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Sparing of Love.

BY MRS. F. A. MOORE.

I saw a man and his wife one day,
Going to town with wheat;
She held a child in her round, red arms,
Another sat at her feet.
She spoke to her husband roughly enough;
He frowned and whipped his team;
While the baby, tired of the dust and heat,
Began to kick and scream.

I saw the judge and his lady pass,
With a span of shining bays,
She called for a flower that, peeping up
From the roadside, caught her gaze.
He growled out, 'Pshaw!' and drove straighton,
With a crack of his glittering whip;
And the lady sank on the cushioned seat,
With rage on her brow and lip.

Then I said to my heart, 'When *thou* art wed,
Be sparing of all thy bliss;
Else thy love be spent, and thy beautiful dreams
Shall end in a life like this!
Let thy kisses and smiles be grand and rare
As rainbows in the night.
Feed Hymen daintily. Let him be
Ever a new delight.'

Alas! for our calm and brave resolves!
Love breaks them in reckless glee;
No sunset has missed my welcome kiss
Since Theodore married me.
But let it be so. 'Tis the over wealth
My full heart cannot keep;
And I would not pour its life-wine out,
If the fountain were not deep.
—*Home Journal.*

A SEA SKETCH.

During the summer of 1814 the British had not only laid claim to all that portion of the District of Maine lying east of the Penobscot, but Admiral Griffith and Sir John C. Sherbrooke, the latter being then the Governor of Nova Scotia, had been sent with a heavy force to take possession, and had occupied the town of Castine, which place commanded the entrance to the Penobscot river. Shortly before the arrival of the English squadron, Commodore Samuel Tucker had been sent around to Penobscot Bay to protect the American coasters there, and while the British sailed up Castine he lay with his vessel at Thomastown.

It was a schooner that the Commodore commanded, but she was a heavy one and well armed and manned; and that she carried the true Yankee "grit" upon her decks the enemy had received, for them, ratier too many proofs. On the morning of the 26th of August, a messenger came down from Belfast with the intelligence that the British frigate was coming from Castine to take him. Tucker knew that the British feared him, and that Sir John Sealbrooke had offered a large amount for his capture.

When the Commodore received the intelligence his vessel was lying at one of the low wharves where he would have to wait nearly two hours for the tide to set him off; but he hastened to have everything prepared to get off as soon as possible, for he had no desire to meet the frigate.

The schooner's keel was just cleared from the mud, and one of the men had been sent upon the wharf to cast off the bowline, when a wagon, drawn by one horse, came rattling down to the spot. The driver, a rough looking countryman, got out upon the wharf, and then assisted a middle aged lady from the vehicle. The lady's first inquiry was for Commodore Tucker. He was pointed out to her, and she stepped upon the schooner's deck and approached him.

"Commodore," she asked, "when do you sail from here?"

"Right off, as soon as possible, madam."

"O, then, I know you will be kind to me,"—the lady urged, in persuasive tones. "My poor husband died yesterday, and I wish to carry his corpse to Wiscasset, where we belong, and where his parents will take care of it."

"But, my good woman, I shan't go to Wiscasset."

"If you only land me at the mouth of the Sheepscut, I will ask no more. I can easily find a boat there to take me up."

"Where is the body?" asked Tucker.

"In the wagon," returned the lady, at the same time raising the corner of her shawl to wipe away the gathering tears. "I have a small sum of money with me, sir, and you shall be paid for your trouble."

"Tut, tut, woman; if I accomodate you, there won't be any pay about it."

The kind-hearted old Commodore was not the man to refuse a favor, and though he liked not the bother of taking the woman and her strange accompaniment on board, yet he could not refuse; and when he told her he would do as she had requested, she thanked him with many tears in her eyes.

Some of the men were sent upon the wharf to bring the body on board. A long buffalo robe was lifted off by the man who drove the wagon, and beneath it appeared a neat black coffin.—Some words were passed by the seamen as they bore the coffin on board which went to show pretty plainly that the affair did not exactly suit them. It may have been but prejudice on their part, but yet seamen should be allowed a prejudice once in a while, when we consider the many stern realities they have to encounter.

