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THE AUTUMN RAIN.

BY MRS. F. P. SOMPAYRAC

She sits beside a lonely hearth,
And listens to the autumn rain,
Which, like a shower of sorrowing tears,
Is falling on the window pane.
Silent it comes from mossy eaves,
And yet, throughout the livelong day,
Upon the glass have tapped the leaves,
Like withered fingers of decay;
Drop, drop, drop,
It patters on the roof, and falls
Down mossy eaves and shelving walls.

'Tis dark! no sunbeams now may seize
The prisoned rainbows in those drops;
No liquid diamond, with its rays,
The vagrant fancy wiles, and stops;
But flickering shadows on the wall,
Gliding like phantoms, round, about,
The pattering raindrops, as they fall,
In murmuring cadence from without,
Drop, drop, drop;
Lulling the senses to repose,
A charm like music o'er her throws.

Alone she dreams the eve away,
Watching the glittering tongues of flame,
Which mid the dying embers play,
Like things which have a shape and name.
The shadows of the sweet twilight
Have faded into deeper gloom;
The day hath pass'd, and somber night
Steals into that dark and silent room,
And drop, drop, drop,
The rain in quiet, ceaseless falls,
Comes from the mossy eaves and walls.

Where men have lived, where men have died,
Where childish voices have been heard;
Where home affections have the tide
Of life's refluent wavelets stirred,
There dwell, impalpable as air,
The shadows of the real;
And Fancy's fingers, light and fair,
Unveil the soft ideal.
No widowed wife, no childless dame,
With cheek grown thin with woe, and pale,
Sits listening now to hear the rain
Take up its dull, unwearying tale,
Drop, drop, drop;
But all the room is filled with light,
With joyous tones, and fires bright.

Now glide in hers, soft, dimpled hands,
Kisses her smiling eyelids close,
And loving fingers smooth the bands
Of glossy hair which round her flows.
Oh! murmuring rain, oh! autumn rain,
Flow on with melancholy sound;
'Twere cruel now, to hush thy strain,
And break the spell by which she's bound.
Drop, drop, drop,
Alas! those lips are still, and cold
Those gentle fingers 'neath the mold.

'Tis many a day since little hands
Toyed with those faded tresses;
'Tis many a day since those pale lips
Were warmed by love's caresses;
Yet, lost to all this outward world,
She lives her life alone, apart,
And o'er her wasted cheek but comes
The glow of fires within her heart.
Drop drop, drop,
She looks not outward through the gloom,
Nor thinks it falls upon the tomb.

And, thus is ours a two-fold life—
One half-awake, one half in dreams;
Until illusions are more rife
With truth, than that which only seems.
Then bless the fancies which beguile
The heart from real, present pain,
And list, with drowsy ear the while,
The murmur of the autumn rain,
Drop, drop, drop,
As, pattering on the roof, it falls
From mossy eves and shelving walls.

Natchitoches, January, 186[illegible].

THE GOVERNESS.

"You bear a gentle heart, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures."

"I wonder why Isabel is out so late this evening; it is almost dark and snows very fast."

The speaker was a pretty but delicate little girl, busily employed in arranging the simple evening meal, in a small apartment, whose scanty but well kept furniture spoke both of poverty and industry.

"Mrs. Gascoigne gives a large party to-night, and perhaps she may have detained Isabel to assist her in some of the arrangements," replied her mother.

"I wish I could see a real grand party," sighed the child, as she spread a coarse, but clean cloth upon the polished table.

"I am sorry to hear you express such a wish, my daughter," said the prudent Mrs. Norcye.

"Mother, there surely can be no harm in desiring to behold what so many people are continually enjoying."

"The indulgence of unattainable wishes is always wrong, Susie; we are apt to begin with idle wants, and to end by cherishing a feeling of discontent against the decrees of an all-wise Providence."

"Oh, there comes Isabel; I hear her step on the stairs!" exclaimed Susan, as she bounded forward to open the door.

"And who is Isabel?" asks some impatient reader. She is neither a wit, a beauty, or an heiress, my young friend. She has no superlative attractions; nor is she a heroine of romantic distresses, or the victim of unforeseen reverses. Isabel Noryce is a governess; a daily governess: destined to that vocation from childhood, and fulfilling its arduous duties patiently, quietly, and with an endurance eminently womanly.

Imprinting a kiss on her sister's cheek, and kindly pressing her mother's extended hand, Isabel threw off her cloak, which was heavy with snow, and drawing her chair towards the fire, said, "Will you give me a cup of tea, dear mother? I must return to Waverly place before nightfall."

"Return, Isabel! it is twilight now. Why are you going there again?"

"Mrs. Gascoigne wishes to exhibit her pretty children in some tableaux vivants, and I have promised to dress them, and arrange their change of position."

"Can nobody do that excepting you, Isabel?" asked Susan quickly.

Isabel smiled. "Mrs. Gascoigne has requested me to superintend the 'pictorial department,' and I have every wish to oblige her, together with very cogent reasons for not displeasing her."

"What a slave you are to that woman, Isabel—I really believe she thinks she has bought you, body and soul, with her paltry salary."

"Susan, you are too young and too thoughtless to know much of the difficulty of my position. Mrs. Gascoigne is rich and fashionable—I am poor and dependent on my own exertions. If any offence on my part should occasion my dismissal from her employ, her influence would be sufficient to injure me materially, and we cannot afford to risk the loss of the poor salary which you seem to despise."

"I do not despise the reward of your labors, dear Bell—but I cannot bear to see you obliged to study the whims and caprices of people, only because they are more fortunate in life than ourselves. How I do hate such people!"

"For shame! for shame! Susan—you would not hate them, if you did not envy them!"

Susan blushed deeply as she felt the truth of her sister's rebuke. "Why did not Mrs. Gascoigne invite you earlier, Isabel?" said she after a moment's pause; "you might then have had time to prepare a dress for the party."

Isabel laughed—a real merry laugh. "Why, Susie, you don't think I am to be one of the company, do you?"

"What, then?" exclaimed the little girl, reddening now with anger; "you are not going to be one of the servants, I hope!"

"No," replied Isabel, with half a sigh, "I am about as far removed from the one station as the other. Those whose only riches lie in their brains, a governess for instance, is, in society, like the poor flying fish among the finny tribes; its wings enable it to soar into the free air, but its necessities bring it back to the grosser element, where it finds subsistence. Mrs. Gascoigne's entertainment will commence with a series of 'tableaux,' and finish with a fancy ball. I shall probably never appear before the curtain which will veil the arrangements of the living pictures."

