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THE
LAND WE LOVE,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE, MILITARY HISTORY, AND AGRICULTURE.

VOLUME IV.

NOVEMBER--APRIL, 1867-'68.

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THE LAND WE LOVE.

No. I.

NOVEMBER, 1867.

VOL. IV.

CAVALRY SKETCHES.

Confederate valor does not rest, in popular estimation, on the achievements of Confederate cavalry. The infantry is thought to have won all the victories; the cavalry is charged with our heaviest defeats. Towards the close of the war, when forage and faith alike failed him, the Southern trooper, poorly mounted, roughly armed, and quaintly equipped—picturing Sancho Panza, rather than the “gay cavalier,” became, to some extent, the jeer and jest of the army. No doubt, too, a few commands were better known as *foragers* than *fighters*. But the imputation is unjust to the cavalry as a whole. The fame of our noted leaders—Stuart, Hampton, Forest, Fitz Lee, Wheeler, W. H. F. Lee, John Morgan, W. E. Jones, Chalmers, Gordon, Duke and Rosser, is not a delusion and a myth. The deeds they performed justly entitle them to high repute,

and fully vindicate their arm of the service from all reproach.

Still, some people feign to believe, the cavalry never did real hard fighting: and a distinguished infantry General hit the popular idea, when he wittily proffered a reward for a *dead man with spurs on*. The delusion proceeds from a misconception of the duties of cavalry, and a disregard of the physical features of the country. The latter forbade the maneuvering of mounted men in large bodies, and required them to act mostly in detail. Hence our great battles furnish no such mounted charges as those of Alexander at Arbela, Hasdrubal at Cannæ, and Ney at Waterloo. The cavalry do not share with our infantry the honors of Corinth, Chancellorsville and Chickamauga. Nor do they count their losses at Malvern Hill, Sharpsburg, Murfreesboro, Fredericksburg and Frank-

lin. It is, nevertheless, true that immense numbers of the youth and manhood of the South perished in the cavalry service. They fell, for the most part, on the out-posts—far to the front, or distant on the flank: often in single combat, and most usually in skirmishes and actions, of which the general public rarely heard. I claim for these fallen heroes, fighting as they often did, without supports and without the meed of renown, the highest attributes of prowess and patriotism.

To vindicate the cavalry service, and to render to the brave officers and men of my late command, a proper tribute of justice and respect, I propose to publish occasional sketches of the actions and adventures of the "North Carolina Cavalry Brigade." I begin with the

CAVALRY FIGHT AT CHAMBERLAIN RUN.

On the 27th of March, 1865, General Grant was re-inforced by Sheridan with 9,000 additional cavalry from the Valley. Two days thereafter, the Federal commander began to move against Petersburg. On the evening of the 29th, Sheridan seized Dinwiddie Court House. The right of our army was guarded by the cavalry division of Major General W. H. F. Lee. It consisted of Beale's (Va.) and my (N. C.) brigades, and then lay at Stony Creek, 18 miles from the Court House. Rain had fallen in torrents, and our column was forced to make a long detour South and West of Dinwiddie, in order to head Stony Creek. Marching

night and day, and leaving our trains behind, we effected a crossing late on the 30th, and camped that night on the White Oak Road, near the famous Five Forks. This point is some six miles North West of Dinwiddie Court House, and was then held by Major General Fitz Lee, the ranking cavalry officer of Army Northern Virginia. Next day, March 31st, we moved out to feel the enemy. Our division marched to the right along the road crossing Chamberlain Run near Mrs. Crowder's. The Run is about midway between the Five Forks and the Court House. It was very full, past waist deep, and overflowing its low banks, nearly one hundred yards. The enemy occupied, in force, its east bank.

This was my day to move in front. I had with me, the 1st North Carolina, Colonel Cheek; the 2d North Carolina, Lieutenant Colonel Gaines, and the 5th North Carolina, Colonel McNeill—about 900 men. My other regiment—the 3d North Carolina, Lieutenant Colonel Moore—was back, guarding the trains. As we neared the Run, I threw forward a squadron (Captain Erwin of the 5th) to reconnoitre. As soon as the Federals saw this, they crossed over a mounted force, formed line, and advanced towards us. I was ordered by General W. H. F. Lee, to dismount my front regiment, the 5th, and hold them in check. Protected by forest and undergrowth, the enemy proved rather strong for Colonel McNeill. I was then ordered to dismount my whole command and attack.—Colonel McNeill held the right,

Col. Cheek the left, and Lieut. Col. Gaines the centre—slightly to the rear of the 1st and 5th, the whole supported by Beale's brigade, mounted, and by McGregor's battery, (in reserve.) After a short skirmish, my line advanced, and, under the personal direction of Gen. W. H. F. Lee, rushed upon the enemy with great spirit—the 2d pressing his centre, and the 1st and 5th sweeping his flanks.— Reaching the Run, Colonels Cheek and McNeill plunged into the water above and below the ford, dashed across under a deadly fire, and carried the Federal lines on the opposite side. Numbers of the enemy perished in crossing, and their whole force fell back rapidly towards Dinwiddie Court House. To finish their rout, General Lee ordered up his other brigade to make a mounted charge. General Beale found difficulty in crossing the Run, on account of obstructions in the ford, especially the killed and wounded—men and horses—impeding the way.— His first squadron over, it was hurled against the fleeing foe.— This small but gallant force, led by Colonel Savage, of the 13th Virginia, in person, was some how repulsed, and recoiled with heavy loss,—two-thirds falling in the charge. Instantly the Yankees rallied; and, just then, receiving re-inforcements, they suddenly wheeled about, and, in turn, repulsed my two advance regiments. General Lee, seeing the advantage of the enemy, both in numbers and position, quickly ordered his whole command to re-cross the Run, and hold the

West bank. This effected, each party set to work fortifying.

In the midst of these spirited movements, Colonel Waller of the 9th Virginia, made a dash at the Yankee right and captured a number of prisoners.

Our loss in these spirited operations was:

The Virginia brigade, 24 killed and wounded.

The North Carolina brigade, 110 killed, wounded and missing.

My loss in field officers was disastrous. Colonel McNeill and Lieutenant Colonel Shaw of the 5th were both killed: Capt. Harris, acting Major of same regiment, painfully wounded: Lieutenant Colonel Gaines, of the 2d, lost an arm: and Major McLeod, of the 1st, had a shot, well nigh fatal, through the face.

About the time this action began, Generals Pickett and Fitz Lee, with a considerable force of infantry and cavalry, moved against the Federal lines further to the left—up the Run. They were there met by the main body of the Yankee cavalry. Towards evening, it was resolved to attack along the whole Confederate line. When told of this purpose, I pointed General W. H. F. Lee to the shattered condition of the troops left me, and to the hazard of the attempt in my front, and respectfully asked a re-consideration of that part of the order.— General Lee concurred with me. But the order was promptly repeated. The attack there was decreed essential to the success of the day; and I prepared to make it—General Lee leaving the details entirely to myself.

I saw but one hope of success. That was to *surprise* the enemy. To that end, I resolved to feign an attack *in line*; and then suddenly assault *in column*. I, accordingly, deployed the 1st regiment in an open line, some 150 yards above the ford, with instructions, at the proper time, to march across, discharging their carbines—thus engaging the enemy, and drawing their fire. I next formed the 2nd regiment—Major Lockhart commanding—in close column, by sections of 8, and concealed it near the ford, with instructions to charge across and assault the Federal works just opposite, so soon as the Yankee fire was well directed on the ranks of of the 1st. The 5th was formed in column, to follow the 2nd, and, after crossing, to charge to its right—a mounted squadron (Capt. Grier) covering its flank. These two regiments were ordered not to yell, or fire a gun, until they made the opposite bank. General Beale occupied the lines left vacant by me, and took position to give a vigorous support.

At the word of command, the veteran 1st rose to their feet, dressed their line, and stepped defiantly forward. Instantaneously the whole Federal line opened on the advancing ranks of this devoted regiment. But, with a heroism almost sublime, officers and men struggled onward through the flooded stream, firing as they could, until they reached the middle of the Run, when the 2nd and 5th. were ordered to charge.—These regiments entered the water at a double-quick, and rushed headlong across. Prompt as

thought, the enemy saw the *ruse* and made a signal to change their fire from the 1st to the 2nd and 5th. But Lockhart and Erwin deploying as they charged, struck the astonished foe with the fury of a lightning shock. A yell, a rush, a volley and a cheer, told of victory won.

By this time, the 1st, emerging from the water above, and, responding to the shouts of triumph from the 2nd and 5th, hitched on to the last two regiments—forming a new line, and pressing forward in hot pursuit. The enemy still fought with dogged obstinacy. But nothing could resist the impetuous valor of the gallant "Tar-Heels." The Federals would rally and re-form, only to be broken and dispersed. Thus they were driven over a mile, when my weary fellows were kindly relieved by General Lee, who threw forward his Virginia brigade, and sent the Yankees howling back to Dinwiddie Court House.

The General now found himself, entirely unsupported, far ahead of Pickett and Fitz Lee, and far in advance of the Confederate lines. Prudence required that he should withdraw to a more tenable position, and he fell back half way between the Run and the Court House, and there fortified. Towards night the troops on our left, under Pickett and Fitz Lee, came up, bringing the welcome news that they, too, had routed the enemy, and that Sheridan's whole army was in full retreat. Cheer after cheer rent the air, and none now doubted, that in the mighty struggle then at hand

Robert E. Lee would certainly master Ulysses S. Grant.

General Beale reports his loss as "heavy" in the last attack; but gives neither numbers or names, except the brave Colonel Savage, who lost a leg. My own casualties were, 10 officers and 75 enlisted men. My total loss this day, and at this place, was 30 officers and nearly 200 men—killed, wounded and missing—several of the last supposed to be drowned. Among the slain, besides the noble—lamented McNeill and the patriotic, courageous Shaw, I recall with peculiar grief the sad loss of Captains Coleman and Dewey, and Lieuts. Armfield, Blair and Powell, of the 1st; Lieut. Hathaway of the 2d, and Lieut. Lindsay, of the 5th. Among the wounded, in addition to those already named, I remember especially the dashing, chivalrous, Lieut. Colonel Cowles, of the 1st: Captains Anthony, Iredell, Johnston, and Smith; and Lieutenants Mast and Steele of same regiment: Lieutenants Jourdon and Turner, of the 2d; and Lieutenants Nott, Sockwell and Wharton, of the 5th, all severely. I had only two field officers left in the three regiments: Colonel Cheek and Major Lockhart. The former had his hat struck and his horse killed. The gallant Major escaped unhurt, to get a ball next day, which he still bears in his body.

The loss of the enemy I could never learn.

General Sheridan frankly admits a defeat at this point. In a dispatch that night to General Grant he says: "The enemy,

then, again, attacked at Chamberlain Creek, and forced Smith's position." And in his Report he expresses himself thus: "The brunt of their cavalry attack was borne by General Smith's brigade, which had so gallantly held the crossing of Chamberlain Creek, in the morning. His command again held the enemy in check, with determined bravery, but the heavy force brought against his right flank, finally compelled him to abandon his position on the Creek, and fall back to the main line immediately in front of Dinwiddie Court House."

The "heavy force" referred to could have been none but the extended line of the 1st regiment, probably 300 men. My whole command, actually engaged in the last attack, did not exceed 750. Many had been detailed to attend the wounded, remove the dead, &c.

So far as I know, this was the last decided Confederate victory. As such it sheds a halo of glory around our lost cause: and reflects imperishable honor on the troops that won it, especially the cavalry. An impression prevailed in the army of Northern Virginia, that the safety of our cause depended, in great measure, on the defeat of Sheridan, and his haughty troopers. My own brigade was inspired with a lofty enthusiasm to achieve this result. Gloom, despondency and despair had seized the heart of the Confederacy. But the true and brave men of this brigade clung to their colors, and rallied to their standards. With one voice they resolved to do or die. The long and

noble lists of killed and wounded at Chamberlain Run, March 31st, 1865, afford mournful proof of the patriotic ardor and heroic spirit that still animated the gallant sons of North Carolina. This spirit is further shown by the following incidents, known to be strictly true.

When the brave and generous Lieutenant Lindsay fell, his brother sprang, for a moment, to his side. The hero said, "Turn me on my face: *then hurry to the front!*"

Frank Brown, a courier, bore a message to Major Lockhart, just as the latter gave his order to charge. The noble youth, entirely unbidden, dashed to the head of the column, and led the charge, the only man on horseback! For a miracle he escaped unhurt, and, returning promptly to his post, he shouted, "We've whipped them! We've whipped them!"

As the 1st regiment crossed the Run—advancing through water, over waist deep, with a steady step and an unshaken front, under a galling and deadly fire—General W. H. F. Lee, no mean judge, and usually as stern as the Iron Duke, broke forth in a strain of enthusiastic admiration, "Sir! the world never saw such fighting!"

A word as to the sequel of this hard-won victory.

That night the Confederates reposed on their victorious arms within a few hundred yards of the

vanquished foe, just in front of Dinwiddie Court House. General Sheridan, defeated at all points and badly chafed, called on Grant for help. The Fifth corps was hastened up, and was so moved as to threaten the rear of the Confederate position. This forced our whole line to fall back during the night to Chamberlain Run, and finally to the Five Forks. There, the next day—the fatal 1st of April, 1865—Sheridan, with rare skill and courage, carried the fortified lines of Pickett and Fitz

Lee—capturing 6,000 prisoners and sweeping all before him. On that day the sun of the Confederacy set. Next morning, the long defiant army of Northern Virginia began its final, if not its first retreat. Ah! none can tell the humiliation of those last sad days but they who had clung to the varying fortunes of that noble army, through four long years of suffering and toil. May we not hope that the motives for which this army fought so long and so heroically will, in due time and season, command the respect of good and brave men every where? That its wonderful achievements will add fresh renown to the name and fame of American Freemen? And that out of its crushed hopes and sanctified sorrows will yet spring the true principles of Regulated Liberty, and that it will find its reward in the prouder triumph of Constitutional Freedom?

The writer hopes that the following lines may embody as much Poetry as Truth, for they are, he fears, the sole monument to

LITTLE GIFFEN.

Out of the focal and foremost fire—
 Out of the hospital walls, as dire;
 Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene,
 (Eighteenth battle, and *he*, sixteen;)
 Spectre, such as you seldom see—
 Little Giffen of Tennessee!

“Take him?—and welcome!” the surgeons said,
 “Much your Doctor can help the Dead!”
 And so we *took* him, and brought him where
 The balm was sweet on the summer air;
 And we laid him down on a wholesome bed,
 Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

Weary war with the bated breath,
 Skeleton boy against skeleton Death.
 Months of torture, how many such!
 Weary weeks of the stick and crutch!
 Still a glint in the steel-blue eye
 Spoke of a spirit that *wouldn't* die!

And didn't! nay, more! in death's despite
 The crippled skeleton *learned to write!*
 “Dear Mother,” at first, of course; and then,
 “Dear Captain”—enquiring about the “men.”
 (Captain's answer—“Of eighty and five,
 Giffen and I are left alive!”)

“Johnson's pressed at the front, they say!”
 Little Giffen was up and away.
 A tear, his first, as he bade good bye,
 Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye:
 “*I'll write, if spared,*” there was news of fight,
 But none of Giffen! he did not write!

I sometimes fancy that when I'm king
 And my gallant courtiers form a ring,
 All so thoughtless of power and pelf,
 And each so loyal to all but self,
 I'd give the *best*, on his bended knee,
 Yea, barter the *whole* for the Loyalty
 Of little Giffen of Tennessee!

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND HIS COURT:

An Historical Romance—By L. Muhlbach, Author of Joseph II. and his Court. Translated from the German, by Mrs. Chapman Coleman and her daughter :

We think it was in the second year of the war, that through the blockade, along with guns, powder, percussion caps, and other munitions of war, and along too with coffee, sugar, and salt, crept in a single copy of the original of "Joseph II. and his Court," by L. Muhlbach. This historical Romance was charmingly translated by Adelaide Chaudron, and printed after the dingy confederate style, was caught up eagerly in the dearth of reading matter, and was welcomed with the more warmth, because in the same sort, it was looked upon as the first literary stranger that had sought naturalization in the Southern Confederacy. But entirely apart from the prestige of its introduction, it was worthy of the reception accorded to it. The section of history selected, was well suited for illumination, and the leading characters introduced, were sufficiently well known to every one, to give interest to the delineation of them, in a way more minute and highly colored than belongs to History proper. This was very well executed by Miss Muhlbach, and her Romance had met with great success in Europe, before it was launched on a new career, amid the uproar of our revolution.

