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Maxham & Wing

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PRIDE OF BIRTH.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

"Your pupils are not in the house, I believe," said Colonel Haywood, courteously. "I have sent Maumer Fanny to look for them; she knows all their haunts. I am speaking of the children, however, now; Edward is very wild, I have no doubt, since they have been left to their mother's care."

Colonel Haywood had not yet learned to speak of his wife's death before strangers. His face flushed slightly even now, and Philip Anson, the new tutor, noticed it, but seemed absorbed in watching the beautiful landscape. It was all so new to his Northern eyes; the broad, uninclosed fields, with their foam-like waves of snowy cotton; the gnarled, spreading oaks, heavy with the hoary moss, that swayed lightly to and fro in the rising evening wind; the delicious softness of a Southern sunset sky, to which he was not yet accustomed.

They were standing in the porch, or piazza, at which Philip had dismounted; and looking down the avenue, a merry equestrian party came in sight. Two lads, in linen blouses and broad straw hats, mounted on the same patient steed; while, galloping backwards and forward, now wheeling around them, now dashing far ahead, on a pony as wild as herself, May Haywood, the colonel's only daughter, mingled her boisterous shouts of laughter with theirs.

Philip could not but admire the grace of the child's movements, and the fearless ease with which she managed her pony; but he thought her a sad madcap, nevertheless, and wondered what his demure little sister, who was doubtless knitting her stocking at that very moment would have said to this boyish gallop. She threw herself from the saddle as she saw her father upon the porch, and came up with a half shy, half assured manner, to be introduced to her new teacher.

"Mr. Anson, May," said her father, gravely, for he was struck more forcibly than ever with her need of care and restraint. It may be that he saw with Philip's eyes just then.

She gave her hand to him frankly, and looked up into his face with a bright, winning smile.

"You want me to study Latin, will you?" she said. "George says you will, and he hates Latin. I'm sure I shall, if it's hard. I hate to study."

"Do you?" said the young tutor, amused and interested. With all her fearlessness, there was something very feminine in the light of her large grey eyes, and the smile of her finely curved mouth. There was an air of inborn pride and resolution in it, too, and in the haughty arch of the white throat, an air really noticeable in a child. The delicately pencilled eyebrows, the long, dark lashes, the small, carved ear, all contributed to this, and her hair was drawn back from her forehead, after the fashion of our grandmothers. For the rest her dress was plain in the material, and carefully put on. She had one of her brother's broad straw hats in her hand, hanging by its black ribbon, and a cape of common cloth which protected her neck and arms. But the picture suited the landscape; and Philip Anson, with an artist's eye, admired it, without one thought of the beautiful human soul that was awaiting his development.

It was a solitary life to one accustomed to the social life of a Northern city, or the dear companionship of college friends. The same unvaried routine, little company or change to interrupt their morning studies, the afternoon ride or ramble. Colonel Haywood was much away from home, the children left in his absence to the care of his innumerable household, in which Maumer Fanny held the place of authority. When there, he was always courteous, though somewhat reserved; thanked Philip for the improvement, both in mind and manner, of his pupils, and often conversed with him in the library, which, though small, was well chosen, on matters of general history and political interest. When he was away, Philip was left with no other companionship but his own thoughts, his books, and the children. The overseer was an intelligent, but entirely uneducated man, busy on the plantation from early morning until late at night. The picturesque traits of negro character were a matter of amusement at first, and, of course, after a little time, had made their services natural, and even necessary to him, so all subjects of real interest were confined to a very narrow circle.

Edward and John were his two oldest pupils. The children, as the three youngest were called, were not strictly his charge; but he had assumed the care of their training at his own request. The boys, as yet, showed little interest in study, but May became a wonder even to her instructor. Her mother had been an orphan of a proud old family, who had died away one by one, until she had scarcely a near relative left. Colonel Haywood's family were relative left. Colonel Haywood's family were of a distant part of the State, people of precise and formal fashion in the circles of the city, which they rarely left, except to go North for the summer, or attended by a train of servants, to the up-country springs for a month or two. Colonel Haywood had offended them by marrying out of the family circle of connection; and, fortunately, nothing could be said against the birth of the lady. Her family was ancient as their own, both tracing back to colonial governors, and beyond them into the royal obscurity of early English nobility. There was a grey stone monument, flanked on each side by a graceful cypress-tree. May, with a look of veneration, always declared that spoiled her favorite flower-bed, and she planted some poppy-trees exactly where the cypress grew. But the boys already regarded the political and social virtues of Governor Haywood, as set forth on this brown-oned tablet, as a part of their ancestral inheritance.

But it was for these reasons that Mary had become a little of feminine influence and example beyond Maumer Fanny's indulgent adornings. She could neither sew nor write a respectable hand. She had read or looked through half the books in her father's library, and contained any inklings of romance or legendary lore, and she could manage her pony with the graceful fearlessness of an Indian maiden, rather than the easy self-possession of an accomplished horsewoman. These were her accomplishments; but she had health and vigor from this wild, lawless life, and an unvaried luxuriance of imagination and quick sensibility.

At first, she was disposed to rebel against anything like restraint; but Philip held her gently, and she sometimes even did not recognize a guiding hand. Now the thirst for knowledge opened a deep, unfathomable well within her heart of sympathy for all that was noble and true in life, and a wild ambition that elongated to the slumbering elements of her character. They were much together; for John and Edward were disposed to consider him only as their tutor, to be respected and obeyed, but not taken into their boyish confidences. George and Hamilton were children merely. Even May felt that they were no

longer her equals. In their morning lessons—for she no longer discarded the Latin her brothers industriously pursued, but listened eagerly to all that Philip said, in their long rambles by the silent shores of the broad river, or in the dim twilight of the thick woods, she was his constant, cheerful companion. He opened his very heart to his child friend, for he was still young, and needed sympathy, and told her of his Northern home, and why he was obliged to abandon his profession because they were very poor, his mother and sisters, and he was working now for them, but still in the hope of some day completing his studies and taking a useful position. He described his mother—for May asked a thousand questions—a pale, quiet woman, who had suffered much, and who loved him tenderly; and his sisters, Mary, but two years younger than himself, who wrote him such long and affectionate letters, and Anne, just May's own age, but far beyond her in all womanly ways.

"Just show me how to hem; come, Lorry," May had said to her seamstress, the day after she found Annie Anson could make sheets, and even helped on her brother's clothes. The girl did not like to be interrupted in her laborious occupation, sitting on the floor and stringing beads for a necklace. "Go long, my dear, now Miss May, don't you see I've been busy?" "Whar for ye want to sew? Spec you make de nice work, any how?" "Come now, Lorry, and I'll try to learn as quick as possible; and I won't tear my dress again on the gin, or take my apron strings to pieces out my reins. Just show me a little."

So the good-tempered, but indolent maid gave the first lessons in her seamstress art, and May improved wonderfully upon them, and could soon set very neat stitches quite alone. Her first practice of this new womanly accomplishment was hemming a set of handkerchiefs, which she had coaxed out of Maumer Fanny's store-room, for Mr. Anson; and these she left in his room, with a note, expressed simply enough, but in an awkward and most unbecomingly hand, begging his acceptance of them as her work. And then she waited with nervous impatience until he had found them, and blushed with pleasure at his expressions of surprise and commendation, more delighted than when he praised the construction of a difficult problem, or the translation of her first ten lines of Virgil.

The few years that seemed so long to look forward to passed rapidly away. College duties summoned John and Edward from home, and a governess took the place of a tutor in Colonel Haywood's domestic arrangements. Philip parted with regret from his now many pupils, who acknowledged that they owed much besides mere school instruction to him, and from May, as he had left his sister Mary, for there was a similarity of taste and pursuits; though at fifteen there was much still wanting to make up a perfect womanly character in the enthusiastic, impulsive girl. Colonel Haywood, ever kind and generous, was not wanting in good wishes, and Philip returned to his home feeling that he had not wasted the years of his seclusion.

