



The Rutland Herald.

THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 18.

COUNTY CONVENTIONS.

The County Conventions assembled here yesterday under the various calls which were made...

Our contemporary of the Courier was of course there with his no-party party views for the purpose of supporting the Administration...

It will be seen by reference to the report of proceedings in another column that both Conventions acted in harmony and with the exception of three changes, nominated the ticket of last year...

The change in the office of Judge of Probate we are sure evinced no lack of confidence in the present incumbent...

The nomination of Mr. Field as Sheriff, without disparagement to the other candidates, we believe is acceptable to all.

But we have no room to elaborate. A strong union feeling seemed to pervade both Conventions, and patriotic remarks were made by many persons present.

Too much credit cannot be given to those Democrats who so nobly sunk party preferences and went honestly into this Convention for union for the purpose of the Union...

FLOYD AS A JOCKEY.—The Lonsville Journal has given a pair of noble horses to Jeff Davis...

STEAM TOWING EXPERIMENT ABANDONED.—The steam towing experiment, instituted shortly after the opening of navigation this season...

WHEREAS, A gigantic rebellion exists in the southern portion of the United States against the constitutional Government...

THE COUNTY MASS CONVENTION. The freemen of the county of Rutland met in Mass Convention at the Town Hall in Rutland on Tuesday, the 15th inst...

THE SOUTHERN DELUSION. A correspondent of the Christian Intelligencer refers to the darkness resting upon the Southern mind in regard to the North...

THE GREAT SEMINARY.—The fireside is a seminary of infinite importance. It is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows...

LIFE OF A JAIL BIRD. I am not a going for to tell you my life like a song of a story book. But to give it to you short and hardy, I'll put it at once into a mouthful of English...

Tell Mother Not to Forget Me.—That I Die for My Country.—Quite a touching incident occurred at the scene of the railroad accident on the Marietta and Cincinnati R. R...

THE YOUNG WIFE.—The marriage of middle age is companionship; the second marriage of maturity, perhaps the reparation of a mistake, perhaps the pallid transcript of a buried joy...

THE COUNTY REPUBLICAN DELEGATE CONVENTION.

The Republican County Convention met, pursuant to the call, at the Court House, at Rutland, July 16th, and was called to order by S. H. Parkhurst, of Brandon.

Hon. D. E. Nicholson of Wallingford, was appointed President; I. C. Wheaton of Pittsford, and S. M. Dorr, Esq., of Rutland, Vice Presidents, and C. E. Graves of Rutland Secretary.

J. M. Ainsworth of Wallingford, Horace Allen of Rutland, and S. Howard Kellogg of Benson, were appointed Committee on credentials. Said Committee reported the following delegates:

- Benson—M. F. King, L. Howard Kellogg, F. W. Walker. Brandon—S. D. Wing, N. T. Sprague, J. W. Cheney. Danby—Howell Dillingham, Chas. H. Congdon, E. A. Smith. Fairhaven—C. P. Hill, Samuel Wood, Z. C. Ellis. Hubbardston—C. S. Ramsey, M. G. Barber, C. W. Fay. Ira—P. W. Wilkinson, Jeremiah Thornton, Carlton Giddings. C. Itchen—Daniel W. Moore, G. W. Barnard, A. Collins. Mendon—E. Edson, W. C. Walker, J. L. Averill. Middletown—R. Buell, Jr., Henry Haskins, Alpha S. Haynes. Mount Tabor—L. P. Howe, O. A. Congdon, I. B. Manning. Mount Holly—Samuel Hemenway, Frederick Parmenter, M. C. Edwards. Pawlet—Sheldon Edgerton, Leonard Johnson, Hiram Wickham. Pittsford—Thomas F. Bogue, Abel Penfield, Benj. F. Winslow. Poulney—C. A. Rann, N. Ransom, L. D. Ross. Rutland—Horace Allen, Wm. Gilmore, C. E. Graves. Shelburne—Bradford Chase, Warner Bates, Rev. John S. Smith. Shrewsbury—E. W. Aldrich, Allen Barney, Job B. Moore. Sudbury—A. J. Ketchum, Fayette Holmes, C. C. Aldrich. Timmuth—Levi Rice, Jr., G. M. Noble, J. H. Rounds. Wallingford—Alfred Hall, D. E. Nicholson, J. W. Ainsworth. Wells—J. S. Hulet, L. P. Grover, R. S. Wells. Westhaven—R. C. Abell, N. Fish, V. V. Abell. John A. Conant, John Cain, and M. H. Cook, Esqs., were introduced to the Convention as a Committee appointed by the Mass Convention...