"Hush, my good men," said the Commodore, as he heard their murmured remonstrances.—"Suppose some of you were to die away from home—would you not wish that your last remains might be carried to your poor parents?—Come, hurry now."

The men said no more, and ere long the coffin was placed in the hold, and the woman was shown to the cabin. In less than half an hour the schooner was cleared from the wharf and standing out from the bay. The wind was light from the eastward, but Tucker had no fear of the frigate now that he was once out of the bay.

In the evening the lady-passenger came on deck, and the Commodore assured her that he should be able to land her early on the next morning. She expressed her gratitude and satisfaction, and remarked that before she retired she should like to look and see that her husband's corpse was safe. This was of course granted, and one of the men lifted off the hatch that she might go down into the hold.

"I declare," muttered Daniel Carter, an old sailor, who had the wheel, "she takes on dreadfully."

"Yes—poor thing," responded Tucker, as he heard the woman's sobs and groans.

"D'ye notice what'n eye she's got?" continued Carter.

"No," said the Commodore, "only that it was swollen with tears."

"My eyes! but they shone, though, when she stood here looking at the compass.

Tucker smiled at the man's quaint earnestness, and without further remark he went down to the cabin.

When the woman came up from the hold she looked about the deck of the schooner for a few moments, and then went aft. There was something in her countenance that puzzled Carter.—He had been one of those who objected to the coffin's being brought on board, and hence he was not predisposed to look very favorably upon its owner. The woman's eye ran over the schooner's deck with strange quickness, and Carter eyed her sharply. Soon she went to the taffrail and looked into the stern boat—and then she came and stood by the binnacle again.

"Look out, or you'll gibe the boom," uttered the passenger.

Carter started and found that the mainsail was shivering. He gave the helm a couple of spokes a port, and then cast his eyes again upon the woman, whose features were lighted by the binnacle lamp.

"Thank'e, ma'am," said Dan. "Ha hold on—why, bless my soul, there's a big spider right on your hair. No—not there. Here—I'll—Ugh!"

This last ejaculation Dan made as he seemed to pull something from the woman's hair, which he threw upon the deck with the "ugh" above mentioned.

Shortly afterwards the passenger went below, and ere long Tucker came on deck.

"Commodore," said Carter, with a remarkable degree of earnestness in his manner, "is the 'oman turned in yet?"

"I rather think so," said Tucker, looking at the compass. "Look out, look out, Carter!—Why, man alive, you're two points to the southward of your course."

"Blow me, so I am," said the man, bringing the helm smartly a port. "But say, Commodore, didn't ye notice nothin' 'cullar 'bout that 'oman?"

"Why, Dan, you seem greatly interested about her."

"So I am, Commodore; an' so I am 'bout that black coffin, too. Would'nt it be well for you an' I to go an' overhaul it?"

"Pshaw! you are as scared as a child in a grave yard."

"No, not a bit of it. Just hark a bit. That 'oman ain't no 'oman at all!"

The Commodore pronounced the vulgar name of his satanic majesty, in a most emphatic manner.

"It's the truth, Commodore. I'll swear to it. I purtended there was a spider on her hair, and I rubbed my hand agin her face. By Sam Hyde, if't was'nt as rough an' bearded as a holystone. You see, she told me as how I'd let the boom gibe if I didn't look out. I knowed there wasn't no 'oman there, an' so I tried her. Call somebody to the wheel, an' let's go an' look at that coffin."

The Commodore was wonder struck by what he had heard, but, with that calm presence of mind which made him what he was, he set coolly to thinking. In a few moments he called one of the men att to relieve Carter, and then he went down into the cabin to look after his passenger. The latter had turned in and seemed to be snoring. Tucker returned to the deck and took Carter to one side.

"No noise, now, Carter; but follow me as though nothing had happened."

"Sartin," responded Dan.

She two approached the main hatch, and Carter stopped to raise it, when his hand touched a a small ball that seemed to have been pinned up under the after beak of the hatch.

"It is a ball of twine," said Dan.

"Don't touch it, but run and get a lantern," replied Tucker.