Susan looked very vexed, and even Mrs. Noryce sighed, as Isabel proceeded to take out her well preserved dress of deep mourning, bought with some difficulty some two years previous, when the death of her father demanded such a tribute of respect.

"It is a shame for you to be seen in such a dowdy old dress," said Susan, "the damp has taken all the curl out of your hair, too; and just now, when you ought to look prettiest—you will be a perfect fright! I hope nobody will see you."

"I care very little about the matter," said Isabel, smiling; "for my own sake I wish to look neat; but no one will notice me." And with these words, she retired into her little bed-room to make her simple toilet. In a few minutes she returned, looking so lovely in her plain attire that her sister, who loved her dearly, was more than ever pained at the thought of her not appearing to advantage in a richer dress. Her fine hair braided smoothly across her white brow, displayed the perfect contour of her small head. Her usually pale cheek was tinged with a flush like that within the lip of the sea-shell, and her tall figure, even in that "dowdy dress," was a very model of grace.

"Dear Isabel, do take off that ugly collar, and dress your neck as they say other people do at parties! Why could you cover up your beautiful white shoulders?"

"Susan, I mean to seem exactly what I am; and in my situation any attempt at display would only excite deserved rebuke, or ill-natured ridicule. And now good night, dear sister—I shall not be home until morning, when I hope to spend the whole day with you, for my little pupils will be too much fatigued to-night to take their lessons to-morrow."

"Are you going to walk such a distance at this hour, Isabel," said her mother; "surely Mrs. Gascoigne might have sent her carriage for you, if she wanted your services."

"I suppose she did not think of it, and the servants are all very busy," was the patient answer; and Isabel, with an affectionate kiss on her mother's brow, wrapped herself in her cloak and hurried away.

But, despite the cheerful tone she had assumed at home, Isabel Noryce was not insensible to her desolate condition, as she trudged on through the deepening twilight, impeded at every step by the snow drifts which were rapidly increasing in her path. Young, gifted and accomplished, and with a voice of exquisite melody, and a face not regularly beautiful, but very lovely in its delicacy of feature and gentleness of expression, how would she have been caressed and courted and flattered by the votaries of fashion, had she only possessed the magic talisman, wealth! But Isabel was "only a governess," and therefore her talents, her charms, her gentle virtues, were like

"Flowers in desert isles that perish,
Or treasures buried in the deep."

Therefore it was, that she was now threading alone the dark, wet thoroughfares of a city, trembling at the approach of every wayfarer, and fearing insult at every step.

Mrs. Gascoigne was not naturally unkind, but a long course of self-indulgence had made her totally forgetful of the comforts of others, and consequently she saw not the flushed cheek and chilled frame of the young governess, as she entered the luxurious dressing-room of her pupils; all was hurry and excitement—the mistress of the feast was anticipating the triumph of giving a brilliant entertainment, and fretting with anxiety lest any part should prove a failure, while the children, wild with delight at being admitted to the gay scene, were utterly ungovernable in their transports.

No one had time to think of Isabel, who, cold, wet and dispirited, began her ministry of vanity and frivolity. To arrange the fanciful dresses of the really beautiful children—to teach them the graceful attitudes in which they were to exhibit their beautiful forms, was the task which her good taste had brought upon her; and while she deprecated the folly which thus forced into premature growth the passions of the innocent little ones, she yet felt herself compelled to oppose no obstacle to the fancies of her patroness.

The ball passed off as such things usually do. There was the same amount of flirtation and fooling—of vanity and ill nature—of dancing and discontent. The "tableaux" were pronounced beautiful—the decorations of the room superb—the supper exquisite. Everybody tried to look happy with all their might, and uttered the most pleasant flatteries in the most dulcet tones to the gratified hostess, who was little aware of the sarcastic "asides" which commented upon her extravagance and love of notoriety. But all things, even balls, must have an end. The children, weary and exhausted, were carried to bed, and towards morning the lingering guests, who had danced away the fairy-footed hours, vanished from the empty halls. The moment the door closed upon the last of them, Mrs. Gascoigne hastened to her apartment, and, completely overcome with fatigue, summoned her maid to disencumber her of her rich attire, without bestowing a thought upon the tired servants, to whom she left the task of guarding her furniture from midnight robbery.

Isabel Noryce had been the presiding genius of the festival; though invisible, her delicate taste had shed a charm over everything that came within its influence. She had not shamed the brilliant scene by appearing in her robe of sadness, but when the curtain rose to display the lovely groups of children, it was her skillful hand which touched the strings of the harp and added the witchery of music to the beauty of the animated picture. It was she who fixed each group of breathing statues.—It was she who played the guitar which the olive brown Spanish girl seemed to touch; and it was she who breathed the exquisite song of Castile, which seemed to issue from the lips of the boy cavalier. But the feast was over, the guests had departed, the hostess was seeking her rest in her bed of down, and amid the dull light of expiring torches, and the sickening perfume of withered flowers, Isabel stood alone, uncared for, forgotten. No provision had been made for her repose; the numerous chambers of the stately mansion were filled with guests, but no one had remembered her; and even Mrs. Gascoigne, who had been indebted to her for so much of the beauty of her *fete*, had never thought of appropriating an apartment to the humble governess.

It was with a sad and desolate feeling that Isabel looked around the discomforts of the disordered saloons. Her heart swelled at the thought of the neglect which she had endured, and tears rose to her eyes as she remembered that all, even the humblest domestic, could retire to the repose they so much needed, while she was left like an outcast, forlorn and solitary.

It was yet the early dawn of a wintry day, when Frank Gascoigne entered the desolate rooms, which only a few hours previous had been the scene of so much brilliancy and beauty. A close and severe student, devoted to the holy profession which he had adopted, he had appeared but for a moment at his sister's ball, and then in the retirement of his own apartment had spent his evening as calmly among his books as if the sound of pipe and tabor had fallen on a deafened ear. The gayety of the occasion, the loveliness of fair women and the charms of brilliant conversation, had been powerless to attract the young ascetic. He had retired to rest at his wonted hour, and now had arisen to take his usual early walk.

A vague feeling of curiosity led him to enter the saloon, and he smiled in derision, as the faint light, struggling through the half open windows, revealed the melancholy, dilapidated look, which is always worn by a "banquet hall deserted." But what was his surprise, when, extended on a couch, he observed the figure of the young and lovely Isabel. She had fallen in a deep but uneasy slumber; her cheek was flushed with fever; her dark hair had escaped from the comb, and hung in rich masses over her neck and bosom, while ever and anon she opened her large eyes and murmured some inarticulate sounds, as if in a dream.