And now comes this second picture, in the same style, by the same hand. We welcome a second time a Southern translation. And we can praise it unreservedly.—We have never seen the original, and cannot vouch for the absolute accuracy of the translation, but we are sure that it must give faithfully the sense and spirit of the author. Just as we often say, as we look upon a portrait of some one we never saw, that what is so life-like, must be true. The style and idiom are thorough English, and yet the tone is foreign. One or two slight provinci-

alisms caught our eye as we read, all uncritically, and we would not notice them as blemishes even, so trifling are they, but we cannot pass them over, because we in fact relish them, inasmuch as they smack of the sweet South. We, ourselves, often say '*stair steps*,' at home, but think we never heard the word used any where but at the South, and are sure that it does not occur in careful print. So to say, "we made a great *to do*" instead of *ado*, though not correct, is altogether natural and forcible, and thoroughly Dixie. When our translator allows herself the use of the phrase 'it is her'—'it is me,' she violates grammatical rule, though she can plead "the Queen's English" as justification for the transgression.

No one can be without interest in the period of history treated of in this book, and we think no one can read it without pleasure and improvement.

Prussia is now, next after France, the most important kingdom of middle Europe, and at the date of Frederick I. she was removed but by two reigns, from the condition of a not first-rate Duchy. Although Frederick ascended the throne of a kingdom, it was not such a kingdom as that which he handed over to his successor. By his genius and valor he gave it a sudden, conspicuous, and enduring prominence. History does not record a more remarkable achievement than his defence of Prussia during the Seven Years' War against France, Austria, Russia and Saxony, and his retaining at the close, firmly in his grasp, the province of Silesia, his forcible

seizing of which, had combined these powerful enemies against him. To this period also belongs that stupendous political *coup de main*, the partition of Poland, the Nemesis of which, presented to view from time to time, frightened every succeeding generation. Doctrines also, civil, political and religious, were now inserting themselves into the frame-work of European civilization, which in the closing years of the century burst, and scattered such fragmentary ruin around.

The author has not attempted to put upon her canvass these larger events. The book closes just as Frederick opens the Seven Years' War, by taking possession of Silesia. This, as is well known, was accomplished by a bloodless surprise in 1741. Of course, none of the great military events of the Seven Years' War, which commenced 1756, appear in this book. For the same reason, we have no account of Voltaire while he was at the Court of Prussia. The philosopher did not leave Paris until 1750. By limiting the time of her story to the period of about two years, that is from about 1739 to 1741, she has foregone the opportunities in the way of material which a later date and longer scope would have afforded. How Thackery would have rendered for us the conversations at which Voltaire and Frederick were interlocutors.— We should have had reproduced the cynicism, the sarcasm, the learning, the wit, the imagination and the impiety of the tiger-cat poet, with imitations by the King, the inferiority of which would

have been redeemed by the direct power of an intellect manly and sincere, though perverted. And how delightful it would be to see described the rise and rapid obliteration of this singular friendship between two of the most intense egotists the world ever saw. To see Frederick kissing the cold thin hand of the poet on his reception at Court, and presently giving orders that his guest's allowance of sugar and chocolate should be curtailed. On the other hand, to read Voltaire's first letters, telling his friends in Paris that the king was the most amiable of men, and that Potsdam was the Paradise of philosophers, and then to imagine how this amiable king would feel when he learned that on one occasion, when he had sent to his petted poet poems for his criticism and correction, Voltaire had said "See what a quantity of his dirty linen this king has sent me to wash." All this would afford infinite entertainment to the reader. And how Dickens would make us laugh over the scene at Frankfort. Voltaire had taken his final leave of the Prussian Court. His reason for this was certainly a sufficient one. Frederick had caused his latest work to be burned by the hands of the common hangman. When he left Potsdam he carried away with him a manuscript volume of Frederick's poetry. Frederick caused him to be arrested at Frankfort and to be confined for twelve days in a dirty hovel, by soldiers with fixed bayonets, who, besides offering indignities to him and his niece, extorted from him sixteen hundred dollars.

An interest of a different kind would have been given to the book, if the scene had been laid in the time of the Seven Years' War, and Frederick had been presented to us in the character by which he takes his rank in history, that of one of the ablest generals who ever defended a kingdom against overwhelming numbers, while, for resoluteness under disaster, his equal can scarcely be named. Other historic characters tempting to the novelist would necessarily have appeared. Maria Theresa, the Austrian Juno, as Macauley calls her,—Elizabeth of Russia and Madame de Pompadour.

But our author has proposed to herself not so much the illustration of history, as the exhibition of one historic character, Frederick himself, and this not so much in connection with the events of his life, as in his personal characteristics. With this view she has taken the exact time when occurred that change in his character caused, or rather occasioned, by his accession to his father's throne. She introduces him at Rheinsberg, where, a young man married by compulsion to a woman every way worthy of him, and who loves him with all the passion of her soul, but whom he cannot love, and never has recognized as more than a wife in name, he devotes himself to pleasure without finding enjoyment. He loves music, of which he is a master, is fond of ornamental gardening, indulges in good cheer, throws himself with great zest into fêtes and concerts, and above all, occupies himself in writing

French and studying French literature. His companions regard him as amiable, refined, pleasure-loving and frivolous. They await with impatience the time when on the death of his father, he shall ascend the throne, and changing the austere retinue of Frederick William into a brilliant Court, turn over to his chosen councillors the management of public affairs, and share with his favorites, the unrestrained pleasures of royalty. Perhaps this estimate was in part due to the dissimulation which Frederick, taught by the incredible sufferings of his youth, had assumed, but in truth, he was himself unconscious of his real character until it was developed by the great change in his condition. Never were men more disappointed than were those who thought that the companions of the gay prince would mature into the controllers of the easy, young king. Instantly, without gradation, and without exception in favor of any one, he assumed, upon his accession, absolute authority, and all-embracing supervision and control. He asked advice if he needed it, and followed it if it pleased him. He inspected his army, examined his finances, directed the public buildings, regulated his court, his palace and his kitchen.

This change in his character and relations to those around him, our author depicts very graphically, making out of it, one of the best chapters of the book.

We have said that the author has chosen, instead of giving a picture of history, to draw the

portrait of an historical hero.—To this there can be no objection, but we think it right to say, that the portrait is so flattering, we might almost be justified in calling it an historical fancy-piece. I cannot better exemplify this untruthful aggrandizing than by referring to the description given of the personal appearance of the Prince in the opening of Chapter V. The passage is too long to transcribe. Suffice it to say that here, and throughout the book, she gives him a beauty that fascinates every woman he looks upon, or indeed, who looks upon him. Now in a note, she gives as her authority, the following description by a French traveller.—“Buste admirable et vraiment royal, mais pauvre et miserable piédestal, la tête et sa poitrine sont au dessus des eloges, le train d'en bas, au dessous de la critique.”

The author has treated the character of Frederick as she has done his person. She has made all consistent with the admirable and truly noble bust, altogether ignoring the fact, that some parts of his character would be judged entirely too mildly, if we should only say of them that they are beneath criticism.

Frederick possessed a clear mind and far-reaching views. He was brave, (though he did run away from his first battle,) laborious, and though always severe, just, where his own interests were not involved. He seemed to have had more love for his father than the old brute deserved, was respectful and tender to his mother, and affectionate towards his sis-

ters and brothers. But he was essentially cruel and unrelenting, delighting in rough practical jokes, and finding pleasure in giving pain to others. Especially and inclusively he was selfish. His egotism was so enormous that it embraced his family and his kingdom as part of himself, and therefore oftentimes he labored for the same things that a pure patriot would set before himself. But as it did not suit his plans or perhaps was merely not in accordance with his inclinations, to receive as his wife, his Queen, a young woman of high birth, and possessing personal charms more than usually attractive, a fine intellect, and a most loving nature, he could with un pitying and unrelenting coldness look on her for a whole lifetime, bearing a heart transfixed by his neglect. To his brother he could despotically say, "Crush every emotion. You are to be my heir, and I will not permit you to refuse, nor yet to diverge from, the path of pain in which I have appointed you to walk." He sought to enlarge his territory, not that it would strengthen his kingdom, but distinctly that he might be enrolled among heroes on the pages of history. His movement upon Silesia was bare-faced robbery, though he offered as a pretext for it, a wrong committed in the matter during the previous century, and which had been moreover formally acquiesced in by treaty on the part of Prussia herself. In the course of the war, however, he deserted first France, his ally, for Austria, and then Austria for France,

without troubling himself to hunt up a pretext.

Our author does not argue any of these points, but takes it for granted that the whole course of the king was the consistent development of his noble nature. She points to the admirable and noble bust, as much as to say, of course the whole figure corresponds. She means to take a romantic view of Frederick, and there is abundant romantic material in him for her purpose.—Nor do we mean to complain of her historical romance on this account. We only think it worth while for truth's sake, and not out of spite, to point at the same time to the pauvre et miserable piédestal.

It seems to us that the general impression left by a perusal of the book, is rather in favor of Frederick's being a man of deep religious feeling. Not evangelical in his views certainly. This would be too much to expect of the patron of Voltaire. But that he had faith in God, trust in His providence and reverence for His will. This view hardly agrees with the verdict of history. But we must remember that Miss Muhlbach wrote for Prussia, and Fritz is the Romulus of Prussia. He built her walls, and having awarded to him an apotheosis, it would be very ungracious to enquire if the wolf nature he sucked in, did not occasionally break out. Before him, Germany had not produced his equal as a monarch, and the century that has passed since his reign was in its prime, has not seen one arise to divide his honors. National enthusi-

asm to this day is all alive for him. His portraits are found everywhere, and never is his name introduced on the stage without arousing applause, or his character described in books without a welcome. Probably in wilful forgetfulness they think him as good, as he was great. An author of fiction who would be popular, cannot write against such a public sentiment, even if he himself is superior to it.

Most of the characters in the book are historical, but they are given merely as grouping around the principal figure, and are so superficially sketched, that we feel no interest in them outside of their direct relations to the king.

The love part of the story is overstrained and partly ridiculous, and yet quite interesting.— We have three women breaking their hearts for the king, while he cares nothing for any of them, his wife being one of the three.— Then we have two pair of lovers mismatched. The brother of the king loves a maid-of-honor and swears to her, in many scenes full of tenderness and love's sweet iterations, which were no doubt very satisfactory to the parties concerned, but which, because of their sameness are a trifle wearisome to the reader—that he will never relinquish her, even if he must endure the utmost rigor of persecution. She avers that she has made up her mind to a like martyrdom if necessary. To the honor of the Prince, he makes all the necessary arrangements for flight, but the fair Laura loves him too devotedly to accept his sacrifice, and disappointing him

at the rendezvous, in order to make sure of her virtuous resolution, marries a frivolous moon calf, who is in love with another woman. The prince, after an interview with the king, who instructs him in the code of matrimonial ethics as applicable to those of royal blood, sees his way clear with cheerful acquiescence, to become the husband of the sister of her, with whom, as his wife and Queen, the king lived in such pleasant relations.

The other pair of lovers consists of Miss Louise Von Schwerin, a childish maid of honor, of fourteen, and an Adonis of a gardener. These two doves had also arranged for flight, but king Frederick became aware of their purpose, and without ceremony claps young Adam in a mad-house.

His guileless Eve is allowed to elope *en regle*, as she supposes, but when she stands before the altar, to her amazement she finds at her side—not Fritz Wendell—how could she? by the command of the king he is a special royal lunatic—but Captain Von Cleist, a gallant young officer, whom the king had assigned, without a moment's notice, to the unusual outpost duty of conducting Miss Von Schwerin to Oraienburg, and marrying her when he got there.—

“She gazed down deep into his eyes, and listened to his words breathlessly. His voice was so soft and persuasive—not hard and rough like that of Fritz Wendell, it fell like music on her ear. * *

* * * The priest opened the holy book and performed the marriage ceremony.” We may remark that the author is inexpert in the use of machinery to bring

about the movement of the story. She supplies herself too liberally with stage contrivances. Letters are dropped and picked up as judiciously as if sent by mail; conversations overheard reveal all that is necessary to be known; and surprises by subterranean passages, and ambushes in shrubbery are continually at hand. This Arabian Nights' Entertainment style of construction prevailed in the old Italian Romance, and its echo in the English novels of Mrs. Radcliffe and Monk Lewis, and has not even yet gone entirely out of fashion in France. Nevertheless the best hands avoid it, as indicating poverty of invention.

Miss Muhlback is not excellent in finishing her scenes. She sketches rather than paints. The consequence is that the full power of the situation in the crises of the book is never brought out, and you feel always a little disappointed. We take it for granted that a writer who does so well, could, with the amount of labor which we may fairly demand, do much better. The death of the old king,—The first visit of the King to the Queen,—The Coronation,—Under the Lindens, and other chapters that might be specified, have in them much more material of dramatic effect, or deep sentiment, than has been worked up. One chapter however, we would signalize as complete, and at the same time, the most original in the book. It is the Masquerade, and particularly that portion of it in which the Countess Rhedern maintains herself against the Queen Mother.—The Countess was a daughter of

a rich merchant of low station. She had consented to marry an impoverished nobleman, in order that she might rise out of the rank of her father, to that of her husband. Especially was a formal presentation at Court the final desire of her ambition. This honor, with difficulty, she was able to secure. At the presentation, the Queen desired not to introduce the topic of her former condition. But the Countess was not content to be recognized as entitled to her place, only as she would deny herself, but claimed it without condition, and in face of all the facts. She therefore takes occasion to speak of her father's position, much to the scandal of the Queen, who presently flouts her to her face. The cool courage of the Countess, however, conquers, and the King upholds her. The whole scene is admirably managed.

We have rarely read a book of so much vivacity in which there was less of humor. One set of characters is introduced seemingly to make us laugh, but very soon the semi-heroic turns into the real, and the Court Tailor dies quite a tragic death.

We have said so much that sounds like fault-finding, that we are a little afraid we may be supposed not to like the work. On the contrary, it pleases us very much. It is so comfortable when books like 'East Lynne,' and 'Armada' and Griffith Gaunt are forced upon you, because so many people read them and ask you your opinion about them, books of mere imaginings not very coherent, not brilliant, and

not in the least profitable, unrelieved by learning, philosophy or eloquence—to take up what is vertebrated at least by history, so as to give some solidity. To reproduce history, the author must at least read history, and thus he will be in a condition to impart what is valuable. True, you cannot be sure that the view of history presented is exactly the first view. If, however, you doubt, you may form your own opinion if you will take the trouble to consult standard works. No one can rise from the perusal of this book without feeling his curiosity stimulated about Frederick and his period. Let him be acquainted in an ordinary way with the subject, still he will find questions suggested by the minute survey he has been occupied with, the solution of which will require, that he should enlarge or at least refresh his knowledge, and so stimulated, he will take up perhaps Carlyle, and endure better than he otherwise would, the immense tediousness which that most arrogant and thrasonical of writers, in his most unreal and chaffy of all styles,

has seen fit to inflict upon his readers. This suggests to us to praise Miss Muhlbach for the naturalness and vivacity of her style, especially in dialogue. We are aware that this conveys a compliment to her translator, and we are not inclined on that account to suppress the remark.

For many writers the material of the book would have allowed occasion to present, as from the king and some other of the characters introduced, sentiments which would not have been favorable to either religion or morality. But nothing that can justly offend is to be found.

We might indeed draw too general conclusions in the way of moral from the book, for the ethical value of which we would not undertake to vouch, but as we are sure that whether good or bad no one concerned will adopt them, they are at least harmless.

One is, that nobody who can help it ought to be a king—the second, that only one thing is more dangerous than Love, and that is Marriage.

SONNET.

"Pity her," say'st thou, "pity her!" nay, not I!
 Her heart is shallow as yon garrulous rill
 That froths o'er pebbles: grief, *true* grief is still,
 Deathfully solemn as Eternity
 Thro' whose dread realm its silent fancies fly
 Seeking the lost and loved; Sorrows that kill
 Life's hope, are like those poisons which distill
 Their noiseless dews beneath the midnight sky:—
Their venom works in secret! gnaws the heart,
 And withers the worn spirit, albeit no sign
 Shows the sad inward havoc, till some day,
 (Pledging our calm friend o'er the purpling wine,)
 Sudden, he falls amongst us, and we start
 At the low whisper, "he has passed away!"

RESULTS OF EMANCIPATION.

THE advancement of a people in any art or science can only be appreciated by comparison. Hence the importance of authentic, reliable statistics; yea the prime necessity in all the departments of life for close observation, clearness of detail, and accuracy of statement in the cumulation of *facts*, constituting essentially, as they do, what might be termed scientific history. The establishment of a single fact each day, in the course of an ordinary life time, would form a record surprising indeed; multiplied by centuries the result would be almost inconceivable.— Yet how few realize or appreciate the importance of noting what are generally considered little matters.