Carter sprang to obey, and when he returned a number of the men had gathered about the spot. The hatch was raised, and the Commodore carefully picked up the ball of twine, and found that it was made fast to something below. He descended to the hold, and there he found that the twine ran in beneath the lid of the coffin. He had no doubt in his mind now that there was mischief boxed up before him, and he sent Carter for something that might answer for a screw driver. The man soon returned with a stout knife, and the Commodore set to work. He worked very carefully, however, at the same time keeping a bright look out for the string.

At length the screws were all out, and the lid was very carefully lifted from its place.

"Great God in Heaven!" burst from the lips of the Commodore.

"By Sam Hyde!" dropped like a young thunder clap from the tongue of Dan.

"God bless you, Dan!" said Tucker.

"I *knew'd* it!" uttered Dan.

The two men stood for a moment and gazed into the coffin. There was no dead man there, but in the place thereof there was material for the death of a score. The coffin was filled with gunpowder and pitch wood! Upon a light framework in the centre were arranged four pistols, all cocked and primed, and the string which entered the coffin from without, communicated with the triger of each.

The first movement of the Commodore was to call for water and when it was brought he dashed three buckets full into the infernal contrivance, and then he breathed more freely.

"No, no," he uttered, as he leaped from the hold. "No, no, my men—do nothing rashly.—Let me go into the cabin first. You may follow me."

Commodore Tucker strode into the cabin, walked up to the bunk where his passenger lay, and grasping hold of the female dress he dragged its wearer to the floor. There was a sharp resistance, and the passenger drew a pistol, but it was quickly knocked away—the gown was torn off and a *man* came forth from the remnants of calico and linen.

The fellow was assured that his whole plot had been discovered, and at length he owned that it had been his plan to turn out in the course of the night and get hold of the ball of twine, which he had left in a convenient place; he then intended to have gone att, carefully unwinding the string as he went; then to have got into the boat, cut the falls, and as the boat fell into the water he would have pulled smartly upon the twine.

"And I think you know," he continued with a wicked look, "what would have followed. I shouldn't have been noticed in the fuss—I'd have got out of the way with the boat, and you'd all have been in the next world in short order.—All I can say is I'm sorry I didn't do it."

It was with much difficulty that the Commodore prevented his men from killing the villain on the spot. He proved to be one of the enemy's officers, and he was to have had a very great reward if he succeeded in destroying the American Commodore and his crew.

The prisoner was carried on deck and lashed to the main rigging, where he was told he should remain till the vessel got into port.

"What a horrid death that villain meant for us," uttered Carter.

"Yes, he did," said Tucker, with a shudder.

"He belongs to the same gang that's been robbin' and burnin' the poor folks' houses on the Eastern coast," said one of the men.

"Yes," returned the Commodore, with a nervous twitch of the muscles about his mouth.

A bitter curse from the prisoner here broke upon the air, and with a clutched fist the Commodore went below.

In the morning when Commodore Tucker came on deck, Seguin was in sight upon the starboard, bow, but when he looked for the prisoner he was gone.

"Carter, where's that villain I lashed here last night?

"I'm sure I don't know where he *is*, Commodore. *Perhaps* he's jumped overboard."

The Old Commodore looked sternly into Carter's eyes, and he saw a twinkle of satisfaction gleaming there. He hesitated a moment—then he turned away and murmured to himself:

"Well, well—I can't blame them. If the murderous villain is gone to his death, he's only met a fate which he richly deserved. Better far that it be he, than that my noble crew were now all in ocean's cold grave."

Accounts of the Capture of the Hon. Alfred Ely.

The Rev. Joseph Cross, the Chaplain of the Walker Legion, writes to the Nashville Christian Advocate as follows:

There was a little man, with a wicked, welfish look, as restless as a hyena in a cage. It was the Hon. Alfred Ely, member of Congress from Rochester N. Y. Our Captain Clusky, having been acquainted with him in Washington, stepped up and took his hand. Most piteously the prisoner implored the interposition in his behalf of the men whom, a few hours before, he would gladly have seen slaughtered. Captain C. introduced him to our gallant Colonel.

"Your servant, Colonel Bate," said the prisoner, bowing obsequiously. "I am glad to meet you. You see I am in a bad fix."

"Yes, sir," said the Colonel, "you are for a member of Congress, in a very bad fix."