This was the retrospect that occupied his heart and mind, on his approach, after long absence, to these familiar scenes. The long reach of lovely woodland ride was filled with pleasant recollections of the time when he first came there, a stranger, now a welcomed and invited friend. He saw the white, wooden bridge, with its rustic paling, where their horses always stopped to drink, and May, in an unguarded moment, had found herself uncomfortably immersed in the glancing waters, Frisk, meanwhile, leisurely surveying her through his shaggy mane. The woods were perfumed with the long wreaths of golden jasmine as then, the bright emerald leaves of the wild grape-vines gleaming among the fragrant blossoms. Cherokee roses bloomed in white and creamy beauty in the hedge-rows, and even the gray moss seemed only a neutral tint necessary in all this gush of brightness to temper the landscape. Philip drew off his travelling-cap, and bared his brow to the soft, delicious air. He rode joyously onward, longing to see them all once more, every familiar object sending a thrill of pleasure to his heart.

Now the well remembered avenue came in sight, the giant oaks, their fantastic shapes throwing a mass of shadow on the turf beneath them, the moss sweeping down, and making a cool, gray tent, suggestive of twilight reverie, or the morning's idle reading. Here, often he had seen Frisk trained to the wide circle of shadow thrown by these densely woven branches, and he glanced up involuntarily, as if expecting to see his little mistress and her gay steed coming down to meet him. But the "boy" who had been appropriated to his special service was the only creature in sight; and now that Philip was discovered, York moved towards him with an alacrity entirely foreign to his nature.

"Bress my soul, massa! so you done cum at last!" was the first greeting, as the good-natured face shone a welcome with all its wealth of ivory.

"Knowned ye jus dis minute, 'cause you ain't been gone ole. I participated 'tween you 'en I see de hors'; an' Miss May, she send de lub, an' I hope you berry well."

"Miss May! Are not the family at home?" "Massa, ole massa gone to de club, Massa John and he! Massa Edward gone for de fine center wid Miss Caroline an' Miss Lizbeth, Miss May hab de misery in de head—spec it an'—anyhow, she ax to stay in de library an' read. She hab de great 'pacity, massa say."

Philip remembered York's delight in large words of old. It was his habit to linger about the room at lessons, and astonish his fellow-servants with the phrases and terms he contrived to remember.

So May was at home, perhaps expecting him; but who were "Miss Caroline and Miss Lizbeth?" There was some little change in the external appearance of the mansion; no alterations that would have been sacrilege in the eyes of Colonel Haywood, but an air of renovation and general neatness foreign to it of old.

He saw her first in the hall, dusky with afternoon shadows, for she had seen him dismount, and came out to meet him. The clear, silvery tones of the voice were the same, the light of the eyes unaltered, but the child was a tall, stately woman, who received her father's guest with finished ease, as if she had been

long accustomed to do the honors of the mansion.

"My father left his compliments for you, Mr. Anson," she said, as they entered the library together, "as I bade York tell you, and will be home soon. My brothers are just returned from the North, and will be glad to welcome you again. I scarcely knew them, they had improved so much. I hope Hamilton and George will do equal credit to you. We are all happy to have you with us once more. It seems like old times to see you in the 'accustomed place.'"

But Philip did not think so. Then, when he closed his book in and or pleasant thought, the child May would come stealing to his side, with a caressing hand upon his shoulder, and those large, eager eyes raised with inquiry. Now the beautiful woman, beautiful most of all by her nobility of manner, sat there so calm, so stately, and, he thought, so cold. The formal inquiries for his health, his journey, the news from the North, it was not what he had expected; and his heart, that had leaped up so joyously, sank down as though some leaden weight were pressing on it. The very air seemed heavy, and he was glad, for the first time in their intercourse, to hear the tramp of horses announce the return of the equestrians, and the conclusion of their *l'ete-a-lete*.

Edward was, indeed, vastly improved, a frank, gentlemanly man, who greeted him heartily; but Miss Caroline, the aunt, who now resided with them, and Miss Elizabeth Hamilton, a cousin, were content to return his salutation by a cold bow, as they swept across the room, their habits trailing after them like the train of a royal robe. They evidently wished to impress upon the new comer a sense of their own unapproachable dignity, and of his proper place as tutor, in the household. Col. Haywood's return was the first thing to break the uncomfortable spell. There was a real heartiness in his greeting, and the thanks he left to offer for Philip's compliance with his request that he would return and take charge of his young children, with the assurances of a generous remuneration, and a welcome from all to his old home. John's manner was more restrained, but not the less gentlemanly; and, when Philip had visited Maumer Fanny in her new quarter, and received the present of two new-laid eggs—a most embarrassing gift, he could but acknowledge—in return for the bandanas he had brought her, he began to think that Haywood might seem like home to him, after all.

In his old room again, with the well-remembered landscape flooded by the tranquil moonlight, the thought of May's greeting returned. But, after all, was it not right and natural? What else could he have expected from the summer, with its change of residence, was passed. Strange that death should lurk in the wreathings of those graceful parasites, or be hidden in the splendor of those brave old woods! Haywood was deserted with the first tranquil summer day, and the first autumn night fully recalled the scattered family group. Philip and his young pupils did not accompany the Northern party; and the boys, who had not ceased to talk of "sister May's" excellences, were delighted at the prospect of welcoming her home again. In his secret heart, Philip had looked for a renewal of something like the old intercourse; but the dignified Miss Caroline was ever at hand, and she took pains to direct the conversation so that he had little part in it; to their relatives, whom Philip had never seen, people they had met in their late tour, the neighbors who had once more called at Haywood, now that May had entered society, and was known to be heiress, in her own right, to a large and unexpectedly productive property, Mrs. Haywood's dowry.

To be sure, Colonel Haywood's manner placed him on a social equality in all their visits and visits. He was always invited with them, though rarely accepting, and the boys were taught unhesitating obedience to his commands. But what availed all this, while John's haughtiness, and Miss Caroline's pomp, even May's reserve, "Still suggested clear between them The pale spectrum of the salt?" Philip tried to struggle with this cold, unmanly feeling, but in vain. Colonel Haywood's kindness only marked all he shrank from more plainly, and Edward's good-natured frankness failed to win him. The boys became his companions more and more, or, mounting his horse, he would be absent for hours, now riding at a mad gallop through the silent forests, or with reins laid upon the neck of the faithful steed, he wandered absorbed in thought, and only feeling the cool October air playing upon his forehead. And this was the end of all his bright anticipations of a return to his old home. It was for this he had given up the cheerful society of his own dear family; the gentle mother, so tenderly alive to every cloud that drifted across his path; Mary, now happily married; and the gay pranks of his little nephew, named for him, and who made them wonder how they had ever lived without the mischievous merry-maker; Annie, who had taken her sister's place as correspondent, adviser, and comforter! This moody, restless spirit was foreign to his nature.

Day by day, the loveliness and harmony of May's character grew upon him. So deferential to her father and aunt, the latter often a trial both to temper and spirit; the life of the household, and of the neighborhood, yet still finding time to go on in the difficult paths of study he had assisted to mark out for her, and accomplished in the graces "which most adorn a woman." How often he sat in the twilight in the little nook that had been her favorite reading-place when a child, shut by a fall of drapery from the principal drawing-room, and with his face covered by his hands, listened to the thrilling music of voice and instrument which she poured forth, unaware that any listener shared in the enjoyment which music and its cultivation had long given to her. Miss Caroline invariably went to sleep in her lounging-chair, or on a sofa, after dinner; the colonel sometimes walked up and down the room in the firelight, often busy with mournful thought, for the voice was so like her mother's. Philip, not daring to intrude, listened in half sad, half hopeful reverie, sometimes melted almost to tears, and again roused to all that was noble and brave by the changing strain.