To the ordinary observer they are esteemed of small consequence, but to the scientific analyst they are of vital necessity in establishing what he would demonstrate as truths, or settled facts, viz: things beyond cavil or question. In every day life we become familiar with objects, and common occurrences, which excite neither surprise nor curiosity, and yet connected therewith there may be vital principles involving ages of study. The eye of the infant shrinks from the brightness of the solar rays, but soon dwells with playful satisfaction upon the dimmer light of the taper lamp, and becoming familiar therewith, early enjoys the comforting blaze of

the hearthstone. As he advances in years the youth becomes accustomed to the ordinary and universal application of fuel, fire and water, to the necessities of life, and has a full appreciation of their value or importance in an economical point of view, but how seldom does he pause for reflection or study of the principles involved? And how few know, or care to be informed, as to the theory of heat, the nature of caloric, the phenomenon of combustion, or the power of steam?

To the man of science—the investigator of truth—nature is a profound and boundless study, beyond the powers of any single individual, and although vast stores may be collected by the labors and assiduity of a single man, of how little value are they to his successors, except as elucidated and established principles—or demonstrated facts—they be collated and *recorded*, as practical guides for succeeding investigators. Argument is unnecessary to prove the necessity of a chart to the warrior—of rudiments to the mathematician—of organic laws to the chemist—of fundamental principles to the philosopher.

Mere theory, or ingenious speculation, furnishes no safe stand-point for science—no reliable data for statistic record—for in all the practical relations of life we must have *truth* as a basis for fixed principles. In natural history a single fact is of more value than volumes of speculative opinion.

A few years ago we had the pleasure of meeting with Prof.

Agassiz, on the sea coast of South Carolina, whilst prosecuting a scientific exploration. The simplicity of his manner and conversation in collecting *facts*, made an indelible impression upon us.—The smallest detail from *reliable* authority was carefully noted and treasured. On the habits of the *turtle* a conversation arose between himself and a distinguished rice planter, who had spent many summers immediately on the coast, near an inlet where the turtle was frequently caught after depositing her eggs in the neighboring sand hills. The Professor eagerly enquired if he had ever witnessed this latter process.—The planter replied, *once* only; and then described the process of excavating the earth with the *hind feet*, and after depositing the eggs, again using the posterior extremities in covering them.—The Professor was delighted and said, “Sir, it gives me the greatest pleasure to record this *fact*—it repays me for a week’s sojourn in this neighborhood—you are the first gentleman, with whom I have met, who could give me this information as the result of his *personal observation*.” The record of this little fact will be received as a *truth*, and small or insignificant as it may appear to others, to the naturalist it will be an item of prime satisfaction in the general summary.

Observation, reflection, and study are indisputably necessary to advancement, and the progress made by individuals, or by a people can only be reached by comparisons—these comparisons made from accurate, reliable

statistics. Political economists may differ as to the general welfare—modern philanthropists may disagree as to the application of ancient principles—a “sickly sentimentality” may for the time have its sway as to natural rights—divine law may be in collision with human teachings—but as certain as darkness and light succeed each other, so surely will governing principles in the end prevail.

The annals of man are said, by a distinguished writer, to be merely the record of his crimes and calamities—but the record must be *truthful* if as *History*, it is to weigh one feather in promoting morals, or advancing the general good of mankind. The opinions of individuals derive their value and influence from circumstances. The judgment is corrected by experience, and no one will deny the advantages of enlarged opportunities for the development and growth of experience. As with individuals so with nations.—The facts reached experimentally in the camp, and the demonstrations of the battle-field, have in a single campaign developed more strikingly the art of war, than a lifetime in reviews and holliday teachings. As in war so in peace. Military and civil strategy derive their consequence from acknowledged results. The growth of cities, commercial success, and national influence, are results legitimately deduced from certain fixed or governing principles. The mere usages of society are entirely conventional, but the laws of trade are natural and consistent, and their influence will always be

felt, in a greater or less degree, according to the severity of their application. The rise and fall of empires—the ascendancy or decay of governments—nay, the progress of the whole world, are not matters of mere accident, but the application of certain powers or forces, to certain fixed principles in the economy of life, producing legitimate results.

The records of these results constitute *nationally* the most valuable history, for everything pertaining to wealth, prosperity, and national greatness, are the characteristics and essentials of civilization. The progress from savage to civilized life is as well marked as barbarism and ignorance, compared with education and christianity. The very first step is *providence* for the future, which leads to industry, followed by an accumulation of property to meet future necessities, and to supply ulterior wants, which springs from, or originates, in a taste, or desire for additional comforts. Just in proportion to the advancement of civilization will be the taste for comforts, and as we rise in the scale, will there be an appreciation of luxuries and elegancies.

How far slavery has contributed to the progress of society, learned writers will differ, so long as man is influenced by pique, prejudice, or cupidity. The distinguished Editor of the *Encyclopediu Americana* maintains that “the abolition of slavery in Europe is the *consequence* and in its turn the *cause* of its civilization,” for “slavery (says he) is the greatest bar to the progress of society.”

On the other hand President Dew (in his masterly review of the Va. Debates,) affirms that slavery has not only *tended* to civilization, but is *the principal* if not the *sole cause*.

It is the experience of the world, that man in his native, uncultivated state, will not labor beyond the necessity for his existence. A mere subsistence is all that nature seeks. Labor is painful, and nature being averse to suffering, naturally shrinks from pain, or avoids labor. It is equally well established that even coercion fails in many cases to fix the habit of labor, and the necessity for the application of stimulating or coercive measures to certain races, has given rise to the animadversions as to the cruelty, injustice, and immorality of slavery. Forgetful of the fact that the Almighty has placed certain of his creatures in fixed positions as "hewers of wood, and drawers of water"—and "servants of servants," the dogma (of human ingenuity) that all men are born free and equal, and with certain inalienable rights, &c., has been advanced in practical collision with the experience of more than four thousand years. That the negro ever was mentally, politically, or socially the white man's equal, is simply absurd—and the attempt by legislation to make him so, unfortunately ridiculous. But there is no folly to which ambition may not lend itself—no crime too heinous for the usurping despot rolling along luxuriously and triumphantly upon the wheels of *party spirit*.—History is constantly repeating

itself, and will so continue, albeit the boasted wisdom of the age. If argument and logic could avail aught against the desperation of religious fanaticism—there would have been no imperious meddling of man with the designs of the Great Ruler in fixing the destinies of men. What is civil liberty? It may and does arise from virtue and intelligence; but it is a condition or state altogether artificial. It is an exercise of power by the strong and wise over the weak and ignorant for the protection of society against vice and crime, and for the advancement of the general welfare. "Upon no other ground than for the general good and safety, is man justified in taking control of the liberty, the property, or the life of his fellow man." But the right of civilization to protect itself against the brutalities of savage life is not disputed, and if it can be shown satisfactorily that slavery has promoted civilization—that if under a system of bondage a general prosperity attains—that crime is prevented, and pauperism controlled—happiness promoted—population increased—wealth accumulated—the general suffering relieved, and the good of society secured—then it follows as a sequence beyond contradiction, that that state of society which accomplishes all these things, is not only wholesome, but the *best* for all parties concerned. To elucidate the proposition suggested, although the subject is vital, practically, we feel justified in appealing to those tests which would be applied in any abstract discussion. We will take statistics as the cru-

cible of truth and let figures bear their weight and influence in the elucidation.

In the catalogue there are no statistics more valuable or important than those having a direct bearing upon *longevity*, or the duration of life. We have taken some pains to examine minutely the returns of the United States census for 1850, and to compare three Northern or non-slaveholding with three slaveholding or Southern States. We have taken Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York, versus Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina. These States are selected to avoid as far as possible extremes of climate. We find in the three Northern, non-slaveholding States as follows:

1 white in every 18, reaches 50 to 60 years, and one in 46,926 reaches to 100 years and upwards. 1 colored in every 17, reaches 50 to 60 years, and 1 in 1746 reaches to 100 years and upwards.

In the three Southern, slaveholding States:

1 white in every 20 reaches 50 to 60 years, and 1 in 11,257 reaches 100 years and upwards. 1 colored in every 20 reaches 50 to 60 years, and 1 in 1746 reaches 100 years and upwards.

Fractions are excluded in the calculation, and in the Southern States the *free* colored are included with the *slaves*, as colored.

From these figures it will be seen that up to 50 years of age the white and colored population of the Northern States possess very nearly the same longevity, (as 18 to 17) but that after that age and up to 100 years the tenacity of life

is vastly disproportioned—the chances of reaching that advanced period being with the colored 1 in 46,926. In the South too it is remarkable that with white and colored at 50 years there is an equality (1 in 20 each)—but that at the end of 100 years the colored stands 1 in 1746, the whites 1 in 11,257.

These figures show conclusively that, considering the *whites* North and South, the advantage is in favor of the South as 11,257 to 46,926 or more than 4 to 1—whilst with the colored in slavery and those in the free States, the South has the advantage of more than 12 per cent., notwithstanding the abuses of the institution of slavery, and the utter worthlessness, and “*so-called*” hardships and neglect of the aged and infirm.—But a Northern writer says, “that the longevity of the African race is greater than of the inhabitants of any other portion of the globe.” Accepting this as the result of his conclusions, “from authentic statistics and extensive corroborating information, obtained from sources to me of unquestionable authority, together with my own observations,” (as he expresses it,) we have a further and more important declaration, “that the mortality of the free people of color is more than 100 per cent. greater than of slaves.” It is not our purpose, however, to elaborate this point—as it would prove unprofitable. Nor have we space and time to consider logically what influence is exerted by trades, professions, occupations, &c., in estimating the *increase of popula-*

tion, or what may be due to soil and climate as well as pursuits in the Statistical summary of longevity. We would simply remark in passing, that the advantages of the South in such comparisons as we have made (with both colored and whites) can scarcely be attributed to climate, considering the miasmatic influences of the largest and most densely populated portions of these Southern States, viz: along the water courses. We simply deduce the fact that under a benign system of bondage the longevity of blacks or colored, and whites, is advanced, and the duration of life promoted. To what degree the various trades and professions are favorable or unfavorable, has been well considered, and we might give ample statistics under the various classifications suggested—as “in door” and “out of door” occupations—those requiring mental and others chiefly physical application, &c., showing an amount of very curious and valuable information.—But the declaration is before us, “that laborers in husbandry are considered as a class liable to certain diseases and suffering, from a deficiency of nourishment, and the average duration of life with them is less than with many other vocations.” It is sufficient for our present purpose to remind the reader that this does not apply to slave labor. As the institution existed in the United States in 1850 just the contrary obtained.

The negro left to himself as a race has never advanced beyond demi-civilization. and if under the control of a superior race (call it slavery, bondage, servitude or

villanage,) the facts are made patent, that his physical wants are better supplied—his moral condition improved, his domestic happiness promoted, his proclivities to vice and crime controlled, and he is made a contributor to the general comfort and welfare of mankind—that system which enforces these results must necessarily prove the best for him, and thus tend to civilization. We challenge a comparison of the slaves of the Southern States as they existed in 1860 with any class of out-of-door laborers under the boasted civilization of Europe. But the “higher law” doctrine has prevailed—the “irrepressible conflict” has come and has passed, and the folly or wisdom of the modern Philanthropist is now narrowed down to the simple proposition of life and death—but that death the end of the unoffending negro.—The lucid vindications of President Dew—the forcible and strikingly impartial reasonings of Mr. Jno. Campbell (a Northern man)—the fervent warnings of Paulding—the masterly arguments of Gov. Hammond—the learned deductions of Chancellor Harper—the philosophic conclusions of O’Neal, have all been uttered, but of what avail is argument and reasoning if the results of experience are ignored. ’Twere now a waste of time to refer to Brazil, Australia, the Gold coast, Zanguebar, Congo, Senegambia, Ashante or Hayti. Argument is powerless and the destiny of the negro race in these United States from this day forward, is the problem to be solved by experience alone. The policy of investing him with civil rights is

not an open question. These he has enjoyed for ages. But what social and political status he shall occupy for the future, becomes a question of the gravest import, as it is made a test of loyalty to the general government. Disclaiming most earnestly and sincerely any unkindness to the man of color, but protesting as emphatically against his equality, either mentally, socially, or politically, with the white or Caucasian race, to what extent his *individuality* shall be *legalized* is the question. As things now stand it is idle to charge either prejudice or cupidity as magnifying the dangers already patent, from the sudden and violent disruption of the former relations of master and servant. The newly fledged freedman is now left to himself to pursue his natural proclivities—to promote his personal interests—to consult his individual disposition—to follow his own inclinations and thus to advance, by self-improvement to his highest worth—or to lapse into that condition from which, as an inferior race, involuntary servitude had raised him. Until he develops in his unrestrained experiment of self-control, the requisite characteristics of civilization, viz: industry, honesty, and morality with providence—the dangers of investing him with all the privileges of the body politic can scarcely be exaggerated. The hopes and expectations of the emancipationists, are not in unison with the judgment and predictions of those who claim, and have a right to know, and better understand, the negro character. The future historian

will decide the verdict. But as facts are daily developing, having a direct bearing upon the issue, we simply propose to place upon the record, a comparison between the voluntary laborer of to-day, and the involuntary laborer of 1860. This comparison is made by reference to agricultural results, in one of the sea coast crops of South Carolina, less liable to the influence of *seasons*, perhaps, than any other. The question of longevity having been settled by the census of 1850—the return of the next decade will determine the increase or decrease of population under the emancipation act. We propose to show by statistic results, carefully considered, the present prospects of the rice planter on the tide lands of Georgetown district.

The largest body of these alluvions are situate in this District bordering the Waccamaw, Pee Dee, Black, Sampit and Santee rivers. They possess two kinds of soil; stiff clay and black spongy, or myrtle lands—the latter not as productive, but recently rating much higher in productiveness, under a judicious system of artificial fertilizing. These black lands lie chiefly on the Black and Sampit rivers. On the Savannah and other rivers, to the South of Charleston, the drainage is better, and the productiveness greater, *estimated by the bushel*. The grain raised in the District of Georgetown is heavier, however, and in milling takes in the average much less to the tierce—which is computed at 600 lbs. nett of clean or pounded rice. The judicial District of Georgetown comprises two

parishes—Prince George Winyaw and Lower All Saints—and in estimating the crops of the *District*, the two should be combined; which is fully explained in the Census Returns of 1850. (See Appendix.) The body of these alluvial lands suited to the culture of rice is over 40,000 acres, and their past productiveness averaged about 40 bushels per acre: varying in the different sections from 20 to 60, and even as high as 80 bushels under extraordinary culture. With a slave population in 1850 of 18,253—and white 2,193—free colored 201—making a total of 20,647—the total aggregate of the Rice Crop was 77,941 Tierces—besides 245 bushels of Wheat, 215 of Rye, 21,676 of oats, and 136,312 of Indian Corn, and large quantities of Peas and Sweet Potatoes. In 1860 with a total population of 21,305, the total aggregate of Rice was 95,127 Tierces; of Corn 148,830 bushels, and of Potatoes 149,800 bushels. In 1866, from a table carefully prepared by Hon. B. H. Wilson, and Mr. S. S. Fraser, it appears that 14,401 acres were planted in Rice, but that 1,451 were abandoned after planting, and that but 12,950 acres were cultivated. This table was prepared when the growing crop was nearly matured, and the estimate then made was a maximum yield of 22 bushels per acre. Since the harvesting and threshing the crop this estimate has proven too great. The largest average crop of any one plantation is but 32 bushels per acre, and but two have reached as high as 30. Whereas the smallest or minimum has been less than twice the quantity of

seed sown (estimated at $2\frac{1}{2}$ bushels rough rice to the acre.)

The Rice harvest usually begins with September, and is ended by the middle of October. From late planting this year it was not finished before November. Up to the 1st day of January, 1867, the proportion of the crop milled for market was at Waverly, Waccamaw, 586 Tierces, (commenced November 10th,) at Keithfield, Black River, 650 Tierces, (commenced in October,) making a total of 1,236 Tierces.

The gentlemen in charge of these mills have both written me to say that the estimate of the entire crop for market, from the best opportunities they have of judging, will not exceed 5,000 Tierces.

The provision crops (Corn, Peas and Potatoes,) have been almost an entire failure—certainly not more than would feed the laborers and stock of the *District* for one month.

