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Select Poetry.

MEET AGAIN.

Meet again! when fond hearts sever.
And our grief outpours in tears,
'Tis the thought that thrills us ever,
Through the lapse of lonely years.
After absence meeting's dearer—
Parting hours are full of pain;
But we bring the loved ones nearer,
While we hope to meet again.

But alas! too oft are parted
Those on earth to memory dear,
And we mourn them broken-hearted,
Nevermore to greet them here!
Still, affection lingering round them,
Can its yearnings ne'er refrain;
And we ask: "In that blest morning
Shall we then all meet again?"

Meet again! O, rapturous greeting,
When we've won that golden shore,
Where the Tree of Life, all healing,
Waves its clusters ever more.
Buried love regains its gladness,
Buried hope revives its bloom;
Meet in resurrection brightness,
Conquerors of the loathsome tomb.

Meet again! how sweet and blessed
Is the hope to meet once more,
Where the friends we love are deathless,
And our partings all are o'er;
Father, mother, sister, brother,
Bound in love's unsevered chain;
Clasp each other's hand's immortal—
Meet again, meet again!

Miscellaneous.

THE BATTLE OF FORT MOULTRIE, 1776.

[From Bancroft's forthcoming History of the United States.]

The month of May robed the catalpa and the oleander in their gorgeous masses of flowers, and the peace of Charleston was still undisturbed except by gathering rumors that the English fleet and transports destined for its attack had arrived in Cape Fear river. All the mechanics and laborers about town were employed in strengthening its fortifications, and a great number of negroes, brought down from the country were put upon the works. The bloom of the magnolia was turning yellow in the hot sky of early summer, when on the first day of June expresses from Christ Church Parish bro't news to the President that a fleet of forty or fifty sail lay anchored about twenty miles to the north of Charleston bar.

Happily the colony had already organized an efficient government, and invested Rutledge, its chief executive officer, with large power. He ordered the alarm to be fired, and while the citizens were looking out for horses, carriages or boats to remove their wives and children, he hastened down the militia from the country by expresses, and in company with Armstrong visited all the fortifications.—Barricades were thrown up against the principal streets; defences were raised at the points most likely to be selected for landing; lead, gathered from the weights of windows of churches and dwelling houses, was cast into musket-balls, and a respectable force in men was concentrated in the capitol.

The eyes of the whole country were turned upon the people of South Carolina. Their invaders at a moment when instant action was essential to their success, were perplexed by uncertainty of counsel between Clinton and Sir Peter Parker, the respective commanders of the army and the naval force. On the seventh Clinton would have sent on shore a proclamation by a flag of truce: his boat was fired on by an ignorant sentinel, but next day Moultrie offered an explanation through one of his officers, and received the proclamation in return. In this the British General declared the existence of "a most unprovoked and wicked rebellion within South Carolina, the succession of crimes of its inhabitants, the tyranny of its congress and its committees, the error, thus far incorrible, of an infatuated and misguided multitude, the duty of proceeding forthwith against all men in arms, congress and committees, as open enemies of the State; but from humanity he consented to forewarn the deluded people, and to offer in His Majesty's name free pardon to such as should lay down their arms and submit to the laws." Having done this he consulted Cornwallis on the best means of gaining possession of Sullivan's Island; and both agreed that they could not more effectually co-operate with the intended movement of the fleet, than by taking possession of Long Island, which was represented to communicate with Sullivan's Island at low water, by a ford, and with the main body by a channel navigable for boats of light draft.—Clintonhad four days' time to sound the ford, but he took the story of its depth on trust.