Frank Gascoigne stood like one entranced. Hitherto, he had been a mere bookworm—a student from his boyhood; and if he had ever thought of woman, he had pictured her as some fair creature, dressed in the latest Paris fashion, and of wearing a mask of pleasant looks. But of woman in unadorned loveliness—woman armed only with her own gentle helplessness—woman, the object of tender care and cherishing, he had never before dreamed, and he gazed as if spell-bound on the unconscious girl. He knew her not, for although she had long been the daily governess of his brother's children, yet he had never met her; and as he looked upon her mourning dress, and the delicate beauty of her countenance, he was utterly at a loss to imagine why she should be there.

While he stood motionless before her, a slight shudder ran through the frame of the sleeping girl, and with a deep sigh, she awoke. Her start of surprise and terror reminded Frank of the singularity of his position, and he hastened to apologize for his intrusion; but Isabel, bewildered with the fever which was burning in her veins, scarcely heeded his words. Alarmed and mortified, she strove to rise—but the effort was too great for her, and overcome by faintness she fell back upon the sofa. She was ill, seriously ill, her exposure to the weather on the previous night, and the short slumber which she had snatched in the cold, comfortless drawing-room, had struck a chill through her fragile frame, that she could with difficulty move her aching limbs. In the language of heartfelt kindness, Frank Gascoigne informed her of his name and calling, and proffered his assistance. Isabel knew his character for nobleness and virtue, and recovering her self-possession, she no longer hesitated to accept his aid. A carriage was procured, and long before the household had awakened from their heavy slumbers, Isabel was resting in the quiet of her humble home. But something more then rest was now required. A violent cold was the consequence of the night of exposure, and ere sunset the skill of a physician had been deemed requisite.

Shy and diffident in his nature, Frank Gascoigne spoke to none of this early interview with the governess; he did not even venture to continue the acquaintance so singularly commenced, but returned to his books, with the vain idea that she would be to him but a passing thought. But day after day that delicate figure, lying in all the graceful abandonment of sleep, appeared before his mental vision; night after night did that sweet face look out upon him from the huge folios where he ought only to have seen the severe features of philosophy. He was soon awakened to a more active interest in the subject of his vague dreams.

As he was descending from his quiet study one morning, his steps were arrested on the stairs by the accents of a childish voice in conversation with his sister below.

"Are you sure your sister is too ill to give any more lessons?" asked Mrs. Gascoigne.

"Yes, ma'am," said the child, in a tone of deep sadness; "the doctor says she may get well, but he will not allow her to go out of the house this winter, and she must neither talk nor sing."

"If that is the case, I suppose there is no use in waiting for her; I shall be obliged to find another governess, but it is excessively provoking to lose Miss Noryce just when the children are beginning to improve so fast.—How long has she been sick?"

"Ever since the night of your party, madam."

For a moment the woman of fashion was silenced, and she hesitated as she inquired, "Has she a good physician?"

"Yes, madam; but he says she requires good nursing, rather than medicine."

"Well, that is fortunate, since your mother can give her all proper attention of that kind."

"My mother does all she can," said Susan, proudly; "but Isabel needs some of the comforts which only money can procure. If you would be so good, madam, as to pay my sister the money due for the unfinished quarter, we should be very glad."

"Money, why I don't owe your sister any money. I engaged her by the year, and paid her quarterly; of course, if she gives up her engagement in the middle of the term, she is not entitled to any compensation."

"I don't know anything about engagements; my sister said you owed her fifty dollars, and we are very much in need of it," was the impatient reply of the high-spirited Susan.

Mrs. Gascoigne was excessively vexed. She had only the day before spent three times that sum for a new shawl, and she actually had not the money.

"It is a pity your sister could not teach you politeness, or else find a better messenger," said she; "here are twenty dollars—all I have in my purse, and more than Miss Noryce has any right to expect; take it, and let me hear no more dunning on the subject!"

"You will probably hear of her death, and you will then, perhaps, remember where she contracted her disease!" exclaimed the passionate child, bursting into tears, as she indignantly flung down the proffered bills and hurried from the door.

"Insolent creature!" exclaimed Mrs. Gascoigne, as she entered the drawing-room and took up a new novel; "it seems to me that the poor are becoming more exacting every day; this comes of charitable associations and societies—it is the utter destruction of humility, and a proper sense of their condition! I have never subscribed to one of them, and I never will!"

Frank Gascoigne had heard the whole conversation, and his heart was filled with just indignation; but he knew enough of the character of his brother's wife to be well aware of the uselessness of expostulation. Susan had scarce had time to return home and tell her story, when a blank cover enclosing a fifty dollar bill was left at the door, with Mrs. Gascoigne's compliments.

"It is well she repented of her injustice," said Susie, "a woman of her wealth should at least possess common honesty!"

"Susan, you are too unguarded in your speech," murmured Isabel. "Alas! how will your impatient spirit entangle you amid the thorns and briars of your future life, if it be not brought into subjection?"

"I wish I had a portion of your gentle and quiet temper, dear Bell; but when I see you suffering, dying it may be, through that woman's selfishness, I could find it in my heart to hate her!"

But Susan became far better reconciled to Mrs. Gascoigne, when she found that her brother was daily commissioned by her to inquire after the wants of the gentle invalid. Not a morning passed but the tall figure of the young clergyman was seen standing at the door of Mrs. Noryce's house; and Susan almost felt she loved him for the kind and respectful manner in which he always addressed her anxious mother.

As Isabel gradually recovered, so as to be able to leave her bed of pain, Mr. Gascoigne was admitted into the little parlor, where sat the pale and beautiful girl. His visits as a minister of the Gospel were peculiarly acceptable to the family; and laying aside the pardonable pretext of his sister's name, he now made no secret of his voluntary visits. There was something so new and delightful to Isabel in this communion with a refined and cultivated mind—something so hallowed in the intercourse between the sick maiden and the young preacher of holiness—something so unworldly in the character of a friendship made on the bed of sickness, it might be of death, that she allowed herslf to indulge, without restraint, the gratification it afforded her. She sought not to analyze the feelings which had sprung up in her heart; she only knew him as a true and tender friend who sat beside her in the hour of weakness, comforting her with his sympathy, and disarming death of its terrors by the promises of the Book of Truth.

"What is the matter with Susan this morning?" said Frank Gascoigne, as he entered the invalid's room one bright autumnal day; "she seems quite oppressed with grief."

"I suppose she is distressed about me," said Isabel, sadly; "do you know that my doom is fixed, and that I have nothing now to look forward to but a lingering death?"

"Isabel! Miss Noryce, what do you mean?" exclaimed Frank.

"Does it surprise you, my friend, to learn that an illness of nearly a year's duration should end in consumption?"

"But it will not, Isabel; you are young, and may yet regain your health."