"But you see," rejoined the honorable gentleman, throwing open the breast of his coat, "I am unarmed; nothing but a penknife; no uniform, merely spectator; came out with Senator Foster to see the battle, but unfortunately ventured too far and was taken."

"Mr. Ely," replied the Colonel, "a battle field is no place for a civilian. You are a member of Congress, sir, and representative of at least ninety thousand people. And do you think yourself a cypher in scene like this? No, sir, the moral influence of your presence was worth a hundred soldiers to our enemy. Are you not a lawyer, Mr. Ely?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Ely, "I am a lawyer."

"Then, sir," Colonel B. continued, "you know that by your presence you are aiding and abetting this cruel and bloody assault upon us. It is a principle of law which you are accustomed to recognise elsewhere, and which you are obliged to acknowledge here."

He assented with a sheepish look, and continued his absurd apology, which the Colonel thus cut short:—

"Mr. Ely, we are glad to see you here. We want you with us, and cannot consent to part with you soon. There are men in Washington for whom we may be willing to exchange you hereafter, if, indeed, you should not be hanged, as you deserve."

[From the Montgomery Confederation.]

At half-past three o'clock the stampede became fearful, and the gloom among Wilson & Co., was awful. They immediately jumped into their carriages, and put for Washington at a rapid rate. The Hon. Mr. Ely, with a friend, catching the contagion, and believing the enemy to be near at hand, jumped into a buggy and pushed forward to Washington at a double quick. Three miles from Centreville, the starting point, the buggy broke down, and its contents were left a prey to our forces. Ely heard at this time the terrible tramping of the cavalry, and jumped behind a tree to secrete himself, while his friend put to the woods and was seen no more.

Presently a horseman dashed on, and seeing a man behind a tree, loudly called out, "who are you, sir?" "Mr. Ely," answered the man immediately. "Well, who the hell is Mr. Ely?" said the horseman. "Mr. Ely, member of Congress from the Rochester district of New York," said the man. "The hell you say; say that over again, old fellow," ejaculated the horseman. "I am, sir, the Hon. Mr. Ely, the member of the National Congress from the Rochester district, New York," said the man. "Well," said the horseman, "I'll be d—d if I haven't caught you at last. I have been looking for you the whole day, and it's I—I strange that I have just found you out." So, pulling out his pistol, and pointing it right at the National Congressman's head, he said:—"Mr. Ely, put your foot in my stirrup and get up behind me—I am going to take you to Richmond." Ely did as requested, and away went the horseman to the quarters of General Beauregard, and with a live Yankee Congressman behind him whom he had captured.

Judge Catron—His Expulsion from Tennessee.

NASHVILLE, August 12th.—Judge Catron, of the U. S. Supreme Court, has been expelled from Nashville by a vigilance committee for his refusal to resign his office under the United States government. He was obliged to leave his wife at Nashville on account of her sickness.

The above paragraph shows the extent to which the reign of terror is carried in the South. John Catron is, we believe, a native of Tennessee, and has been a life-long Democrat of the straightest sect. Previous to 1858 he had been a Judge of the Court of Appeals of that State, and was one of a committee of prominent gentlemen—known, in the electioneering slang of that time, as the White-washing Committee"—who were appointed to defend Gen. Jackson's character through that memorable campaign. He was appointed in 1837 one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, which place he still holds, and because he refuses to resign it, is driven from his own State and from the bedside of a sick wife. It is not alleged that he is disloyal to the South, indeed, he has always been an ultra pro-slavery man. He had done nothing to weaken, hinder, or defeat the sham Confederate States Government. He had been in Nashville but a few days, having adjourned his court in another State to visit his wife, and had scarcely been out of his house

What have the "Peace" men of Maryland to say to this? Is this oppression? And if it is, where is the case, in the loyal States, which bears any resemblance to it? There are men here, who openly rejoice at every disaster sustained by the Federal arms, who stand at the street corners and denounce every act of the Government to suppress the rebellion, who are ready at any moment to aid and abet the Secessionists in any and every way, and who are doing so every hour they live, so far as the moral influence of their words and actions go. Against these men the Government has never put forth its hand, except to protect, and so long as they abstain from overt acts—or rather escape detection—they will be free from arrest, detention, or hindrance; and yet these very men are constantly crying out about the "oppression" of the Government, and the "military rulers" who are over us. They give the lie to their own complaints,—they are standing monuments of the long suffering and forbearance of the Government, which they are striving, with might and main, to overthrow.—*Cecil Whig.*

Maryland Transferred to the Confederacy.