It was moved by S. M. Dorr that the Convention adjourn to meet with the Mass Convention, and at its close to meet again at the Court House at 5 o'clock.

It was moved by C. E. Graves that the resolutions and nominations just adopted at the Mass Convention be also adopted by the Delegate Convention. Motion carried.

In accordance with a motion of Mr. Sprague of Brandon, the President appointed a Committee of three to report a County Committee. Said Committee made the following report, which was adopted: S. H. Parkhurst, Brandon, R. C. Abell, Westhaven, G. A. Tuttle, Rutland, Chas. Child, Wallingford, C. A. Rann, Poulney.

A motion was made and carried, that the Committee be instructed to call the next County Convention prior to the 4th of July. The Convention then adjourned sine die.

D. E. NICHOLSON, President. C. E. GRAVES, Secretary.

COUNTY MASS CONVENTION. The freemen of the county of Rutland met in Mass Convention at the Town Hall in Rutland on Tuesday, the 15th inst...

The following gentlemen were appointed officers by nomination: President—William Y. Ripley, Esq., Rutland. Vice Presidents—John Jackson, Esq., of Brandon; Hon. Barnes Frisbie of Middletown. Secretary—Henry Clark, Poulney.

On motion the two calls for a Mass Convention signed by several citizens of the county were both read.

Hon. D. E. Nicholson moved the adoption of the following preamble and resolution:

WHEREAS, A gigantic rebellion exists in the southern portion of the United States against the constitutional Government of the country, and whereas such a rebellion, without any justifiable cause or plausible pretext, aims to overthrow the system handed down to us from the Revolutionary Fathers, and to set up in its place, over a large part of our common country, a new and hostile system;

Therefore, we, the freemen of the county of Rutland in Convention assembled, without surrendering or abandoning our previous political principles or opinions, do resolve;

That in this turning point in the nation's destiny, it is the imperative duty of every citizen, without restriction of party or creed, to uphold the permanent authority of the Constitution against all opposers in every part of the country.

That we earnestly protest against any suspension of the vigorous exercise of the power of the government in restoring the complete and undisputed sway of our Constitutional rulers and the laws in every part of the land until that end is reached and the tolly and impotence of rebellion in a free government forever put at rest;

That we commend the spirit which animated the proceedings of the State Convention held at Montpelier on the 26th of June last, and especially do we here endorse that resolution which pledges the whole power and resources of the State to aid in putting down the rebellion...

W. Y. RIPLEY, President. HENRY CLARK, Secretary.

We don't see why the South Carolinians need grumble at being cut off from their accustomed supplies of Northern muscary. Don't the Charleston Mercury dare enough to say...

ing its wicked leaders to justice, and we, the freemen of Rutland County in Convention assembled, pledge ourselves to a cordial support of that policy and the nominations therein made.

After discussion the resolutions were laid on the table.

On motion of John A. Conant the Convention resolved itself into a Union Convention under the two calls for a Mass Convention.

On motion of Hon. M. H. Cook—Hon. John A. Conant, John Cain and M. H. Cook were appointed a committee to wait on the Delegate Convention assembled at the Court House and invite them to participate.

Mr. Cook presented the following report which was adopted:

The select committee to notify the Republican Delegate Convention assembled at the Court House July 16, 1861, that this Convention had extended a cordial invitation for their Convention to appear on the floor of this Convention and to participate in its deliberation and action and request them to accept said invitation...

