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"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

"THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW."

(Could anything be more affecting than the following? Its author's name is unknown, but he deserves a high place in the poetic ranks.)
Oh the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and earth below;
Over the house tops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet,
Dancing,
Dancing.

Beautiful snow? It can do no wrong,
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek;
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak,
Beautiful snow from the Heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
How the flowers gather and laugh as they go!
Whirling about in its maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with every one,
Chasing,
Chasing.

Laughing,
Laughing.
Hurrying by,
It lights on the face, and it sparkles the eye;
And then the dog, with a bark and a bound,
Snaps at the crystals that eddy around;
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow,
As it welcomes the coming of beautiful snow!

How the wild crowd goes away the long,
Hailing each other with honor and song!
How the sledges, like meteors flash by,
Bright for the moment, then lost to the eye,
Ringing,
Ringing.

Swinging,
Swinging.
Dashing they go,
Over the crust of the beautiful snow;
How so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in mud by the crowd passing by.

To be trampled and tracked by the thousands
Of feet,
Till it blends with the silt in the horrible
Street.

Once 'twas pure as the snow—but I fell!
Fell like the snow flakes, from Heaven to
Hell;
Fell to be trampled as silt of the street,
Fell to be soiled, to be spit on and beat;
Pleading,
Pleading.

Breathing to die,
Falling my soul to whoever would buy,
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead;
Merciful God! have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow.

A THEORY WORKED OUT.

My refusal of Asher Alleyne was the legitimate result of much romance, reading and considerable nursing of ideas—two "waxes" whose ultimate issue had been the establishment of my theory of love, as applying to my own destined experience in the matter. Out from the nebulae of men I fell that one must come whose face and figure should wear an instant pleasingness in my eyes beyond those of any hitherto seen, or to be seen forever thereafter. Behind them would be surely a soul to the extremest limit of fallible mortal capacity, strong and earnest—a soul so high that through all the years I should feel its hand stretched out above me, perpetually leading me on to altitudes I should never else have reached. What a scope for fancy lay in delineation of the external of this coming man. I never saw a handsome feature, an air graceful or noble, but I appropriated it to him; never a draw-whisker accompanying its actual possessor.

But I was not an empty headed nonentity by any means. The very friend of Asher Alleyne's having been satisfied at my side in so many leisure hours of the past two years was proof enough of this. I could keep pace with him, if not in the man's depth, at least with the woman's nervous multiple step, in all theories of which men and women talk. I had gone with him absent in threading the subtleties of Locke and Bacon's explanation of the bow, and why, and wherefore of the soul for the body, and the body for the soul. And there were lighter hours for crowning with flowers of poetry, whose nooks, in their best and most eternal freshness, none knew better where to seek than he. I, sitting at his side free of heart, would listen as he rhymed the passionate evidence of the love and longing the strongest hearts had so felt and told of.

If in his heart there sprung up the ascription, "And thus I feel for thee," the response "And I for thee," never echoed in the faintest out of mine. Asher Alleyne was not a man to catch and hold the fancy of fair women by their will as much as he; he was in every outward particular a plain man. One whom none are surprised to find single at any age, and he was getting past his first youth a little. He was not a fascinating beauty, or a superficially brilliant one in conversation; though whatever seemed visibly to want saying he said always and well.

He was in no wise demonstrative, not even in that oftenmost effective particular, the eyes. He never "made eyes" on any occasion; indeed I scarcely knew the color of those organs, though I remember once seeing his eyes—no (turned on me, however—with an expression I had never beheld or thought of in them before, as I made an end of the story of some man alone who "saw the light in happy homes" and felt such radiance not for him. I had always lived in the fullest of that kind of radiance, and thought there must be a great difference in his life and mine to make such a lonesome, empty look in his eyes possible; thinking also that he must find his year after year of boarding house life even less heartsome than most men. Yet, further than friendship and its degree of sympathy went, it was not my affair. And so I sat in his presence, unthinking of him, my heart unaltered in far-off dreams of a man to come and blessed things to be.

And I too thrilled and glowed as he read words that stir up women's hearts, and wished, with a yearning that was almost a prayer, for the time when the full realization of those distant dreams should come to me in the voice that read of them—should glow upon me out of the eyes which held the answering soul of my beloved.