He watched from the dusky recess, as she sat absorbed in her own harmonies, the grace of the drooping figure, the clear, luminous eyes, half revealed. Then she would suddenly quit the keys, and lean over the instrument, as if absorbed in the dreams of her own creation, or pacing, with much of her father's manner, through the room the fire-light glancing upon her dress, or the softly banded hair, or the white and rounded arm. And sometimes she sighed, a long, quivering sigh, like a child that has exhausted emotion in tears.

It was a beautiful, but dangerous study. He longed to read her heart as of old, the aims hidden beneath her usual calm exterior, the memory or the fear echoed in those quivering sighs. Yet he knew this was a confidence he had no right to ask. But why? Had she not been to him as a sister?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ELECTRIC CIRCUIT.

There are some things in the heavens and in the earth which are still deep mysteries to philosophers and men of scientific culture. One of these mysteries is the "Electric Circuit," which means that, by a law of nature, electricity travels in a circuit composed of a suitable conductor. Thus, for example, if we take a simple galvanic battery composed of one plate copper and another of zinc, placed in a vessel containing dilute sulphuric acid, with a porous diaphragm between them, we can generate a current of electricity by connecting the two plates with a conductor of copper wire. The one plate is called the negative, and the other the positive metal, and the current flows on the wire, a complete circuit of conduction being thus formed. If this wire be broken at any part of the circuit, the current of electricity will cease to flow in an instant; hence, in telegraphing, it is necessary to have a perfect circuit of conductors. It will naturally be supposed that to send a message, say from New York to Philadelphia, the wire must be double, forming a circuit; but this is not the case. The wire of a telegraph line is single, and yet a perfect electric circuit is formed by using the earth to constitute part of the circuit, for what is called the "return current." The first telegraph lines were made with double wires; but, in 1847, M. Steinheil, of Munich, Bavaria, discovered that he could send messages by a single wire, using the earth as a conductor. To this end, he conducted the wire from the copper plate, where the battery was situated, into a moist earth, and secured at its terminus a plate of copper. The wire-line was conducted from the zinc plate to the distant place where the message was sent, and there it was placed in the moist earth, terminating with a copper plate, in the same manner as the other. All air telegraph lines are thus constructed, and the return current of electricity is the same.

Now, the mystery is, how the earth can form part of an electric circuit, knowing that it is composed mostly of substances which are called "non-conductors." Thus, if we take an electric circuit formed entirely of copper wire, and break it at any part, interposing a cup full of water on a piece of stone, the current will cease to flow; and yet on telegraph-lines the circuit is formed perfectly with a single wire and with deep rivers, plains and high mountains. But there is another law connected with the flow of electric currents—namely, that the resistance is inversely as the area of the conductor. Copper is about eight times superior to iron as a conductor; but if an iron wire ten times the area of a copper one is isolated, the current will flow through it in preference to the copper, whereas, if they were of the same size, it would flow through the copper. Water is a poor conductor of electricity; still it will conduct the current. The earth is charged with moisture to a great depth; hence its great area thus gives it the capacity to form part of the electric circuits on telegraphic lines. There is still another remarkable feature of the part played by the earth in telegraphic operations. Thus, in any one city there are both negative and positive plates of many different batteries buried in the earth, and these are not intended to communicate with one another. Now, as electric circuits always takes the shortest road through the best conductor, the query arises why these currents do not flow from the positive to the negative plates of the nearest batteries, and thus nullify all the telegraphic operations in the country? M. Magrini, of Milan, found by experiment that an electric current could be obtained with one end of the wire communicating with the battery, while the other was insulated. Professors Faraday and Wheatstone also made the discovery that the earth was a great reservoir of electricity, and likewise a drain for the free electricities generated in batteries. In connection with these facts, it was found that a charged reservoir of electricity forms a perfect portion of any electric circuit; hence the earth constitutes this portion of all telegraphic lines, no matter where the batteries are situated, or how the ends terminate. It is now well known, also, that it is not necessary to obtain an electric current, and that the two electricities—so called—produced by a battery should be reunited by a wire; it is sufficient that one of the electricities be absorbed, and this is effected by the earth as a great drain. We have now presented quite a number of curious scientific facts of a deeply interesting character relating to electrical phenomena. Many persons have presumptuously attempted to explain the cause of these. "The laws of nature" mean the operations of matter: the causes are beyond our understanding. We are surrounded by mysteries. An apple falls to the ground, and we call that the action of gravity; but this only means a certain operation of matter. What gravity is we know not; and it is the same with electricity. In the hands of men, however, it has become a potent agent for good; and the more we know of its operations the more we admire the goodness and wisdom of Him who has given this force to man as his useful servant. [The Independent.]

DISSOLVING GENEROSITY.—Here is the last illustration given by Mons. Alphonse Karr, the celebrated French writer: "I have for my neighbor, in the country, a man who recently was seized with congestion of the brain. His old servant became alarmed, and had scarcely time to scream for help, when she fainted. A workman named Norman went by, he leaped into the window, lifted up the two dying people from the floor, restored the woman to her senses, jumped on a horse, galloped to town and brought back a physician. My neighbor's life

was saved. The workman returned to his task. I said to my neighbor: 'But for Norman you would have been a dead man. I hope you intend to reward him liberally?' 'Yes, indeed, I intend to give him 40¢.' I met my neighbor a few days afterwards, and said to him, 'Well, have you rewarded Norman?' 'No, not yet, but he will lose nothing by waiting. I said I would give him ten francs, and when I say a thing it is as good as done.' A week passed away. 'Have you seen Norman?' 'Norman—ah! Norman! No, I haven't met him yet; but I am fattening a rabbit—a first-rate rabbit. Oh! I am not a man to forget a service.' A fortnight passed away. 'Well, is your rabbit fat?' 'As fat as a pig.' 'I ate it yesterday, and I tell you, it has been a long while since I had such a tit-bit in my mouth.'"

STATE RIGHTS.

Those who defend secession as but the assertion of one of the undoubted rights of the States, also oppose the war as destructive of these rights. Their theory seems to be that there can be no security for local independence, no safety for the small states against the violence or intrigues of the large ones, unless the right of withdrawing from the confederation at pleasure is conceded by the central government. The truth is, however, that there are no more formidable enemies of states' rights, than these same secessionists; no doctrines from which the weak states have so much to fear, as from them.

The theory of the nature of our Government, which converts it into a voluntary alliance of several independent Powers, from which every member can withdraw at pleasure, does not, in reality, afford to any one state one particle more strength or security than can be enjoyed by any small European power which chooses to make friends with a large one or with several large ones. The condition of Connecticut or of Delaware, in our own confederation, is very much, according to the States Rights' doctrine, what that of Sweden or Denmark can be whenever either of these powers succeeds in entering into an alliance with France and England. These great powers, under such circumstances, would be bound by a moral obligation of the strongest kind, to succor, help and deliver their weaker friends, if menaced, as Denmark has lately been, with destruction; but it is an obligation which they need not fulfill unless they please, and the result is, as we have lately seen, that it may be absolutely worthless when it ought to be of the greatest value. Until, in short, some great change occurs, either in the nature of man, or in the mode of applying the moral law to international relations, the States Rights' doctrine is a broken reed, and a mockery to all human contracts. They are notoriously broken, without any sense of wrong or discredit, by all nations, whenever convenience, policy, or suspicion, or passion, may call it. So that—and this is a fact which cannot be too strongly impressed on the public mind—if the Constitution of the United States be simply a compact, and not the organic law of a National Government, armed with power to enforce obedience to its dictates, the sole protection for these "rights," on which the weaker states have to rely, is that on which Denmark or Holland or Turkey has to rely—the mercy, or pity, or goodwill, or convenience of the strong. There is something extraordinary in the fatuity of those who maintain that the Constitution is the only safeguard of our liberty, and the only shield of the smaller states against the violence of the larger ones, and yet argue in the same breath that no state is bound to submit to the Constitution one minute longer than it pleases. "The Constitution," says Gov. Seymour to New-England, "is the only thing which protects small states as you are from conquest or oppression at the hands of Ohio or New-York;" and then he goes on to abuse those who maintain that Ohio or New-York may not throw the Constitution overboard whenever they please. This is very like reassuring a little man by informing him that the courts and the police could protect him as long as the thieves and assassins chose to submit to them.