"Doctor ——— thinks nothing but an entire change of country and climate can save me from it; and is not such an opinion equal to a death warrant?"

Frank was thunderstruck. He had never looked into his own heart; he had never fathomed the depth of his feelings, and he hurried from the presence of the gentle girl, whose soft eyes were fixed in strange surprise on his agitated face. But little reflection was necessary to decide such a character as his. As soon as he was convinced of the nature of his own emotions—as soon as he had examined the feelings which filled his noble heart, he decided upon his future course. He was rich and independent; he had studied for the ministry, and was already in orders; and where could he find so fitting a helpmeet as the patient and self-denying Isabel?

* * * * * *

"What on earth has possessed you, my most eccentric brother, to decide so suddenly upon a visit to Italy?" said Mrs. Gascoigne to the young clergman a few days afterwards.

"Suppose I give a lady's reason, and say it is my whim?" answered Frank.

"Well, it is certainly a strange whim. You have just completed your studies, and now, instead of looking about for some eligible situation, you are off in a tangent to Europe."

"A year, more or less, will make very little difference in my choice of a situation, but may be all important as regards my prospects of future happiness."

"What do you mean by that, Frank? are you following some lady-love?"

"No, I shall take a lady-love with me. You look surprised, sister."

"I am surprised—I did not think you could ever summon courage to address a lady, and certainly did not suppose you had acquired sufficient boldness to offer your hand."

"I am more courageous than you think, Margaretta—I have wooed and won as fair a bride as ever shone in the galaxy of fashion!"

"Then, you are really going to be married?"

"I am—and if you will be in St. Paul's Church, on Sunday next, you shall witness the ceremony."

"On Sunday, Frank! and you sail for Europe the next day?"

"Exactly so. I shall be married after morning service."

"And, pray, who is the lady? I think you might have informed us of it sooner."

"I have only been engaged ten days, and it was scarcely worth while to set the world talking about us sooner than we need."

"Won't you tell me her name?"

"Yes, but you will not be very well pleased to hear it. Do you remember Isabel Noryce?"

"What! my children's pretty governess who died some months ago?"

"She was very sick, Margaretta—but through the mercy of God, she still lives; and I trust will long be preserved to be the joy and comfort of my life."

"You are not going to degrade yourself by marrying a governess, Frank?"

"I am going to ennoble myself by a union with beauty, virtue and piety, in the person of Isabel Noryce."

"Well, you are your own master, but you only confirm the truth of the old saying, 'there is no fool like a learned fool;' you were always different from other people."

"I always mean to be different from some people."

"You must excuse my presence at your marriage, Frank, I hate romantic scenes and feel little disposed to figure in the nine days' wonder which your choice will excite."

"Just as you please, sister, we can be married without you; and by the time we return from Europe, you will be ready to recieve us as distinguished travellers."

Frank Gascoigne kept his word. He read prayers on the following Sunday; and at the close of the service he retired to the vestry room, and divesting himself of his surplice, reappeared, with a pale and fragile looking creature leaning on his arm. A little group was soon formed around the altar, and in a few moments the solemn ceremony which binds two hearts together for joy or sorrow had united the youthful pair. Many a foreboding look was cast at the delicate bride, whose lip and cheek were as white as her snowy robe; and even those who would have reproved such an unworldly choice, were stayed by compassion for his doom of speedy bereavement. Feeble as a child, the newly-wedded Isabel was borne to the carriage, almost in her husband's arms; and when on the following day the newspapers announced their departure for Europe, few ever expected to see them both return. But Frank knew the value of the prize he had gained, and he spared no effort to win back health to the gentle Isabel. A quiet retreat in the warm valleys of southern France, and a pleasant sojourn in sunny Italy, soon diminished the most alarming symptoms of disease. The care of her tender mother and the attractions of the happy Susan, (both of whom were companions of their wanderings,) together with the watchful tenderness of her husband, were not without their reward. The smile of patient endurance on the lip of the invalid was at length exchanged for the joyous expression of positive pleasure. A delicate tint, like that within the heart of the white rose, once more brightened her cheek, and the soft velvet of her lip regained its wonted coral hue.

Happiness is a better medicament than all the simples in the herbal of Hippocrates. When Frank Gascoigne returned to his native land, bringing with him his beautiful wife, and a rosy-cheeked babe, the plague and pet of the joyous Susan—few would have recognized the drooping form of the young woman who soon became the delight of that "inner circle," that best portion of society—the educated, the refined, and the intellectual. Nor has the young clergyman—now the faithful pastor of a numerous flock, ever found cause to regret the seemingly fortuitious circumstances which led him to woo and win his genlte bride. Susan has lived to see the wish of her youth fulfilled; she has seen many a "real, grand party." Indeed, nothing but Isabel's noble influence and example and the domestic happiness which she beholds in that dear sister's home, has preserved her from becoming that most frivolous of creatures, a ball-room belle.

States Rights at the North--Political Anatomy.

BY GEO. FITZHUGH.

[From an article written for De Bow.]

The North is interposing, through her Governors, just as Virginia and Kentucky did in 1798-99, to restrict and control the action of the Federal Government. They have not as yet, like those two States, studiously elaborated a string of arborescently absurd and exuberantly fallacious reasons for their conduct. They have acted naturally and sensibly, and, like all individuals and communities who so act, are wholl y unconscious of the motives which impel them. The Governors are the representatives, the impersonated sovereignties, of distinct and perfect nationalities. Each State is a perfect nation, because it has within itself all the parts or institutions that constitute distinct and full political sovereignty. Political sovereignty, separate nationality, or State sovereignty, is a physical anatomical fact, not a metaphysical deduction; a thing not *reserved* by compact, but inherent and natural; a thing which all the compacts, constitutions, and written parchments in the world can neither give or take away. A State is as purely a physical fact or being as a horse, and a much more complex one. It would be quite as easy to make a horse by ingenious wording on paper as to make a State. Ohio is a perfect nation, a nation at all points, just as Rozinante was a perfect horse; and when provoked to it, she will act as a nation, because it is part of her nature, and she can't help it. Let's anatomize her: she has a large and fertile territory, a people numbering millions, a distinct and peculiar common law and statute law, a judiciary of her own, a militia or army, a legislature, and a sovereign ruler—called Governor, *Gerberna tor*, or Helmsman—a much more comprehensive and significant term than King, Czar, or Emperor. Virginia and Kentucky, in '98 and '99, broke their halters, and neighed and kicked up their heels in a most defiant and sovereign way. Nothing wiser or more natural than the action of those States; nothing more absurd than the reasons assigned for it. We repeat, "Our ancestors never did a weak thing, and never said a wise one."