And like unto what similitude was this chosen one to be?
So far different from the plain, grave man who one day, after his voice had rung for me the last exquisite chime of "The Lady Geraldine's Courtship," turned to me with the quiet of a cooling breeze, or the still molten glow of an exceeding great desire (I never thought which), asked me to make his life toward and radiant, as the generous woman of the hymn had done that other man's. So far different was he from the man in my dreams that I, with no thought for him but nature's selfish cry, "Thyself first of all!" strong and instant in me, replied, surprised, but unhesitating and calmly,

"Oh no, Mr. Alleyne, that never can be."

He sat with evident unpreparedness and pain how new and unthought of his proposition was. We had talked so well in so many thoughts and pursuits, that he forgot to take account of how much of a girl's heart might be left given over to dreams of which he had no knowledge. He rose up from his chair, and hid the book down, quietly, and stood for a minute before me, and said,
"I suppose pride ought to prompt me to go out from you at once and forever, even though I cannot tell you, if I would, how great a gift God has denied me through your words. Some better man may win you; but be sure of this—there never will be a man who through every circumstance of his life could need you more sorely; to whom your life would have been a richer endowment; to whom your love would have been a more sufficient possession; whose heart would have followed you in more closely or have been more entirely satisfied in you."
And so he went, and as concerned being worthily touched by them, or feeling a true estimate of their value, I heard his words as if I had not heard them; though they woke in me a sympathy which made me regret that he had felt a necessity through me which I could never fill, and brought me the best gift of his humanity to one by whom it was unneeded and unused.

A man's position in society—what people say of him, his appearance and doings—had a nearer connection with most young ladies than they are aware of or would confess. True, there are women who have grown into loving men whom they know not, or knowing, fall to favor; but they are somewhat the exception. For a young lady to hear of a man possessing, in full degree, all the attributes of the gifts of intellect and feature desirable in man, does not inspire in her commonly the desire to avoid him strictly. We all have an impression, and doubtless in the main correct, that the virtuous general society passes upon a member is usually just.

I had found no occasion to gain my eye, and Ralph Hasseltine came to me bringing in his face and figure, not only those fair outlines which one need but see to read and approve, but general society's verdict of what I prized infinitely more—a true and genial soul. Others had appeared thus furnished forth—but Ralph Hasseltine! I suppose few girls who have nursed ideals have ever met anything specially like them; but I do not think any man alive could have come nearer mine externally than Ralph Hasseltine.

As I had foretold, the great Aurora of passion flushed up into the waiting sky of my life simultaneous with his first appearing. So specifically that I think I began to love him before he consciously knew me at all. His voice had attracted me first. A little weary by my study, I was sitting at the window, and he came in and went into the book room, began a search for some want with a fresher favor, albeit it had lain a hundred years or more.

Somebody played at the piano, and he carelessly caught up the tag end of the tune and added words. It was a voice a young girl likes to hear, telling her, however little she may analyze the fact, of great store of life and freshness and readiness for passion. I turned from the books and took position where I could see him in the parlor. The figure, carried with the subtle ease of gentlemanhood, seemed perfect. The soft light from the chandelier fell on his graceful head and gave his locks the true hero's purple black. I knew him, having heard his name and social fame before. I did not find the latter belief when I met him in parlor talk and presence that night and thereafter.

I began to wonder if it was at all thus Asher Alleyne had felt in our first acquaintance; for long before Ralph Hasseltine gave me row for row I loved him. I loved him—the fact declared itself in me with still persistence when away from him. It sprang up to my face in glowing assertion when I met him, even in the street. Around him centered the gathered host of all the truth and tenderness, depth and loftiness of soul which I had every seen or read as man's possession. I loved him as only they love who have read wise books, have planned high labors and great joys for their lives, and feel some innate breadth of soul which only needs right kinship to gain full expansion. I felt the fulfillment of my utmost dream the night I met him around me, and his lips said "I love you" they had just uttered upon mine.