If we admit the secessionist doctrine as regards the right of coercion—that is, concede to every State the liberty of withdrawing from the Union at pleasure, by denying that anybody has a right to prevent her—we should like to know what the value of the Union, as a means of security to the small States, consists. If half a dozen of the Southern States may set up as a Southern Confederacy, whenever they please, breathing out threatenings and slaughter against New-England, and if the Western States may follow their example, and set up a Western Confederacy, and New-York and New-Jersey and Pennsylvania may set up, another, whenever the humor seizes them, the benefits which the New-England or any other small States derive from the Union, are somewhat problematical. The very possibility of such a contingency, to say nothing of their actual occurrence, would, if it were recognized as possible, at once force the weak States to rely on the same means of safety as small European Powers—on alliances with their big neighbors, or on their jealousy of one another, or on the maintenance of small armies, to be lent like that of Sardinia during the Crimean war, in the hope of receiving a similar favor in return, in case of need. It would, in short, plunge us at once into that struggle of arms and intrigue to maintain "the balance of power," to which most European countries owed centuries of war, the loss of their liberties and the burden of enormous debt.

In short, unless the Constitution be in reality the "supreme law of the land," not simply a treaty—to be enforced against insurrectionary combinations, of whatever proportions, by the whole force of the country, the notion that it protects any State or States in the enjoyment of their "rights," is a mockery, a delusion and a snare. The "States rights" doctrine is utterly inconsistent with the belief that the Union is of any greater value than an ordinary alliance, offensive or defensive, and as such dependent for its continuance on the whims of the parties. If you concede to every man in the community the privilege of disobeying the law at pleasure, he will laugh at you if you remind him of the protection he receives from it. A statute which prohibits violence as long as nobody wants to commit violence, may be a very good specimen of legislation, and entitled to the veneration of posterity; but, certainly

nobody would rely on it to protect him from robbery or murder, or ascribe his safety, as long as he was safe, to its operation. [New York Times.]

PUEBILITY OF GOSSIP.—It is humiliating to think on what a thin intellectual diet some people live in so-called society. We have listened sometimes to an hour's conversation between young or older ladies, and have wondered that the intellect did not die from simple starvation. E. P. Whipple, in one of his essays, has some good hints on this point:

"But of all the expedients to make the head weak, the brain gauzy, and to bring life down into the consistency of a cambric handkerchief, the most successful is the little talk and tattle which, in some charmed circles, is courteously styled conversation. How human beings can live on such meager fare—how continue existence in such a famine of topics, and on such short allowance of sense, is a great question, if philosophy could only search it out. All we know is, that such men and women there are, who will go on dawdling in this way, from fifteen to four-score, and never hint on their tombstones that they died at last of consumption of the head and marasmus of the heart. The whole universe of God spreading out its splendors and terrors, pleading for their attention, and they wondering 'where Mrs. Somebody got that divine ribbon to her bonnet!' The whole world of literature, through its thousand triumphs of fame, adorning them to regard its garnered stores, both of emotion and thought, and they thinking, 'It's high time, if John intends to marry our Sarah, for him to pop the question!' When to be sure, this frippery is spiced with a little envy and malice, and prepares its small dishes of scandal with nice bits of detraction, it becomes endowed with a slight venomous vitality which does pretty well in the absence of soul, to carry on the machinery of living, if not the reality of life."

FASHIONABLE CALL.—Enter Miss Lucy nearly out of breath with the exertion of walking from papa's carriage in the street to the door of her friend.

Lucy—"O Marie! how do you do? How delighted I am to see you! How have you been since you were at the ball last Thursday evening? O, wasn't the appearance of that tall girl in pink perfectly frightful? Is this your shawl on the piano? Beautiful shawl! Father says he is going to send to Paris to get me a shawl in the spring. I can't bear homemade shawls! How do you like Monsieur Esprey? Beautiful man, ain't he? Now don't laugh, Marie, for I am sure I don't care anything about him! O, my! I must be going! It's a beautiful day, isn't it? Marie, when are you coming up to see me? O, dear! what a beautiful pin! That pin was given to you; now I know it was, Marie; don't deny it. Harry is coming up to see me this evening, but I hate him—I do really; but he has a beautiful moustache, hasn't he, Marie? O dear, it's very warm. Good morning, Marie! Don't speak of Harry in connection with my name to any one; for I am sure it will never amount to anything, but I hate him awfully—I'm sure I do. Adieu."

FEVER.—What is fever? Simply a process of purification. Fevers are not intrinsically dangerous. Nearly all the danger results from the erroneous manner in which they are ordinarily medicated. The terrible typhus or typhoid fever, of which so many people are said to be dying continually, is not in itself a dangerous obstruction in his system that ought to be removed; and the fever is the attempt to remove them. So far, therefore, it is dangerous not to have a fever, provided the causes exist. There may be circumstances or complications which will render the remedial struggle unsuccessful; but the disease is a remedial effort nevertheless. No one should allow himself to be stimulated in a fever.

A fever is a process of purification; it should be rather aided, assisted and regulated. A fever is not a substance but an action—a disturbance. It is not an enemy, but rather a friendly defender—a something to be directed rather than destroyed. We sometimes hear that a person has an "attack" of fever. The expression is absurd.

A HINT ON SPELLING.—When a piece of music is played, it mingles the pleasure if now and then a note is out of tune, especially if the listener has musical taste and culture. Just so in reading, a well educated person is annoyed by mis-spelling; his attention is distracted from the sense, and an unpleasant impression is left. Besides this it often requires no little time, study, and patience to make out what the writer means. The art of spelling, should be acquired in youth. The best way to learn is by writing the words. Many can name the letters of most words, who make sad mistakes when they attempt to write; they have not learned to spell with their fingers. Ask your teacher or some other person to call off a column of words you think you can spell while you write them. If you succeed, there will be little danger of forgetting how to spell them. Apply this test to all spelling lessons; and the habit of right spelling with the pen will be formed and not forgotten.

NEAT'S FOOT OIL is the very best preparation for softening and preserving leather. A supply should be on hand in every house for use on harness, carriage tops, boots, shoes, etc., and applied often enough to keep them soft and pliable. To prepare it, break and cut into small pieces the shin-bones and hoofs of an ox or cow, and put them into a kettle. Keep them covered with water and boil until the oil is extracted and rises to the surface. While boiling, water enough should be added from time to time to supply that lost by evaporation, so that the oil shall not come in contact with the bones and be again absorbed. The process will be hastened by keeping the kettle closely covered to retain the heat. When cold, the oil may be dipped off and kept in jugs or bottles tightly corked.

