

Miscellaneous.

[From Harper's Magazine.]  
TABLEAUX VIVANTS.

When the war began we began. We met at the Hall and worked for the soldiers. We laid on the altar of our country every old towel, sheet, and tablecloth that we could spare, and some that we could not. We rolled bandages, we folded compresses. "Capable" ones among us stood scissors in hand the liveliest afternoon, and cut out drawers and shirts that Brobdignagian pattern which the hospital directions called for. Matron and maid and sewing machines worked vigorously in the making-up. And round the tables sat the younger army, their bright hair tucked away in nets, their arms and shoulders protected by gray sacks, each group a pretty bit of color that an artist might have joyed to study. (Unlucky we have no artists but "Da-guerrotyp" ones, to whom color does not matter much.) Scrape, scrape, went their knives, fast as the chatter of their youthful tongues, and higher and higher rose the fleecy snow of lint. All was activity good humor and achievement.

As summer went on, domestic windows flowed in; dozen of pairs of neat hosiery slippers walked up the hall-stairs into our boxes. Jellys, a sparkling mass of tremulous shivers; dried fruits, that held in their shriveled plumpness gallons of refreshments for the sick and weary, arrived from every quarter of the compass. With winter storms came on the gray yarn socks and mittens, the votive tributes of pillow and comfort, that were to make our soldier's hardships a little more endurable.

Our society was unlike all societies known to past ages. A strife for office is traditional in such bodies, but here were three venerable ladies, each declaring she would not be the President. You have heard of gossip at such meetings; but very poor fun did they realize who went to our gatherings—hungry for a bit of poignant scandal. Solid work was the order of the day, varied with news of "our boys" and the like congenial themes. And I suppose every little village of a thousand souls held similar conclaves. Such, my friends is the golden bond of patriotism. We look back on our record with the proud consciousness that if Secretaries in the Cabinet, and Generals in the field had wrought toward their object with the same harmony and enthusiasm that we gave to ours, the "ninety days" would be very nearly over. I trust there is nothing in that sentence to call for a suspension of *Admission*.

But financial difficulties arose. Mr. Chase was troubled for the sinews of war and so were we. Gold went up to 170, and Canton flared to three shillings. Our subscriptions, paid in every fortnight, did not meet the exigency. There were full meetings and scanty work; three ladies to every shirt, four hands ready to pounce on every button hole or knitting-needle that showed itself. In this strait we paused. There was no Congress to give us a hundred millions or so, but a fairer ally came to our aid. No factious House or tireless Senate, but a graceful representation from the youthful patriotism of the town. The girls said they would get up an entertainment—tableaux vivants, charades, and what not—and give the proceeds to the society. Admirable idea! Swift imagination beheld the Hall lit up and crowded, chairs in the aisles turned on every settee designed for twelve, and a stream of people and dollars still pouring steadily in.

"Well, girls, what shall we have?" said Emma Morris, despairingly.

Emma Morris is as pretty a maiden as we own. To describe her by alliteratives, she is straight, slender and seventeen; she has blonde blooming and benevolent—in this instance at any rate—She worked figuratively speaking, "like a Trojan" for our soldiers.

The course of events had not run quite as smooth for our young friends as their zeal deserved. It was desirable to vary the tableaux and charades by some spirited colloquy. I do not know whether the world at large understands the nature of a colloquy as we understand it up here in the country. It is a compromise between a dialogue and a drama, offending not the strictest anti-theatrical virtue—Deacons can be present at it; nay, it is frequently enacted on temporary boards within a church itself, though that is a mingling of things sacred and profane which I, for one, should never countenance. It affords some little scope for the display of talent, and as good a field as any for the display of dress. On this particular occasion, unfortunately, no acceptable one was forthcoming to be found.

"Why not take 'London Assurance'?" suggested Maria Hall. "Or something of Mr. Bouricault's? I suppose every one of his good."

"But they are all too long—regular plays. We want something short and interesting—and I don't know where to find it."