It was a most fair fabric I began straightway to weave. New thoughts and wishes revealed themselves full grown in the light of this new Aurora. A wife—ah, word most subtly sweet! The light of one more happy home to shine forth in the land. That happy home—there was one special picture of it I had at heart which I was continually stealing in to contemplate. It was a scene of long evenings after daylight and their duties overpast and well fulfilled. One only beside me, who should be to me as I to him, my sufficient possession; having whom my heart should acknowledge no other want in the world outside, however active my work there might be, and however pleasant a welcome I might there have. For this one should walk with me into all realms of thought and feeling—should join me in all study and research commune to man's—should penetrate with me the utmost limits of those spiritual glories whereon a man can look and live. Together we would enter upon life—together smile in its serene joys—and together meet and comfort one another under its inevitable and thorn coming woes. Ever

mind to help each other, keep in view that it is not to live care free and at ease, but to show all souls within our utmost reach that life is worthy the noblest and holiest living—since Christ died for it—that shall gain for us at last the ineffable sentence—"Servants of God, well done."
Such union were indeed of love. We could not be married at once, and the tender flowers of courtship had a whole year to blossom in. What a blessed, prosperous season I felt this would be. We had taken one another, each instinctively conscious of the other's merits; doubtless, yet for all, as it were, upon trust.
Well, Ralph came to see me almost daily. The warmest maid could not have desired a more impassioned and demonstrative lover; but I had an instinct that we could not spend a year in carresses, even if their rest and freshness did not fail us. So for the most part I kept him seated reasonably distant. And for me it was joy enough to watch, and bask in mine now and then, the various expression of a pair of the most matchless eyes which ever opened on the world; getting by heart the while every turn of his face and figure. But we can look our fill upon the fairest picture, and this was Ralph Hasseltine's pictorial phase simply; and the beholding it was not the deepest happiness, pleasant as it was.

Two months of constant intercourse wore off the glowing novelty of our new relation, and I began to feel the old everyday epistolary and literary wants coming back. Wants not to be filled by the most sparkling talk about the weather, acquaintances, society in general, and one's self in particular, and most generally it seemed to me, it was difficult to lead Ralph of these topics, though I had not at first noticed his habitual aloofness to them.
I put into the hands of my handsome lover—through college long ago—one of the essays Mr. Alleyne and I used to read together, begging him to adorn the lectures with the beauty of his voice. Flattered, he read a page or two, when I fallen into full enjoyment of the simple thoughts it held, was startled by his turning the book carelessly down, with the simple explanation of "Bored!"

It was from this evening I think that I began to feel the shade of the hand breath coming over the serene atmosphere in the sky of my love. It was not the occasional, and so pardonably fresh, dismission to consider weary topics, and take other views of life and its objects, the most cheerful feel now and then. The little gay life, street and drawing room butterfly life, seemed sufficient for him. He regarded a prince in these, and it was with such supreme society had given him his diploma under an exterior which, in its winning grace and perfection, seemed the fitting outward type of noble attributes behind there lay a mind which, though not bad, was light and shallow.

But I had built my castle, "on Kenazog" though it were, quite too firmly to admit of its toppling about my ears at once. Did I not love as I had so long planned to love? Had not the divine afflatus entered in and filled my soul as thoroughly as that soul was capable of being filled? Then let her be quiescent for me. But it was not I felt it plain and plainer every day. For the physical and entirely kind of love Ralph Hasseltine answered abundantly, and was capable of inspiring no higher awe to the mind of fancy solely. It had seemed to me that it would be so blessed to draw nearer and nearer to him mentally and spiritually in those quiet hours when common talk was done. But common talk done, with Ralph all was done.

He little thought how he started my heart by a quiet, careless speech of his about "how deceitfully handsome some folks, about their married lives." Laughingly declaring, "we would show society that people need not necessarily mope in due for the rest of their lives in the back parlor because they had an unweeded affirmative in the presence of witnesses, some polite inquiries in the prayer book. His little wife need not think he was going to make her bury her beauty, just because she had given him his guardian-ship. No; it would be his first ambition to display its treasure—and himself besides, I know you are thinking," he added, joyfully. "Well, it will be but an old trick of an old dog, who enjoys it too well to wish to be taught new."

His first ambition! What sort of realization, then, was my heart picture and life programme like to meet? I would not believe—I absolutely would not believe—that there was no more to Ralph Hasseltine than he showed out in those hours. Silently, anxiously, as if it were the hope of my life depended on the happy issue, I tried him little by little.