A NOBLE AND PATRIOTIC YOUNG MAN.—A correspondent of the Bangor Whig furnishes the following illustration of the patriotism and magnanimity of some of the young men in the eastern part of our State. It is a "green spot in the desert" of deserters, bounty jumpers, and cowards:

"A young man with a small family and a young and devoted wife, responded to the call of the government, was examined and accepted, and while his papers were being prepared, a younger brother appeared, and learning that his brother was accepted, pressed his way into the examining room, was examined and accepted and insisted on going as a substitute for his brother. Quite a scene ensued. The drafted man said he would go, and offered his brother \$30 per month to stay at home and take care of his family and effects until his return, but the brother would not listen to it but go he would, and the two brothers sat in tears, each insisting upon carrying his point. The noble boy at length prevailed, and was duly enlisted in his brother's substitute, making the third son of the family now in the U. S. service—two being in

the 1st Maine Cavalry, and having already a noble record to their country's history. I shall wait with interest the name of Frederick M. Haines, of Fort Fairfield.

The Reconnaissance—The Fall Campaign not ended.

The correspondent of the Philadelphia Press with Grant's army writes as follows, under date of Oct. 30:—

"The accounts of the recent engagements on the South Side road which have been received are somewhat diverse, and to a certain extent irreconcilable. It is scarcely to be expected that the case could be otherwise, for the affair was of such impromptu fashion, and was so quickly over (lasting less than an hour) that there was hardly time for it to assume any special character, or to shape itself in any combinations requiring particular notice or description. It was, as I have heretofore indicated, nothing more than a general reconnaissance in force, ending in a heavy skirmish. There were three gallant charges made by the 2d corps, which managed to extricate itself from the toils of a wary enemy, and the mazes of an almost impassable wilderness in a manner to reflect fresh brilliancy upon the fame of its commander, Gen. Hancock. There was obstinate and impetuous gallantry, too, evinced by the 5th and 9th corps, which however, bore a less conspicuous part in the affair. There was a very high degree of skill displayed in the rapidity with which so comparatively large a force was transferred safely to a new front of operations, and retired to its original position upon the same day. Beyond these features there was nothing to distinguish the reconnaissance peculiarly from others, and but little field for fine descriptive writing. Yes, there was one exceptional fact which deserves to be remarked, and that was the steadiness with which the new troops, some of whom had smelt gunpowder for the first time, stood up to their duty. So much for the assertion so common with the opposition press, that the recent levies have only added to the army a set of bony-jumpers, deserters, and substitutes, who cannot be forced to fight, but will invariably skulk.

"Although a mere reconnaissance, it was optional with General Grant to say whether or not the recent encounter should be prolonged to a general engagement. Whatever the general opinion may be, those who know best are of opinion that he did wisely in deciding the question negatively. Upon what special grounds this opinion is based, it is of course, contraband to speculate in print. Suffice it is to say that the movement just recorded is not the final, but the initial one of the fall campaign, if there be any correctness in the popular estimate of Grant's personal energy and genius for 'hammering away.' What of the iron-clad flotilla on the James? What of the army of the James? These may be respectively designated the right and centre of the forces operating against Richmond, and their offensive powers are shortly to be put to the test, doubtless in connection with the Army of the Potomac, or left wing of our forces.

"It does not militate in the least against this promise of continued activity that portions of our troops are making themselves comfortable against the variations of this variable weather; against the perspiring dusty days, when the chilly nights, when a double thickness of blankets is quite as indispensable. Many of the troops of the Second division, Fifth corps, are erecting rude, temporary log cabins, and the necessity of cutting a sufficiency of timber for this purpose, and to supply the camp-fires, is rapidly clearing away the woodlands.

In front of the Third brigade the entire aspect of the country has been transformed in a single day, and the same is the case throughout all the section of territory occupied by the army. The timber is mostly a scrubby sort of pine, excellent for constructing abatis, and for building winter quarters, if such should be necessary, but very poor for fuel. The log cabins are laid out quite systematically, the doors all facing Petersburg, and an avenue being left between every two rows of huts. It is one of the characteristics of veteran soldiers, that they will toil all through the day to make themselves comfortable sleeping quarters, though they may have but one night to stay in them.

Nobody's Children.—A year or two ago as I sat in the entry of a farmhouse, one warm summer afternoon, my attention was attracted by numerous feathered objects that kept floating in and out at the open door. At first I thought they were insects, but on examination I found them to be seeds.

"Of what?" I asked the farmer's wife, as she passed through the entry.

"Thistles," she replied. "There's a bed of them just below here, and the breeze carries them hither and thither as you see."

Presently, I took my hat and walked down the lane, until I came to the thistle bed. There it was—a large patch of ground covered with the unsightly things, and as the wind swept over them, thousands of the light, feathery seeds were borne away, and scattered all over the surrounding country. Next year, thought I, they will spring up in the hay fields, and in the corn fields, and among the grain, and crops will be injured by them; they will spring up in the flower gardens, and the farmer's little daughter, going out to gather flowers, will have her tender fingers wounded by them; they will do no good, but only harm, wherever they find space to grow. So I went back to the house.

"Pray tell me why those thistles have not been rooted up?"

"Oh! she said, 'they are not on anybody's ground, and so they are left to themselves.'"

There is a text for a sermon, but I am not the person to do the preaching. I sat down again, and began to think. I thought of swarming city streets; of barefooted boys and girls, whose ragged, scarcely coverd limbs, of vulgar and profane language uttered by almost infant lips; and of crimes committed by little children, no older or larger than the farmer's little daughter.

Who are all these? Oh, they are nobody's children—nobody cares for them—they are left to shift for themselves. So they grow up, and they become the pest of society. They are the burglars and the gamblers, the incendiaries, the robbers, the murderers. They fill our almshouses, our goals, our prisons; they travel on the down to destruction, and they lead thousands and thousands along with them. Why? Oh, they are nobody's charge—nobody is responsible for them; they take care of themselves. Oh, will this excuse stand in the great day of judgment? Dare we look in the face of the Almighty God, as we stand before the 'great white throne,' and say, 'They were nothing to us; we could not help them; we had not power or strength to raise them from their degradation? No—No. We dare not.

Christians! there is work for you and me, in

this great vineyard of the Lord. Let us go into these highways and hedges, and carry the news of salvation. Let us seek out these little neglected ones, and bring them into our mission schools, and our churches; let us seek their wretched homes, and tell their parents of the Lord Jesus Christ, who came to seek and to save the lost. Thank God, there are many workers in the Lord's harvest field, but there is room for more; there is room for every Christian to share in the toil and the burden, and also in the rest and the reward.

Waterville Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . NOV. 11, 1864.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York, are Agents for the Waterville Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

S. E. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Seelye Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisements abroad are referred to the agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

Relating to the business or editorial departments of this paper, should be addressed to MAXHAM & WING, or WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE.

THE ELECTION.—Truth and right have triumphed in the election of LINCOLN and JOHNSON, by an overwhelming majority—the indication now being that McClellan has carried but three States, Delaware, New Jersey, and Kentucky.

With this grand general result there are many gratifying particulars—the election of Rice and Hooper in Massachusetts, and the defeat of Wood and the election of Darling and Raymond in New York. Congress has been purged of many traitors by the elections of this fall.

THE VOTE OF WATERVILLE was 508 for Lincoln and Johnson and 184 for McClellan and Pendleton. It is not very pleasant to reflect that while there is a Union gain throughout the State, over the September returns, our town has lost its majority.

The Town Committee, for the men were here and should have been brought to the ball box.

GUNS! GUNS!—The preparations made here last week to guard against raids upon banks and other valuables, such as took place at St. Albans and other places, has led to all kinds of talk and originated all kinds of stories. The governor was applied to for a few guns for the purpose named, and they were sent to the selectmen, to be distributed to such persons as would organize themselves into a home guard and agree to use them only for legitimate purposes. The company was promptly organized, and the following officers appointed.—Wm. A. Caffrey, captain; G. A. Wilson, 1st lieutenant; Nathl. Meader 2d lieutenant; E. W. Pattison, drill master and 1st sergeant; G. A. L. Merrifield, clerk.