Said Delegate Convention upon receiving said invitation voted to adjourn their Convention until after the adjournment of your Convention and the members thereof individually proceeded to and act with your Convention in its action and deliberations, and after the adjournment of your Convention said Delegate Convention to assemble again and do any other business by said Convention thought proper.

JOHN A. CONANT, JOHN CAIN, M. H. COOK. Rutland, July 16, 1861.

On motion, the Convention resolved itself into Town Conventions to make a committee of three from each town to nominate a ticket for County Officers.

The following gentlemen composed the committee: Benson—Moseley F. King, F. W. Walker, L. Howard Kellogg. Brandon—J. E. Higgins, L. Bixby, John Jackson. Castleton—P. W. Hyde, J. S. Benedict, O. Brown. Clarendon—J. F. Colvin, Enoch Smith, Henry Hayward. Chittenden—W. O. Harrison, German Sugar, Lyas Ebinaults. Danby—M. H. Cook, Miner Hilliard, J. N. Phillips. Fairhaven—Samuel Wood, Z. C. Ellis, C. P. Hill. Hubbardston—C. S. Ramsey, M. G. Barber, C. W. Fay. Ira—C. Giddings, D. W. Wilkins, J. Thornton. Middletown—Alpheus Haynes, Roswell Buell, Jr., H. Haskins. Mendon—L. Wilkins, E. Edson, J. L. Averill. Mount Holly—No delegates reported. Mount Tabor—No delegates reported. Pawlet—Sheldon Edgerton, J. Hulet, F. Andrus. Poulney—C. A. Rann, L. D. Ross, N. Ransom. Pittsford—Leroy White, H. F. Lathrop, R. R. Drake. Pittsfield—R. Ranney, H. O. Gibbs, A. Vose. Rutland—Wm. Gilmore, John Cain, Horace Allen. Shelburne—John Webb, Z. G. Foster, C. C. Holden. Sudbury—A. J. Ketchum, R. W. Pitts, Shanon Young. Shelburne—Bradford Chase, Warner Bates, John S. Smith. Timmuth—Judah H. Round, Geo. M. Noble, Levi Rice, Jr. Wallingford—Henry Shaw, E. Martindale, N. Round. West Haven—James Foster, N. Fish, R. C. Abell. Wells—J. S. Hulet, R. S. Wells, L. P. Grover.

Horace Allen, Chairman of Nominating Committee, presented the following report, which was adopted:

Senators. M. C. RICE, JOHN JACKSON, D. W. TAYLOR. Judges. ALANSON ALLEN, EBENEZER FISHER. Sheriff. WM. M. FIELD. State's Attorney. JOHN PROUT. High Bailiff. R. W. PITTS. Judge of Probate—Rutland District. AMBROSE L. BROWN. Judge of Probate—Fairhaven District. ALMON WARNER.

Mr. Nicholson called up the Resolutions, presented by him, and moved their adoption.

Mr. Cain moved the last clause of the resolutions be stricken out. Lost.

The resolutions were adopted.

Mr. Cain moved a reconsideration of the Resolutions. Lost.

On motion of Mr. Cain the Convention adjourned.

The Convention was addressed on the various propositions presented, by Hon. D. E. Nicholson, John Cain, Hon. John A. Conant, Hon. Martin G. Everts, R. V. Marsh, Henry Clark.

W. Y. RIPLEY, President. HENRY CLARK, Secretary.

We don't see why the South Carolinians need grumble at being cut off from their accustomed supplies of Northern muscary. Don't the Charleston Mercury dare enough to say...

For the Rutland Herald. UNION SONG.

Over the mountain and over the plain The battle-cries from forest to sea— But the brave men are numbered, and soon the must yield— Her bosom's torn to mourning, her hope to despair.

The fruits of Secession are pictured in the field, The bugle-blast rings on the clear morning air; But her days are numbered, and soon she must yield— Her bosom's torn to mourning, her hope to despair.

For the "best buds of Freedom" by millions come forth— They will again now flash in the bright southern sun; And when their eyes are turned again to the North, The banner is conquered and victory won.