To what extent the population had decreased from 1860 to January 1866—by disease, death, or removal from the *District*—we have no means of ascertaining accurately. But computing it to be 25 per cent. or one-fourth—we have in figures a laboring people three-fourths as large in 1866—as it was in 1860—and the products of their labor in the chief staple of culture (Rice) 5,000 tierces in 1866, against 95,127 tierces in 1860.—Add to this the deficit in Corn, Peas, and Potatoes not justly chargeable to the season, which is admitted to have been unfavorable, and we may fairly approximate to the *industry* of the laborers. Without charging the *freed-*

men with all of the petty larcenies, and burglaries, that are crowding the dockets of our Courts—the next census of 1870, will enable us to decide how far the stock and personal property of the District has been enhanced, or depreciated, to the weal or woe of the public, under the new order of government. The Jails and Penitentiary will bear testimony as to the color and *morality* of their inmates. But we do not propose to enlarge upon the statistics of *crime*.

The fact is staring us in the face that there is a deficit in the production of breadstuffs, not only warranting, but demanding serious and earnest investigation. Where a people are not self-supporting, it is legitimate to enquire whether it be a case for, or the consequence of governmental interference; and whether the condition existing is accidental and temporary, or on the other hand likely to be permanent. This suggestion opens so wide a field for discussion we merely throw it out for ventilation by others.

We are not disposed to engage in a warfare as to the constitutionality of legalizing a large class of government paupers, and then taxing all citizens for their support, when the constitution invoked may of itself be a matter of arbitrary *party* construction. It might bring us further in direct collision with the Freedmen's Bureau—an institution or department of government that may have done some good, but which we honestly believe has been the most unfortunate and fruitful source of mischief and discontent

throughout the entire sphere of its action. Whether the wrongs and evils originating there, and which have been so loudly complained of in other sections (not so in this) are justly chargeable to the defects or imperfections of the plan, or to the abuses and usurpations—the injustice and despotism of its military officials, we might not be considered impartial to judge; yet we have a decided opinion and claim the right at least to suggest investigation.—Truth is what we aim at, and a wise and beneficent government should be satisfied with nothing short.—The head of a great nation should exercise ceaseless vigilance in rooting out corruption, and punishing official delinquency or villany, no matter how lofty the offender, or how useful as a party tool in the strengthening of a platform. The permanency of government depends so vitally upon the virtue, the purity, the honesty and equity of its administration, 'twere wise not to submit the balancing of the scales of justice entirely to the hands of either personal or political friendship. But without further digression, let us go back to the tables of statistics immediately connected with our subject. The total aggregate population of this District (Georgetown) under the census of 1850—is fixed at 20,647. Of this number between the ages of 15 and 60—there were 12,064. Deducting of both sexes—whites 1,330 and free colored 114—there remained a slave population of 10,720 who may fairly be considered as engaged in husbandry or agriculture. The gross pro-

duct of their labor for that year was, as follows—

Rice, 77,941 tierces—equal in bushels to.....	779,410
Corn, in bushels.....	136,312
Potatoes, do.	145,000
Total.....	1,060,722

At a liberal allowance of 8 quarts, or 1 peck *per capita*, (whether adults or minors) it would require 13 bushels per annum for each individual—and for the aggregate population of the District, 268,411 bushels—which quantity deducted from the total aggregate of the crops would leave 792,311 bushels over and above the necessary consumption of the District.

In the year 1860, the census returns are, in population,

Total aggregate.....	21,305
The laboring slaves between 15 and 60 years in the same ratio.....	11,000
The agricultural products of this year,	
Rice.....	951,370 bush.
Corn.....	148,830 “
Potatoes.....	149,800 “
Total.....	1,249,900 “
Deduct for district consumption.....	276,965 “
The surplus remaining is.....	972,935 “

But supposing that the population had decreased by deaths, and removals from the district up to 1st January, '66, to the amount of 25 per cent., we should then have had 16,778 to be subsisted at a cost of 218,114 bushels, and supposing the crops of 1866, under this diminution of laborers, had aggregated but three-fourths of the total aggregate of 1860, after the deductions of 218,114 bushels, there would have remained as a surplus 719,311 bushels. Assuming that one month's provisions were realized from the Pea, added

to the Corn and Potatoo crops of 1866, there remains eleven months to be provided for, which at 12 bushels per head would require 191,336 bushels. This has to be supplied out of the rice crop, which, after the deductions for seed, has been estimated at 5,000 tierces = 50,000 bushels. Now if the whole of this clean rice were reserved for home consumption there would still be a deficiency of 141,336 bushels, with no allowance for salt, meat, clothing, taxes, medicine, agricultural tools and implements, and incidental expenses of building and repairs.— We have then in 1866 a deficit of 141,336, versus a surplus of 819,311 in 1860. In this calculation, however, there is one point to be explained.

Under the system of labor almost universally adopted last year the freedmen contracted for a *share* of the crops—varying in some details—but *averaging* to the laborers about *one-third* of the aggregate gross product. This placed in their hands, and at their disposal, *one-third* of the rice grown. But a large portion has been expended in making payment to their employers for advances during the current year—and in liquidation of store accounts—all, or most of which, has been *included* in the estimate of 5,000 Tierces to be milled for market. A portion has doubtless been reserved by the more prudent, for family consumption—only a fractional portion of their shares, however, if we may judge from the utter destitution of the majority offering to contract for the present year. It is sufficient for

our present purpose to demonstrate, that in one of the richest, most productive, and successful agricultural districts of the whole southern country—furnishing as it did in 1860 nearly one million surplus bushels of grain—for the general comfort and sustenance of mankind—after the lapse of but two years in the experiment of voluntary or free labor, there should be a deficit or actual failure to provide for home consumption, to the extent of near 150,000 bushels. To explain why this state of things exists is not difficult; to remedy it is the puzzle.

Without providence for the future—without thought as to the wants of the morrow, or necessities of declining age—with no appreciation of the privileges and obligations of the day, to improve himself, or better the condition of his dependent offspring, the freedman labors from necessity, and for a bare subsistence. He prefers little work and small compensation, to industry with full pay, and does not hesitate to say so. As yet no inducement in the shape of monied wages has tempted him to labor faithfully and systematically as of yore. The lands are not less productive—the work not more arduous. Formerly five or six acres of tide land and three or four of upland for provisions, were allotted for each full hand, and our rice plantations evidenced as high cultivation as could be found any where in the country—the system of embankment and drainage being so elaborate as to surprise the stranger. At present, under the new regime, the case is exceptional where more

than 2½ to 3 acres to the hand are being cultivated in rice, whilst the provision crops are almost abandoned from the impossibility of protecting them against speculation. The thousands of acres now lying idle and utterly neglected, fast growing into jungles and thickets, loudly proclaim to what this once happy and prosperous region may soon be reduced. What was ordinarily considered a reasonable day's work is now repudiated. During the past year the daily labor in the rice-field did not exceed six hours. In many cases we have seen it reduced to four, with a cultivation so slovenly as to leave no ground for cavil in explaining why the crop should fail. There were exceptional cases, and I would not omit noting the fact, but as a general rule failure resulted from a want of preparation for a crop, and lack of industry in its subsequent cultivation.

And here I would present another difficulty, equally unmanageable. The women, who are most numerous, on all plantations (in consequence of the appointment of men to mechanic and other pursuits) and who are most skillful and expert in such work as does not require physical strength and activity, (boating, flatting, ditching, &c.) most of them have lapsed into a state of comparative delicacy, so that but few will rate themselves under contract above half hands. This reduces largely the effective force of a gang, and tends to great dissatisfaction at the end of the year, when under a division, the

shares of the crop are made pro rata.

To reach the nett profits of a rice plantation, there are many contingent expenses to be considered—some of which depend upon the taste, others the experience of the planter, in calculating the permanent improvement of his estate, as an investment. As men differed in their notions of comfort and true plantation economy, in providing for their slaves, and conducting their interests generally—so they differed in their expenditures, and the profits derived was generally much less than was usually supposed. The comforts and luxuries, however, of a rice plantation well conducted, afforded no mean living. My individual observation and experience was that the Rice Estates derived their value more from the raising of little negroes (thereby adding force of numbers to the capital) than by the profits of cropping.—And I here venture the assertion, after mature deliberation, that the *nett profits* of no Rice Estate in this District for the past year, could at the present prices of labor, within ten consecutive years, cover the cost of settling and furnishing the Estate anew, in the same style and condition as it was in 1860.

Could any possible good result from the exposition, we might easily show the capacity of the negro to realize a handsome support from the culture of rice.—But when we see him, deluded by his *so-called* friends, abandoning as fertile lands as in the world—with standing wages offered of

\$10 per month—with his year's supply of grain, and well housed, with the privileges of a well settled garden spot—the liberty to raise poultry, pigs, and other creature comforts—at the home of his fathers and grand-fathers; when we see him as we have done in the past thirty days—turning his back upon all these inducements, and migrating to parts untried and unknown—to struggle for mastery with the native forests of the South and South-west, under the delusive dreams of a "Paradise," we look with pity upon the weariness and disappointment that must await him. But the sequel is plain, and perhaps irrevocable. The colored man as a race cannot compete successfully with the white, in any field of labor. The two are not equal, and as immigration of the whites is invited and promoted, the man of color necessarily gives way. He must move or perish. Whether or not in any portion of the Southern or South-western States he can find an asylum and home beyond the grasp and endurance of white labor, remains yet to be proven. If he does not in rice culture, he will hardly do so in the cotton regions. The shadows around us point unmistakably to increasing embarrassments with the present generation, and the future of the whites, as well as the destiny of the poor, unoffending negro, may yet present a picture, at the sight of which, humanity will blush and shudder—and the cheeks of modern christianity burn with shame under the tears of bitter repentance.

THE DEVIL'S DELIGHT.

To breakfast one morning the Devil came down,
 By demons and vassals attended;
 A headache had darkened his brow with a frown,
 From his orgy last night, or the weight of his crown,
 But his presence infernal was splendid.

In a robe of red flame was Diavolo drest,
 Without smutch of a cinder to soil it;
 Blue blazes enveloped his throat and his chest,
 While the tail, tied with ribbons as blue as the vest,
 Completed his Majesty's toilet.

No masquerade devil of earth could begin,
 With his counterfeit horns and his mock tail,
 To look like his model Original Sin,
 As of lava and lightning and bitters and gin
 He sat and compounded a cocktail.

But to give, in all conscience, the Devil his due,
 He seemed sorrowful rather than irate;
 And his Majesty moped all the *déjeuner* through
 With a twitch, now and then, of the ribbons of blue,
 And the look of a penitent pirate,

Then a smile, such as follows some capital joke
 Of a Dickens, a Hood or a Jerrold,
 Sweet, playful and tender, all suddenly broke
 O'er the face of Sathanas, as turning he spoke,
 "Go imp! bring the file of the *Herald!*"

The paper was brought, and Old Nick ran his eye
 (In default of debates in the Senate)
 Over crimes, there were plenty, of terrible dye,
 Over letter and telegram, slander and lie,
 And the blatherskite leaders of Bennett.

There were frauds in high places, official deceit;
 There were sins, we'll not name them, of ladies;
 There were Mexican murders, and murders in Crete,

By the thousand, all manner of villainies sweet
To the *Herald's* subscribers in Hades.

But the numberless horrors of every degree
Did not wholly dispel his dejection;
"The *Herald's* a bore, I'm aweary," says he;
Then, uprising, he added, "what's this? 'TENNESSEE!'
By jingo! here's Brownlow's election!

"Ho varlet! fill up till the beaker runs o'er!"
Cried the Deil, growing joyous and frisky;
A white-hot ferruginous goblet he bore,
And the liquor was vitriol 'straight,' which he swore
Was less hurtful than tangle-foot whiskey.

"Fill up! let us drink," said the Father of Lies,
"To the mortal whose claims are most weighty!"
And a light diabolic shone out of his eyes
That made the thermometer instantly rise
To fully five thousand and eighty.

"I have knights of the garter and knights of the lance,
Who shall surely hereafter for sin burn;
I have writers of history, ethics, romance,
In England, America, Germany, France,
And a gay little poet in Swinburne:

"Reformers, who go in for infinite smash;
The widows' and orphans' oppressor;
D. D.'s, by the dozen, whose titles are trash
To be written with two little d's and a dash;
And many a Father Confessor:

"And besides all the hypocrites," chuckled the Deil,
"Who serve me with *Ave* and *Credo*,
I have tyrants that murder, commanders that steal,
Dahomey, Mouravieff, Butler, O'Niell,
Thad. Stevens, Joe Holt, Escobedo:

"But the man of all others the most to my mind,
The dearest terrestrial creature,
Is the blaspheming priest and the tyrant combined,
Who mocks at his Maker and curses his kind,
In the garb of a Methodist preacher.

“ And so long as of Darkness I’m absolute Prince
 From *his* praise there shall be no deduction,
 Whose acts a most exquisite malice evince
 And whose government furnishes excellent hints
 Opportunely for HELL’S RECONSTRUCTION.”

Then the Fiend, with a laughter no language may tell,
 Drained his cup, and, abasing his crown low,
 Cried “Hip, Hip, Hurrah!” and a boisterous yell
 Went round till the nethermost confines of Hell
 Re-echoed “Three cheers for old Brownlow!”

HOLYROOD PALACE.

THREE hundred and sixty-four years have passed since the ill-fated James IV. led his bride across the threshold of Holyrood Palace, and installed her in her future home, amid the rejoicings and welcome of his subjects. All ranks and all stations vied with each other in doing honor to the beautiful daughter of Henry VII. of England, for whom this palace was built, and who, it was hoped, would bring with her as a dowry to Scotland, permanent rest from the oft-repeated aggressions of her mighty southern neighbor. Bonfires illumined the narrow streets of old Edinburg, and the Corporation, ’mid their excesses of gladness, offered huge libations to Bacchus, and the worthy Burghers drank deep draughts to the woman from whom were to descend the sovereigns of the British Empire. Little did man imagine as James, on the confines of Edinburg, dismissed from his charger, and took his wife behind him, that he himself should yet perish by the hand of the people from whom he took his wife, that his son, after fleeing before them and suffering a humiliating defeat, would die an exile from this the palace of his fathers, or that his grand-daughter, after being deposed, would seek an asylum in the land of her ancestors, and fall a victim to the jealousy and hate of a cousin descended from a common blood. The history of Holyrood Palace and Abbey is in a measure the history of The Stuarts—a family whose members have known only sorrow, violence and affliction, caused oftener by their own perverseness and blundering, than the depravity and scheming of their enemies. It is not our purpose to give a detailed account of these places, such a work would require volumes; but in as succinctly a manner as possible trace some events connected with them, and describe the relics of this never-to-be-forgotten spot,

which, in the minds of all men, save bigots, will ever call up tender and saddening associations.— Holyrood Abbey is a memorial of Scotland's medieval christian king, David I. whose liberality to the church called forth the witty sarcasm from his kinsman, James VI. "*he was ane sair sanet for the crown.*" Holyrood stands not alone as his monumental pile.— Kelso, Melrose, Dryburgh and other crumbling remains of antiquity attest his boundless munificence and love of advancement.

The legend connected with the founding of the Abbey, illustrates how ridiculous the superstition of our fathers, and calls forth surprise that men so eminent for learning, and love of the arts, could believe, and defend the truth of such questionable stories.

David was engaged in hunting so tradition says, near this spot, when a huge "*hart the fairest ever sene*" rushed upon the royal huntsman and dashed him and his horse to the ground. The king threw up his hand to ward off the blow of the stag's antlers, when there was placed in them a holy cross, seeing which, the deer fled in dismay. Thankful to God for his remarkable interposition, and desiring to give some evidence of his gratitude, moreover being admonished in a dream, he founded in 1128 this Abbey, and in its charter gave to its support a considerable quantity of land, which is now a part of the royal demesne. The word Holyrood is derived from "Holy and Rude," signifying a Cross, as it was "Rude day" upon which David's miraculous escape is chronicled to

have occurred. There is little of interest in the history of Holyrood down to 1503. Parliament met, and kings were crowned therein, but these have no very enlivening details which would render them agreeable to the readers of the 19th century. But 'twas at this time James IV. must needs erect him a palace for his bride, and he chose to found it beside the Abbey, within whose walls the Kings of Scotland, since the days of Bruce, had gained their diadems, an honor more coveted, than capable of bringing blessings with it. He met his wife a short distance from Edinburgh, and finding that his own steed would not carry double, he leaped from his horse and mounting upon the palfrey brought for the Princess, placed her behind him, and at the head of the splendid English and Scotch retinue rode down the Canongate* to her new home. Hearty and cordial was the welcome given by the worthy Burghers, to the young Queen then only fourteen years of age. For the future they had dreams of prosperity and peace, since at that age England being friendly, the whole world was friendly so far as Scotland was concerned. But these delusions were not of long continuance.— Sad and sorrowful was the parting of James, his wife, and infant son, as he bade them farewell for the fatal field of Flodden. Long did his wife implore him to remain, but his bravery was proof against her pleadings. He came not back to

* Principal street of Edinburg at that time.

bear the tidings of defeat, but in Holyrood there was mourning and wailing, when it was known that James IV. the greatest of the Stuarts, had fallen a sacrifice to his courage and daring, and that his mouldering dust, would not find a resting place in the sepulchre of his fathers.