In 1856 Gov. Wise had called on the other Southern Executives, and was prepared, in event of Fremont's election, to assert and maintain, in the most practical manner imaginable the inherent, natural, physical sovereignty of Virginia. The Governor was probably the first to discover that States-Right is a physical fact, not a metaphysical abstraction. He never did belong to the metaphysical States-Rights school—that of Madison, Jefferson, and Calhoun—but, in 1856, and again after the John Brown raid, led the physical school in an astonishingly earnest fashion. We ought to have in all our Colleges and Universities a Professor of Political Anatomy. Such a chair, well filled, would prevent the repetition of such absurdities as the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, the Virginia Bill of Rights, and the resolutions of '98-'99.

It would teach that legislators and statesmen must take States, nations, and institutions as God and Nature had formed them, as they had grown up, and not attempt to create them. Doso, and tinker, and mend, and revise their institutions as Moses and Confucious, Lycurgus and English Alfred did; but not profanely attempt, like Locke and Jefferson, and Abbe Sierges, to make them out and out.

States-Rights are never in danger so long as State political organization remain with adequate military strength to defend and maintain that organization. Institutions—natural, prescriptive institutions—are the only checks and balances of power, the guarantees of right, and the defences of liberty. There can be no such thing as consolidation; no great or dangerous Federal or Confederate Government, until the present separate political organization of the States is destroyed, and they become fused into one homogeneous whole.

We have often attempted to show in the pages of this *Review* that States'-Rights is a physical fact and necessity, resulting from the political anatomy of each State, and we embrace the occasion of the uprising of the Northern Governors to exemplify, illustrate, and establish our theory. Had Lincoln learned political anatomy he would have understood the great difference between counties and States. Like the comparative anatomist or naturalist, he would have seen at a glance that a county or a city corporation was but a part, limb or member of a sovereign political being; and that it was, like the arms and legs of man, dependent and subservient, and not sovereign.

Had the old Federalists or modern National Republicans understood political anatomy, they never would have mistaken the United States for a people or nation; for the Federal Government had neither a people nor a territory, the most essential elements or constituents of nationality.

Had the Southern States-Rights School understood it, they would have relied on the structure, institutions, and anatomy of the States to prove that they were sovereign political beings, and on the structure and anatomy of the Federal Government to show that it was a mere league, and that no form of words whatever could divest the States of their sovereignty, so long as their institutions or political organization remained in tact; and no form of words could make the Union a nation, because a nation is a physical social being, having and requiring physical limbs and members, just as animals have and must have limbs and members.

To organize a nation, one must first have a people and a territory. The most cunning and ingenious writings, charters, and paper constitutions, cannot conjure a nation into existence. A confederacy is all that can be made out of sovereign States, word your constitution, league, or agreement as you will.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

The Recognition Question--Views of the London Press--Mr. Gladstone's Speech on American Affairs, &c., &c.

The latest intelligence from Europe is contained in the mails by the Australasian, from Liverpool, on the 12th. The British papers are much occupied with American affairs, which are discussed chiefly with the relation to the probability of an early recognition of the Confederacy. It was reported that the "Southern Association" in Liverpool had agreed to a proposition which has for its object the memorializing of the British Government for the recognition of the Confederate States. It was also said that the members of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce were about to petition Government as to the necessity of recognizing the South. The Liverpool *Post*, of the 11th, says:

"Two of the highest class Liverpool houses received, yesterday evening, telegrams from head quarters in London, that the British and French Governments have lost no time in announcing that they are resolved on persisting in a policy of perfect neutrality."

The London *Commercial Daily List* says it is enabled to state that there is no likelihood of an immediate recognition of the Southern Confederacy.

The city editor of the *Times* asserts that the feeling among the commercial classes of London is as strongly opposed as ever to any action on the part of the Government towards a formal recognition of the dissolution of the Union, and he says that there is a suspicion that the desire for such a recognition comes rather from the North than the South.

The London *Times*, in some speculations upon the results of the Maryland campaign, concludes as follows:

Of course the contest is henceforward only for boundary. Maryland was one of the great difficulties. The South could not abandon that State with honor and could not hope that the North would ever surrender it.

Maryland has now had an opportunity, and as she has not risen to accept her deliverance, the Southern Government may well conceive itself absolved from any imperative obligations towards her for the future Sooner or later a time will suddenly arise when this question of boundary will assume an absorbing importance.

The *Daily News* editorially disputes the idea that the South would willingly, in the event of a separation, concede any of the Border States, and adduces evidence tending to prove quite the contrary.

The Morning *Post* draws a parallel between Lincoln's Government and that of the Ex-King of Naples, and charges President Lincoln with proceedings closely resembling those which preceded the downfall of the Neapolitan throne, and says: Francis of Naples failed, pursuing a similar course, why should Abraham of America succeed? It questions whether Europe, in the event of any signal victory attending the Confederates, would be justified in longer withholding their recognition.

MR. GLADSTONE'S SPEECH.

The following is a full report of Mr. Gladstone's speech on American affairs, at New Castle, England:

I, for one, said the right honorable gentleman, exercising my own poor faculties as best I could, have never felt that England had any reason connected with her own civil interests for desiring the disruption of the American Union. I can understand those who say it is for the general interest of nations that no State should swell to the dimensions of a continent. I can understand those who say—and I confess it to be my own opinion—that it is greatly for the interest of the negro race that they should have to do with their own masters alone, and not—as has hitherto been the case—with their own masters backed by the whole power of the Federal Government of the United States. [Cheers.] Because, pray observe, that that has been the state of things that has subsisted heretofore, and to which some, I think mistakenly, in the interest of the negro, have thought it desirable to return.

The laws by which the slaves have been governed have been laws made not by the Federal Government, but by the owners of those slaves; but the enforcement of the laws made by the owners of the slaves has not rested in the hands of the owners of the slaves alone. They have a right—a constitutional right by the Constitution of the United States—to be supported against their own slaves in the execution of the laws that the slaveowners have made by the whole power of the American Union. I can, therefore, very well understand the argument of those who think that it is particularly to be desired in the interest of the negro race that the American Union should be reconstructed. But I must confess, for reasons that I need not now explain, that I do not think that England has had any interest in the disruption of that Union; my own private opinion is that it was rather the interest of England that the Union should continue. I know that it is not an opinion generally shared; but at any rate, gentlemen, whatever view we may take of that, I think we all feel that the course which her Majesty's ministers have endeavored to pursue—namely, that of maintaining a strict neutrality under all circumstances that have heretofore passed—has been a right course, and has been the expression of the general sense of the community. [Cheers.]