Then out with our flag, let it float on the breeze— Which waits the gladsome of yonder the land— Our watchword "COLUMBIA—the Land of the Free"— Our motto—"THE UNION—It ever shall stand!"

From the Rutland Commercial Advertiser. GIRLS.

"May I like on your side to Jane?" This is the beautiful figure by which Longfellow describes the transition from girlhood to womanhood. But any one who has stood—

can tell him that the position is far pleasanter in poetry than in reality. She can say with emphasis, "When I was a child, I spoke as a child, and acted as a child; but now, before I have become a woman I must put away my childish things, and become as much of a young lady in speech and manner as I am in size."

A second time she must learn to walk, and she has as little confidence in her first efforts as a child has in its first steps, and is doomed to as many failures. Heretofore she has felt and acted upon the feeling that she was a little girl, and could depend upon others; now she is told that she is large enough to act for herself.

Her size is a favorite subject of comment among her acquaintances. "How you grow!" "You'll soon be taller than your mother!" "How you do run up!" "you need topping," are expressions with which she is constantly greeted, until she feels that she must look very like a crane or a giraffe.

When she was a little girl, any awkwardness was excused; but now, being supposed to have passed that critical period when she does not know what to do with her hands, she must put on ease and grace with her long dresses, or have their absence apologized for by the explanation that she is at an awkward age—is an over-grown girl.

She must endure the humiliation of hearing her older sisters and young lady acquaintances complacently remark that they wear smaller gloves and gaiters than she, forgetful of the time when they suffered a like mortification.

A few months since, also, she could sit in a room all the evening without speaking, and it was not noticed—but now she must be able to discuss with people three times her age, the prominent topics of the day. And she cannot join the conversation without running the risk of a private lecture on the subject of deference to the presence and opinions of elders.

So, while endeavoring to avoid the Seylla of silence, she falls into the Charybdis of talking too much.

Everything considered, this is one of the most trying periods in a girl's life. In reference to her toilet, she is constantly halting between two opinions; she is tortured with the fear of getting on something too old, or something too young. I would commend her deplorable situation to the manufacturers and ladies of taste, with the suggestion that they provide a remedy.

She cannot dispose of that most troublesome piece of property, her hair, by having it cut at her ears, because that would be too childish; it is at such a length that she cannot put it up—or even if she can, she hasn't the courage to do it, for fear of being suspected of apeing the lady.

She is considered a child or young lady, according to the convenience of others. Nobody thinks of her when making up a party for a sleigh-ride; she is too old to attend children's parties, and too young to attend those of grown up people.

When she does make her appearance at one of these latter, she is sure to be monopolized by some old bachelor or widower, who was invited for what he has been in the days of long ago. Now it is very trying to immature patience to be sacrificed to some man old enough to be her grandfather, because all the young ladies in the room persist in being oblivious to his presence, though he has been trying to bow to them the whole evening.

Nor is this the worst of it; he has been studying woman-nature so long that he can look into her heart, can flatter her and make her appear ridiculous, and then laugh over it at his leisure.

So far as her lessons are concerned, she is treated by her teacher as though her mind was fully matured. Prodiges are expected of her in the way of composition, although the most unpleasant thing about it is that she can no longer write on "Spring," or "Flowers," or "Birds," or any of the brute creation. I have no doubt that the honorable Committee—long may they live—are reading this composition with all their critical powers as much on the girl's side as though the writer was a mature young lady, instead of one of the girls.

THE SOUTHERN DELUSION.

A correspondent of the Christian Intelligencer refers to the darkness resting upon the Southern mind in regard to the North, which seems impetrable. When we consider, he says, that a whole generation has grown up there, under the teachings of Calhoun, and those like him highly esteemed by them, to believe that the States have a right to secede; when we remember the lies that were circulated previous to the late election, in relation to the party coming into power, by their leading politicians, and also by Northern newspapers professedly not abolition, encouraging them to rebellion as their only alternative, and promising Northern sympathy and aid; and we see that the impression prevails—now almost universally at the South, that the North, like a band of savages, with the war-cry of "Beauty and booty!" are invading them for the purpose of desolating their homes; and when, according to present appearances, it is impossible to undecieve them, unless the Lord should suddenly interfere, as he did when he united the North by the attack on Sumter; we must feel that something more is needed to reunite us than bayonets and bullets—Prayer unceasing should be offered, that our God would interpose, and remove the cloud from the hearts of our brethren at the South, and by His almighty power, restore peace and good-will, love and union throughout the land.