The latest assumption of the remarkably unambitious gentlemen who have expressed a wish to "be let alone," is an "*act of Congress extending "the military organization of the Confederate States "over Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri!*" Now we should think the bare announcement of such an act as this—an act in plain defiance of recently expressed public sentiment in each of those States, and in open violation of the Constitution—would almost "take away the breath" of every strict Constructionist in our midst. But so far as we learn, not only has no such thing happened, but the announcement has been received with a degree of self complacency and gratulation marvelous to behold. As the Fredrick engineers could not "drag" us *out*, may be their co-workers at Richmond can succeed in "*taking us in*," and so Governor Hicks and the Union men of the State will be headed at last.

We cannot learn from anything before us exactly to whom Maryland and her three sister States have been transferred, unless, as in the case of Virginia, to Jefferson Davis. Our bewildered magnate, ex Governor Lowe, seems to have been put over us as "Colonel," but some two millions and a half of people in the territory so summarily handed over ought to have conceded to them a dignitary of greater pretensions than our ex-Governor, to insure the semblance of allegiance, especially when amongst the transferred we find such stiff-necked subjects as ex-Governor Thomas, ex Secretary Holt, and others of like temper in relation to present difficulties.

In this "act," or by it, they assume, of course, that the Union is destroyed. They assume in constructing a military department, or "organization," to take in four States which, if their Confederacy was recognized to morrow, they could not hold or manage, without a continuation of the civil war they have already brought upon the land. In this they defy all popular sentiment, and trample the Constitution of the United States under foot at the same time. This is plain; and yet if ex-Governor Lowe, now in Richmond, and in arms against the Government, and seeking in connection therewith to overturn the State Government here was arrested, he would, as in similar cases, doubtless turn straight way to the law he seeks to destroy as to his strongest safeguard. Moreover, in the whole land, amongst the hundreds of thousands ready to maintain the integrity of the Constitution with their lives, no such indignant and vociferous defenders of Constitutional rights can be found as amongst the very men who are every day declaring that the Union is already gone, and of course that the Constitution is a nullity.

Now is it not time that this thing was brought to an end? Is it not time that the secessionists assumptions should cease on the part of men pretending to consistency in their political dealings, if they would maintain any character whatever for common fairness? With their whole organization reeking with infractions of law, with violated oaths, usurped rights, tyranny and oppression with their whole pathway strewn with evidences of the most reckless disregard of the commonest rights, they yet have the hardihood to stand up, in the presence of the nation and of the world, and whine over what they choose to call "violations of the Constitution," as applied to almost every act adopted by the Government in exercise of the plainest right of self defence. And all this, too, whilst they claim the benefit of the minutest clause which can be tortured into a protection enabling them still further to triumph in their career of evil.—Split into fragments, yet claiming to be a Confederacy; held together, so far as held at all, only by the stringency of a military despotism trampling at every step in their career over every right valuable to a freeman, they yet take time in their onward march to lecture on the writ of "*habeas corpus*," to moralize on the nature of a war of "subjugation," preaching toleration whilst every honest sentiment around them is crushed out by a reign of terror, and inaugurating the rule of the sword upon every spot where they can presume upon a foothold.

How far our new military ruler will try to make good his claim to the province assigned him by the new Cæsar and his backers at Richmond, remains to be seen. We opine, however, that it will take a better army than he can muster to put him into possession, in the present temper of the people of Maryland. Meanwhile let all here remember that this assumption of the Confederate powers at Richmond is every whit as *legal* as the act which "precipitated" Virginia into the blood and ruin of Disunion, and it behooves them to be upon their guard against assumptions that—judging from what is taking place elsewhere—will surely be attempted to be made good with the sword.—*Baltimore American.*

Lightning Among the Dogs, Hogs, Crockery and Crinoline.