There is, and there can be, no doubt that where two parties are in great exasperation, it is not at all unlikely that he who observes a strict neutrality will offend both; because, in point of fact, the state of mind in which his conduct is likely to be judged of for the moment by either disputant is not a state of mind in which it is fair that we should expect from them perfectly impartial conclusions. But what we may naturally expect is this: that an honest course of neutrality will be recognized—that course, I mean, which we have pursued up to this day—will be recognized after this unhappy struggle has passed away, and when the circumstances shall be calmly viewed. But, I must confess it appears to me that if either party have a right to find fault with us, it is the Confederate rather than the Federal party. [Hear, hear.] I mean this: If we have deviated at all from neutrality, our deviation has been against the Confederate rather than the Federal party. The course we have taken has been this: We have preserved a perfect neutrality; but we have permitted the export of arms and warlike stores—we have permitted it to two parties—to the Confederates, all of whose ports were blockaded by the Northern fleet, and to the Federals, who have had perfect power to import whatever arms and stores they pleased. I think that course has been the right and just course; but I think the very statement of the fact proves that at any rate we have not displayed a bias unfavorable to the claims of the Northern States. [Cheers.]

But no, gentlemen, I would for a moment make an appeal to you on behalf of the people of the Northern States—I mean so far as regards our appreciation of their position. Greater allowances are to be made for heat and exasperation in the state of public opinion in that country under present circumstances than perhaps could ever fairly be claimed by any other nation. Only consider what their private history has been. They have never drank the bitter cup of misfortune, disappointment and mortification. They have had but to will that a thing should be done, and it was done Their course has been a course of prosperity and advancement without example and without a single break. Well, gentlemen, it is not in human nature that a people who have been subjected to an experience so flattering, so soothing to human self love, should at once learn, with a perfectly good grace, to accommodate and submit itself to the necessities of our human condition. [Hear, hear.] It is easy for us to suffer. We have suffered before. We have gone through the very agonies of those dismemberments against which the Northern people of the United States are now struggling. We have gone through it, and now that we have gone through it we know that it was not a bad thing after all. [Hear.]

But they have not gone through it, and all I say is, let us bear with them all we can. Let us keep towards them a kindly temper; let us not allow ourselves to be adversely criticised on that side of the water; let us be very cautious of adverse criticisms upon them from this side of the water. Depend upon it, that course steadily pursued will bring its reward, and it is the course which they have a right, upon every ground of good will, courtesy, and Christian feeling, to expect that we should pursue. [Cheers.] Why, gentlemen, they are our kin; they were, at any rate, if they are not now, our customers, and we hope they will be our customers again. But they have shown also that, under all circumstances, when their good feeling could have fair play, they have warm affections towards England. Never let us forget, whatever momentary irritation may cross the minds of that people—never let us forget the reception of the Prince of Wales. [Cheers.] Let every Englishman engrave upon the tablets of his heart the recollection of that memorable day; and if occasionally he may be tempted to anger at seeing his country misapprehended, or even misrepresented, let him calm his tendency to excited sentiment by that recollection. [Cheers]

And, gentlemen, it is the more necessary that we should do this, because I think we are pretty much of one mind as to what is to come. We know quite well that that people—I mean the people of the Northern States—have not yet drank of the cup; they are still endeavoring to hold it far from their lips; they have not yet drank of the cup which, notwithstanding, all the rest of the world sees they must do. [Hear, hear.] We have our own opinions about slavery; we may be for the South or against the South; but there is no doubt, I think, about this—Jefferson Davis and the other leaders of the South have made an army; they are making, it appears, a navy; and they have made what is more than either—they have made a nation. [Enthusiastic cheering, which was prolonged for some time] I cannot say that I, for one, have viewed with any regret their failure to establish themselves in Maryland. It appears to me too probable that, if they had been able to establish themselves in Maryland, the consequence of their military success in any aggressive movement would have been that a political party, favorable to them, would have been formed in that State—that they would have contracted actual or virtual engagements with that political party, and that the existence of these engagements, hampering them in their negotiations with the Northern States, might have formed a new obstacle to peace. Gentlemen, from the bottom of our hearts we should desire that no new obstacles to peace may be formed. [Hear, hear, and cheers.]

We may anticipate with certainty the success of the Southern States, so far as regards effecting their separation from the North. I, for my own part, cannot but believe that that event is as certain as any event yet future and contingent can be. [Cheers.] But it is from feeling that that great event is likely to arise, and that the North will have to suffer that mortification, that I earnestly hope that England will do nothing to inflict additional shame, sorrow or pain upon those who have already suffered much, and who will probably have to suffer more. [Cheers.] It may be that a time might arrive when it would be the duty of Europe to offer a word of expostulation, or of friendly aid, toward composing the quarrel. It is even possible that such a time as that may arrive, how important it is that when that word comes it should address itself to minds that are embittered by the recollection that unkind things have been said and done towards them in Europe, and above all in England, the country which, however they may find fault with it from time to time, we know hold the highest place in their admiration and respect. [Enthusiastic and prolonged cheers.]

THE LONDON PRESS ON MR. GLADSTONE'S SPEECH.

The London *Times* remarks that it can hardly be alleged that Mr. Gladstone has gone beyond the bounds of official reserve in the statement that Jeff. Davis has made a nation of the South. If any community ever did earn the name of a nation, the Southern Confederacy have. It is the bare fact. It need have nothing to do with the politics of the question. It is wholly independent of moral considerations. Mr. Gladstone concludes very reasonably that the rebels, who are a nation, will remain so, and that their nationality will not be absorbed back into the Union.

The London *Daily News* says it does not find fault with Mr. Gladstone for recognizing the progress which the South has made in establishing its independence; but, since he spoke of British counsel as a possible element in the final settlement, could he not have said one word in favor of saving from the curse of slavery the vast countries which fall to one or other of the combatants, but whose destiny is at present undecided.

The London *Star* thinks Mr. Gladstone's speech will tend to revive among the rebels (which, perhaps, as much as any other, lured them into rebellion) the hope that the English Government would, in the end, be induced to lend them at least an open sympathy and moral support.

The London *Herald* says Mr. Gladstone's words are of course not the mere hap-hazard expressions of individual opinion. They will be taken as the deliberate sanction of the Cabinet, of which he is a member. It will now be understood throughout Europe and America both that the English Government are convinced the time has come to recognize the independence of the South.

The London *Globe* says it has no authority to announce the day or hour the recognition will be given on the part of this country, but it is clear it cannot be deferred long, and in any other case there is no doubt it would be given sooner. The sincere repugnance to countenance or encourage, by any premature act, the formation of an independent slave power, can alone account for the delay in this instance.