On the morning of the ninth of June, Charles Lee, attended by his aid-de-camp and Robert Howe, of North Carolina, arrived at Haddrell's Point. After examining its fortifications, he crossed over to Sullivan's Island, where he found a good stock of powder, a fort of which the front and one side were finished, and twelve hundred men encamped in its rear in huts und booths that were roofed with palmetto leaves. Within the fort numerous mechanics and laborers were fitting and lifting palmetto logs for its walls.—He had scarce glanced at the work, when he declared that 'he did not like that post at all; it could not hold out half an hour, and there was no way to retreat;' it was but a 'slaughter pen' and the garrison would be sacrificed. On his way up to Charleston, Lee touched at James Island, where Gadsden had the command.

The battalions raised in South Carolina were not as yet placed upon the continental establishment; and although Congress bore the proportionato expense, the disposition of the forces still remained under the exclusive directions of the colony and its officers. This circumstance became now of great importance. To Armstrong no command whatever was conceded; and he had little to do except to receive the hospitalities of Charleston; but General Lee was the second officer in the American army; his military fame was at that time very great; he had power from the general Congress to order, and he did order batallions from North Carolina and Virginia; his presence was a constant pledge of the active sympathy of the continent; and on his arrival he was invested with the military command through an order from Rutledge.

On that same day Clinton began his disembarkation, landing four or five hundred men on Long Island. It was therefore evident that the first assault was to be attempted not on the city, but its outposts; yet Lee proposed to Rutledge to withdraw from Sullivan's Island and abandon it without a blow. Had he acted in concert with the invaders, he could not more completely promoted their design. But Rutledge, interposing his authority, would not suffer it, and Lee did not venture to proceed alone; yet on the tenth day his very first order to Moultrie, except one which was revoked as soon as issued, directed that officer to construct bridges for his retreat, and the order was repeated and enforced several times that day, and almost every succeeding one.—Happily Moultrie's courage was of that placid kind that could not be made anxious or uneasy; he weighed carefully his danger and resources; with quiet importurable confidence, formed his plan for repelling the impending double attack of the enemy by sea and by land; and never so much as imagined that he could be driven from his post.

On the tenth of June, while the Continental Congress was finishing the debate on independence, the Bristol, whose guns had been previously taken out, came over the bar attended by thirty or forty vessels, and anchored about three miles from Fort Sullivan. In Charleston, from which this movement was plainly visible, all was action; on the wharfs, warehouses of great value, were thrown down to give room for the fire of cannon and musketry from the lines along East Bay; intrenchments surrounded the town: the barricades, raised in the principal streets were continued to the water; and arrow-headed embankments were projected upon the landing places. Negroes from the country took part in the labor; the hoe and the spade were also in every citizen's hands, for all persons, without distintion, 'labored with alacrity,' some for the sake of example some as the best way of being useful. Neither the noon day sun nor the rain, which in that clime, drops from the clouds in gushes, interrupted their toil.

On the eleventh the two regiments from North Carolina arrived. The same day Lee, being told that a bridge of retreat from Sullivan's Island to Haddrell's Point was impossible, and not being permitted by Rutledge to direct the total evacuation of the Island, ordered Moultrie immediately to send four hundred of his men over to the continent; in his post script he added:—'Make up the detachment to five hundred.' On the thirteenth he writes:—'You will detach another hundred men to strengthen the corps on the other side of the creek.' But the spirit of South Carolina had sympathy with Moultrie, and mechanics and negro laborers were sent down to complete the fort: but hard as they toiled, it was not nearly finished before the action. On the 12th the wind blew so violently that two ships which lay outside the bar, were obliged for safety to stand out to sea, and this assisted to delay the attack.