He was a pretty good Christian, he thought—neither lied nor stole, and liked church-going first rate. It was delightfully soothing and comfortable for at first; and when the dominion began to make a fellow quake on the crimson velvet cushion, it carried out the rule of contrasts capitally. It was not difficult to imagine the angelic element of religion in the ladies' faces there, unless the sun threw the shade of a yellow or green window across them. It was a self evident fact, he thought, that if a fellow minded his own business and did the best he could he would be saved; and it was only despicable fools who bothered their heads with controversy and theological metaphysics.
And according to my lover's standard, he was doing "the best he could." Perhaps it was scarcely the province of his lady-love

to ask him what worthy share he was taking in the world's great, hard, necessary Christian work, which lay out for his doing plain before him—in what particular his life differed from that of those old Greece and Rome, whose bitter condemnation was in being "lovers of ease more than lovers of God."

It is not to ask him she asked herself, with a reluctant half question, willing to admit but no answer. That answer did not at all come. Putting aside, as I was enabled to do in this strain of life, mere physical passion, I saw that there was not that in Ralph Hasseltine which would warrant me, as a Christian and true to God, nor even as a woman and true to him, in carrying out the promise I had made to him to join my life to his and make it even as his.
My life like his? Why, he was the constant epitome of the trifling, unresisting, to-day living existence I was trying to pry away in myself to give room for a worthier growth.

And yet how could I give him up, this handsome, winsome, sunshine loving mortal? Let my weeks glide by, not seeing or willing to see just how.

We had a long winter evening before us, and having begun by a legged-up tale of light talk and gossip, I began to feel as they who describe wine, have tasted it.
"We have rattled log enough, have we not?" Ralph, suppose you give me and find myself a deep glimpse into a young woman's heart through these "Sonnets from the Porphyrians?"

He took up the book offered him. "Oh Mrs. Browning!" said he, yawning. "Bother take her and all the nonsense of it; who effect her kin—revelation of present company always understood!"

And replacing the book on the stand, I selected instead the finest apple in the dish, and leaning indolently back on his chair, began paging it. A silence fell between us, he looked into the fire, and I into his eyes. They were the ideal eyes of the man I had so loved and longed for. Did the soul of the man I had awaited behind them?
I thought of a passage I had culled for remembrance out of "Adam Bede," of eyes whose expression gave no warrant or explanation in the soul beneath them. Eyes that seem to express the joys and sorrows of long gone generations—great thoughts and tender emotions—mixed perhaps with pain, eyes which can see nothing eyes full of meanings not their own, just as a national language may be mistimed with poetry written by the lips that use it. Were these Ralph Hasseltine's eyes? What else were they? I could not perhaps had the substance, the reality of their expression in the world, and should take the semblance of it, and teach myself content?

No! not if I walked empty to my last day on earth.
As I thought these things, my lover flash ed the apple and threw the core upon the grate. We both watched it creep and char away in the blaze. So my dream had burnt into blackness—all the soul and freshness gone out of it.
I took off my thimble and rolled up my sewing, putting all in the work box and shutting down the lid; then rising from my chair and going round the table I stood before my lover. He reached out his arm with a questioning motion, wishing to draw me close, and pressing the thought struck sorely, that it was the arm which had clasped the sweetest hopes of my life into my heart, and must fall now forever from its office.

"Ralph," I began at once. "I told you I loved you, and as far as flesh and sense is concerned I love you still. But the true Ralph Hasseltine—the who after this visible one has fallen into the dust—the fair earth itself has waxed old like a garment, and been folded away as a vesture, I do not love. And you will absolute me from my promise as freely as I feel I can ask it of you, since the sewing with which I made it was as if I had not seen."
He sprang to his feet amazed, remonstrating, protesting, and soon, with hurt pride and disappointment working high in him, was gone.
Was this, then, the legitimate work of such great soulfulness as I had always professed? If I had been a thoughtful high-spirited, and more like common folks, perhaps I might have kept my faith a little better. He could not understand me, even in this; and I was to let him go forth in anger, I felt it impossible to prevent it by anything short of retraction. And so the graceful figure which had brought such joy to me, which I had loved with almost "unmortal affection," went out over my threshold to return no more forever.
If I had known him less well my heart would have been sorer for him than for myself. But though he loved me as such men may love, I feel he did not need me. His soul was not enough in capacity to feel a lack of which a true woman alone could be the complement. I was to him but one of many pleasant things of life, and losing me enough remained for his full desert.