"Are you not too fastidious?" said Frank Hall. "In such a case I am sure your audience will not be critical."

"Perhaps not," returned Emma, "but we do not wish to make too great demands upon their charity. When the entertainment is just as good as ever we can get it, they may make allowances for any failure. As for this particular matter, I've looked through the old School Dialogues and Orators, and written to every girl I know that ever was concerned in an academy exhibition, and can get up no help at all. They have forgotten what pieces they used, or don't know where to find them, and the few I can get are either trashy, or worn out. Nothing is to be had; and yet we must have something, or the whole affair will fall through."

"Desperate cases require desperate remedies," said Frank. "I don't see but I must write you one myself."

"Oh, Frank, if you would!" said his cousin Maria.

"And oh, Mr. Hall, how good of you!" chorused the girls. Emma, alone said nothing.

Frank Hall was a young man whom Fate brought to our village about this time. Wounded at Fair Oaks, he had a tedious recovery, and was even now unfit to be about, though very anxious to consider himself ready to rejoin the regi-

A. K. RHEEM, Editor & Proprietor.

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"Why, when I was in Fulton last winter they got up an entertainment to cushion the church, and my cousin Julia represented it. It's very easy and has a beautiful effect."

"But we don't know anything about it."

"It's not the least troubling; all you want is a sheet—no, a couple of sheets—there must be a place for the arms to go through. You run a string through the top hem, and gather it up around the neck; it's drawn into a girdle at waist, and then arranged in very ample folds about the feet. Simplest thing in the world!"

"But I don't think any one of us girls would look very handsome standing up on the stage with a sheet around her," said Emma Morris.

"This is because you haven't seen it! I tell you it's beautiful; looks just like a statue. There must be a pedestal, of course, and Hope's anchor painted white, and the statue must be powdered an inch thick. No matter if it is in streaks it won't show in that light. There, Emma Morris! it'll have to be you! You'll cost us less for powder than any other girl, and in these times we're bound to study economy."

Emma objected, but the motion was carried over her head. "All for the good of the soldiers!" was the cry, and she had to yield. Then Helen Vesey must be the Queen of Sheba, because she had such magnificent dark hair and eyes. The question arose whether the Queen of Sheba's complexion also ought not to be magnificently dark, but this was voted of no consequence. Othello, it was argued, was sometimes played as a negro, sometimes the color of ham-ting; if professional actors could thus vary from a given standard, surely a little band of amateurs need not keep close to the letter.

Then there must be a gipsy fortune-teller, and Nellie Snow was fixed upon for the lovely maiden who was seeking to know her destiny. About the southern-herself there was more difficulty, but Maria Hall finally accepted the part. She had once seen Miss Cushman in that "musical and romantic" drama wherein she had produced some of her most admired effects, and trusted that the memory would render her own impersonation sufficiently weird and striking.

After a vast deal of consulting and planning, the party broke up, to meet next day for further practice. Maria proceeded to take an inventory of her lace, muslin, ribbons, and regard to their value in a theatrical point of view. Frank went off to his own room, and plunged at once into the labor of composition.

"Ah! well," he said, with a half sigh, "I've dipped his pen, in the ink stand. I am glad to help our cause along even with a trifle like this. As he wrote a pair of hazel eyes looked at him from the page. Poor young captain! He had found in our secluded village a foe more fearless in raid than Stuart's cavalry, more adroit than even the famous Stonewall."

Just as he was getting well warmed to his work there came a wet tap at the door. He rose, rather annoyed by the interruption.

"I am sorry to disturb you, Frank," said his cousin; "but can you tell me what has become of those numbers of the *Press* and *Harper's Weekly*?"

"They are here on my table. I thought you had read them all."

"Yes, long ago; but I want to lend them to a friend."

"Now, Maria, you are a little too bad! Do leave mercy on your friends. Don't force them to read my lucubrations just out of politeness."