On the fifteenth, Lee stationed Armstrong at Haddrell's point, and Armstrong, as the superior officer, ever manifested for Moultrie a hearty friendship. On that same day, Sir Peter Parker gave to the Captain of his squadron his arrangement for the attack of the batteries on Sullivan's Island, and on the 16th he communicated it to Clinton, who did not know what to do. The dilatory conduct of the British betrayed uncertainty and a division of councils, and the Carolinians made such use of the delay, that by the 17th they were in exceedingly good state of preparation at every outpost and also in town. But Clinton intended only to occupy and garrison Sullivan's Island.—For that purpose, he completed the landing of all his men on Long Island, a naked sand, where nothing grew except a few bushes that harbored myriads of mosquitoes, and where the troops suffered intensely from the burning sun; the want of good water, and the bad quality and insufficient supply of provisions. A trial of the ford was made, Clinton waded up to his neck, so did others of his officers, and on the day in which he succeeded in getting all his men on shore, he announced through Vaughn to Sir Peter Parker that no ford was to be found; that there remained a depth of seven feet of water at low tide; and that the troops, therefore, could not take the share they expected in the intended attack. His six full regiments, and companies enough from others for one more, a body of more than three thousand men, thoroughly provided with arms, artillery and ammunition, had left the transports for a naked sandbank that was to them a prison. Yet, compelled to do something Clinton fixed on the 23d for the joint attack.

On the night after the day appointed for the attack, Muhlenburg's regiment arrived. On receiving Lee's orders it immediately set out from Virginia and marched for Charleston, without tents, continually exposed to the weather, It was composed chiefly of Muhlenburg's old German parisioners and of the Virginia regiments, and was the most complete, the best armed, best clothed for immediate service. The Americans were now very strong.

The confidence of Sir Peter Parker in an easy victory was unshaken. To make all sure, he exercised a body of marines and seamen in the art of entering forts through embrasures; intending first to silence Moultrie's battery, then to land his trained detachment, and by their aid enter the fort. His presumption was justified by the judgement of Lee. That general, coming down to the Island, took Moultrie aside a id said:—'Do you think you can maintain this post?' Moultrie answered, 'Yes I think I can.' But Lee had no faith in a spirited defence, fretted at the too easy disposition of Moultrie, and wished up to the last moment, to remove him from the command.

On the 231 an unfavorable wind prevented the joint attack. On the 25th, the squadron was increased by the arrival of the 'Experiment,' a ship of sixty guns, which passed over the bar on the 26th.—Letters of encouragement came also from Tonyn, then Governor of East Florida, who was impatient for an attack on Georgia; he would have had a body of Indians raised on the bank of South Carolina, and a body of royalists to terrify and distract so that the assault at Charleston would have struck an astonishing terror and affright.' He reported South Carolina to be in a mutinous state that delighted him: the battery on Sullivan's Island would not discharge two rounds.' This opinion was spread through the fleet, and became the belief of every sailor on board. With or without Clinton's aid the Commodore was persuaded that with his trained seamen and marines, he could take and keep possession of the fort till Clinton should send as many troops as he might think proper, and who might enter the fort in the same way.

Capt. Lamperer, walking with Moultrie on the platform, and looking at the British ships-of-war, all of which had already come over the bar, addressed him:—

"Well, Colonel, what do you think of it now?"

"We shall beat them," said Moultrie

"The men-of-war," rejoined the captain, "will knock your fort down in half an hour."

"Then, said Moultrie, "we will lie behind the ruins and prevent their men from landing."

On the morning of the twenty-eighth a gentle sea breeze prognostigated the attack. Lee from Charleston, for the tenth or eleventh time, charged Moultrie to finish the bridge for his retreat, promised him re-enforcements, which was never sent, and still meditated removing him from his command; while Moultrie, whose faculties under the outward show of imperturable and even indolent calm, were restrained to their utmost tension, rode to visit his advanced guard on the east.—Here the commander William Thomson, of Orangeburgh, of Irish decent, a native of Pennsylvania, but from childhood a citizen of South Carolina, a man of rare worth in private life, brave and intelligent as an officer, had, at the extreme point, posted fifty of the militia behind sand hills and myrtle bushes. A few hundred yards in the rear he guarded breastworks that had been thrown up, with three hundred riflemen of his own regiment from Orangeburgh and its neighborhood, with two hundred of Clark's North Carolina regiment, two hundred more of the men of South Carolina under Horry and the raccoon company of riflemen. On his left he was protected by a morass: on his right by one eighteen pounder and one brass six pounder, which ovelooked the spot where Clinton would wish to land.