The London *Shipping Gazette* can hardly suppose that Mr. Gladstone expressed sentiments at variance with those of his collegues. Possibly he has been premature in the announcement of his views. At Manchester, recently, he publicly expressed confidence in the success of the Southern cause. He is, at all events, deliberate and consistent. If the opinions he has given utterance to are not shared by his colleagues, it is difficult to understand how he is to contiune, in his present association, to advise the Crown.

The *Star* enlarges upon the warm reception given to the proclamation by the American press, and denounces the Submissionists as a party of men who refuse to adopt a just policy while they "wail over the lost profits on traffic with slaveholders."

The London *Daily News* retracts its half way censure of the proclamation, and now admits that it will produce good results.

The New York *Express* has the following, which we alluded to yes'erday, and now give in connection with the above extracts from European papers:

Reliable information has been received in this city, from semi-official sources in Europe, that England and France are of entire accord in regard to their line of conduct towards this Government. Lord Lyons, who was to have returned to the United States in the Australasian, *was detained at the last moment, by order of Lord John Russell,* (Her Majesty's Secretary for Foreign Affairs,) *to await further instructions in consequence of the President's abolition proclamation.* His Lordship's departure was then fixed for October 25, (last Saturday,) and on his arrival at Washington *he will positively inform Mr. Seward of the programme decided upon by the European Powers.* Instructions similar to those of the British Minister will be forwarded to Count Mercier, the French Minister at Washington, by the same steamer which will bring the English Minister back to this country.

We are also given to understand that our Government will soon be informed that England and France have decided upon the recognition of the Southern Confederacy, if the joint offers of mediation and armistice to be proposed to Mr. Seward are not accepted. At any rate this Government will be duly notified of the inventions of England and France in this respect, and, as these powers are fully aware that any offer of mediation on the basis of separation will not for an instant even be listened to by our Government, united endeavors will then be made by all the European ambassadors in Washington to obtain an armistice of four or six months between North and South. These foreign Governments are under the impression that if once a cessation of hostilities can be effected a calmer spirit will succeed, which will enable the two sections to negotiate.

The utmost endeavors will be made shortly after Lord Lyons's return to Washington, by the whole *corps diplomatique* of Washington, to bring about such an armistice. Only then when all these offers of mediation and armistice shall have proved of no avail, will the South be recognized simultaneously by England and France. Aside from the fact that these Powers would now look upon the South as a *de facto* Government, they fear that an insurrection of the slaves in the South, as a consequence of the emancipation proclamation, will take place after the 1st of January, and hence, in order to afford protection to their own citizens residing there, are compelled to grant protecting power to their agents in the several Southern cities, which as things stand just now, they do not possess.

They fear that the Confederate Government, unrecognized as it is, may at any time tell their Consuls in Charleston, Richmond, Savannah, and elsewhere, that there is no diplomatic relation existing between the Confederacy and Europe, and they can therefore not permit them to act in a consular capacity. It is to guard against such an emergency, and to afford their own citizens residing in the South ample protection under the ægis of their regularly appointed agents, that England and France will claim the necessity of recognizing the new Confederacy.

FURTHER FROM THE NORTH.

We take the extracts below from our Northern papers of the 28th. Secretary Seward has prohibited private letters being sent to the United States Consuls abroad, and says they must be opened and read at the State Department. The reason of this order is that "the privilege has been abused for disloyal purposes."

ALLEGED YANKEE VICTORY OVER GEN. HINDMAN.

The following is an official dispatch published in the Northern papers:

ST. LOUIS, MO, October 24.

To Major-Gen. Halleck, General-in-Chief:

Our arms are entirely successful again in Northwest Arkansas. Gen. Schofield, finding the enemy had camped at Pea Ridge, sent Gen. Blunt with the first division westward, and moved towards Huntsville with the rest of his force.

General Blunt, by making a hard night's march, reached and attacked the rebel force at Maysville, near the northwest corner of Arkansas, at 7 o'clock A. M. on the 22d inst.

The enemy was under cover, and estimated at some 5,000 to 7,000 strong.

The engagement lasted about an hour, and resulted in the entire rout of the enemy, with the loss of all his artillery—a battery of 6-pounders—a large number of horses, and a portion of their transportation and camp and garrison equipage.

Our cavalry and light howitzers were still in pursuit of the scattered forces when the messenger left.

Our loss was small.

General Schofield pursued General Hindman beyond Huntsville, coming close upon him. The enemy fled precipitately beyond the Boston Mountain.

All the organized rebel forces of the West have thus been driven back to the valley of the Arkansas river, and the army of the frontier have gallantly and successfully accomplished its mission.

(Signed) S. R. CURTIS,
Major-General commanding.

WHAT BRAGG LOST AND WHAT THE YANKEES GAINED.

The Louisville correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, who has just returned from an unsuccessful effort to find Bragg, thus sums up the result of Bragg's invasion of Kentucky.

It is now positively ascertained that Bragg fought at Perryville, and afterward fell back to Camp Dick Robinson, in order to give Kirby Smith time to join him from Frankfort. The latter movement took him thirty miles out of the way of his direct line of retreat, and would have placed him at the mercy of Gen. Buell had he promptly occupied the various routes through Southern Kentucky.

Richmond Dispatch.

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The precise direction in which Bragg turned, after reaching London, is not trustworthily known. The report that he will make for Nashville is based upon mere presumption. The pursuit was continued to Rockcastle river by Crittenden's corps, but since yesterday a week ago, all the corps have been lying idle between Crab Orchard and Mount Vernon. The retrograde movement from the former place commenced on Tuesday last. It is presumed that they will be ordered to make forced marches for Nashville, after receiving their much needed baggage at Lebanon.

Of trophies, Gen. Buell has hardly any to boast. Not a single wagon was captured during the apparent pursuit. The rebel sick and wounded, and a few hundred stragglers, numbering in all not over 1,800, together with 400 barrels of pork and 2,000 bushels of wheat, found at Camp Robinson, representing the total of our captures.

The last successful foray of Morgan upon our army train between Bardstown and Louisville has still more intensified the exasperation of the army of Gen. Buell. His inability to protect his present short lines of communication with his base furnish but another proof of his disgraceful incompetency. Those that have heretofore styled the battle of Perreville, or Chapton Heights, as Gen. McCook baptized it, a Union success, are sadly mistaken. It was a terrible and wholly fruitless waste of life and property.

Official returns from all the divisions engaged show an aggregate loss of [illegible] killed, 2,500 wounded, and nearly 500 missing and prisoners. The enemy captured 11 guns during the battle. [illegible] upon their retreat on Thursday morning, excepting two Napoleon guns, in place of which they left two smooth-bore 6-pounders.