At Wakefield, N. H., on the 28th of July, a thunder storm passed over the place. According to a correspondent of the Saco Democrat, the lightning struck in a field about sixty yards back of the house of Nahum Nason, and bounding towards the house struck by the side of a window, shivering it to atoms; the daughter of Mr. Nason was sitting in the middle of the room, the fluid passing around her hoops, which were of steel, knocking a round out of the chair in which she was sitting, killing a dog at her feet, passing out of the window, taking a furrow across the road to the pump, demolishing it, and returned across the road to a shed, killing a pig and did other damage. It then returned to the cellar and broke a lot of crockery ware, and broke the heads of a barrel of vinegar; it then passed out of a drain, and the unwelcome visitor was seen no more, and strange to say, none of the family were injured.

YANKEES FILLING THE OFFICES AT RICHMOND.—The mode by which such a number of Yankees have screwed themselves into the departments of the Confederate Government is not a little curious. It is an instance of patented, combination, double-acting toadyism, quite worthy of the Yankee invention.

We are fully advised of it. A discarded Yankee from Washington, trained in the subservient arts and dirty dodges of office-seeking there, and perhaps representing himself as a Southerner to the manor born, when the old editions of the "Blue Book" show him to have been an unmitigated Yankee, applies for office in some department of the Confederate Government. The toadyism commences: the dirty dodge of nativity succeeds; the cheap recommendation of "Southern letters" predispose the good-natured Secretary to favor, and a few well put adulations secure from the vanity they solicit a prominent office for the ingenious toady.—*Rich. Examiner.*

Opinions of the English Press.

The London Daily News Rebukes Malignity.

The London Daily News of the 6th instant speaks the best heart of England upon the disaster of the Union at Stone Bridge:

"During the agony of our Indian rebellion, when the fate of an empire trembled in the balance, and the proud heart of England was shaken with anguish, the sympathy of Europe, in the presence of a calamity in which the whole Christendom seemed to partake, was all but universally expressed. Ancient enmities, foreign jealousies, held their peace for awhile, and "natural enemies" vied with the nearest and dearest friends in generous grief and hope. Among foes and aliens, if a tone of sneering pity or of contemptuous regret jarred upon the public ear, it was instantly covered with shame and reprobation by nobler voices. Over the narrow seas a gallant people watched our varying fortunes with that fraternal interest which brave men feel in actions of the brave; faint and few indeed were the mutterings of unmanly and malignant exultation at the tragic vicissitudes of a mortal struggle which history shudders to recall.

"But among our kinsmen beyond the Atlantic it was not mere interest that was felt for England at that terrible moment, or common human sympathy; it is but the simple truth to say that the heroes and the victims of Lucknow and Cawapore were honored and lamented by the people of the United States, and the trials and exploits of English courage and endurance treasured up as the immortal part of an indivisible inheritance of blood, language and renown. And yet there were voices of hate, envy and savage joy to break the resolute stillness of the national sorrow, and to insult the sympathies of Christian Europe. Abroad, and even at home, there were "Sepoy" journals, which recounted with undisguised satisfaction the horrors of the mutiny, and frantically foretold the end of British rule in India. These "Sepoy" journals, however, had one redeeming merit—the frankness of their ferocious taunts and sinister predictions was appalling; but it was more tolerable than insult and outrage disguised in protesting pity, or stanching regretful amazement and compassion.

"When the day of trial and trouble comes again for England (we trust it may not be remembered that the most powerful, and therefore most responsible, of English journals celebrated the issue of the first great battle between the army of the United States and the army of the Southern Rebels as a loss of all, "even of military honor," to citizen volunteers who had fought for nine hours of a summer's day against overwhelming odds, for a cause as sacred as law and order, as precious as national liberty and unity. Our contemporary would fain, it should seem, endeavor to reduce the conflict to the dimensions of a border raid or a barbarous brawl. But, as this is impossible, it degrades a war from which anarchy and slavery, or freedom purified and ordered anew for higher purposes, must spring, to the proportions of "a senseless and bloody strife." This is not only to caricature living facts; *it is to give the lie to history. Civil war it was that made the ancestors of the men who fought at Bull Run great and free*; though, no doubt, the more disinterested persons in those days who condemned the "senseless and bloody strife" by which our liberties clearly purchased at the cost of their lives all that their descendants now enjoy.