James V. early married Magdalen, daughter of Francis I. of France. Gaiety and festivity reigned again in Holyrood, but only forty days elapsed, when the young and blooming bride was carried a corpse to the adjoining Abbey, to sleep the long sleep in the vault of the Scottish Sovereigns, and to which, ere long, her husband, broken hearted and unfortunate, would follow her.— James did not mourn many weeks, but soon brought another wife to preside over Holyrood, and in 1538, Mary of Guise was crowned in the Abbey, and became the mistress of a home in which her descendants were to suffer anguish that would surpass any hitherto known *by even the Stuarts*. James fled by Holyrood after his defeat on Solway Firth, in 1542, and died away from his palace, seven days after his infant daughter, Mary, Queen of Scots in Linlithgow saw first the light of a world, which was to be for her replete with trials known by but few wearers of mortality.

In 1561 the Palace of Holyrood became the home of Queen Mary. 'Twas from these windows she gazed longingly toward the land of her adoption, here she uttered the solemn words that made her the wife of Darnley, here Riccio perished by the murderous dag-

ger at her feet, here she vowed vows of affection for Bothwell, the murderer of her husband, here she signed away her crown to her infant son, James VI. and forth from these walls, at the hour of midnight she was hurried by her reforming, rebellious subjects, to pine for liberty within the dreary walls of Lochleven Castle.

We do not propose to become a partizan in the contest which so long and so bitterly has raged between the friends and foes of Queen Mary. They who remember her as connected with Holyrood, regard her as the pure, innocent, helpless but heroic woman, once the light and joy of these walls, and for whom, outside the English nation, mankind has felt the most profound and tender sympathy. Our sympathy begins not here, though if we may so speak, it is remitted back to this place. It dates from the hour Queen Elizabeth made her kinswoman, seeking refuge in her dominions, a prisoner, grows in intensity through the eighteen long and weary years of confinement, and culminates in admiration, when, without a scintilla of right or justice, her blood was shed in the hall of Fotheringay as a sacrifice to the malice, vindictiveness, and malignity of that

“————— false woman
Her Sister and her foe.”

James VI. passed but little of his time here. In 1590 his Queen, Annie of Denmark, was crowned before the altar of the Abbey, and not many months later his audience chambers witnessed those fierce and angry contests between his majesty and the Presbyterian

ministers, a body of men too independent and able to permit James to think for them, and consequently, doomed to dissensions with a dogmatist, pedant, and self-conceited Theologian, such as James VI. Queen Elizabeth dying in 1603 the ambition and proscription of James was given a wider field. He seldom came to Holyrood, which he had promised to do triennially, and Scotland was relieved from the odium of being alone, in that she possessed for a ruler, the greatest fool of his time. In 1630, Charles I. was crowned here king of Scotland, and for a season made glad the hearts of his Scottish subjects by a residence in the ancient abode of their royal rulers. A few years later "Charles entered Holyrood beneath the banner of the Solemn League and Covenant" while the Estates had usurped his prerogatives and left him sovereign only in name. Ten years later the Palace that had given shelter to Scotia's kings for a century and a half was no more. In 1650 Cromwell quartered a portion of his forces here, "and either by accident or design, the place was fired and the greater part of the building was consumed"—a building whose stones, if they could speak, and tell the story of those to whom they gave shelter, might relate more of violence and bloodshed in a shorter period than in any other home of royalty in all Europe. Soon after the Restoration, Charles I. gave orders for the rebuilding of his ancestral abode, and entrusted the work to Sir William Bruce who designed the present building. All that re-

mained of the old Palace was incorporated into the new one, and among the memorials thus preserved are the rooms of Queen Mary and Darnley. James I. of England, came hither as a place of honorable exile, when the feeling was so bitter at the court of Charles I. against all in any way connected with Catholicism. After his succession to the throne he began some improvement in Holyrood, chief among which was the fitting up of a chapel for the Roman Catholic service. No sooner did tidings reach Edinburg, that William of Orange had landed on English soil, than angry crowds gathered here and there. Words of vengeance and threats were heard on every side, and by a seeming instinct, Holyrood was the centre for the union of these turbulent elements. An ineffectual attempt was made to stay their progress, but no sooner was one drop of blood shed than the cause of the insurgents became the cause of the city officials, and the train bands compelled the soldiers to surrender at discretion. A wild scene of destruction followed.—The bones of the ancient kings were torn from their leaden coffins, and the pent up anger of years wreaked itself upon all that appertained to royalty. The altars were torn down and desecrated, the picture gallery demolished, and even the dust of James V. and his lovely wife Margaret, for whom all Scotland put on mourning, was trampled on the floor of the vault in which for over one hundred and thirty years it had been quietly sleeping.—

From the union of Scotland and England in 1706 to 1745, Holyrood was given to solitude. Its glory had departed when the Scotch Estates bartered away their nationality, and received in exchange the rich commercial advantages incidental to British citizenship. Once and a while through the forty years, footsteps resounded through the neglected halls, but only when the Scotch Lords assembled in the picture gallery to elect their representatives in the British Parliament. But ere the close of 1745 it seemed that Holyrood was to live again, when Prince Charles, grandson of the luckless James I. made an effort to regain the crowns so shamefully lost by his ancestors. As the descendant of the Stuarts, the Jacobin party welcomed him to the land of his fathers, the chivalrous Highlanders gathered about his standard, and a brief success gladdened the hearts of those who still loved and longed for Scottish independence. Holyrood rang with songs of mirth and joy, and it appeared as if Edinburg would be the gayest capital of which Europe could boast. In a few months there came a fearful retribution, and these brief dreams were followed "by the bloody horrors of Culloden, the scaffolds of Lower Hill, exile, forfeiture, want, the extinction of kith and kin, and many a blazing rooftree, and desolated valley, over the broad Highlands of Scotland."— In 1795 and again in 1831, Holyrood was assigned as a residence to Charles X., of France, the representative of the family who so generously aided, supported, and assisted the last wanderers of the unfortunate Stuarts. The Bourbons found here "the bread they had cast upon the waters," when giving to James I. and his son the hospitalities of St. Germain's.— When in 1822 George IV. paid Holyrood a visit, political animosity and party hatred were forgotten in the universal joy that thrilled every breast in knowing that a king once more dwelt in the royal habitation, and when again in 1842 Queen Victoria, with her husband and children, came to see the wonders of Edinburg, and afford Scotch loyalty an opportunity of displaying itself; for Scotchmen, with all their love of equality and political independence, are sincerely attached to the royal family, and the governor by law established. The situation of Holyrood is far from romantic. It lies at the foot of the Canongate, once the most aristocratic and lordly street in Edinburg, but now representing the dirt and poverty of the lowest class of citizens. Three tall peaks, Calton Hill, Castle Hill, and Arthur's Seat, lifting their summits heavenward, stand on three sides as so many sentinels to guard the solitude and quiet of departed glory, while on the fourth side is a plain leading to the shores of the Firth of Forth. Modern progression, awed by the hallowed memories of the spot, has not encroached upon the grounds about Holyrood, and still it stands, solitary and alone, as a reminder of days that are gone.— Around its historic walls exist the last remnant of clerical supremacy in Scotland, since the fortunate

debtor once within these limits, the ruthless representative of the law dare not bear him away. The privilege is not abused, as but few nowadays are necessitated to accept its once welcome immunity. Immediately in front of the entrance to the Palace is a magnificent fountain fashioned from one at Linlithgow, and erected under the superintendence and at the cost of the late Prince Consort. The ravages of time, the rage of the elements, and the fury of man, have left but little of the building erected by James IV. to receive his youthful bride. Yet these have dealt generously with posterity, inasmuch as those portions remain which above all others posterity would most appreciate—the rooms which witnessed the sorrow, suffering, and sore trials of Mary, Queen of Scots. The Palace bears an air of neglect and desertion throughout. 'Tis true that the Queen calls it one of her residences, and is expected to visit here once a year, but it is her home only in name. In through the windows you see the furniture encased in covers, and the hollow sounding corridors repeat your footsteps in so dismal a manner, as to leave no room to doubt that Scotia's kings have fled. The Palace as it now stands is a quadrangular building, with a court in the centre, ninety-four feet square. The front is 215 feet in length, and at each extremity rises a tower four stories high.—A glance suffices to show one that the portion on the left is the remnant of the structure built by James IV. The time-colored walls and age-marked stones be-

speak many a contest with the relentless destroyer of all that is human. Architectural beauty, Holyrood has none. The styles are strangely mingled, and its proportions do not strike the eye as tasteful. The grand entrance is composed of four heavy columns, over which are the arms of Scotland, surmounted by a tower, terminating with an imperial crown. The first turn on the left leads to the Picture Gallery, around the walls of which are hung 100 fanciful portraits of the Scottish kings, dating as far back as the time of Fergus I. 330 B. C. The room is chiefly interesting as the place in which the Lords of Scotland elect their Representative Peers, and where Prince Charles held his court during his brief reign in 1745. Coming again to the stairway you enter Lord Darnley's apartments, consisting of an Audience Chamber, Bed room, and Dressing room. Ancient tapestry of an elaborate pattern, and some antique paintings are all that adorn the walls. But all this while one is impatient, for the Picture Gallery and Darnley's Rooms are not what brought pilgrims hither. Passing back and ascending a narrow stone stair you are ushered into what the sympathy and pity of mankind has transformed into the most interesting suite of rooms in the world—"Queen Mary's Apartment." The Audience Chamber is 22 feet square, with windows looking North and South, guarded by iron bars.—Occupying one side is the bed used by Charles I. when a resident here, as also by his relative, Prince

Charles, in 1745. "The ceiling is composed of panelled compartments, and is marked by the armorial bearings of numerous royal personages." It too is adorned with tapestry of an ancient pattern, and in one corner is a chair embroidered by the fair hands of Queen Mary. Here she met the noble men and counsellors of her Court, here she encountered the bold and fearless Knox, here she shed tears at the rebellion of those, whom her power was impotent to stay, and here charmed those who came beneath the influence of her loveliness and winning beauty. Passing through you come to her bed-room, somewhat smaller than her Audience Chamber, with iron-barred windows facing South and West.— Here stands her bed hung with crimson damask and green silk, crumbling to dust. On the pillow lies the last remnant of her blankets, and near by a work-box of her own braiding. On one side is Mary's dressing room.— "A little apartment ten feet square, hung with decoying tapestry," and on the other, the entrance to the secret stair communicating with Darnley's rooms up which came the murderers of Riccio. Directly opposite the main door, is "Queen Mary's supping room, in which she was engaged with her friends when the conspirators came to wreak their vengeance upon the unfortunate Italian. It is very small, containing a table on which lies Darnley's armour, and a chair supporting the marble block upon which Mary knelt when promising to be true and faithful to the man

who blighted her happiness, and brought upon her inexpressible woe. Imagination carries us back to the evening of March 9th, 1566. Cautiously and stealthily a body of men enter the grounds of Holyrood, and by a small iron gate, are admitted to the stairway leading to Darnley's rooms. Here each with a beating heart and trembling pulse is assigned the place allotted him in the fearful drama about to be enacted.— Again and again are the parts rehearsed, while their eyes glisten with the prospect of near success. Darnley leaves them, and passing up the secret passage to Queen Mary's apartment, suddenly lifts the curtain and enters the little supping room, where Mary and guests sit all unconscious of the frightful deed so near consummation. Darnley disguising his infamy with conjugal tenderness, throws his arm about Mary's waist, and seats himself at the table. Rudely the curtain again is lifted and Lord Ruthven, clad in armour, pale and ghastly looking, enters. Mary alarmed, commands the intruder to leave, the noise of heavy footsteps is heard on the little stairway, armed men with blazing torches fill the room, the table with candles and dishes is overturned, and Ruthven plunges his dagger through Riccio, who terror-stricken, clings to the Queen's gown, crying for justice and safety. Now Ker places his pistol at the bosom of the unprotected woman, commanding her to be silent upon the pain of death, while Darnley unlooses the death-like grasp of the murdered man. Now the body of the

Italian is dragged through the Audience Chamber, the conspirators stabbing it furiously as they hurry along. Pierced by 56 wounds they leave him to welter in his gore at the head of the stairway, where the indelible stains remain after the lapse of 300 years. The bloody work done, Ruthven staggers into the Queen's apartment asking for wine, and Mary sits trembling in the turret room where word is brought her that Riccio is dead. Pilgrims from every land gather here, and pay homage to the memory of

Queen Mary. Grass and daisies grow over the spot where she swore to love Darnley, and the old Abbey with the palace may crumble to ruins, but she will ever have a place in the hearts of a sorrow-pitying world. Climb the steep ascent to the Castle of Edinburgh, and in her chamber there, gaze upon her loveliness as delineated by the artist *Furino* and you will come away feeling.

"If to her lot some human errors fall
Look to that face, and you'll forget
them all."

DIRGE FOR THE SLAIN.

Dark was the battle-field—dark with the carnage,
Red with the blood of the wounded and slain,
Low plaintive moanings broke on the night-winds,
Moanings of anguish—moanings of pain.

Pale gleamed the moonlight o'er the dead warriors,
Sad looked the stars on that desolate sight,
Proud forms had perished that day in the battle,
Fond hopes had died midst the thickest of the fight.

Hoof-trodden, scarred by the sword and the sabre,
All showed the place where the foemen had striven,
Mournfully mingled the laurel and the cypress,
Broken hearts wept for the ties that were riven.

Sad sighed the winds-spirit mid the lone branches,
Sad as a requiem or dirge for the slain,
Pale watchers looked from their lone, far off dwellings,
Dreaming of loved ones they would meet not again.

Paused I a moment beside a bold warrior,
Slowly his spirit was passing away,

Grasped in his hand was the standard of battle,
Bravely he had fought for his country that day.

"Scenes of my childhood," he murmured in sadness,
"Wife of my bosom and children, adieu,
Farewell, my country, I have fought for your freedom,
There are tears for my loved ones, but glory for you."

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE "LOST CAUSE."

BY A SOUTHERN CAVALRY OFFICER.

"Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye ;
Thy steps I'll follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky."

Gentle reader, mayhap we shall of eloquent relics to assist us in
commune together often. The our chronicles.
veteran soldier is notedly gar- On that chair lies the soiled old
rulous over his old campaigns.— grey coat with a patch on the waist
And this is particularly so, when before and behind, where a bullet
he has but his misfortunes and came crashing clear through one
honor left to him. He consoles brilliant May day, and spilt more
himself for the sad doom of de- of our blood on mother earth than
feat, with the proud memory of we would care, or could well af-
heroism. He drowns the gloomy ford, upon any single occasion, to
recollection of disaster, in the lose again ; and we tear open our
stirring consciousness of stern vest and shirt, and there is the dull
manhood. And the glory of round little damask mark on the
dauntless courage sheds a lustre white skin, that the envious mis-
even over the remembrance of sile left, as the tidy, proud and in-
melancholy failure. effaceable little signet of its tri-
umphant march through our own sa-
cred corporosity. And the coat has
some tarnished, weather-beaten
lace on the sleeves, and some rusty
frazzled stars on the collar, and
several more ominous little holes—
dumb, yet eloquent mouths they

We are in another world as we
take up the pen to recount the
past. The desolate present is
forgotten, and the varied vista of
unchangeable *by-gones* fills the
rapt mind. We have surrounded
ourselves with a mute multitude

are—in the skirt and arms of the trusty and tried old garment.

And there is a broad-brimmed, flabby, shapeless, soft old hat, gorgeous with mud-stains, innocent of a band, a sly expression of jolly poverty in its gaping embrasures, and with its own little heroic hole—a tiny clear one it is—round as a button, smooth-rimmed as glass, and not at all venomous, and we think of a rushing charge, an overwhelmed repulse, and a dauntless irresistible rally, and the old hat raised to move with the ringing shout of encouragement, and just as the old thing, then in a spruce state of martial foppery, left the head on its gyrating mission, the cruel ball tore incontinently through it, clipping a bonny lock of hair for memory.

And there hangs, (and one's eyes will moisten at its silent decrepitude and mournful rest,) my battered sabre, gripe shot away, blade broken and linked with wire to hold its fragments together for "auld lang syne," and the old thing fairly talks—aye! talks such leaping memories, that the heart bounds against the ribs in the delirious excitement of battle, and then—why it is over—the feelings settle into tameness, and the sabre hangs harmless and despondent, and we pursue our inventory with a shaking hand.