"There was no forcing about the matter, I assure you. She spoke to me about the last thing before she left, and charged me by no means to forget it. I shall send them over at once."

"Very well," said Frank, complying, "here they are. Give my compliments to Miss Vesey and say I wish they were better worth her reading."

"Oh, it wasn't Helen," returned his unsuspecting cousin. "I want them for Emma Morris."

"All the same," said Frank, indifferently, "as if this were not the very information he had been fishing for," the message will do just as well for her."

He went gayly back to the half-covered page of foolscap.

The next few days were given to activity, rehearsal, and rehearsal. All the girls were lying about in the intervals of practice to hunt up the accessories of the occasion; we elders, exensed from a part in the performance, were privileged to contribute to the "properties." For myself, I lent my bridal wreath and veil, a silver comb, and a coral bracelet; while my sister contributed an antiodian Swiss muslin, a velvet waist, and an ostrich plume. The stronger sex, too, was pressed into the service. One obliging cavalier journeyed N. E. for a frame to the tableaux; another who's S. W. for scenery which some accommodating company had offered; and all the boys were busy in the Cedar Swamp, and the Hall, when you passed by it of afternoons, exhale a fragrance as of a dozen Christmas trees. Frank's play was in time completed, and the girls thought it wonderful. It was some sort of convent affair, with plenty of candles and ceremonies. There were Sister Ignacia, and Sister Ippolyta, Sister Josepha, and Sister Annapucta, and hosts of other sisters, all with eugomens deliciously out-of-the-way. Mrs. Sherwood's 'Nan' was consulted for proprieties of dress, and every Irish maid in the village lent her beads for the occasion.

The important night at last arrived. All the strings and wreaths and mottoes of evergreen device were in their places; the

Hall was decorated with flags of every size; while above the stage the national fowl hung from his beak the consecrating Stars and Stripes. The audience assembled as by numerous as the performers could desire. A favorable conjunction of the planets had given us a moonlight night and excellent sleighing; besides, the admittance had been fixed at that golden mean which was tempting to the public yet remunerative to the cause. The seats were crowded as had been hoped, and the tramp, tramp up the stairs still came a march of many feet. The footlights burned along the stage, the curtain waved a little now and then, and the scraping and wailing of violins rose in the air as our volunteer orchestra tuned their instruments. By-and-by the bell rung, the curtain went up, and the first tableau appeared.

"Beautiful!" cried everybody with enthusiasm; and the picture was repeated. Another succeeded it and another, to the general satisfaction.

But if the audience were content, the dressing room in a can while was distraught. Oh that scene! worse than the cabin of a North River steamboat in September. The room was ten feet by twelve, and twenty or thirty of us were busy in it. The floor was piled ankle-deep with brushes, hair, ribbons, powder-boxes, and various other accessories to beauty, while the nymphs stood around in different stages of preparation. And evil forces were at work; the most needful articles, the most carefully bestowed, were mysteriously spirited away. And the minutes flew, the time of appearing would soon arrive.

Miss Seymour had kindly offered to assist the girls in dressing. I too was present, chiefly on my own invitation, but endeavoring to be useful. There is a gracious calm in Miss Seymour's presence that makes itself felt at all ordinary times, but there it was, almost powerless.

"Where where is my little handkerchief?" cried Sister Ippolyta, in distress. "I put it just here, and now it is gone."

Five or six nuns in various stages of dress and undress paused from their toils to aid the unhappy sister. Skurry, skurry went half a dozen pair of hands among the thousand-and-one articles strewn around the substratum of handbox, powder-box, and so on, was turned over but without result.

"What shall I do?" said poor Sister Ippolyta, in despair.

"Here is my pocket-handkerchief," said Miss Seymour, with sudden inspiration. "Turn in the embroidery as you can and I think it will answer." And Sister Ippolyta's beclouded countenance grew radiant with delight.

"An interval of silent labor." Sister Ignacia wanted me to look her waist. "As she was tall and I was short, I mounted for the purpose on the bottom of an old pin happily present. The fair nun was extremely well developed; the person who had lent her dress much less so; and it cost a Herculean effort to unite the separate divisions."