What thousands of women have sat before slowly dying fires far into nights, as I sat on the one where I, by my own will but not wish, had laid the dead dream of my theory upon the altar of holocaust, and watched its fair proportions drop into annihilation. And it was gone with no whit less bitter a sense of loss and failure than if it had been true, and of substantial and logical base. As it was, I had staked my happiness and satisfaction so thoroughly upon my experience of its success, that when, after begin-

ning to be wrought out so nobly, it had failed and fallen, I felt as if all the rest went with it.
At least I felt so, in the lonesome hours before the waiting fire. But other days dawned, and the great strong march of life went on—neither had beauty and joy tumbled out of it for such as were willing to take it without too hasty selection. It was not in my nature, as in many women's, to fail or suffer, and by smothering and ignoring the matter to get over it. My relief was to argue it out before I could forget it. So I took my old theory of love in hand, and held it up to my tests of religion and logic.

I found that, though applying the former gauge to all things else, I had hitherto neglected to do so here. I believe I had unconsciously considered love—being in love—the romantic passion I had sought, as one thing out of Scripture province. Now looking in the Bible for warrant for my theory of love, I found none whatsoever, this elusive one that I had mortal from among the rest, and investing him—may, the very trades his hands touched—with a sort of sacredness above all else.

This willingness to bring all the heart's passion and kindness, and effort, and lay them on one man to the exclusion of others. What else can that "indominate affection" against which we are warned? And yet in this province of marriage we had a degree of affection allowed, nay, demanded, second only in its degree to that we gave to God. And yet parallel with this is the requisite of a problem of the Christian life on earth, how to impact the greatest source of happiness and progress on greatest number without thought for our private happiness out of their hands, and find it into his and the most blessed and best.

In the matter of love and marriage I had considered my own pleasure without thought of furthering the cause to which I had pledged all my life's essence and effort. And now I came to see that the selection and marrying of a husband, while not to be undertaken without great personal preference and pleasure, involves a greater privilege and duty, and is guided by a higher and surer rule than that of being blindly "in love."

I was certainly a great help to recovery and together with my thoroughly healthy nature, soon restored me to a very enjoyable atmosphere of being, though the rainbow colors had faded or lay very far back in it now.
Yet I was all woman, and being such had heart and hope. I did not care what women say. I knew there never has been one yet, not dwelt away from the likeness of that wonderful first one, whose nature in her so wrought in her days of purities, that she, and they after her, have recognized a life shared with a good man not only their own wish but his right and desert. And so, even pulling the question of personal happiness in the matter (which I did not do aside), I felt it would be perfectly safe upon the basis of thorough liking to join my life to that one which of all others I could most bless.

And now for the first time, in their true interpretation, I understood Asher Alleyne's parting words. He had spoken from a stand point and with a knowledge I had not gained. Able now, in the light of my new experience, to see men with a true vision, I began to bring Asher Alleyne to the test, as I had done Ralph Hasseltine.
I analyzed the hours we had spent in the old time. Was not here a man whose purpose in life—more than his and truly wrought—was identical with my own? For slanting and furling every worthy aspiration, for all quiet hours no less than bitter strains of life, could not a woman put her hand in his and say "Sufficient?"

Yet could it be possible that in this plain man lay the true world of realization, which overlooking him wholly, I had located so far beyond him? Did the best proof I could give to God of my devotion to him, in giving joy to his creatures, come to die through Asher Alleyne?
I sat alone in my room with these thoughts in mind and the Bible in my hand. As I looked down upon its open page I remembered, curiously enough, the good man who Asher Alleyne refrained from marriage because of the book should guide him in the matter through the text he, closing the book and placing his finger upon, should open at, found it told him who felt at the threshold of his bridal chamber dead.
I believe in that sort of thing at all; yet the impulse came upon me strongly all at once, to decide this question of Christian service in the selection of a husband if possible in the same way, and to take the text I opened upon, if it had any bearing at all upon the subject, as conclusive. And it was in the spirit of truth or irreverence that I placed my finger between the leaves of the New Testament, and holding it firmly, opened upon the words:

"Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye do it unto me."
I was most astonished! "One of the least of these." As mortal could judge of mortal Asher Alleyne stood in God's sight? as such must not recompense for joy bestowed on him be doubly great? But I could not believe it! It was emphatic, uncompulsory, sharply to the point text. Such things, of course, must commonly be mere coincidences; and if such, are not likely to happen twice; and I will try again, and if I find another passage which tallies with this text I shall deem it sufficient.
I made the trial further back in the book

this time, and opened upon the words of God's holy apostle, Paul, commending to another the brother of his affliction.
"Which in time past was to thee unprofitable, but now profitable to thee and to me; whom I have sent again; thou therefore receive him: But without thy mind would I do nothing; that thy benefit should not be as it were of necessity, but willingly. For perhaps he therefore departed for a season, that thou shouldst receive him forever. Not nowing the matter to get over it. My relief was to argue it out before I could forget it. So I took my old theory of love in hand, and held it up to my tests of religion and logic.