Seeing the enemy's boats already in motion on the beach of Long Island, and the men-of-war loosing their topsails, Moultrie hurried back to his fort at full speed. He ordered the long roll to beat, and officers and men to their posts. His whole number, including himself and officers, were four hundred and thirty-five, of whom twenty-two were of the fourth regiment of artillery, the rest of his own regiment; men who were bound to each other, to their officers, and to him, by personal affection and confidence. Next to him in command was Isaac Motte; the Major of his regiment was the fearless and faultless Francis Marion. The fort was square with a bastion at each angle; built of palmetto logs, dove-tailed and bolted together, and lain in parallel rows sixteen feet asunder; between these rows the space was filled with sand. On the eastern and northern sides the palmetto wall was only seven feet high, but it was surmounted by thick plank, so as to be tenable against a scaling party; a traverse of sand extended from east to west. The southern and western curtains were finished with their platforms, on which the cannon was mounted. The standard which was advanced to the south east bastion, displayed a flag of blue with a white cresent on which emblazoned Liberty.—The whole number of cannon in the fort, the bastions, and the cavaliers, was but thirty-one, of which no more than twenty-one could at the same time be brought into use; of ammunition there were but twenty-eight rounds for twenty-six cannon. At Haddrell's Point across the bay Armstrong had about fifteen hundred men. The first regular South Carolina regiment, under Christopher Gadsden, occupied Fort Johnson, which stood on the most northerly part of James Island, about three miles from Charlestown, and within point blank shot of the channel.—Charleston was guarded by more than two thousand men.

Half an hour after nine in the morning, the commodore gave signal to Clinton that he should go on with the attack.—An hour later the ships-of-war were under way. Gadsden, Cotesworth, Pinckney, and the rest at Fort Johnson watched all their movement; in Charleston the wharfs and water-side along the bay were crowded with troops under arms and lookers on. The men must foil their adversary, or their city may perish; their houses be sacked and burned, and the savages on the frontier start from their lurking places. No grievous oppression weighed down the industry of South Carolina; she came forth to the struggle from generous sympathy; and now the battle is to be fought for her chief city, and the province.

The 'Thunderbomb,' covered by Friendship, began the action by throwing shells, which it continued, till more than sixty were discharged; of these some burst in the air, one lighted on the magazine without doing injury; the rest sunk in the morass, or were buried in the sand within the fort. At about a quarter to eleven the 'Active,' of twenty-eight guns, disregarding four or five shots fired at her while under sail; the 'Bristol,' with fifty guns, having on board Sir Peter Parker and Lord William Campbell, the Governor; the 'Experiment,' also of fifty guns; and the 'Sole Bay,' of twenty-eight, brought up within about three hundred and fifty yards of the fort, let go their anchors with springs upon their cables, and began a furious cannonade. Every sailor expected that two broadsides would end the strife; but the soft, fibrous, spongy wood of the palmetto withstood the rapid fire, and neither split, nor splintered, nor started; and the parapet was high enough to protect the men on the platforms. When broadsides from three or four of the men-of-war struck the logs at the same instant, the shock gave the merlons a tremor, but the pile remained uninjured Moultrie had but one tenth as many guns as were brought to bear on him, and was moreover obliged to stint the use of powder.—His guns accordingly were fired very slowly, the officers taking aim, and waiting always for the smoke to clear away, that they might point with more precision.—'Mind the Commodore, mind the fifty gun ships,' were the words that passed along the platform from officers and men.

'Shall I send for more powder?' asked Moultrie of Motte.

'To be sure,' said Motte.

And Moultrie wrote to Lee: 'I believe we shall want more powder. At the rate we go on, I think we shall; but you can see that. Pray send us more, if you think proper.'