"Well, Sister Ignacia," said I struggling for breath, "I hope you will be able to stay in this dress as long as it has taken me to get you into it."

Just then came up the unhappy Lady Superior. "My handbox is gone!" said she in a tone whose accents of anguish no Italian can convey; "I've looked everywhere for it, and it is gone; and I have a thing to put on."

A pause of consternation. The play could not go on without Lady Superior, and she could not go on without conventional gear. For one direful moment all seemed lost. Then Sister Constantine spoke. She is one of the people that keeps this world of ours moving. She understands herself and others. Some things she suggested, some she contributed. She captured a small boy and dispatched him homeward in quest of sundry matters; the others caught inspiration from her, and presently the venerable mother stood arrayed in all the gloomy proprieties of her order.

"Almost ready, girls?" said a voice at the door. "You must come on in a few minutes. And 'hurry, hurry' was the watchword."

"Now for your veils," said Miss Seymour; "I suppose they're all ready. On you, they were ready and immediately procured. But I'll every mortal girl had drawn her veil up on a string as if to wear it with a bonnet."

"This will never do," said Miss Seymour, with determination. "Out with these strings, and bring up a paper of pins, somebody!"

Baister said that done. Five or six papers had been provided, but none were forthcoming now. Fortunately Sister Ignacia remembered putting a row in the pocket of her dress—not her present dress, but the one she wore to the Hall. The favored garment was sought, and found beneath a superincumbent Alp of hoods, clouds, starlights, twilights, blankets, shawls, and India rubbers. Nan after Nan went from under Miss Seymour's dexter hand, with her veil arranged in true convent style.

At last she came to Sister Constantine. This worthy sister wears her hair in curls "all around." Very pretty curls they are, and vastly becoming to her, but offering no secure foundation wherein to fix a pin. "Look about and see if there isn't a bit of tape somewhere," said Miss Seymour, "or a strip of selvedge left over from the Society." But none could be found.

"What was to be done? Clearly it was impossible that sister Constantine should go on the stage with her hair in ringlets. In this emergency a bright thought struck me. I am not commonly fertile in expedients, but cleverness is contagious. I went into retirement for a brief space."

"How will this do?" I asked, demurely, presenting Miss Seymour with a circ-

let of elastic. She regarded it with a smile.

"It isn't as large as her head," she answered. "But one blessed quality of India rubber is that it will stretch."

A tap at the door.

"All ready?" asks the manager.

"All one minute. Do you want us?" says Miss Seymour.

"The violins are in the last strain of the 'Carnival of Venice.'"

"Tell them to repeat it, then. Now, girls, let me look at you." As they stepped past her hands arose in horror.— "What are you thinking of!" she exclaimed. "Every one of you has on her hoop!"

There was a flutter of doubt and depression among the convent crew. "It will make our dresses so long to take them off," urged sister Angelica. "We shall tread on them. It will be awkward!"

The stony calm of Nemesis overspread Miss Seymour's handsome face. "Very well," she said. "Only I never in my life saw a nun with a hoop."

Miss Seymour was our autocrat of taste and propriety. The next instant a pile of skeletons lay in the corner, and a very subdued-looking band of females marched out upon the stage.

There were a few delicious moments of repose in the dressing room. Miss Seymour picked up two or three salient articles from the under-foot conglomeration. I laid out the Queen of Sheba's toilet on six inches of the deal table.

"I wish you would let me make up a tableau for you, Margaret," said I. "You should be a Madonna."

Thank you; but I think that some one with a broader forehead and larger eyes and more regular features would answer your purposes better.

"Perhaps so," I replied, smiling, if such a person could not be found."