After a careful investigation, I have become satisfied that the rebel loss does not exceed two-thirds ours. Between 600 and 700 of their dead was buried by us, and about 1,300 wounded remained on our hands. We took no prisoners during the battle.

THE REMOVAL OF GEN. BUELL.

A Washington correspondent says the removal of Gen. Buell has caused general rejoicing, and adds:

Perhaps Buell's reinstatement, after the deserved order for his removal went forth a few weeks ago, was necessary in order to convince even Kentucky that the game he played was not the game of war. Now, as we are assured both by natives of the State hitherto favorable to him, who have just arrived here, and by army correspondents fresh from Louisville, Kentucky, whose influence for a moment overbore Ohio and Indiana, is converted from the error of her ways, and joins his soldiers, whom he has led everywhere but to battle, in begging that Buell be superseded by somebody who knows how to bring the enemy to a fight and to beat him. That General Rosecrans, who succeeds Gen. Buell, is such a man, no one need be told. His victory at Corinth proved to the popular apprehension what was known in the army before, that he possesses those qualities which conduce to success in the field.

THE QUESTION OF RECOGNITION AT WASHINGTON.

A Washington telegram asserts that the declaration of Mr. Gladstone that the Confederates are a nation, does not produce the belief there that England is about to recognize them. But even should she recognize them, the writer says:

It is not believed that it would, even if France joined England in making it, seriously affect our power to crush the rebellion, if the purpose to do so be the stern resolve of our civil and military leaders. Recognition by England will not itself add a feather's weight to the material and moral aid and comfort which the rebels are to-day receiving from Great Britain. It will only be a rechristening of the rebels as belligerents, a character from which they already draw numerous great advantages. The blockade must still be respected, even by those who give treason the seal of nationality. If the rebels, after being recognized, should ask the good offices of the recognizing powers as mediators, we should spurn their interference, and if they attempted to enforce it by arms they would learn that America is a great nation, and does not resemble the sick man of the East. Moreover, the fact that Russia and other great European powers would oppose, as there is great reason to believe that they would do, such intervention, renders it certain that it would light the flames of European war which might eventually cost the great man his easy chair of state. Such are some of the speculations which Gladstone's reported speech calls forth in diplomatic circles here.

THE SECOND CONVENTION OF THE ALTOONA GOVERNORS.

The New York *Herald* has a Cincinnati dispatch stating that the Governors of Iowa, Michigan, Illinois, and Indiana, have gone to Washington to attend a Gubernatorial Conference, and will probably remain over Sunday at Harrisburg and thence proceed to Washington with Governor Curtin. In addition to propositions to be submitted to the Convention demanding a change in the commands of the Eastern and Western armies in the field, the vigorous prosecution of the war, and a change in the treatment of the rebels, I have it that propositions have been received at Washington from leading Southern men suggesting the holding of a National Convention of representatives from all parts of the Union to consider the feasibility of settling the present difficulty. It is understood that the South propose as a basis of settlement: First—That the North shall recognize State-Rights doctrine of secession, which they claim to be found in the Resolutions of 1798 and '99 by Jefferson and Madison. Second—The North to return fugitives from labor or pay their value to the owners. It is also understood that they will accept the Crittenden Compromise as the basis of a settlement relating to slavery in Territories If the Governors do not sanction the holding of such Convention, then they are to unite in demanding of the President a vigorous prosecution of the war.

THE FAILURE TO SUPPLY M'CLELLAN'S ARMY—DESERTERS IN WASHINGTON.

A letter from Washington, dated the 27th, says political causes have reduced McClellan's army to its present necessity, and besides that, Stonewall Jackson has aided it by "depredating" on its stores. It adds:

If, in the nature of the case, the requisitions were hurriedly made, upon the most exigent view of things, so their execution by the Army Bureau here could not be effected in a day, because no foresight could have calculated upon our immense loss of stores by the two movements of Stonewall Jackson in flank and rear of General Pope's army. Moreover, the Quartermaster's, Commissary's, Medical, and Ordnance Departments, had been forced to cut down the quantities of arms, munitions, clothing, and provisions, on army account, by reason of the legislation of Congress reducing suddenly our army to three or four hundred thousand effective men.

It follows, then, that no blame attaches to the Army Bureau, because that at the close of the rapid marching and fighting in Maryland everything needful to the worn and torn soldiery could not be accumulated at Sharpsburg in a day. General Meredith, of Indiana, stated yesterday in the city that the army were just getting needed supplies, and it is perhaps creditable to our Army Bureau here that things are in good working order. That there has been any hitch in this respect is attributable entirely to the machinations of fanatical politicians last winter, who, fearing that the war would not be sufficiently protracted to destroy slavery, caused our own army to be reduced just when the rebels were increasing theirs by conscription.

As it is stated by Northern papers that thousands of officers are away from the army on leave, it may also be added as true that the country about this city is yet filled with deserters from General Pope's army. Thousands have been got together and sent to join McClellan's column, but there are other thousands yet to go.

THE DRAFT IN MARYLAND—THE SUBSTITUTE BUSINESS.

The Baltimore *American*, of the 27th, notices the arrival of a large number of drafted men at Easton, Md., guarded by the Federal cavalry. It says:

The business of procuring substitutes appears to be an increasing one, a larger number than previously of persons in this city engaging in it, and even some from other States through agents. In the counties of this State wherein the draft took place on the 15th, there were 2,650 persons, 900 of them from the Eastern Shore drafted, out of which number it is safe to estimate that 800 are seeking substitutes. Whether they will be enabled to secure them is a question that will be determined in a week's time. The rates paid range from $300 to $600, though there are those who demand more. As in Chestertown, four men advertise that they are willing to go for $1,000 each.

There is considerable manœuvering requisite on the part of the agents, after making the bargain with the substitutes, to secure them against the temptation offered by other agents, who give an advanced rate. It is learned that Secretary Stanton, on Saturday, in conversation with a gentleman of this city, stated that the drafted men from this State would not be required to go out of the State.

GOV. ANDREW AND GEN. M'CLELLAN.

Gov. Andrew, of Massachusetts, has published a letter relative to the doings of the Convention of Governors, in which he says:

I did not, either formally or informally, directly or indirectly, at any time, *move or suggest* that the Governors should interfere with the position of Major Gen. McClellan, or of any other officers of the army or navy. Nor do I believe that any such motion was proposed by any one else. *I heard none whatever concerning that or any other General.* But if you ask how so great a blunder has been made, I can only reply, that when people seek to make a point against their neighbors by a sort of eavesdropping, by attempting to penetrate the private conversation of gentlemen, and to betray their confidential speech, great blundering, if not something worse, will always be close at hand. They will usually contrive to report just what they hoped to hear