A PATRIARCH.—The venerable Gen. Jesse Robinson, of this town, who will be 92 years old on the 22d inst., went to the ballot box on Tuesday and cast his eighteenth vote for President. He was born in '72, and voted at the election of John Adams, in '96, and has never failed to vote for president since. Of course he voted for Abraham Lincoln, and for the second time. Gen. Robinson enjoys comfortable health, is cheerful, social in conversation, and retains his faculties, except his sight, to a remarkable degree. Like most men who attain to his age, he has lived a life of temperance and eminently good morals.

DEA. CONSTANTINE BATES and Capt. Elisha Barrows, both of W. Waterville, and Richard Clifford, who reside on the Neck, all between eighty and ninety years old, were also promptly at the polls.

HOW TO DO IT.—Two young ladies employed in the Mail office have recently forwarded fifteen barrels of potatoes, for the soldiers, to the Sanitary agency at Portland. All were contributed by gentlemen of this village, from their little garden crops, or from stores bought with money. Our appeal, for this object, to farmers in the vicinity, to bring in their abundant crops, and help the girls a little, has produced just 0000 barrels! for which they will find themselves duly credited by the warm hearted soldiers for whom they have exhibited so much interest.

A DONATION.—Rev. I. S. Kallach gave an address at Town Hall, Monday evening, on the 'War for the Union,' the avails of which were given to the fund of the 'Young People's Soldiers' Aid Society,' recently organized in this place. We cannot state the net proceeds, which were considerable; but the audience were delighted with an address of marked eloquence and pungency, such as Mr. K. has the reputation of being able to give.

THE JOURNAL says the Lewiston Mills Corporation is erecting a new mill in that city, to be devoted to spinning jute. Bags and twine will be the principal articles manufactured. The mill is of brick, three stories high, 100 feet long and 60 feet wide.

CAPTURE OF THE PIRATE FLORIDA.—The U. S. steamer Kearsarge, which arrived at Boston on Monday night, brought the gratifying news of the capture of the notorious pirate Florida, with fifty-eight of her crew and twelve officers, in the Bay of San Salvador, Brazil, on the morning of the 7th of October, by the U. S. steamer Wachusett, Commander Napoleon Collins. An attempt was made to get up a fight between the two vessels outside of Brazilian waters, after the manner of the Kearsarge and Alabama, but Capt. Morris, of the Florida, was not inclined to fight in that way, and the Federal commander then determined to accomplish her destruction or capture in some other way. A council of his officers was called, at which, in consideration of the fact that the Florida had repeatedly captured and burned American ships within three miles of the Brazilian coast, without the slightest objection having been made by the authorities, it was decided to seize the pirate at her anchorage. We copy from the Boston Advertiser the following account of the transaction:—

The preparations for the encounter were made with great celerity and complete secrecy, and at about three o'clock in the morning of Friday, October 6th, the cables were slipped, and the Wachusett bore down upon the rebel vessel under full head of steam. So little expectation was there of such a proceeding, that one half the officers and crew of the Florida, seventy in number and including Captain Morris, were carousing on shore, and the remainder, having just returned from a similar absence, were in no condition to repel an assault. The Florida's officer of the deck supposed the collision which he saw to be imminent to be merely accidental, and cried out, 'You will run into us if you don't look out.' The design of Capt. Collins was simply to strike the Florida amidships, with full steam on, crush in her side, and send her at once to the bottom, beyond the possibility of causing further trouble to any one. The Wachusett however did not strike her adversary fairly, but hit her in the stern, carrying away her mizzen mast and main yard. The Florida was not seriously injured by the collision, but the broken spar fell across the awning over her hatchway in such a manner as to prevent her crew from getting on deck from below. The recoil which followed the shock carried the Wachusett back several yards. In the confusion which ensued several pistol shots were fired from both vessels, chiefly at random and entirely without effect. Two of the guns of the Wachusett were also discharged, by accident, according to one report, and as another version has it, by order of one of the Union lieutenants. The shots did not strike the Florida.

Capt. Collins of the Wachusett immediately thundered out a demand to the rebel craft, 'Surrender, or I'll blow you out of the water.' The lieutenant in charge of the Florida may be excused from considerable amazement, but had still presence of mind to reply, 'Under the circumstances I surrender.' Without the delay of an instant dozens of gallant tars boarded the prize and made fast a hawser connecting her with their own vessel, and the Wachusett, with her speed and towing the Florida in her wake.

The fleet of Brazilian vessels, which entirely surrounded the little space of water on which the brief battle had been fought, was so situated that the two American steamers were obliged to pass under the stern of one of the largest in order to penetrate their line. The Wachusett was challenged, but did not deign a word of reply, and the Florida, when hailed and commanded to halt a moment after, replied that a pause was impossible as she was towed by the vessel in front. The Brazilians soon guessed the state of affairs, and in another moment or two the heavy guns of the fort, under the very muzzles of which the capture had been made, opened fire on the Wachusett, as she disappeared in the morning darkness. Three shots were fired after her, all passing harmlessly far above her pennant, and striking the water beyond.

To the reader it seems that all this must have taken considerable time, but the testimony of a careful officer on the Wachusett, corroborated by the surgeon of the Florida, assures us that from the time the Wachusett first slipped her cable and steamed upon the rebel cruiser to the moment when the last gun from the Brazilian fortress had died away, was only twenty minutes by the watch. Certainly no page of history can show a more daring achievement, or one executed with more brilliant rapidity, or more complete success.

The Brazilian naval commander in Bahia harbor acted with all the promptness which could have been expected, and in a few moments the dawn of day disclosed two vessels of the Brazilian fleet doing their utmost to pursue and overhaul the Wachusett and her prize. They were a heavy sloop-of-war and a small armed steamer, neither of them any match in point of speed for the handwork of New England mechanics, and soon gave up the chase as the Union and rebel steamers disappeared below the horizon.

The crew of the Florida is composed of Englishmen, Irishmen, Germans, etc., and contains no citizens of the rebel States. Among her officers, however, there are several Southerners.

Much excitement has been raised upon our northern frontier, occasioned by alarming reports of rebel raids from Canada; but the precautions taken have thus far prevented any serious mischief. A plot for the liberation of the rebel prisoners at Camp Douglas was defeated by the arrest of two or three hundred secessionists in Chicago and the vicinity, on the 27th inst., and the seizure of arms, ammunition, &c.

There will be a jolly lot of kindlings soon. Mr. Henry R. Butterfield, of East Vassalboro', will set a machine in motion next week, in the old sash and blind factory, Moor's building, for dressing shovel handles. As an indication of the extent of this gentleman's operations in this line, we are told that the rebel pirates, by their recent seizure of a vessel bound for Philadelphia, relieved him of eighteen hundred dollars worth of shovel handles.

MAINE WESLEYAN SEMINARY.—This old institution is still under the energetic supervision of Rev. Henry P. Torrey. The number of pupils would seem to indicate that it is enjoying its usual degree of prosperity. We notice the names of several from this vicinity

OUR TABLE.

THE NORTHERN MONTHLY for November, "our own magazine," is a well filled number, and among its contents, which we will not enumerate, will be found the following articles: "The Presidential Election," one of a series of interesting historical sketches, by William Wells; "The Economy of Nature," by Walter Wells; "The Congressional Excursion," by Cyril Paul; "The South, No. 3," by Neal Dow. In the Maine Military Record, a department of the Eleventh Maine Regiment, by Col. H. M. Plaisted, with the position of all the Maine Regiments; a list of appointments, promotions, etc.