Some degree of order being evoked from the chaos, we adjourned to a side-door which commanded a partial view of the stage. There was a cloud of white muslin, a murmur of voices, and a sort of general impression of youth and prettiness. Below the foot lights a sea of faces stretched away—a main-tainet sea, that is to say. The capacity of our Hall is not unlimited. I regarded these returned countenances from a business stand-point, and, knowing just how many of them it took to represent the Federal dollar, felt a thrill of satisfaction.

"Excellent audience!" said young Mr. Darley, joining us.

"How so?" asked Miss Seymour. "Quantity or quality?"

"Both. There's a splendid lot of them, and they are pleased with every thing."

"Small thanks to them for that," I said. "Well they may be after all the pains the girls have taken. Who looks the best, Fred?"

"I don't know, really. Sometimes I think it is one and then another. The truth is, Mrs. Miggs, that we do have the very prettiest girls in town that you can find in the State."

I smiled at his enthusiasm. "Indeed!" said my reply. "I know that used to be said when I was a girl."

"So long ago as that?" he asked, innocently. Margaret and I exchanged glances. "Yes, young man," I said, severely, "just so long ago."

I guess Frank Hall thinks the same thing; he went on, quite unconscious; I screwed my neck around a corner and brought my glance to bear on the young captain. There he sat, very pale and interesting, watching the stage intently; anxious, perhaps, for the success of his little drama.

The play gave symptoms of drawing to a close; Miss Seymour suggested our return to the field of duty. Back we went to the dressing-room, where ample occupation awaited any willing hand. All went on well. Charade succeeded tableau, and tableau charade, in due season, while our volunteer musicians filled up the intervals to general acceptance. At last we came to the closing labor—the statue, this would wind up the entertainment, this must be the crowning perfection.

Two boxes of Meen Fun were brought, a piece of flannel and a cotton stocking. A girl on each side powdered vigorously at poor Emma's face and neck and arms. Miss Seymour proceeded to put on the cap of tissue paper which was to hide the golden hair.

"Will that do?" she asked, stepping back to survey the effect.

No, just a little line of hair was visible. Tenderly the paper cap was shifted, but alas! not tenderly enough. A crack, a tear, and a long streak of brown showing through the white!

And then the manager at the door.— "We want the statue now. The music is just done."

"Presently," said Miss Seymour, endeavoring to repair the mischief. Shriek, shriek went the paper, and again, the hair showed through. Renewed efforts of desperation, renewed failure.

"Isn't the statue ready?" spoke the impatient voice outside. "We are having too long an interval."

"What could be done? 'Can't one of you sing or play something to amuse them?' said Miss Seymour. No response was heard.

I looked around—I spied a bird of trap on hand.

"Louisa Coan," I ordered, "go straight out on that stage and give that audience the longest song you can remember."

"Impossible!" said she, shrieking. "I couldn't think of a single thing."

"Oh yes you can—no matter what—'Billings's Jordan,' if you like. Hurry—It's getting late."

"But you know I couldn't sing that," she remonstrated.

"Well, then, 'Ask me not why'—or,

what is that from Lucia that you do so nicely and every body likes—something about praying."

"Oh—I'll pray for thee."

"Yes, that's it. Run right along, there's a darling."

"But how can I—so suddenly—and no accompaniment of any thing?"

I held her with my glittering eye.— "Louisa Coan, I asked, 'are you working for our soldiers or are you not?' She gave in before the glance and argument combined. I drove her forth upon the stage and left her. When I returned the cap was somehow rectified and the wreath was going on.

"Beautiful!" said Mrs. Seymour. A little more powder on this temple, Mary, and the bridge of her nose. Now for the sheets."

They were gathered around the neck, and drawn in at the waist, the fullness "evidenced" here and distributed there.— "From the stage came the last sounds. 'I'll never be ble...ss a...nd pray lo...r thee!'"

"All is ready," announced Miss Seymour. The curtain came down and the procession started, one bearing the pedestal, another the anchor, and two or three more holding up the drapery.