I had my answer. I took it as from the Lord. "Not of necessity, but willingly." Oh, most willingly! I felt at my very soul the strong true spirit that, through no desert of mine, and in spite of my blindness, had been given to me of God. Great my life I felt the soft clasping of a great content. For though this man had gone from me, I never doubted for a moment now that he had been my appointed and chosen from the first, withheld from me till I had learned to hold him at his worth, as I could not do under those fanciful lights of fancy; but the silver day had come, and in it I wrote to him simply:

"Colors seen by candlelight do not look the same by day."
And he came back to me and took his old place at my side, and a new one in my heart, not given till reason—religion even—dictated, but once given pass beyond the province of reason and will, into that of love.
By my former theory, and that of many people, I am not "in love;" yet it will be the reverse, no less than the proudest day of my life when I came to stand beside this plain man and call him "my husband."

ARTHUR'S WORD ON THE NEGRO.—Feller sternness: The African man be his brother; several respectable gentlemen and sum famals tell us so, and for argument sake I will be induced to grant it, I don't believe it myself. But the African isn't our sister, and our wife, and our uncle. He isn't a great of our cousins, and all our wives' relations. He isn't our grandfather, and our aunt in the country. Sincerely. And yet numerous persons would have you think so. It is true he runs Congress and several other public grosseries. But we've got the Africans or he's got us rather; now, what are we going to do about it? He's an awful nuisance. Praps he isn't to blame for it. Praps he was created for sum wise purpose, like Bill Harding and New England rum, but it is mighty hard to see it. As any rate he's here, and it's a pity he can't go off sum whares quietly by himself where he could gratify his ambition in variis ways without havin' an eternal fuss light up about him.

THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER.

Happiness grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked up in the stranger's garden.
Twenty five thousand widows are receiving pensions under the act passed recently.
A sincere word is never lost—but advice counter to example is always suspected. Both cannot be true.
It is an error to think that a long face is essential to good morals, or that laughing is an unpardonable crime.
When your friend dies, you must no longer say "poose to his ashes!" It is treasonable to say peace, and you would be called a "peace sneak" for the utterance.
If thou art but a dunce heaven will forgive thee, for wisdom has not been given thee; but if thou art dishonest he can forgive thee?

Kind words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lips; and we have never heard of any mental trouble arising therefrom.
We may have our brains filled with knowledge, but unless it be brought to bear on the duties of life it can never be transformed into true wisdom.
A cotemporary, noticing a school master, says—"If he attends to the males as he does to the females, he will make a very attentive and efficient officer."
"Sanny, do you know your letters?" "Yes, sir, two of em." "Possible, what are they?" "Let'er go and let'er tip!" "Sunt' how; go to the tub and wet your hair!" A brain of such fertility can't be kept too moist.

A caustic wit alluding to the terrible losses of life in the campaign on the James, remarked: The key of Richmond said to have been in the possession of Grant, must be of the description known as skeleton. The only lock to which the Lieutenant General has had an opportunity of applying it, may be very justly declared a dead-lock.
The New York Times boasts that the Administration has secured to us the navigation of the Mississippi. Oh yes, how very secure the Administration has made the navigation of that stream. How would the Administration like to take a trip just now from Cairo to New Orleans and back, if it should live long enough?—Louisville Journal.

Augustus P. Dumont, a contractor with Captain D. W. Moulton. A. Q. M., at Cincinnati for the supply of a large quantity of kerseys, for army uniforms, having failed to fulfill his engagements, has been sentenced to a fine of \$1,000, and until the same is paid, not exceeding one year, to be confined in the Penitentiary at Columbus.

PRaise YOUR WIFE.

Somebody has committed to paper the following common sense advice, touching the duty of the sterner sex. Let those who are blessed with a partner of their gold read it over once a week, and reduce it to daily practice, and our word for it, it will bring blessings innumerable around the domestic hearth.
Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake give her a little encouragement; it won't hurt her. She has made your home comfortable, your heart bright and shining, your food agreeable; for pity's sake tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She don't expect it, it will make her eyes open wider than they have done for these ten years; but it will do her good for all that, an' you too.