Published by Bailey and Noyes, for the editor and proprietor, Edward P. Weston, Esq., at \$3.00 a year.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.—A fine steel engraving, "The Empty Cradle," graces the November number of this growing favorite, which also contains a handsomely colored fashion plate, double sized, with a large number of small engravings of patterns and designs, a piece of music, etc. The number is full of good stories. Published by Deacon and Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2.50 a year.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.—This is to be the title of a Juvenile magazine, the publication of which will soon be commenced by Ticknor and Fields, the well known Boston publishers. It will be issued monthly, and will be edited by J. T. Trowbridge, Geo. Hamilton, and Lucy Loomis. The staff of contributors will include many of the most popular writers of juvenile works in America and England. In the list we notice the following eminent authors: Capt. Mayne Reid, Prof. Agassiz, Mrs. H. B. Stowe, "Carleton," Dr. Dio Lewis, Edmund Morris, Edmund Kirke, Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Whittier, and Prof. Holmes. There are other contributors of almost equal fame, whose names we have not space to mention. The magazine will contain sixty-four pages, and is intended to be a gem of typographical art. It will be far superior to any magazine of the kind heretofore published. Terms—Single subscriptions \$2.00 a year. Single copies 20 cents. All subscriptions payable in advance.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.—Another chapter of Go Ahead and the flying Dutchman is given in the November number, with many other good stories, and several pages of spicy Gilt-Chat, a well filled Puzzle Drawer, etc. Like all other numbers of this magazine, it is prettily illustrated. Published by J. N. Stearns, New York, at \$1.00 a year.

KILLED. Sept. 30, 1864, at the battle of the Weldon Railroad, Weston Hardy Keene.

WHEREAS, It has seemed pleasing to the All-Wise to remove our brother, while heroically engaged in the defense of Country and Liberty, it is therefore

RESOLVED, That, while we would say, 'Thy will, O God, be done,' we mourn the premature loss of one, respected and beloved by all.

RESOLVED, That we trust in God, that our brother is now in the Land of Perfect Union and Sacred Peace.

RESOLVED, That our sympathies be tendered to those most intimately afflicted by this sad dispensation.

RESOLVED, That sister chapters be invited to unite with us in paying tributes of respect to the memory of our departed brother.

AUGUSTUS DENNETT SMALL, HOWARD HASKELL GROVER, DUDLEY PERKINS BAILEY.

Hall of Delta Kappa Epsilon, Nov. 10, 1864.

A NEW BOOK BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.—T. B. Peterson and Brothers, Philadelphia, have in press and will issue on Saturday, Nov. 19th, a new book, entitled "Oswald Cray," by Mrs. Henry Wood. It will be published by them some months in advance of its issue in England, and as it is said to be superior to any of her former works, it will no doubt command a very large sale.

HARTLAND ACADEMY.—This institution is under the charge of Jonathan Soule, A. B. of this town, who has acted as Principal for several years. A neat catalogue, bearing the imprint of brother Littlefield, informs us that the total attendance during the past year was 107—about equally divided between the two sexes.

The Clarion says that Parlin Pond is above the Forks of the Kennebec, and not below, as we had it last week. Thank you, Brother Littlefield, for this lesson in geography, and in return allow us to make a startling revelation to you in grammar:—A verb should agree with its nominative, or subject, in number and person.

TUESDAY EVENING, from seven to twelve o'clock, at Town Hall, was devoted to hearing returns from the presidential vote, and listening to pleasant volunteer speeches. Rev. M. Dillingham, Chaplain Leonard, and Rev. L. S. Kallach used the time very pleasantly for the audience; and the telegraphic interruptions helped to bring around midnight before anybody looked for it. It was a good time.

MASQUERADE.—The Masquerade Party of the young folks takes place on Wednesday evening next—having been deferred from first arrangements. The proceeds go to the soldiers.

BATES COLLEGE, as we are informed by a neatly printed catalogue from the Journal office, Lewiston, has had an aggregate attendance of 526 pupils during the past year—the two classes in the College Department numbering twenty-six.

Two more rebel pirates—the Chickamauga and the Olustee have run out of Wilmington, and are off the coast, preying upon our commerce.

A NATIONAL SAILORS FAIR on a grand scale, opened in Boston on Wednesday of this week, and will continue until Saturday, the 19th inst.

GENERAL MEAGHER'S VIEWS.—At Nashua, a few days ago, General Meagher made a speech before an immense gathering of people, in which he set forth, amidst great applause, the reasons why he is a Union man, and why all Irishmen should vote the Union ticket and oppose McClellan. He concludes thus:—

"Be it enough for me to say, that neither in the old country nor in this have I ever bowed my neck to the yoke of any political party [tremendous cheering], and that as long as a drop of blood courses through my veins, or a spark of intellect remains, or my heart can give one responsive beat to the eternal voice of truth and independence, I never shall. [Vehement applause.] Enough—aye! more than enough—for me to say, that if I have deserted the democratic party, I have deserted to the country, and am to be found in the army that defends it." [Defeating cheers, during which the general retired from the hall.]

War of Redemption.

All has been very quiet with the army in Virginia since the late movement, though we are assured that the end of the campaign has not yet come. There is no ground for discouragement, though but slight progress has been made of late. The enemy is no doubt getting weaker while we are growing stronger, and some mode of entering the rebel line of defenses will yet be found by our brave and persistent leaders.

The latest news from Sherman is that, leaving a small force to confront Hood, he has proceeded to Atlanta with the bulk of his army to inaugurate an offensive movement southward or eastward. A report that he had burned Atlanta and started for Charleston, S. C., is contradicted, but it is hinted that he is engaged in an important movement, the nature of which cannot be told at present.

Since the destruction of the rebel ram Albemarle, our forces have taken possession of the town of Plymouth, N. C.

AN INDEPENDENT ENGLISHMAN.—An address signed by several thousands of names has been sent to this country from England calling upon our people to make peace, even at the expense of the Union, since we have hitherto failed to conquer the South. This document was sent to Governor Seymour by Sir Henry De Houghton, an address of the people of the United Kingdom to the people of the United States. The American Consul at Liverpool has written a letter to Secretary Seward in relation to the matter, which fully accords with Sir Henry's interest in our affairs.

He says Sir Henry's interest in the Confederate loan, and the advances he has made on account of the Southern Confederacy, amounts to \$350,000. He is also a member of the Southern Independent Association, formed for the Express purpose of aiding in every possible way the South to achieve their independence, and has labored unceasingly from the time of its formation to the present time to accomplish this object. More recently it has turned its attention to the politics of the United States, and especially to the Presidential election about taking place, as the most effective way of dismembering the Union. This address has emanated from the peace association.

In conclusion, after remarks of a political character, Mr. Dudley says: It will be seen from the slip enclosed, cut from the Liverpool Post, that Lady Houghton, wife of Sir Henry, is to have a stall in the great Bazaar to be held at Liverpool to raise funds for the confederates.

U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION,

Portland, Nov. 4, 1864.

The friends of this institution will be pleased to learn that it has now an agent in Maine.

The way is now clear for all who wish to furnish supplies, but have scruples about giving through the Masonic Mission. Yesterday I received full instructions from the General Secretary and Superintendent at headquarters in New York to receive and forward to the Commission all donations for the soldiers which the people are willing to furnish through this organization.

Vegetables. Free transportation is tendered over all the railroads in the State; and doubtless, as heretofore, supplies of this kind will be conveyed to New York by steamer, free.

W. H. HADLEY,

Agent U. S. San. Com. and M. M.