"Civil war, too, though no doubt it was sometimes "a senseless and bloody strife," has done something for the strength and grandeur, if not for the freedom of France. Had England displayed that "humility and contentment which facilitate peace" in the days of the Stuarts, or France in the face of the coalition of old monarchies, we know not if France would now be greater or England freer, but assuredly there would be little enough upon which to congratulate the survivors of either revolution.

"The cynical coldness with which the public opinion of England is so often crushed by foreigners has never found a more exalted expression than in these reckless utterances. Nor are these opinions, even in their own sense, discerning or acute. It was to be expected that a defeat of the Federal army would, in the eyes of the adroit and abject believers in the sacredness of success, lead to the cause of the South a legitimacy which no reasoning could ever gain for it. Yet already it is clear that the results of the action of the 21st were not so disastrous to the Federal army as to forbid altogether a Southern advance this year.

"The victory of the Southern army was due no doubt to superior skill in its leaders, *but the choice of a defensive position and the arrival of timely reinforcements must be taken into account on the same side*; and the "panic" that decided the issue of the fight is an incident not unparalleled in the military annals of European powers.—The losses both in men and in material of the Federalist forces are not so considerable as was at first reported. On the other hand, the scope of the war is infinitely enlarged. And the protraction of the contest is all in favor of those who have the largest reserves of men and means. A defeat of the North shuts the door to compromise or to acquiescence in any terms the South can offer. The Union is bound to conquer now.—The spirit of New England and the Northwest will rise to the occasion; and we of the old race, tried and strengthened by many reverses, shall not be surprised if our kinsmen never rest until they have turned defeat into victory."

What we have Escaped.

If any citizen of Maryland is tempted to indulge in a feeling of despondency, in view of the evils forced upon the country, let him reflect what would have been our condition at present, supposing that, like the States of Louisiana, or Tennessee, or Georgia, our legislators had not been vetoed in their attempts to ruin us! Suppose, for instance, they could have had a margin of a couple of months, even, in which to have raised and spent that couple of millions, and to have consummated their schemes for putting us in a "state of defence." To day, instead of going along under comparatively "easy sail," awaiting the course of events, our treasury would have been empty, our credit gone, our trade totally destroyed, and all this with nothing whatever to show for it.

In addition to this, we need hardly conjecture what would have been our condition with a few battle fields stamped into our soil, with all their associations of blood and tears, to have pressed upon the memory of these evil times forever.—Because the schemes of our legislators were nipped in the bud by discreet fears lest they would not be tolerated—because our city authorities were compelled, by the great power that was close at hand, to take a step backward in their grand assumptions, we to-day are permitted, in quiet, to survey with a spirit of thankfulness the dark gulf of civil war in which our own community was so nearly precipitated; and for the few score who grieve at the escape from scenes such as have desolated the homesteads of our neighbors, we have thousands blessing the God of their fathers for the measure of prosperity still vouchsafed to them.

Dwelling upon all this with a proper feeling of thankfulness, let us endeavor to do what is in our power to insure in the future the protection of that system of free government so essential to our prosperity; fully awake to the narrow escape we have had, let us never permit our vital interests to be again hazarded by any neglect of our own. If ever any people were called upon to place a right estimate upon that patriotism which regards every duty to one's country as something almost sacred in its character, surely the people of Maryland are the ones; and remembering this, let us insure by our action in the coming election a continuation of the blessings we enjoy.—*Baltimore American.*

Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson.

The following are extracts taken from a speech recently made by Daniel S. Dickinson, of New York—the man that was talked of by the Charleston Convention last year as the compromise candidate:

"The election of a political opponent is never a cause for secession or for disturbance; and if those Secession leaders *had supposed Mr. Lincoln's election from the time of the Charleston Convention withheld the pertinacity and defiance that Idid*, he never would have been elected. I charge in all my public speeches that they connived at that election; and the same has been charged home upon them by their own people in the South. Their time had come. It must go, or they would be ruined. They remind one of the little boys who want to ride a horse. Those in the city get a hobby-horse, and they can ride that. This knot of office seekers failing to get a horse to ride, or even a hobby, have mounted this poor stick of a Southern Confederacy, and are riding that. *It is just such ambition as caused the angels in heaven to rebel. It was not because we had not a good Government, but because they could not rule it.*