And we walk to the glass, and peer in wistfully, and raise the hair from the pale temple with the right hand, and we see a long, white throbbing line stretching across the temple, and traveling, how far we dare not tell for fear of incredulity, into and under the wavy tresses, and at its magic

spell, we are on our plunging steed, and iron blade clashes against blade, and pistols clang quick and sharp, and oaths are muttered deep, and horsemen roll in dust, and we cut wildly at the flashing steel and the dark blue in front and around us, and Death stalks in high glee, and exercises his most grotesque ingenuity in marring God's image, and in a blaze of fiery delirium we feel something we know not what, and our head seems hurled to the stars, and the stars swarming in huge tumultuous armies through our brain, and we reel with suspended and suspending vitality, until principalities and powers and battles, and life, fade, fade, fade away, and—we look in the glass and think of that horrible moment when we awoke to bloody consciousness, and the poor aching mangled head was an unutterable nuisance for so many weary days.

And here, ah! we nigh forgot it, is the saddest orator of those turbulent yet glorious days—here hangs an armless sleeve, and it tells like a clarionet of—but we wont follow the garrulous impulse—we will just say that one of those dashing war days resulted in our having to hunt up a substitute to help tie our cravat, and cut up our dinner, and manipulate our buttons into their proper places, and put on our coat, and other similar little necessary offices, requiring one more hand than we possess, and now so sweetly rendered that we are almost reconciled to our loss in that stern fight, when we conquered, though at a large price of martyred valor,

and a huge sacrifice of exalted patriotism.

And those spurs with their merry jingle of martial music; and that shattered pistol, the unfailing friend in many a tough melee, now so silent and maimed, and probably yearning for its companion, that was gobbled up familiarly one dusky afternoon by a covetous trooper of Sheridan's, when that officer commanded a Michigan regiment of cavalry in Mississippi under jolly Gordon Granger, and when we plunged headlong, over about one hundred and fifty of his men, on a horse we couldn't stop, with our most seductive persuasion; and the blackened gauntlets, rent and worn and shapeless—they all talk.

And there is a tangled mass of papers of all sizes and complexions—orders, commissions, reports, passes, communications, written and printed, from every source, President to private, in every conceivable hand-writing, directing advances, ordering retreats, instructing movements, complimenting for successful actions, recommending for promotion, begging furloughs, making altogether such a mammoth batch of memorials, and so confusedly weaving up our military record, that we have never been able to sort them out, and we shrink from the task of hunting for what we wish, and we hug the dear old hotch-potch of papers to our bosom as they recall consecutively the proud reminiscences of past glory and knightly service for the poor Southern matrix, we so fondly loved and vainly fought for.—The vision lingers on many a

name in its own peculiar chirography, that has rung like a trumpet in immortal deeds, and will still ring in the admiration of a wondering world hereafter. There peeps out the stately signature of grand old Lee, the hurried illegible scratch of the dashing Forrest, the singular scroll of the indomitable Hardee, the peaked scribble of the gallant little Wheeler, the smooth calligraphy of the chivalric Beauregard, the jerking scrawl of the fiery Texan, Wharton, the characteristic attestation of the iron Bragg, the impressive stamp of peerless Joe Johnston, the Irish seal of the stern Cleburne, the polite meander of the courtly Buckner, the benevolent chirography of heroic Sidney Johnston, and a host of other genuine and distinguishing sign-manuals, all jumbled in careless and curious juxtaposition.

These dear treasured relics lie around me, the old familiar mementoes of four long superb years of perils braved, sufferings endured, glories done, gallantry lavished, blood spilt, wealth lost, and ruin gained in a wrecked cause.—I love the old fragments—their desolation symbols my own sad loneliness, my own crushed hopes and destroyed fortunes. Dear companions of those iron days! they have shared my fall, I can but in common gratitude prattle of their achievements.

Ah! we shall talk history, reader, veritable history. We have no need of embellishment or fiction, the fabrications of fancy, or the gilt coloring of dreaming romance. We can invent nothing to equal the reality we have seen

and experienced. Nor shall we give the reports of battles. The records of our late so-called Confederate War Department, and the truthful narratives of our surviving Southern Generals, will do up the big fights better than we can. The former are in the possession of our puissant Government, and the latter are yet trammelled, but we leave them to speak for themselves, as they will some day, when they are permitted to talk.

But we shall write history, none the less important because the less grand, and none the less true because scribbled at random, without order or elaboration. History is a vast stream into which enter multitudinous tributary rills of petty detail and subordinate minutiae. And we hold it the solemn duty of our surviving Southern participants in the late Revolution to chronicle honestly for preservation and for the use of the great historian, who, at some future day, when the passions of the hour have subsided, and contemporary prejudices have dissolved in the crucible of disinterested and impartial truth, is to do the great work of doing justice to the Lost Cause, every fact, no matter how trivial, every incident, no matter how slight, and every just reflection, no matter how seemingly unimportant, that is a part of, and bears upon, our great civil struggle. To make the history complete, we need something more than big events. These constitute the skeleton of history. The bare frame must be filled out and robed and colored in the living hues of breathing health.—

We want something more than the grim bones. We must all give our honest contributions to the great work, so that when it does come forth, when the mightiest event of human occurrence stands recorded, truly, entirely and competently, it will be a robust, eloquent and sublime vindication of a virtuous people in a conscientious effort for the sake of what they believed sincerely to be rational and enlightened liberty.

Coming back from our digression, let us modestly state that our contribution will be modest indeed. We shall tell anecdotes of camp, incidents of marches, particulars of individuals, scraps of chat with generals, jottings of adventure, special movements in great programmes—all true, all real, all unvarnished.

To discuss the causes of the war were bootless. We were honest in our convictions of right. God has seen fit to chastise us with defeat. We must bear with fortitude as we struggled with courage. We must be patient in adversity as we were heroic in action. And as we fought in dead earnest, we must submit in good faith. We must try and rise out of our prostration with manly resolution. We must cultivate friendly relations with our old foemen, and merit magnanimity by kind feeling and unflinching integrity, as we forced respect by bold antagonism and desperate courage.

But our antagonists have a duty to perform as well as we.— They must not make an unworthy use of victory. They must not use power to oppress, triumph to

insult, or success to avenge.—As they were strong, they must be generous, as they were successful they must be conciliatory, as they were victorious, they must be humane. Tyranny will tarnish power, injustice will degrade strength, inhumanity is a blot upon civilization. They cannot win affection by unkindness, they cannot mitigate bitterness by abuse, they cannot reconcile estrangement by proscription. Chagrin is natural to disappointment, and had best be soothed by tenderness. We are down, but prostration can be rendered worse than death by the utter ruin of hope, and it is best not to drive disappointed men to desperation. The glory of a won cause can be forfeited by its ignominious enjoyments, and merited success becomes bad by its abuse. Seek rather to woo than repel us. Trust more to our honor than you distrust our faith, and make fidelity a dutiful gratitude for kindness, and not hate an inevitable fruit of oppression.

As we figure occasionally in these Recollections in our own proper person, and as we propose to talk frankly, and must call ourselves something, and we cannot exactly bear the imputation of egotism growing out of so conspicuous an identification as the use of our own veritable name, we will assume for convenience another designation and call ourselves Sydney. We loved, in our boyhood's days, to read of that "Brooch of Queen Elizabeth's Court"—that mirror of unspeakable chivalry, whose heroic character and still more heroic death immortalized so young a man.—

And there is this remarkable feature of his fame, that he did little in quantity to eternize himself, but the beauty and exquisiteness of his manhood will carry him invariably to the admiration of posterity along with the actors of great deeds. We have in our library an old edition of his quaint *Arcadia*, which we prize with an unquenchable fondness, and which some martial Bohemian in Sherman's army on its grand march laid his predatory paws upon with felonious intent, but our mother, knowing our partiality and bibliophilistic proclivities, plead so eloquently for the retention of our treasure, that the library marauder, in a novel spasm of relenting compunction, wavered a second, and before he had time to recover, instantaneous though the relapse was, she had spirited the tome away from his greedy vision. But, alas, we paid dearly for that astounding and momentary compunction. In a mingled paroxysm of indignation and remorse at yielding to so inconsistent a feeling of honesty, the Bohemian pounced savagely upon a score of our other antique treasures, including some of our rarest and most dainty possessions—a superb edition of "Boswell's Johnson"—a magnificent set of genial "Irving"—some beautiful volumes of ancient classics—attractive copies of "Asmodeus," and "Gil Blas," and "Anastasius" and "Grammont's Memoirs," and "Rabelais," and a host of other departed loves. We avow the gentle hope that the literary swashbuckler who appropriated them, went blind reading them, and that they tumbled on

his head and cracked his skull, and finally that the astounding little spark of compunction that he exhibited, to his own stupendous amazement, may increase to a flame and burn him up.

We named for Sydney our favorite horse in memorable old ante-Revolution days, when we were able to own a genuine horse. We loved him (the man not the horse) as the embodiment of gentleness and courage, purity and strength, virtue and manhood, courtesy and high spirit, truth and usefulness—of every golden quality that makes a perfect man.—Our sweet little sister had a pet bird whose soft warblings to this sad day we can vividly recall, and we named it Sydney, when called by her sisterly fondness to bestow a name upon the loved favorite. And our maturer manhood has riveted that boyish admiration of that glorious, gentle, sweet, chivalric character. So we don that superb individuality we love so much, in full respect for lofty and shining manhood, and announce ourself with grave satisfaction as—Philip Sydney.

We began as a private in infantry May 21, 1861. Well do we remember that day and its stirring scenes. It would have enthused a stone. The impulse to war ran like electricity through the hot land. The contagion was volcanic in its heat, resistless in its influence, maddening in its spell.—The tocsin rang with pealing echoes from one horizon to the other. From the vales and hills, the palaces and huts, the streets and forests, the fields and cities, the colleges and plows, swarms of

fiery patriots sprang deftly to arms. Cadmus had converted the whole soil of a gigantic land to his stern uses. It was a world of dragon's teeth as dense as a night of stars. The sense of wrong pervaded every seething bosom.—Some had held back in the council, but the moment of action decided the timid, fixed the unsettled and roused the wavering.—The hilt was grasped, the sword drawn, and with one mighty effort of Titanian unanimity the scabbard was sent hurtling to the winds. There is no excitement that can touch the inception of a grand revolution. The throes of the human pulse have a fury then they never know otherwise. It is worth a life-time of common existence to experience one hour of its wild fervor. Great God! at this sere and tame moment of retrospection I can feel its madness, and the heart pants like an earthquake under its remembrances of phrenzy.

The place is Savannah in the good old land of Oglethorpe, Georgia,—the honorably designated "Empire State of the South:" the scene is a room in the venerable Exchange building, on Bay street, at the head of Bull street. In this ancient building the city fathers hold their convocation, grave public meetings are held, and big public questions are discussed. From its tall spire the whole city in its widest amplitude of roof and steeple can be seen.—Here the city clock announces to the throbbing flow of human life circulating in the busy arteries beneath the ceaseless and steady tramp of time. Here hour after

hour, in the solemn and silent night, the vigilant watchman wakefully articulates to the sleeping denizens and the listening stars, the soothing intelligence that "ALL IS WELL," or, discovering with watchful eye the incipient germ of rushing ruin in some dark and distant building, rouses the calm and happy dreamers by shouting in thunder tones the awful cry of Fire! Fire! Fire!! and perhaps awakens them to the lurid destruction of their earthly tabernacles in the mysterious darkness; and the fierce, deep tolling of his huge bell rings a startled people to the melancholy wreck of many a fond and beautiful home.

The time is night; a few candles shed a sombre light upon a mass of young men seated regularly around the room, all eager, silent, throbbing. The youthful chairman arises: he briefly states that their Captain has telegraphed the passage by the Confederate Confederate Congress, and approval by the President, at Montgomery, Ala., of a bill authorizing the President to receive troops *for the war* in any organization, and that the meeting was called to enable them to act on this fact. An excitement at white heat prevailed, but not a word at first breaks forth. They are the grimmest looking youths we ever saw—all young, all unmarried with one or two exceptions, all gentlemen, all educated, all finely born and bred. The writer of this paper arose and moved that the company enlist for the war, be it a year or a century, and that all willing to go, walk to the table and sign their names. Slow-

ly and silently and sternly they stalk martially to the table and write. And the first was private Holmes, we forget his first name, but it matters little. Yet, he, reader, was the first Confederate soldier in the great revolution, who enlisted for the war. Honor to his memory. Glorious boy! first in the fight, and the last to leave it, ever present for duty, marching, working, or battling, cool, laughing, tireless, cheerful, wading from fight to fight, unscathed, until it was believed he bore a charmed life, he at length fell on the field he so honored, and sleeps that gaunt slumber that knows no waking.

We have alluded to our captain. Bow the head, reader, for we approach sacred ground. General Francis S. Bartow—the first great and conspicuous martyr of the Southern cause—was that captain. He had been the founder, and for years, the captain of our volunteer company—"The Oglethorpe Light Infantry." He was one of the finest lawyers in our State—an acute, learned and impassioned advocate—was our appreciated member of Congress, and held the important position of Chairman of the Military Committee—was honored, trusted and respected by the Confederate leaders as a brilliant statesman and honest counsellor. Just in the prime of his faculties, rising at big bounds to distinction, ardent, chivalric, eloquent, able, cultivated, virtuous, he loomed out a strong and growing figure upon the public canvass. Bold in decision, ready in wit, acute and strong in mind, magnanimous in character, scorning

littleness with a holy and implacable hatred, too innocent to know, and too pure to use the ordinary artifices of political chicanery for success, and hence long kept away from the goal of his high ambition, but finally winning preëminence by the simple and coerced recognition of his unbending integrity, generous almost to extravagance, chivalric to a chimera, he was a royal gentleman. The fervor of his temperament, and the tenacious enthusiasm of his convictions had rather created the idea that he was at times quixotic and impractical. About forty years of age, with a large, light eye, a broad expansive forehead, hair rather scanty, a jaw indicating firmness, a solid, rather square-set figure, and a habit of restlessness, showing the nervous energy and fiery impatience of his character, with a genial smile and a countenance open and sunny as a bright day, with a clear, hearty, ringing intonation of voice, articulating distinctly every syllable he spoke, and always so earnest. Who is there that knew him, that will not recall at this description, our genial, heroic, Bartow—one of the historic men of our big Rebellion, whose eloquence materially assisted to drive the movement to burst, and whose strong head and bold resolution helped so much to mould its first fiery throes, and who, in the manner of his death, has won a magnificent immortality.

The company was offered and accepted, and thus to the "Oglethorpe Light Infantry," of Savannah, Georgia, belongs the honor

of being the first body of troops that enlisted *for the war* in the Confederate army. On the 21st day of May, 1861, we were mustered into service, and started for Virginia. A flag was presented to our company by the ladies of Savannah, and their orator was Frederick Tupper, Esq. Gallant, ill-fated, Tupper! he received his death wound in the last mighty struggles around Petersburg.— He had as bright an intellect as I ever knew. He exhibited his wonderful power as a school-boy, standing head and shoulders above us all. The strength of his mind was equalled by its versatility, and surpassed by his modesty, which prevented that display of which he was so capable. An old school-mate here lays a sprig in *memoriam* upon his bloody grave.

"We marched to the depot amid such public flurry as makes an event for history—escorted by gleaming soldiers, the streets thronged with an excited populace. It was as sweet a May morn as ever shone upon earth. The big heart out of doors heaved with tumultuous patriotism, that vented itself to the brave brood of young warriors, launching for the rude strife, in such thunders of feeling, and such prodigality of laudation, such rich mingling of proud tears and fervent 'God speed you,' that each individual youth felt himself the elected hero of his country's liberty.— The body congregate to its minutest ramifications was ablaze with growing fire."

The company was armed with guns that belonged to the State. Governor Brown forbade Captain

Bartow to take them out of the State. Tenacious of authority, greedily jealous of interference with his power, Governor Brown was unwilling that a man should leave the State, save through his imperial consent. Here began that miserable pack of dissensions that finally broke the cause—that iniquitous system of hostility between State and General Governments, that sapped our vigor, and weakened our strength, that disunited our cooperation and resulted in hopeless disaster. Bartow, with characteristic impetuosity, incredulous of Brown's authority to retain the weapons, unable to comprehend the reason for keeping arms in disuse when they were needed in the van, and unwilling to humor the petty caprices of envious and unreasonable tyranny at a vital moment, cut the Gordian knot in true Alexandrian fashion, took the arms, and in their place left a fiery "paper bullet of the brain," concluding with the striking and too fatally redeemed prediction, that he went to "illustrate Georgia."