More vessels were seen coming up, and cannon were heard from the north east.—Clinton had promised support; not knowing what else to do, he directed the batteries on Long Island to open a cannonade, and several shells were thrown into Thompson's intrenchments, doing no other damage than wounding one soldier.—The firing was returned by Thompson with his one eighteen pounder; but, from the distance, with little effect.

At twelve o'clock the light infantry, grenadiers, and the fifteenth regiment embarked in boats, while floating batteries and armed craft got under weigh to cover the landing; but the troops never so much as once attempted to land. The detachment had hardly left Long Island before it was ordered to disembark, for it was seen that the landing was impracticable, and would have been the destruction ofmany brave men without the least probability of success.' The American defences were so strong, and well constructed, the approach so difficult. Thomson so vigilent, his men such skillful sharpshooters, that had the British landed, they would have been cut to pieces.—'It was impossible,' says Clinton, 'to decide positively on any plan,' and he did nothing.

An attack on Haddrell's Point would have been still more desperate; though the Commodore, at Cliftons request, sent three frigates to co-operate with in that design. The people of Charleston, as they looked from the battery with senses quickened by the nearness of danger, beheld the Sphinx, the Acteon, and the Syren, each of twenty-eight guns, sailing as if to get between Haddrell's Point and the foot, so as to enfilade the works, and when the rebels should be driven from them, to cut off their retreat. It was a moment of danger, for the fort on this side was unfinished. But the pilots kept too far to the south, so that they run all the three upon a bank of sand known as the Lower Middle Ground. Gladdened by seeing the frigates thus entangled, the people at Charleston were swayed alternately by fears and hopes; the armed inhabitants stood every one at his post, uncertain but that they might be called to immediate action, hardly daring to believe that Moultrie's small and ill-furnished garrison could beat off the squadron, when behold! his flag disappeared from their eyes. Fearing that his colors had been struck, they prepared to meet the invaders at the water's edge, trusting in Providence and prefering death to slavery. In the fort, William Jasper, a sergeant, perceived that the flag had been cut down by a ball from the enemy and had fallen over the ramparts. 'Colonel,' said he to Moultrie, 'don't let us fight without a flag.'

'What can you do?' asked Moultrie; 'the staff is broken off.'

'Then,' said Jasper 'I'll fix it on the halbred, and place it on the merlon of the bastion next the enemy;' and leaping through an embrasure and braving the thickest fire of the enemy, he took up the flag, returned with it safely and planted it as he had promise, on the summit of the merlon. The day was exceedingly hot, the almost vertical sun of midsummer glared from a cloudless sky, and the temperature was increased by the blaze from the cannon on the platform. A l of the garrison threw off their coats during the heat of the action, and some were almost naked; Moultrie and several of the officers smoked their pipes as they gave their orders. The defence was conducted within sight of those whose watchfulness was to them most animating. They knew that their movements was observed by the inhabitants from the housetops of Charleston; by the veteran Armstrong, and the little army at Haddrells Point; by Gadsden at Fort Johnson, who was almost near enough to take part in the engagement, and was chafing with discontent at not being himself in the scene of danger. Exposed to an increased cannonade, which seemed sufficient to daunt the bravest veterans, they stuck to their guns with the greatest constancy. Hit by a ball which entered through an embrasure, McDaniel cried out to his brother soldiers: 'I am dying, but don't let the cause of liberty expire with me this day.'

November.

"'Tis easy to resign a toilsom; place,
But not to manage leisure with a grace:
Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.
The veteran steed, his task excused at length,
In kind compassion of his failing strength,
And turned into the park or mead to graze,
Exempt from future service all his days,
There feels a pleasure perfect in its kind,
Ranges at liberty and snuffs the wind;
But when his lord would quit the busy road,
To taste a joy like that he had bestowed,
He proves less happy than his favored brute,
A life of ease a difficult pursuit."—Cowper.