"Whoever sustains them, I will not. Whoever cries peace, I will not. Whoever carries compromise with them, I will not. (Great Cheering.) I am for peace, but I am for making peace with the loyal citizens of the South—the loyal citizens of Kentucky, and of Missouri, too, who have sent that modern Nebuchadnezzar, Claiborne F. Jackson, to grass. (Great Laughter.) They ask in reputation can you coerce a State? I say no, you cannot. You might as well coerce the sun to shine or the stars to twinkle. Can you coerce a negro thief to be honest? No; but you may punish its criminals. No one can justly armed rebellion in opposition to the Union and the Constitution of his country.

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I do not propose to yield this Union or any part of it to the so called Confederate Government that has been made up in the Southern States. It is no Government, and there is nothing in the shape of a Government at under it, over it, in it, or around it, diagonally, horizontally or perpendicularly. Like a boy's training, it is all officers. (Laughter.) It is made up thus: You shall be President of the Congress, and I will be President of the Confederacy; you shall be Minister of Foreign Affairs, and I will be Secretary of the Treasury. (Laughter.) Doubtless, very well; satisfactory enough. If they had kept it to themselves no one would have objected to their strutting in their stolen plumage. But it is time for the people of the United States to put their hand upon it in earnest, and to maintain the Government of the Constitution. The *habeas corpus*—a hard kind of a name for a writ, but one which a lawyer or a Dutchman finds little difficulty in pronouncing—it is said that the *habeas corpus* has been suspended and abused.—Well, I think it is because some have written so much about it, while they know so little. It simply means to have the body. A prisoner is alleged to be improperly imprisoned; and in order that the case may be inquired into a petition is presented to a judge, and then the judge allows the writ, and the prisoner is brought up, and the person who holds him is bound to make a return. If the prisoner is illegally detained, the Judge orders him to be discharged; if rightfully imprisoned, he remands him. That is all there is about it. It is simply a civil writ.

But there is an old maxim, as old as Julius Cæsar would have been had he lived, *inter arma silent leges*, that is, the laws are silent in the midst of arms. Here is the question: An individual is imprisoned he says me friend gets a *habeas corpus*, and he is brought up, and the case is inquired into. And who or interferes with, or obstructs that writ, is guilty of a great moral and legal wrong, and incurs a heavy penalty.—In time of war it is a different matter. Here it is found that a man is fixing to blow up a fortress, or betray an army to the enemy. The officer in command has him arrested, and sends him to a fort, with orders that he be strongly guarded, because he is known to be a traitor, and in the capacity of traitors and enemies. A lawyer sues out a writ of *habeas corpus*. But what is the result? It cannot be served and the prisoner cannot be produced—they cannot see him unless the judge's tongue is longer than the soldier's bayonet. Would any one, if he was commanding at Fortress Monroe, Fort McHenry, or any where else, where he was surrounded with treason and traitors at every step, would he, because a Judge sent a writ of *habeas corpus* give up a traitor who was endangering the safety of his command and the interests of the country.—[Cries of "Never."] No man can pretend it for a single instant; it is one of the terrible necessities of war.

And if I were in command and had good reason to believe that I had possession of a traitor, and no other remedy would arrest treachery, I would suspend the writ, and the individual too. [Cheers and cries of "Good." "That goes right to the spot." "That is sound." "That is such Democracy as I like to see."]

Mr. Dickinson, be it remembered, has been always considered the Ajax Telemanon of the Democratic party in the Eastern States; the old war horse of the Tammany men in New York; a leading man in their conventions in Baltimore last Fall. At the time of the nomination of Gen. Cass for President, if we remember aright, the Democratic Convention tendered it to him, but he had committed himself to the General and would not accept; and if he could have been prevailed on to receive the empty honor jumped at by Mr. Breckinridge at the last election, he would have obtained the nomination.

THOSE HANDCUFFS.—Prentice, of the Louisville Jonrnal, estimates that if the rebel story of the 32,000 hand cuffs is true, as each cuff would weigh a pound, it would require forty wagons to carry them.

The cost of equipping a regiment from Boston to Washington, is about $10,000.