been neglected.—*Maine Farmer.*

SELECTING SEED CORN.

A correspondent of the Boston Cultivator offers the following suggestions respecting the proper selection of corn for planting:

1. Pick the ears that set nearest the ground.
2. Those ears having a short foot stalk.
3. From stalks having the most ears.—Generally but one ear on a stalk is proper for seed, and that usually the second ear.—If the first ear is as good, take that.
4. Never take from a stalk having but one ear, if stalks can be found having two or more ears.
5. Always take ears that are filled out up to the end, and that run beyond the husk, if such can be had.
6. Lay up four or five times as much as will probably be wanted.
7. When you come to plant, before shelling, break every ear and see if the pith of the cob is dried up and hollow, for if it is not, the corn is not fully ripe. Then shell off the butt and tip till you come to the long grains.

If farmers will follow this course yearly, the crops may be greatly increased. Great crops can never be raised from stalks having but one ear. The carelessness of farmers in selecting seed corn is one great cause why corn crops are generally of so little profit. So far as I know, the general practice of farmers in selecting seed corn, is to take the best and fairest ears in the pile, without knowing if there were one or more ears on a stalk, and most likely there was but one.

SQUARING UP.—Greater by far than the satisfaction to be enjoyed by accumulation, is that of paying up old scores. To owe, without being able to pay as yet, but all the while to be inspired with a resolution to pay off to the very last farthing of indebtedness, is to acquire the solid materials of a character that will wear to the end of time, and prove a treasure indeed to its possesser. We respect a man, be he young or old, who, having a burden of debt to carry on his shoulders for one reason or another, is yet determined to carry it. How speedily and resolutely he carries himself from one year's end to another! What interest is his, to coin each hour and moment into current money. What resolution he betrays, called aside from his purpose neither in one direction nor another, but eager to secure the object and ends to which he has directed all his exertions. It may, in this sense, be as well for a man, as for a nation, to owe obligation, since it helps to fix his resolution, establish habits of industry and frugality, and develop all the best powers of the individual.

TIN-CLAD GUNBOATS.—Cotton clad gunboats and iron-clad gunboats have figured conspicuously in many hard-fought battles since the commencement of the war; and now it appears that tin-clad gunboats are coming into fashion. A Cairo dispatch of the 28th instant, says: "The captain of a tin-clad gunboat anchored at Rodney, Miss., went ashore to church on Sunday week was surprised and captured with six men, and carried to the interior a prisoner. The gunboat commenced to shell the town, but the guerillas threatened to hang a prisoner for every shot fired, if continued, so firing was discontinued."

INTERNAL REVENUE.—The result of the first year's operation of the internal revenue act in the third (Boston) district of Massachusetts is as follows:—Income tax $500,000, manufactures' tax, $825,118, licenses, $361,918; bank note stamp and insurance tax, $320,000—making a total of some $2,000,000. The receipt for the State will reach $10,000,000.

WORDS are but the froth of thoughts.

Moseby's Guerillas at Work near Alexandria.

The Alexandria (Va.) News of Tuesday last says that it was reported there that day, that the night before, Moseby, with one hundred and fifty guerillas, dressed in Federal uniform, made a raid about a mile from Fort Ellsworth, and captured two farmers, William Reed and Lewis Tresler, and attempted to fire a bridge on the Fairfax road, near George D. Fowle's farm. From Mr. Tresler they took some $200 in gold and $30 or $40 in treasury notes, and then released him and Mr. Reed. Before releasing these gentlemen some of the guerillas informed them that they were going to Maynadier Mason's to carry a dispatch to Colonel Dulaney, aid to Gov. Pierpont, who makes his home there. The fact of the capture of Colonel Dulany was subsequently communicated to the Provost Marshal of Alexandria. Moseby is said to have commanded the gang in person. The News of Wednesday evening says:

'Moseby, while on his way down on Monday, with his gang of guerillas, passed within half a mile of a detached camp of the 2d Massachusetts cavalry, whose headquarters are at Centreville He seems to have no fears of capture, and but little trouble in penetrating our lines. On Thursday last he captured near Springfield Station two teams, consisting of four mules each.

"Guerillas seem to be about as plentiful in Fairfax county as our own troops, and much more active. Until a regiment is stationed at Fairfax Court House, and another at Vienna, we may anticipate the continued and frequent depredations of these bands.

"Col. Dulaney was heard from yesterday. At three o'clock yesterday morning he was in the neigborhood of Vienna, on his way South, in charge of Moseby and between 60 and 70 guerillas."

IMPORTANT ORDER CONCERNING DECISIONS OF BOARDS OF ENROLLMENT.—The following circular was issued last week by Provost Marshal General Frey:

1. The decisions of boards of enrollment on claims for exemption from military duty under the draft being final, the boards will not reopen or re-examine claims upon which they have once rendered judgement. A thorough examination should be made into every doubtful case before rendering a decision, and, if necessary the decision should be deferred for such reasonable length of time as may be required to obtain the evidence essential to a proper understanding of the case.

2. An exemption or discharge from the draft procured by fraud is invalid, and does not relieve the person perpetrating the fraud from his obligation to perform military duty under the draft, or from liability to be punished as a deserter for failing to report for duty as required by the law.

When a board of enrollment or a provost marshal shall have reason to believe that a fraud has been practised upon the board in procuring an exemption or discharge, or in furnishing a substitute, they will immediately report the facts in the case, and the reasons for their belief, to the provost marshal general for such further action as may be deemed advisable.

CAPTURE AND RECAPTURE OF THE STEAM TUG LEVIATHAN.—The tugboat Leviathan, lying at the Southwest Pass of the Mississippi river, was boarded by a party of men from the shore, on the night of the 21st ult., and stolen from under the guns of the United States steamer DeSoto. The theft was not discovered until after the tug had got several miles out in the gulf, when a pursuit was ordered, and a few hours' chase resulted in the capture of the fugitive. The enterprising pirates, who attempted this daring piece of confiscation, were brought back in irons.—*N. Y. Times.*

EXILED BISHOPS RETURNING.—The Archbishop of Mexico and the Bishops of Michoacan and Oaxaca arrived at Martinique on the 4th inst., from France, en route for Mexico. They had been expelled from the country for refusing to take the oath of loyalty. The Archbishop has been appointed a member of the Provisional Government.

DAMAGE TO SHEEP.—In the report of the State Board of Agriculture for Ohio it is stated that the number of sheep killed by dogs in 1862 was thirty six thousand seven hundred and seventy-eight, and during the same period twenty-four thousand nine hundred and seventy two were injured, the total value of the canine destruction being $136,-942.

THE WEALTH OF NEVADA.—It is estimated that the mineral wealth of Nevada Territory will be sufficient to pay a national debt of $20,000,000,000, to give every returning soldier a musket of silver, and to furnish all our iron-clads with a plating of silver thicker than their present covering of iron.

POTATOES.—The Troy (N. Y.) Times says: The potato trade is already progressing with briskness. They are sending off a thousand barrels a week, paying $1,25 for peachblows, and $1 to $1,07 for other qualities. It is to be presumed that this scale of prices prevails in other potato shipping localities, which, in the aggregate, must now send off some 10,000 barrels a week.

The Roman orator Cicero was one day sneered at by one of his opponents, a mean man of noble lineage, on account of his low parentage. 'You are the first of your line,' said the railer; 'and you,' rejoined Cicero, 'are the last of yours.'

☞ The journeymen coopers in New York are on a strike for $2 50 a day.

☞ Some of the Green Mountains are whitened with snow.

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