"Hope," said I, by way of parting benediction; "look just as you are, as you can, and keep your eyes shut." Whereupon I borrowed somebody's shawl and cloud, without the ceremony of asking for them, and went down among the audience to have a view of my favorite. With some difficulty I managed to find a spot large enough to stand upon, and stood there.

I went the curtain, and exclamations of delight resounded through the house. It was pretty, certainly. I acknowledged to myself that it was a very neat effect to be produced by one pair of sheets and two boxes of Meen Fun. There stood Hope, serenely leaning on her anchor, her exquisite arms and shoulders bare, her upturned face beaming with a subdued 'joyousness,' of which I knew the secret—she was just ready to break into a laugh. The cap of tissue-paper hid her hair entirely; the drapery arranged by Miss Seymour's skillful hand fell in heavy folds about her feet.

"Perfect!" I heard a voice behind me say. "It's the most perfect thing I ever saw in my life."

"Now where could they have got that statue?" inquired an old lady on my right.

"It isn't a statue, mother—nothing but one of the girls dressed up," responded her married daughter.

"You don't tell me! I'm sure it must be marble or plaster of paris! and, indeed, by that light, it was difficult not to believe with her. The statue, too, was perfectly immobile. She stirred not a finger, nor even winked, though the glare from the footlights must almost have forced her eyelids open."

This tableau vivant was found so attractive that it had to be repeated more than once, and the curtain went down at last amid tremendous cheering.

So the evening was over, and the people got away as fast as they could; the door-keeper counted his golden gains, and announced a sum most gratifying to our feelings. I went home, the performers adjourned to Mrs. Hall's, where refreshments awaited them after their arduous labors.

Frank walked with Emma Morris.— "I am so glad we did not give it up," she said. "Now the troubles is all over, and we have such a nice sum for the soldiers."

"You are willing to take a great deal of pains to make them comfortable?"

A sudden impulse seized Frank. He drew the little hand upon his arm down into his own strong clasp. "You would do so much for their comfort," he whispered; "will you do something for me too?—something to make me happy all these long nights when I shall lie awake in camp, thinking of you. Oh, Emma, say—"

Their glances met—hers fond and timid; his fond and eager. The others had passed into the house; these two were half way up the walk. Frank looked quickly around, then stopped and kissed the sweet lips with a long love-kiss.— Nobody saw, he thought.

"Well, nobody did—to mention.— Only Mrs. Miggs, who turning the corner in the shadow of the evergreens, beheld this little tableau, and considered it quite the success of the evening."

preached us a moving discourse from the text, 'One who man anything.' At the close of his sermon he came to the 'subject in hand.' Brethren," said he, "have you paid Brother—anything this year? Nothing at all, I understand—Well, now, your preacher can't live on air, and you must pay up—pay up, that's the idea. He needs twenty-five dollars now, and must have it! Steward, we'll take up a collection now."

"Here, some of the audience near the door began to slide out."

"Don't run! don't!" exclaimed the elder. "Steward, look that door and fetch me the key!" he continued, coming down out of the pulpit and taking his seat by the stand table in front.

The steward looked the door, and then deposited the key on the table by the side of the elder.

"Now Steward," said he, "go round with the hat. I must have twenty-five dollars out of this crowd before one of you shall leave this house."

Here was a fix. The congregation were taken all aback. The old folks looked astonished; the young folks tittered. The steward gravely proceeded in the discharge of his official duties. The hat was passed around, and at length deposited on the elder's table.

The elder poured out the funds on the table and counted the amount.

"Three dollars and a half! A slow start, brethren! Go round, again, Steward. We must pull up a heap stronger than that!"

Around went the Steward with his hat again and finally pulled up at the elder's stand.

"Nine dollars and three quarters!—Not enough yet. Go around, again, Steward!"

Around went the steward again.

"Twelve dollars and a half! Mighty slow brethren! 'Fraid your dinners will all get cold before you get home to eat 'em. Go round again, Steward!"

By this time the audience began to be fidgety. They evidently thought the joke was getting to be serious. But the elder was relentless. Again and again circulated the indefatigable hat, and slowly, but surely, the pile on the table swelled towards the requisite amount.