The writer might have added the other most influential Calhoun doctrine—that the policy of the Government has been persistently inimical to Southern interests, taxing the South to enrich the North—that Slavery is right—and that to prohibit the extension of slavery into new territories, is to make war upon Southern rights, and trample the South down as an inferior and conquered province.

With the great mass of secessionists, all these things pass for certain truths; no fair statement on the other side can reach them, and if it could, little chance would it have among people so deluded by life-long teaching.

LIFE OF A JAIL BIRD. I am not a going for to tell you my life like a song of a story book. But to give it to you short and hardy, I'll put it at once into a mouthful of English. In jail and out of jail, in jail and out of jail, in jail and out of jail. There, you've got it. That's my life pretty much, down to such times as I got shipped off, arter Pip stood my friend. I've been done everything, to pretty well, except hanged. I've been locked up as much as a silver tea-kettle. I've been carted here and carted there, and put out of this town and put out of that town, and stuck in the stocks, and whipped, and worried, and drove. I've no more notion where I was born than you have—if so much.

I first became aware of myself down in Essex, a thieving turnip for my living.— Sumnum had run away from me—a man—a tinker—and he'd took the fire with him, and left me werry cold. I know'd my name to be Magwitch, christen'd Abel. How did I know? Much as I know'd the bird's names in the hedges to be chaffinch, sparrer, thrush, I might have thought it was all lies together, only as the bird's names come out true. I suppose mine did. So far as I could find there warn't a soul that see young Abel Magwitch, with as little on him as in him, but wot caught fright at him, and either drove him off, or took him up. I was took up, took up, to that extent that I regularly grew up took up.

This is the way it was, that when I was a ragged little creetur, as much as he be pited as ever I see (not that I looked in the glass, for there warn't many inside of furnished houses known to me.) I got the name of being hardened. 'This is a terrible hardened one,' they say to prison visitors, picking out me. 'May be said to live in jail, this boy.' Then they looked at me, and I looked at them, and they measured my head, some on 'em—they had better a measured my stomach—and others on 'em gave me tracts what I couldn't read, and made me speeches what I couldn't understand. They always went on agen me about the devil.— But what the devil was I to do? I must put something into my stomach, mustn't I? Howsomever, I'm getting low, and I know what's due. Dear boy and Pip's comrade, don't you be afeerd of me being middle age, don't you be afeerd of me being low. Tramping, begging, thieving, working sometimes when I could—though that warn't as often as you may perhaps think, till you put the question whether you would have been over ready to give me work yourselves—a bit of a poacher, a bit of a laborer, a bit of a wagoner, a bit of a haymaker, a bit of a bawker, a bit of most things that do not pay, and lead to trouble, I got to be a man.

A deserting soldier in a traveller's rest, wot lay hid up to the chin under a lot of taters, learnt me to read; and a travelling giant, wot signed his name at a penny at a time, learnt me to write. I warn't locked up as often now as formerly, but I wore out my good share of key metal still.—Great Expectations, in Dickens's All the Year Round.

THE YOUNG WIFE.—The marriage of middle age is companionship; the second marriage of maturity, perhaps the reparation of a mistake, perhaps the pallid transcript of a buried joy; but the marriage of the young is by the direct blessing of God, and is the realization of a complete ideal of a loving human life. Let those who have found that pearl hold it fast and keep it safe. Within the doors where love dwells, no evil thing should enter—and the loving bride who would be the happy wife must specially guard against her own impatience and despair when the lover is merging into the husband, the flatterer into the friend.

The Southern beauties have adopted as their own a style of hair heretofore confined to the Italian and the French.

For the Herald. MADGE.