It was rumored that Governor Brown, in the unyielding obstinacy of his character, had ordered the commanding officer of the volunteer troops, in Savannah, to retain the arms by force, and that he had refused. Well was it that no such attempt was made, for the strife would have been deadly.

That trip to Virginia seems like a rich dream, so lavish of ovation was it to the mettled young corps. At every station on every railroad swarms of fair women clustered, with flowers to deck, dain-

ties to feed, and high words to stimulate the soldiers. Conventionality was sent howling to the air; every soldier was a gentleman in right of his cause, and a friend by color of his patriotism. Beauty paid her inevitable tribute of admiration to valor, and thought it no shame to reward with her brightest smile the unknown hero wending his way to the field in vindication of her own fond cause. Woman could not fight, but she could encourage; she could not strike, but she could cheer; she could not go, but she could animate those that did go. And here be it uttered in the grave solemnity of truth, and for the sober perusal of posterity, as a plain statement of veritable history, that if quenchless zeal, unstinted sacrifice, unconquerable spirit, boundless fortitude and eternal devotion to a cause believed to be true, is an honor to humanity, and a testimony of exalted virtue, not Spartan mother, nor Roman Cornelia, nor Revolutionary heroine, shall outshine in the luminous immortality of world-famous heroism the Southern women of America's vast civil war. And of this, reader, as the lawyers conclude their pleadings we will e'en put ourselves upon the—world.

Well do we remember in that most rememberable journey, at a little place in South Carolina, between Branchville and Columbia, that when the train stopped, we put our head out of the window to scan the waving and merry sea of orbs that gleamed at us from an army of the fairest faces of earth. And in a moment a sweet little

bunch of flowers sailed in the window, and cuddled in our lap as cosily as if they belonged there by birth; and we caught the graceful toss of the tapering arm, that sent them scattering odors on their fragrant way; and the owner of that agile, alabaster weapon of beauty stood as blithe and winsome a spectacle as one would care to see in a "World's Fair" of loveliness. The eye drank in a ravishing inventory of charms, the brain became fairly intoxicated with the draught. A form like Diana, bust like Venus, foot like Cinderella, carriage like a queen, hair like midnight, lips like cherries, skin like velvet, teeth like pearls, eyes like diamonds imprisoned in a sea of the raven's own proudest Cimmerian tinge, and a smile so heavenly sweet that it would make a Paradise of black perdition itself—was the quick and after verified appraisalment of this lustrous woman.

Springing up from our seat we wedged our way through the jammed and babbling car, leaped to the ground careless of neighboring toes, or the integrity of our limbs, and with the speed of light presented ourself in all our laced bravery before our flower-throwing Semiramis, and with our courtliest bow, we earnestly ejaculated;

"Thank you, dear lady, thank you most heartily for those sweet flowers."

Reader, we were young then—only twenty-three, and had a little unquenchable leaven of romance in our rather susceptible bosom—a leaven that not even the

hard rubs we have suffered, have been able to entirely eradicate: and by the immortal memory of Cupid, we were enthused to the fullest hyperbolism of our inflammable nature.

Semiramis, with queenly sweetness, and a warming radiance in her superb eyes, replied:

"You are welcome as heartily, sir! The obligation is on the side of the ladies who have the privilege of doing anything for the blessed soldiers."

What think you did one of our comrades—a humorous scamp of a Milesian—but break in at this auspicious moment of the interesting scene, his mellow accent steeped in a rich brogue with,

"Be jabbers! but Misther Sydney is struck again. An' that's the tinth time in two days since we lift Savannah!"

A broad titter broke out in the car, and was caught up among the ladies outside, in which Semiramis and the unfortunate Sydney both joined.

Somewhat daunted by the ill-timed jocularly of the fun-loving Irishman, we stood a little confused, which seeing, the repentant Milesian kindly tried to mend matters for us, and said to my enamorata:

"Faix, leddy, I didn't mane to tell on Misther Sidney. I forgot and thought aloud. Divil of a petticoat has he spoke to in the two days since we left home, the better nor tin days ago."

A new and more uproarious burst of laughter greeted this Irish bull. Just then the whistle seasonably blew its shrill clamor, and seizing the moment of this

opportune distraction of the general attention from us, I held out my hand to Semiramis, and said;

"Good-bye. I shall remember you and fight the more cheerfully for our dear country that it possesses such women as yourself.—The cause is dear for itself, but thrice hallowed when we know it is connected with such loveliness and worth."

With a warm clasp of her fair hand, she replied earnestly:

"The heart of every true Southern woman is riveted to our holy cause: and I, myself, have never until now, regretted that I was a woman, since I am debarred from the glorious privilege of going to the field. God bless you, Sir, and preserve you in your dangerous mission. I shall pray for you and your comrades."

The cars slowly moved off amid a storm of cheers, that almost cracked the skies, and a merry waving of snowy handkerchiefs, and we sped on to repeat the scene of welcome and encouragement every few miles at each station.

We arrived in Richmond, and there our company was combined with others, and organized into the gallant and memorable old 8th Georgia regiment, of which Captain Bartow was made the Colonel.

We remained in Richmond for a week or two. Having a number of letters of introduction, I used them freely.

Young, ardent and social, we fully availed ourselves of every opportunity for pleasure and observation.

Richmond at that time was all

agog with bounding excitement. Just made the Capital of the Government, and the central headquarters of military operations, it fairly boiled with glittering and noisy activity. All the departments of Government were moved there, the President and his officers held their levees, troops streamed through ceaselessly, business whirled furiously in all its multitudinous channels, applicants for military and civil positions thronged the hotels, supplies of every description poured in for the army, distinguished men from all quarters concentrated for information, fair women flocked in bevvies to the great centre of fashion and social enchantment. An aristocratic society opened wide its doors with true Virginian hospitality. The novelty of revolution and the mirage of war were in all their freshness, sanguine hope gilding their dread and sanguinary features rosily and goldenly. Gay uniforms gleamed bravely on the streets and in the houses, in church and at the ball, kneeling in prayer and gliding in the dance. It was a gorgeous and changing phantasmagoria of novelty and splendor. It was a dazzling carnival of gayety and magnificence—a rich masquerade of resistless seductions and exuberant display. The gay city reeled under a constant intoxication of excitement. Every breast throbbed with fiery zeal for the cause. The churches and public buildings were filled with aristocratic, gently-bred, luxurious women, working with their dainty fingers, unaccustomed to labor, making clothes and tents for the soldiers,

who were so rapidly hurried to the field, that the Government could not provide for them as fast as they were needed at the front. The day was passed in work, and the night, by some, in devotion, by others in festivity. Oh! but it was a bustling, rushing, rollicking, feverish, mad, merry time outside—a grave, solemn, earnest, impressive, terrible time in reality.

As the soldiers would arrive and tent near the city, their camps would be visited in the afternoons by vast armies of visitors, women, children and men, crowding densely, walking and riding, in carriages and carts, in homespun and silks, to see and encourage the brave patriots.—Reviews and dress parades were of hourly occurrence. Bands filled the air with their inspiring strains of martial music. Staff officers in their gay finery, on prancing steeds, and with jingling spurs, clattered in every direction, carrying orders, locating newly-arrived troops, and curvetting in front of lordly mansions, for a glance from some fair inmate.

President Davis and Honorable Robert Toombs, of Georgia, reviewed and addressed our regiment in words of high hope and stirring appeal.

We attended levees and routs, and dinings and balls, in ceaseless succession, and we saw all the gay abandon and rich coloring of Southern life and Southern character in their most prodigal magnificence.

Vividly stamped upon our recollection is the scene we saw one communion Sunday at the Epis-

copal Church, of which the Rev. Dr. Minnegerode was the Pastor. The vast congregation composed almost exclusively of an aristocratic element, the great mass of beauty, fashion and intelligence, bearing unmistakable marks of pure virtue and high-bred refinement; the military and political celebrities in all the proud bearing of conscious distinction; the minor lights, of course, playing their role of satellitism around the more conspicuous luminaries, and while less noticeable, yet contributing to the aggregate of splendor that marked the whole; the hundreds of laced uniforms, ornate with insignia, mingling gaily with the fashionable attire of the ladies, thrown into more brilliant contrast by the sombre garb of the plain citizen; the varied and multifarious hues blending into a rich and waving profusion of display; the imposing ceremonials of the Episcopal service; the deep silence pervading the gorgeous assemblage; the reverential solemnity so anomalous amid such dazzling accessories; the impressive interest investing noted leaders, stooping from worldly power in all its prestige with intense humility and clinging weakness before God's omnipotent sovereignty, and acknowledging, in the very zenith of authority and summit of ambition, trembling dependence upon the Unimaginable Jehovah—all made up a spectacle that could not easily be forgotten, that was witnessed with absorbing emotions, and is now remembered with thrilling fervor.

THE RIFLEMAN'S "FANCY SHOT."

"Rifleman, shoot me a fancy shot,
 Straight at the heart of yon prowling vidette;
 Ring me a ball on the glittering spot
 That shines on his breast like an amulet."

"Ah, captain! here goes for a fine-drawn bead;
 There's music around when my barrel's in tune."
 Crack! went the rifle; the messenger sped,
 And dead from his horse fell the ringing dragoon.

"Now, rifleman, steal through the bushes, and snatch
 From your victim some trinket to handsel first blood:
 A button, a loop, or that luminous patch
 That gleams in the moon like a diamond stud."

"Oh, captain! I staggered and sank in my track,
 When I gazed on the face of the fallen vidette;
 For he looked so like you, as he lay on his back,
 That my heart rose upon me, and masters me yet.

"But I snatched off the trinket—this locket of gold;
 An inch from the centre my lead broke its way,
 Scarce grazing the picture, so fair to behold,
 Of a beautiful lady in bridal array."

"Ha! rifleman! fling me the locket—'tis she!
 My brother's young bride; and the fallen dragoon
 Was her husband. Hush, soldier!—'twas heaven's decree;
 We must bury him there, by the light of the moon.

"But hark! the far bugles their warning unite;
 War is a virtue, and weakness a sin;
 There's a lurking and lopping around us to-night:
 Load again, riflemen, keep your hand in."

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING*

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

"LINCOLN IS ELECTED."—The telegraphic wires quivered like arteries through the giant frame of the nation and as the fingers of the enchained lightning printed these three words, the indubitable evidence of fact, the heart of the nation throbbed and pulsated to its deepest centre.

"Lincoln is elected"—fanaticism has triumphantly removed the barriers of right, the first sectional President has been decreed the office of governing the entire country, and the American Union is virtually broken!

Bells and bonfires, mirth and music converted the entire North into a scene of continuous festivity, as the announcement was spread through its borders that the fulfillment of its hopes had been attained. Throughout the South, a feeling which had no part in merriment, glowed in each bosom like the flame of some unknown volcano, under the surface, but with only a thin superstratum above it ready to burst forth at an instant's notice.

The fire did not rage in unrevealed intensity long. Almost before the vibrating wires had conveyed the news to the entire length and breadth of the land, South Carolina, like a beautiful and tameless leopard, sprang from her luxurious repose, dilated her high bred nostrils, flashed her

glorious eyes, with one blow of her lordly paw broke in two the link which had bound her in the national chain, and walked forth free and unfettered.

A few short weeks and Mississippi, permeated by the greatness of a kingly soul to which she had given earthly birth, followed the tread of her chivalrous sister and stood, untrammelled, by her side.

From the golden gulf and the flower spangled savannas of Alabama and Florida rose up myriads of voices blended into one overpowering shout—"Let us be free," and hand in hand the sister States shook off the yoke together. The flame flashed brighter and spread farther, and while the earliest magnolia blossoms were loading the tropic air of Louisiana, with their rich fragrance, she had risen in strength and declared her unalterable and sovereign will. The Empire State had already taken the initiative, and before the coming of the Spring, Texas sent her lone star to add a lustre to freedom, the American Union was palpably dissolved, and on its ruins rose the noble fabric of the "Confederate States" with its destinies placed in the hands of one who was well worthy an exaltation great even as that. One whose name will go down through the reminding ages of eternity, hallowed with the prayers and bright with the blessings of thousands, and honored

* Continued from page 491, Vol. 3, No. 6.

and revered so long as human hearts are capable of admiring exalted excellence—JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Virginia, with her daughter Carolina close at her side, rested superbly quiescent. If South Carolina resembled a leopard, the mother of States and statesmen recalled the image of some imperial Lioness who, stretched at her utmost length, rests seemingly inert, while a conflict rages among the other denizens of the forest, conscious of her immense and overwhelming strength, and ready to exert it when the proper moment shall arrive to necessitate its display.

A puff from Sumter and the boom of that cannon, whose echoes will never cease to resound in the Southern heart, a call from Washington for Southern men to invade Southern territory and spill Southern blood, and then Virginia rose in her calm greatness, and with *SIC SEMPER* on her regal lips, responded to the call by placing herself as the bulwark and defence of the new-born nation. Then mirth and merriment, triumph and rejoicing ruled the hour, and human bosoms rang out more exultant strains than ever fell from chimes or joy-bells.

One draught of the cup of freedom set the South aglow, and one common purpose bound together its entire population and made it as one man.

In no homestead in all the sunny land did the enthusiasm flame more brightly than in the hospitable walls of Southside. Col. Preston, who had been a preacher of secession from his early manhood,

waited for no "overt act" more obnoxious than that of the Presidential election, and chafed under the deliberation of Virginia as a full blooded racer would under plough harness. Having exhausted his acquirements in the way of philippics against the Richmond Convention, the old gentleman had betaken himself to holding meetings, first on his own plantation and then in the neighboring county town, where gathering around him a set of congenial spirits, he resumed his long neglected role of orator, and deified the Fathers of the Revolution and Old Dominion as she used to be, and fulminated anathemas against her present degeneracy in a manner which astounded his simple auditors, and highly delighted himself.

Mrs. Preston, greatly proud of her husband and his resuscitated eloquence, lent him and the cause material aid, and the dining-room of Southside was kept filled with patriotic guests, who made its wainscotted walls resound to their jests and toasts.

When on the eventful 17th of April, Virginia took her place amid the Confederacy, the joy of the Colonel overflowed all bounds, and evinced itself first in a deeply penitent and most emphatic acknowledgment of his own short-sightedness, and baseness, in impugning the motives of his native State, then in the spontaneous gift of a twenty dollar gold piece to the astonished but appreciative Uncle Jack, and then in a series of osculatory movements directed against his wife, Camille who was on a visit to Charley, and the latter

young lady herself. So frequent were his affectionate greetings to his granddaughter that they seriously interfered with the convenience of the Professor, who had spent the entire day in vain attempts to induce Miss Charley to sit still long enough to enable him to read aloud an article he had stumbled upon in some old book, and which he considered strikingly pertinent to the occasion.

There was no rest nor stillness in Miss Preston; she danced from room to room, and up and down stair-case and passage, sending her voice before her as she hurried for the "Bonnie Blue Flag," or expressed her unalterable determination to "Live or die for Dixie." She hung red and white ribbons about her pretty form, until she resembled a trim built clipper vessel, under a full press of flags, and stuck cockades of the national colors and small Confederate flags in every convenient place about the establishment, including the portraits of the generations of deceased Prestons, who were thus made to become tacit supporters of a cause whose merits they were utterly unable to comprehend. She ransacked the linen room for materials to set up a manufactory of lint, and in her enthusiasm had cut up into shreds a pair of her grand-mother's newest and most highly prized sheets, before she discovered that nothing but old linen was suitable for her purpose.— When Mrs. Preston charged the culprit with the offence and mildly suggested unnecessary waste of costly material, the only reply she received was to have her dignified figure clasped in Miss Charley's

fair arms, and carried through a course of gymnastic movements by no means comporting with her age and stateliness, and then released with a kiss, and an assurance that nothing used in the cause of the country could by any possibility be considered wasted.

The last freak of the heiress of Southside was eminently characteristic. Following the baffled and utterly discomfited Professor into his study, she coaxed him into printing the word Yankee in letters as large as his pen could produce. Taking the slip thus inscribed, she proceeded to pin it carefully to the breast of the lay figure, which had been placed in the shooting gallery, her grandfather had built for her, and in which Frank had given her simultaneous lessons in love and shooting. Holding her pet pistol with a hand of ivory, Miss Charley fixed her bright eyes on the placard, then firing with the coolness of a veteran and hitting her mark five times out of six, clapped her hands and shouted aloud every time the little bell rang and attested her success.

Attracted by the report of the pistol and the girl's joyous voice, Camille, Colonel Preston, and the Professor joined her in the gallery, and stood delighted spectators of her prowess.

"Oh! Grandpa!" she exclaimed as after a ringing shot, she grasped the pistol firmly in one hand and ran the other through the bright curls which had fallen over her forehead, "Is'n't it a pity I am not a boy? Just think how I could bring them down!" and the

little white fist was shaken at the unconscious figure.