The only period of rest in the circle of the farmer's year is now at hand; a period of enjoyment, but also one of peril. The business of cultivation—the appropriate occupation of the husbandman—is done. He has passed through the pressing cares of seed time and tillage, the joys of the early and latter harvests, and has welcomed the last of his crops to the barn and the granary. His store-houses are full, and the flocks and herds now live upon the accumulated provisions of the summer. The last of the flowers has faded, and the frosts have turned field and forest to a russet brown. The leaves that put on such gorgeous coloring in October, are now either changed to a sombre hue, or fallen, leaving the forest bare and desolate. The skies have lost the roseate hue of summer, and begin to look chill and wintry. The weather is fitful, and every sunny day is succeeded by cloud and storm.

In the olden time farmers accomplished very little after the potatoes and turnips were gathered, and the cider was made, until the opening of the Spring. At home, the cider barrel had its potent temptations, and abroad, the village tavern and grocery held out their allurements to drinking and dissipation. The country was new, the soil fertile, and the farmer did not feel the necessity of those improvements which prepare the way for successful cultivation. Draining had hardly been heard of, and the muck mines had not been opened. He fed his cattle, prepared his fuel for the winter fire, marketed his crops, and the rest of his time ran to waste. At this season he visited his friends, enjoyed their hospitalities, and too often contracted their drinking habits and prepared the way for debauchery and ruin. It was the most perilous period of the year, because he had not learned how to improve its leisure.

We are so constituted that we cannot *enjoy* idleness. This may satisfy the toil-worn brute, as he quits the yoke or the cart, and regales himself in fat pastures. He knows nothing better than the gratification of his appetite for food. But man cannot be satisfied while the best part of him, that which constitutes his manhood, lies waste. The mind must have occupation of some kind, and the release from the more pressing cares of cultivation at this season, should only induce a higher activity of the mind.

It is indeed well to employ a portion of this leisure in visiting friends and relatives, and in keeping alive the sympathies and associations of earlier years. Some are so situated in their business, that this is the only time when they can return to the old homestead, to look again upon the familiar scenes of childhood, and to receive words of blessing from father and mother. These social reunions at the annual Thanksgiving, are worth all they cost, and more. There is a reviving influence in going back again to the old hearth-stone of childhood's home; the old well and its oaken bucket, the ancestral trees gathering new glory with their increasing years, the garden, the orchard, the fields, the forests where our eyes first opened upon the world. The farmer is made a better citizen and a better man by thus cultivating his social nature, and keeping alive the ties that bind him to his kindred.

These annual visits are also profitable for his business, as they afford opportunities for observation. Farming is no longer a stereotyped business. One can hardly visit the most limited and obscure rural district without seeing abundant evidence that the leaven of new ideas is at work. The tillers of the soil are getting out of the old tracks of the fathers, and are beginning to use *mind* in their husbandry. The barn is no more a mere depository of the harvests of the field. It is a manufactory of fertilizers, the one thing needful in profitable tillage. It is the great hinge on which everything in the operations of the year turns. Barns are now a profitable study, to learn how practical farmers contrive to shelter all their cattle, and to make the most of their manure. The plow has become a tool constructed upon scientific principles, turning the furrow with the least expenditure of strength, and making it broad or narrow, deep or shallow, and laying the slice flat, or at a sharp angle with the surface of the field, at the will of the plowman. Tools have become a prime necessity of economical cultivation, and the strength of the ox and the horse is more and more taking the place of human sinews. No man can observe the different methods of farmers in their business, without learning something profitable. He will return with new ideas and a new zest to the cultivation of his own acres.