There are many women to-day thirsting for the word of praise—the language of encouragement. Through summer's heat and winter's cold, they have dragged unconplainingly, and so accustomed have their fathers, brothers, and husbands become to their monotonous labors, that they look for and upon them as they do the daily rising of the sun and its daily going down. Namely every day life may be made beautiful by an appreciation of its very humbleness. You know that if the floor is clean, manual labor has been performed to make it so. You know that if you can take from your drawer a clean shirt whenever you want it, somebody's fingers have been to the toil of making it so fresh and agreeable, so smooth and lustrous. Everything that pleases the eye and the senses has been produced by constant work, much thought, great care, and untiring efforts, bodily and mentally.

It is not that many men do not appreciate these things, and feel a glow of gratitude for the numberless attentions bestowed upon them in sickness and health, but they are so selfish in that feeling they don't come to with a hearty "Why, how pleasant you make things look, wife!" or "I am obliged to you for taking so much pains." They thank the tailor for giving them "fits," they thank the man in a full omnibus who gives them a seat; they thank the young lady who moves along in the concert room; in short they thank everybody and everything out of doors, because it is the custom, and come home, tip their chairs back and their heels up, pull out the newspaper, and if the fire has gone down; or, if everything is just right, but their mouths with a smack of satisfaction, but never say to her, "I thank you."

I tell you what, men, young and old, if you did but show an ordinary civility toward those common articles of housekeeping—your wives; if you gave the one hundred and sixtieth part of the compliments you almost choked them with before they were married; if you would stop the badinage about who you are going to have when number one is dead (such things wives may laugh at, but they sink deep, sometimes); if you would cease to speak of their faults, however bawlingly, before others, fewer women would seek for other sources of happiness than your cold, so-soish affections. Praise your wife, then, for all good qualities she has, and you may rest assured that her deficiencies are fully counterbalanced by your own.

Tux Bonnet.—The bonnet is said to have been first brought from Italy, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The materials then employed were cloth of gold, crimson satin, and other rich stuffs, and the form of something between the round Italian hat and the French hood. The large Leghorn hat was the first head covering which took the true bonnet form; and all bonnets and capotes, up to the present day, have been modifications on the original model. It had first a perpendicular crown, with a large brim standing out high and wide around the face, and covered with immense bows of ribbon, intermingled with artificial flowers. From that time variations have appeared in its shape every two or three seasons, and it has gradually become less and less—at one time close and narrow in the brim, at another wide and open, more or less trimmed, according to the caprice of the mode, but always having a decided peculiarity of form opposed to the hat shape. But neither this nor any other style or shape of hat, it is thought, approach, in sweet becomingness, to the charming cottage bonnet, of straw, which all recollect, but which is now extinct.

A BASHFUL YOUTH was paying his addresses to a gay lass of the country, who had long despaired of bringing things to a crisis. He called one day when she was at home alone. After settling the merits of the weather, Miss said, looking shyly into his face:
"I dreamed of you last night."
"Did you? Why, now?"
"Yes, I dreamed that you kissed me."
"Why, now? What did you dream your mother said?"
"Oh! I dreamed she wasn't at home."
A light gleamed on the youth's intellect, and directly something was heard to crack—perhaps his whip, and perhaps not—but in a mouth they were married.

EVERYBODY'S STREET OF NEW YORK.—Very few persons have any conception of the magnitude of the work to be performed in cleaning the streets of a large city like New York. The Herald, in an article on this subject, remarks:—There are two hundred and sixty-eight miles of paved streets in this city, averaging thirty-three feet in width. This gives an area of one thousand one hundred and thirty-nine acres to be cleaned. The city inspector has the whole area swept once every fortnight; about one-quarter is swept three times; six hundred and forty five acres are cleaned six times; and seventy-five acres twelve times in the same space of time. This is equivalent to cleaning three thousand five hundred and fifty-three acres once in two weeks. In addition in this work the sweepers remove every bit of the refuse, on each street, every day, Sunday excepted. This is equivalent to transferring five hundred and thirty-nine acres of refuse every day to the dump, where it is piled up in a large open space for street cleaning, and is worth \$896,228.