DESTRUCTION OF THE ALBERMARLE.—The Herald's Hampton Road correspondent says of the destruction of the ram Albermarle:

A large number of soldiers were stationed in the dock to prevent landing in case of surprise. Their camp fires enabled Lt. Cushing to see the vessel clearly, and watch their movements. They opened with musketry as he approached, and he scattered them with a discharge from his howitzer. He then ran his boat against the timbers protecting the Albermarle, and came to a dead halt; unable to back off or go ahead. The movement for decisive action arrived. The enemy fired muskets and pistols almost in his face from the ports of the ram and from shore. Several of his men were wounded.

The officers and crew of the Albermarle demanded their surrender, and the case looked desperate; still Lt. Cushing was cool, and seized the lanyard to the torpedo and line to the spar, and crowding the spar until the torpedo was brought under the overhang of the Albermarle, detached it and pulled the lanyard, exploding the torpedo fairly under the vessel's port side just below a 200 pound gun which, at the same moment discharged into the little boat, crushing through her bottom.

She at once began to sink, Lt. Cushing ordered all to save themselves. He took off his coat and shoes and jumped into the river, the others following, where they were soon brought under a hot fire of musketry.

Boats were sent out, but how many were picked up he does not know.

Lt. Cushing swam down the river half a mile, when chilled and exhausted he made for the shore, and took refuge in a swamp, within speaking distance of a rebel fort. Rebel officers passed the place of his concealment, talking of the affair, and he learned that the torpedo had done its work.

Afterward he got a negro to go up and look after the ram, who reported that she was "clear gone sunk." He then crawled along, and finally secured a skiff, and with a single paddle started for the squadron twelve miles off, reaching it in safety.

THE WORTH OF SOLDIERS' ENTHUSIASM.—Enthusiasm in their profession is indispensable to the success of soldiers. Without it they would be unfitted for their duty in time of peculiar peril. Through it, all fear for themselves is crowded out of mind by active interest in the pending struggle. During a battle north of the James, a private of a Maine regiment, who had stopped at a brook for water, called out to a passing comrade to know how the fight went on. "Well, Corporal," of our company is killed." "Is he?" was the reply, "well, just let me fill this canteen, and then I'll have a hack at 'em." And with but another minute's delay, he hurried forward to take part in the fray. Those who are wounded are no less anxious about the course of the battle than those who are unharmed. In that same Maine regiment, a private was stricken down. His brother offered to help him to the rear, but he refused the tender, lest he should take a soldier from his place in line. Later, that brother fell. True as the other, he too insisted on being left on the field until the stretcher corps should come to him, and there he lay for a weary while, and was twice wounded before his removal. Yet another comrade of these brave men fell with a mortal

wound. The colonel seeing him, ordered a stretcher. But that noble fellow, looked up with a pleasant smile and said, "It's no use, colonel, I shall not live but a few minutes. I will only tire the boys to carry me back, and they've got other work to do. I can just as well die here." And there he died. Was not he a hero.

[Correspondence Springfield Republican.]

Major Gardiner, Assistant Provost Marshal General of Maine, finding it necessary to take measures for the protection of the interests of the men now being recruited for military service, and to defeat the swindling operations of the gangs of substitute brokers, which infest the State, has issued orders to mustering officers as follows:

1st. No recruit will hereafter be sworn in unless the amount of Town Bounty promised him is deposited in the hands of the mustering officer at the time the man is accepted by him.

2d. Hereafter no Certificate of Muster will be given by the Mustering officer, to any person, unless the amount of Town Bounty is deposited with him, or until he is satisfied that the recruit has actually received the amount promised.

No money will be received on deposit except U. S. Currency or Notes of National Banks.

Andy Johnson in his recent speech at Nashville, gave utterance to the following noble and patriotic language: "I speak now as one who feels the world his country. I speak, too, as a citizen of Tennessee. I am here on my own soil; and here I mean to stay, and fight this great battle of truth and justice to a triumphant end. Rebellion and slavery shall, by God's good help, no longer pollute our State. Loyal men, whether white or black, shall alone control her destinies; and when this strife in which we are all engaged is past, I trust, I know, we shall have a better state of things, and shall rejoice that honest labor reaps the fruit of its own industry, and that every man has a fair chance in the race of life."

NEVADA, THE THIRTY-SIXTH STAR.—The President by his proclamation declares Nevada a State of the Union. The flag must now carry thirty-six stars. Nevada was organized as a territory on the 2d of March, 1861, receiving 10,000 square miles from California; and 71,000 from Utah. The discovery of the Washoe silver mines turned emigration thither, and its progress has been more rapid than that of any of the other territories. It has agricultural as well as mineral resources. Its population in 1860, was only 25,000 and two-thirds of those were Indians. But the white population has increased prodigiously since then, and is probably 50,000. For at the election last year, 10,634 votes were cast; of these 7,425 were Republican. There can be no doubt but the three electoral votes of the new State will be cast. The President in his proclamation has simply conformed to the requirements of the act of the last Congress, which provided for the admission of the States.

Plans are being prepared for the erection of a hospital near Annapolis, Md., which will be the largest in the world. It is intended to have it surrounded with extensive grounds for the exercise and amusement of the patients, it having been found by experience that ample opportunities for outdoor exercise has a more beneficial effect and contributes more to the speedy recovery of the patients than any other accessory of a hospital. The farm upon which it is proposed to locate it comprises about a thousand acres, the owner of which is a secessionist, and within the rebel lines.

Commodore Rogers, U. S. N., has written a letter proposing that every soldier in the Army of the Potomac, the James, and the Shenandoah, also every vessel of the blockading fleet on the coast shall be provided with a Thanksgiving dinner. This is an excellent suggestion.

The inquisitive, ingenious and inevitable Yankee, has made another advance and proved the beneficence of the great law to gather up the fragments that nothing be lost. A fabric now manufactured at Lawrence, Mass., from refuse scraps of leather, which are reduced to pulp by grinding and maceration, and converted into solid "sides" of leather by pressure. The article thus produced is used mainly for inner soles, but to an unprofessional eye it seems as suitable for all purposes of leather as the original article.

TABLETTE.—In the town of W—, Oneida county, New York, resides a wealthy but ignorant and eccentric farmer, named Wilcox. Mr. Billings, from the neighboring city Utica, called to see him one day on business, and was invited to stay to dinner. The substantial portion of the meal having been discussed, a piece of pie was placed before each person at the table. Taking his fork in hand Mr. B. essayed to eat according to etiquette, but his proceedings soon attracted the attention of the host, who was industriously shoveling the contents of his own plate with a knife. "Mary!" shouted the hospitable farmer, "don't you bring Mr. Billings a knife? He's a pokin' away, a tryin' to eat his pie with a fork!" And, by the way, if it was a wronged steel fork (as is probable) he had a difficult undertaking.

"Waiter, is my chicken a brooding?" "No sir, the cock is." "I didn't order the cock. He is too tough." "How will you have it done?" "Why, I want it broiled, to be sure." "The he is doing air." "But you said he was broiling himself." "So he is, but he is not broiling." "Well Mr. Waiter (rising and bowing reverently), may I ask your high gratification, is my chicken being broiled?"

In a recent discourse, Henry Ward Beecher fully and ably reviewed the various resolutions of the Democratic platform, and dwelt upon the fact that although they declared themselves as being for the Union, they had not one word against the rebels. He added:

"They declared for the Union, but did they seek to destroy the destroyers? No! They say they cling to the Union—so sedes a barnacle here to the bottom of a ship even while it is eating it away."

Prof. Chase died at Newton Center, Mass. on Wednesday, aged 72 years. He was one of the originators of the Baptist Theological Institute.

There were 87,189 slaves in Maryland when the war commenced. By the fortunes of war, and the votes of the people, all are made free.