Oh! beautiful was Madge—my bride—in her young, girlish grace, And her sweet face left a sunbeam in every darksome place— Nor singing bird nor stirring leaf had melody so sweet.

As she coming to my cottage of her small and lightsome feet, Her eyes were blue as violets that grow beside the brook, And blithely with holy pictures, like a beautiful story—

And her face looked out from wavy hair like lily set in gold— All radiant in its beauty with the sunshine of her soul. She caught the ripple of her laugh from some wild mountain stream, And all its mellow cadences, from angels, in her dream—

And heralded with this melody were tones like bird and leaf, And like the melancholy wind thro' Autumn's golden leaf.

Thou art beautiful yet—my Madge—in thy queenly matron grace, And still the Heaven to my glad heart, the sunlight of thy face—

And lovingly and anxiously I listen as of yore, To hear thy slow yet musical step tread o'er our cottage floor. Like palest violets by the brook, my love, thine eyes have grown, And the beautiful holy pictures in thy heart have settled down—

Out of the waving golden hair have blossomed "snowy daisies," And paths are on thy face, where long have walked the "rose hours." Thy laugh bears now no echo of the rippling tones of yore. Yet the radiance of thy smile has grown more heavenly than before— For the mellow winds are sleeping 'mong life's golden Autumn leaves, And down the rushing tide of years sweep many wintered leaves! The lilies cease to blossom, and the violets fade away.

Thou art dearer even now to me than in Life's gliss Spring day— And when at length the doors are closed of these two human cages, Together, two white birds will soar thro' endless end—

Pawlet, Vt., 1861. M. A. H.

THE GREAT SEMINARY.—The fireside is a seminary of infinite importance. It is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, being woven in with the woof of childhood, gives form and color to the whole texture of life. There are few who can receive the honors of a college, but all are graduates of the hearth. The learning of the university may fade from the recollection, its classic lore may moulder in the halls of memory. But the simple lessons of home, enameled upon the heart of childhood, defy the rust of years, and outlive the more mature, but less vivid pictures of after days. So deep, so lasting, indeed, are the impressions of early life, that you often see a man in the imbecility of age holding fresh in his recollection the events of childhood, while all the wide space between that and the present hour is a blasted and forgotten waste. You have, perchance, seen an old and half obliterated portrait, and in the attempt to have it cleaned and restored, you have seen it fade away, while a brighter and more perfect picture painted beneath, is revealed to view. This portrait, first drawn upon the canvas, is no inapt illustration of youth; and though it may be concealed by some after design, still the original traits will shine through the outward picture, giving it tone while fresh, and surviving it in decay. Such is the fireside—the great institution furnished by Providence for the education of man.

Tell Mother Not to Forget Me.—That I Die for My Country.—Quite a touching incident occurred at the scene of the railroad accident on the Marietta and Cincinnati R. R., last week as a portion of the troops were being transferred to Athens. Among the fatally wounded was a young man named Poulap, from ———, who was taken from the wreck and laid upon the green-sward beneath the shade of a tree, by his comrades. His injuries were mostly internal, and he could scarcely speak, as blood choked his utterance. A number of comrades gathered around him to ascertain the extent of his injuries, and to see who he was.

One among them asked his name, and if he had any word to send home. With difficulty he uttered—"Tell mother not to forget me—that I die for my country." They were his last and dying words—His spirit had risen beyond the gates of day—into the light of the better land.

His comrades who stood around, watching his dying struggle, burst forth into tears, and an officer who stood among them, wept like a child. It was a touching scene, and the nerved hearts of our brave men were melted to tears, to see one among them so young, and so brave, carried prematurely away.

THE YOUNG WIFE.—The marriage of middle age is companionship; the second marriage of maturity, perhaps the reparation of a mistake, perhaps the pallid transcript of a buried joy; but the marriage of the young is by the direct blessing of God, and is the realization of a complete ideal of a loving human life. Let those who have found that pearl hold it fast and keep it safe. Within the doors where love dwells, no evil thing should enter—and the loving bride who would be the happy wife must specially guard against her own impatience and despair when the lover is merging into the husband, the flatterer into the friend.

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