Nor need the season upon which we are entering be wholly lost to the farm. In many parts of the North, plowing can still be done for the first half of the month, and the surface of the fields left in that rough, broken condition, in which the freezings and thawings of winter will most benefit them. There is no human invention that will break down rough clods and pulverize them like the frost. Farmers are using this season for labor, much more than they did in the olden time. Trenches are dug for walls, and stone fences are built. Some keep their full laboring force at work—an arrangement much better for the laborer than four months of idleness, or occasional work by the day. Many have muck deposits so situated that they can be worked this season. Muck thrown up in summer can be carted, and the deposits in the barn cellars can be composted with manures from the stables and the sties. Many improve the leisure to top dress their meadows with compost from the yards, and where the land lies level, and is not subject to washing, this is a good practice. It is found by shrewd calculators, that the labors of the next four months, spent mainly in handling muck, digging, composting, spreading, and laying up stores for summer use, are the most profitable of the year.

Whatever labors are attended to or neglected out of doors, reading and reflection should be carried on vigorously within. The most successful farmer now, is the man who applies the most of *thought* to his business. The days of routine farming are numbered, and the man who plods on in the ways of his fathers, is certain to be distanced. The problem to be solved is, not how to grow crops—not even great crops—but how to get them economically. We want to get rich by farming, without selling off all the fertility of the soil under our feet. A rich farm, giving a generous yield to toil, makes a rich farmer, whether he has much or little stock in the bank or railroad. He may be sure of dividends when banks fail. We want to study, not only to get greater crops of corn and grass, but to make the crops pay for the labor and manure, and leave the soil richer. There are manifold details of husbandry that require forecast and reflection. Now is the time to lay plans for the coming year, and for the distant future. It is a great work to bring up a long used soil to its primitive fertility, and to manage the old homestead so that every acre shall do its best, making us richer while it enriches itself. To solve this problem will tax the invention and quicken the intellect. He who does this will "manage leisure with a grace," and grow a wiser and better man, and also increase his wealth.—*Amer. Agriculturist.*

Innocent Flirtation.—A flirt is always innocent. Young ladies who skip about from one resort to another to engage the attentions of young men who are susceptible of beauty, little think of the danger which beset such a course. We say a flirt is always innocent, meaning thereby that she intends herself no harm. Men—the majority of them—are not so foolish as to be deceived in the character of a young lady who goes about indiscriminately among male acquaintances. They readily perceive that a friendship, if it can so be called, regulated by flirtation, has no claim upon their honor, and consequently any advance towards intimacy on their part can only be factious, leading them to take any advantage when opportunity offers. The record is conclusive upon this point. Criminality lurks beneath those innocent flirtations, boldly apparent to those who can comprehend the unscrupulous nature of man's passions. Fathers and mothers who have daughters will do well to give this subject earnest attention, and so exercise their control that sorrow may never fall at their door, on account of "innosent" conduct.

The Last of the Atlantic Cable.—Captain Kell and Mr. Varley, who have been trying to raise the American end of the Atlantic cable, found it broken every two or three miles, and have abandoned the attempt. The rock-weed and animalculæ adhering to some of the portions recovered, prove that there are rocks at the bottom, although mud is shown on the charts; but even where it came out of the mud, the outer covering frequently parted while it was being hauled in. In some places the iron wires were coated with copper, from veins of that ore in Trinity Bay. The gutta percha and the copper wire were as good as when laid down, and those portions of the cable that were wrapped with tarred yarn, were sound and free from rust.

In A Nutshell.—The Galesburg *Observer* presents the following comprehensive and condensed statement of Republican argument and principle:

REPUBLICAN ARGUMENT.	
HAM	LIN
LIN	COLN
REPUBLICAN PRINCIPLE.	
HUM	BUG
BUG	BEAR

The Secretary of War, in his communication to General Harney, in regard to his course in the San Juan affair, although he censures him for disobeying the orders of General Scott, yet, in consideration of his valuable services, and of his high estimation of his character as a soldier, he is disposed to be light in his censure. General Harney will remain in his former position in the army.

Live Dog Picked up at Sea.—The barque Augusta Jesse, at Queenstown, reports that Sept. 9th, in lat. 19 46, lon. 23 23, picked up a young dog alive.