"Twenty-four dollars and a half! Only lack half a dollar. Go round again, Steward!"

Just then there was a tap on the window from the outside, a hand thrust in holding a half dollar between the thumb and finger, and a young fellow outside exclaimed:—

"Horo, Larson, here's your money; let my girl out o' there; I'm tired with waiting for her."

It was the last hair that broke the camel's back; and the preacher could exclaim in the language of 'Ike Turtle':— "This 'ere meetin' is done bust up."

Our Cause and the Cause of Universal Justice.

In this war the American people have realized the truth that the destinies of the human race are so bound together that all must suffer for the injuries of any portion. In this country we made ourselves accessible to slaveholding, the greatest crime against humanity. All moral and religious sentiments was debased to make this sum of all wrongs sacred. Even Northern politicians talked as if the injuries of any slave, or ordinance, and the Constitution out a thing for perpetuating slavery. For it the right of habeas corpus, trial by jury, liberty of speech and of the press, and the freedom of the public mails were suppressed. For it the very core of the Northern Republic—the principle of all protection of law in the South. For it our courts and legal principles were degraded, and slavery became the end and supreme object of all law. For it the people of the Free States submitted to be deprived of their equal rights in the Government, and to hold subordinate places in it upon condition of putting their necks in the Pro-Slavery yoke. For it no Northern man was permitted to hold any position in the Government, at home or abroad, civil or military, unless he was an avowed supporter of slavery.

We thought that another race were the only sufferers in this wrong, and we were magnanimous in conceding their souls and bodies, and in putting them beyond the pale of human sympathies. We called our indifference to the freedom of another people a praiseworthy regard for the Constitution. But the crime which we have abetted against an inferior race has in the mean time robbed us of our political rights, and at last has plunged us into this bloody war. The serpent which we nourished has turned to sting the nation to death.

It is vain to think that crime can be at peace. It is at war with all mankind, and it is a necessity that it should fortify itself by more crimes. Slavery recognizes in every human right an enemy, and declares war with us. It strengthens its hold on the blacks, it demands absolute political power over the whites. Nor could it stop there.— It regards every free laboring man as an accusing enemy, and declares war against him.

We have tried to live at peace with this wrong by abusing our Constitution, laws and administrations, and by conceding to it our political rights. So long as it controlled our elections, it permitted us to go through the forms of voting. But at length it has been detected by the popular will, and now has plainly declared that it has hitherto tolerated popular government only because the Slave Power controlled it, and that because the Slave Power has lost the control, the Government shall exist no longer.

Monroe Teachers Institute.

The Directors and Teachers of Monroe township, met in school-house No. 1 Charlestown, on Saturday Oct. 31st, at 4 A. M.

The forenoon was spent in discussions on the relative merits of text-books, in which Teachers and Directors equally participated.— Preliminary to the action of the Board in designating the books to be used in the schools for the ensuing year.

At 2 A. M. the Monroe Teachers' Institute was re-organized by electing Jesse Brindley, Director, President pro tem, and J. A. Rutter, Secretary pro tem.

The Constitution of the Institute was read and adopted, and was signed by the Teachers and Directors.

The election for permanent officers resulted as follows: President Jesse Brindley, Vice President David Richwine, Secretary Jacob H. Schriver, Treasurer Simon P. Goodyear, Librarian John A. Rutter.

The President made the following appointments for the next meeting. Miss Kate Glain and Martin Berkleimer to read lessons. Miss Carrie J. Beck and John B. Boyer, to prepare Essays and J. H. Schriver to deliver an Oration.

On motion Orthography was made the subject for discussion at the next meeting.

On motion it was resolved, that the proceedings of the semi-monthly meetings of the Institute be prepared for the publication in the papers of the county.

Adjourned to meet in School-house No. 5 (Dorchester) on Saturday Nov. 14th at 9 A. M.

J. H. Schriver, Secretary.