"Too bad! too bad!" continued the unfortunately sexed damsel. "Only to think, I might be with Frank in the Richmond Greys and have the exquisite delight of fighting them!" and her white fingers closed on the trigger while almost at the same instant the bell rang.

"You'd be a formidable antagonist, Charley," said Camille, "and I shall not be surprised if you have real use for that pistol one of these days."

"I hope so!" said Miss Charley coolly as she looked down the silver muzzle, and then blew lightly away from its polished surface some imaginary dust.

"I shall be furious if I don't fight. Then think of the uniform!—could anything be prettier than our grey and gold! I could move a mountain if I wore the grey! And then the horses, and the rides, and the glorious fights. Oh! grand-pa, I wish I was a boy!"

"Miss Charley," said the Professor deprecatingly, "what would I do?"

"Oh! Professor," she replied as her face blushed rosy red, "I had forgotten! But" she added, while a mischievous sparkle shone in her eyes, "it would'nt make much difference, for we could still fight together."

The Professor smiled and drew up his shoulders with an air of relieved satisfaction, that through the kindly decrees of nature, the fulfilment of his darling's wishes was an impossibility.

Dearer and dearer had she

grown to him, and under the influence of her love, his life was one current of deep and unruffled happiness. He had resumed the direction of her studies, though were the truth confessed, pupil and master had reversed positions and books were set aside for such teachings as lie in bright eyes, peachy cheeks, and lips that seem steeped in attar of rose. The time of their marriage had been fixed at the Christmas of the year in which Charley should be eighteen, and already the sempstresses of the household had begun to cover with elaborate embroidery the garments designed for the trousseau of their young mistress, though months must elapse before they would be required.

Camille came much to South-side, and busied herself with a sister's interest in the inception of an event so important as the marriage of Miss Preston. It required an effort of no ordinary strength of will thus to engage in an occupation, which recalled, with an intense acuteness, the scenes preceding her own ill-starred marriage. She never gave outward expression to her grief, though sometimes after listening to the confidences of Charley, in which that young lady would coo out in dove-like notes her estimation of the Professor's perfections and the happiness with which her future was flooded, and then go off in response to his summons to join him, Camille would steal silently out in the twilight, and with no witness but the stars, pour out the wail of her pure heart over its lost treasure.

Buried deep in her bosom and

mourned as only women can mourn their dead, lay her love for Loui, and her ever increasing sense of his loss. No separation, no amount of irrefragable proof of the cruelty of his conduct towards her, produced the slightest alteration in her feelings towards him. She palliated his offences until they assumed an appearance of right, she clung to him with a love which, all unknown to herself, was sheer idolatry, and little as she suspected it, a hope born from the very depth of despair, a wildly cherished conviction, unacknowledged even to her own heart, that the time must come when Loui would restore her to his love, ran like a vein of gold through the cold granite of her existence, and filled it with a glow of glory.

Had her husband, weary of his new associates, weary of himself and curling his haughty lip at all save the childish face which looked up so confidently from his bosom, been permitted to gaze on the glorious reality, there would have been small danger of Camille's pining for unreciprocated affection, for her beauty was of a type on which few men could look with careless eyes.

From the time of her severe illness, some physical transformation had been progressing with wonderful rapidity and almost magical effects, and now she stood the very incarnation of womanly development and perfect beauty.

The sallowness of her skin had been replaced by a mingling of the pure alabaster whiteness of a blonde, with the vivid carmine tints usually peculiar to the bru-

nette. Her figure, which had been slight almost to emaciation, had attained the most luxurious development, and with its soft curves and fluctuant grace displayed the very fascination of form. Her purple black hair had so increased in length and luxuriance that she might have emulated Godiva and remained undiscovered in its silken veil. Her mouth, with its exquisite arch, and short full upper lip, barely closed in ripe redness over her dazzling teeth, seemed formed for love and laughter, while a pensive drop in its crimson corners, attested that it had been perverted by sorrow from its original purpose, although the so doing had given it an additional charm. But it was in her eyes that her beauty culminated and the secret of her wonderful attraction lay. Tender, passionate, languid, and yet brilliant, they looked up out of their curtaining lids, with the same imploring pathos that Loui had seen reflected from every wave of the waters, which he thought had engulfed her, and he on whom their glances fell, felt them penetrate his heart of hearts.

Add to all this an elegance and style in dress, which her French origin bestowed, and a manner whose grace was refined to the highest degree of perfection, light up this beautiful form with a soul as pure as a star, and a mind of inexhaustible richness, and Camille La Fronde is its visible embodiment.

Among the many guests which the political position of affairs had brought to Southside and Broadfields, was one whose coming was

always the signal of increased enjoyment to the inmates of the respective mansions. This was the Honorable Percy Fontaine, younger son of a rich and aristocratic English family, who, having exhausted his native land and the continent, in search of amusement, had come to America for the purpose of hunting up in that comparatively fresh country, a new sensation. Young, extremely handsome, and possessed of a perfect knowledge of the world, his manners exercised a fascination few could resist, and he was welcomed as the life and soul of whatever circle he might choose to enter.

Meeting Camille in the full flush of her beauty, Mr. Fontaine suddenly found himself possessed of a new sensation, and one which in undivided intensity and power of subjecting him to its imperious sway, exceeded not only all he had hitherto known, but taught him the existence of depths and capacities in his nature, the possibility of which he had never dreamed.

It is not in woman's nature to be thrown with one so gifted and fascinating as Camille's new adorer, and he made the constant recipient of a refined and delicate homage, without being in some degree attracted by the source from which that homage proceeds. Ever conscious of the circumstances which enveloped her with almost the sanctity of a cloistered nun, it never occurred to Camille that others were less cognizant of her peculiar position than she herself was, consequently she accepted the indisputably agreeable

attentions of Mr. Fontaine, without a thought that there was more comprehended in them than a natural desire to please one, whose life was singularly blighted, and whose position gave her peculiar claims on others.

So it was with a great horror no words could convey, that Camille's unconsciousness was aroused to the perception that she was the object of a love as ardent as it was respectful. No spoken words conveyed the conviction, but the language of eyes was sufficiently explicit, and afforded so many proofs of Mr. Fontaine's devotion, that the girl trembled in the tumult of feeling which the revelation produced, and flying to her aunt and uncle, told them her fears and entreated that the story of her life should be told before her lover could give spoken expressions to his feelings.

Her wish was executed. Mr. Esten communicated in a seemingly incidental manner the marriage of his niece, and the subsequent conduct of her husband, and though his guest was too highly bred to permit his feelings of surprise and disappointment to have any outward manifestation, he was not able to conceal entirely the unmistakable effect of the communication of his host.— Recollecting a pressing engagement, in Richmond, he summoned his valet, pressed Mr. Esten's hand, left a graceful good bye for Camille, and springing to his stylish vehicle, drove away with a kiss of his pale grey gloves directed to the windows of Camille's chamber.

His going was an inexpressible

relief to the young girl, yet feeling, despite herself, a sense of loneliness without him, she passed as much of her time, as her aunt could spare, at Southside under the influence of Charley's genial brightness.

One afternoon, after a lovely day, in the bloom of early summer, which she had passed under the shady groves of Southside, the Colonel drove her home, and left her at the enclosure of the Broadfields plantation, he going on his way to attend some important meeting of which he was Chairman, and she strolling slowly through the fragrant woods.

Reaching the house and learning that Mr. and Mrs. Esten had driven out and would not return till tea time, Camille walked out into the garden, now glowing in the scarlet and gold of sunset, and entering one of its most sequestered summer houses, threw herself upon a mossy seat, leaned her head against a vine-covered pillar that stood near, and resigned herself to thoughts of love and Loui.

Absorbed in this ever-enchanting subject, she was unconscious of the approach of light footsteps, nor was she aware of the entrance of Mr. Fontaine, until, throwing himself beside her, he seized her hands and covering them with kisses, poured out a wild story of his love.

The girl grew very white, and her soft fingers in his grasp turned cold as stone. Drawing them from him with a force that made them quiver with pain, she raised her proud figure to its full height, and fastening her flashing eyes

upon him, looked at him with an expression of detestation and contempt.

"Do you know me?" she said, while her paleness vanished before the indignant blood which rushed over her face. "Do you know me?"

"I know you as the most beautiful woman on earth—I know that I love you more than my own life!" was the passionate reply.

"Have you not heard of my marriage?" she gasped with trembling lips. "Do you not know my husband yet lives?"

"I know that you are bound by a mockery of form to a wretch who is unworthy one glance from your beloved eyes—I know that the law can free you from the despicable scoundrel and give you to me, and the object of my life is, that this may be accomplished," and he endeavored to take her hand. She recoiled from him as if he had been a serpent, and hid her bowed face in her hands.

"Camille" he continued, in tones that were music in their softness, "judge between us. He married you for your wealth, and embraced the merest pretext for casting you from him—he allows your beautiful youth to waste away without one thought of your suffering, he holds you bound, yet is free as air himself, bestowing his constant attention and all that such a nature can give of love on one, who though vastly inferior to you, is too good and too pure to be the victim of such a villain."

"It is false!" she cried, as folding her arms she curled her proud

lips and looked disdainfully into cold eyes of Loui La Fronde,"

his face.
 "I wish for your sake that it were," he said earnestly, "but facts unfortunately prove its truth."

"The absent are always wrong!" she said indignantly. "Were Loui here, you would not dare defame him!"

"You are severe," he said as he winced under her words, "but no severity can controvert facts. Do you think I have been idling in Richmônd, during the time I have been forced from your presence? I went direct from your home to Knoxville, where I knew Mr. La Fronde resided. I made the acquaintance of the family in which he is domesticated, and much as I shrank from it, of himself."

"You have seen Loui! You have seen him?" she murmured, and now the eyes that were raised to his were flooded with a strangely soft light.

"Yes, I have seen him—the child of the house, the petted darling of its owners, and the openly acknowledged lover of Miss Franklin, and repaying her unconcealed devotion with an imperial condescension that would of itself have been a sufficient justification of my inordinate desire to shoot him!

Camille, "he continued," discarded the thought even of one so utterly unworthy. Anticipate his purposed action in applying to the law for release, become my wife, and in the possession of my ceaseless and all adoring love, find that life has a sweeter future in store for you than hanging dependent for one look of kindness from the

Further speech was checked by a glance at the pitiable figure which stood before him as, with a face quivering with pain, Camille rallied the failing resources of her nature, and too proud to show her suffering to a stranger, compelled her voice to steady itself as she replied to the words which had sapped the very foundation of her happiness.

"There must be some mistake in this matter, Mr. Fontaine," she said slowly, "You speak of my marriage as a mockery of form, and needing only the touch of the law to remove it. I take higher ground, and hold God's work not to be lightly undone.—We will not discuss Mr. La Fronde, nor will you again utter to his wedded wife, words which are an insult to her and yourself. I am a woman who is so steeped in sorrow, that all the brightness of life has been washed away. I appeal to your honor and your sense of knightly chivalry to protect me from yourself and from the feeling you term love."

"I were base indeed, could I refuse, angel of purity and goodness that you are!" he exclaimed as he gazed enraptured upon her suffering and strength. "I am but a man with all man's weakness, and I cannot promise not to love you, for that is beyond my power to fulfill, but I can and do promise upon my honor never again by word or look to distress you, or lay the weight of one additional sorrow on your heavily laden life."

She held out her hand, and he pressed his lips upon it, then, lest

her waning strength should desert her, she walked hastily through the garden, followed by her companion, and with him ascended the long portico of Broadfields.

Entering it to find Mr. and Mrs. Esten returned, and the centre of a gay party, which, headed by Col. Preston, was indulging in expressions of intense enjoyment.— Servants were running to and fro bearing bottles and glasses, ice was cracked into a thousand crystal splinters, champagne corks whizzed through the summer air, and a wild excitement pervaded the entire assemblage.

“What is the matter, Colonel Preston?” asked Camille, as that gentleman, with whom to be jubilant was to become affectionate, ran towards her, one arm ready to embrace her queenly form, while the hand of the other held a goblet of foaming champagne.

“Matter!” cried the convivial Colonel, “Glorious matter child. Eighteen hundred Confederates

have whipped five thousand Yankees out of their very boots.— The 1st North Carolina regiment has covered every mother’s son in it with glory. Big Bethel is doubly ours, and Butler is running for his life to get behind the casemates of Old Point! Hurrah for Magruder! Hurrah for Hill! Hurrah for Major Randolph! Hurrah for Bridges! Hurrah for the Southern Confederacy! Bless my soul, if somebody don’t hold me I shall hurrah myself to death!” and the enthusiastic old gentleman sat down exhausted but triumphing.

It was even so; Virginia had bared her fair bosom for the scene of the first battle in the struggle for Southern independence, and her sod had drunk the youthful blood of the gallant Wyatt, the one Confederate Martyr in the battle of Bethel, while Carolina had secured the fruits of victory and added a fresh laurel to the never-fading glory of her immortal hills!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

Who is it knocking so loud at the gate,
This bitter night in the storm and flood?
My Lord, you have waited a day too late—
You cannot recall it with tears of blood!

“Where is my darling? I’ve wandered wide
And my love and my longing I’ve striven to crush.
As well might I fetter the ocean’s tide,
Or curb with a ribbon its mighty rush!

I am weary, and heart-sick, and frantic, Nurse,
 Like a fool I have wasted a year of bliss.—
 Without her, my life is a burdensome curse.—
 My darling will right it with one little kiss!”

“Come in, come in to a desolate hearth,
 To a lonely room and a vacant seat.
 This time last night, she was here on earth;
 She is on it still, in her winding sheet.

Since that last sad night, when you left her here,
 A twelve month has slowly rolled along,—
 She never would tell, but I greatly fear
 You have done her a grievous and cruel wrong.

I knew your nature; you weakly deemed
 To your soaring fancies, she'd prove a bar.—
 She that above you as glorious beamed
 As over the glow-worm shines heaven's star!

In a higher sphere than our own she moved
 Till you dragged her down to serve your need,
 And when you grew weary of being loved
 You tossed her away like a noxious weed.

You held Love's cup to her lips, and she drank
 'Till her soul was stained with its poison'd sweet;
 You looked at that one little spot till you shrank,
 Then you shook her off like dust from your feet !

She needed only a word or a look
 To tell her you shunned her, and all the while,
 Though the pangs of hell in her bosom shook,
 She would say, 'You are right,' with her softest smile !

And certain it is, since that parting night,
 My Lady has withered and pined away;
 And over her life fell a chilling blight,
 That turned to December its sunny May.

Not that she ever told it, my Lord;
 She was far too proud, and her love too true;
 But well I knew that a hidden sword,
 Was piercing her bosom through and through.

I am but a simple dame, at the best,
 With little of learning, and less of art;
 But love is a teacher worth all the rest,
 And I loved my child from my very heart.

So that I saw it as clear and plain,
 As if, in that book, it was printed there;
 Her life was only a lingering pain,
 And her strength to bear it, that of despair!

One night when she thought there was no one by,
 She loosed her grief from its iron bands;
 That sight will haunt me until I die—
 I could only shudder, and wring my hands!

The time dragged slowly and sadly on
 And you neither wrote, nor sent, nor spoke,
 Till even her patient strength was gone,
 Her spirit failed, and her great heart broke!

The very depths of her soul were stirred,
 And what were her sufferings, God only knows,
 But never did outward sign or word,
 The torturing inward wound disclose.

So brave and true! though her sweet face paled
 And her light feet faltered with heavy tread,
 Till at last, like a broken flower she failed,
 Add lay, weak as a child, on her silken bed.

'Life is a warfare and struggle at best—
 I cannot sustain it, although I try;—
 I am so weary,—I long for rest—
 I am willing to live, but I crave to die.'

Thus she would murmur, in soft low tone—
 I never heard human voice so sad;—
 And a hungry, wistful yearning shone
 In her lovely eyes.—I was almost mad!

All through this short, sharp winter day
 When the rain froze hard on the window pane,
 Speechless and senseless, she dying lay,
 And I thought she never would rouse again.

But she lifted at twilight her shining head
 And drew a strange sort of gasping breath:
 'I love him! I LOVE HIM! I LOVE HIM!' she said,
 'And my love has conquered the horrors of death!'

Her head fell back for her strength was spent,
 And she lay so rigid, and white, and chill,
 That I loosened her boddice and over her bent
 To see if her heart were beating still.

In my grief, and dread, I could scarcely tell;—
 As I pressed my hand on her milk-white skin,
 A fluttering motion rose and fell,
 Like a thread it quivered so fine and thin.

And even this quivering ceased at last.
 'She is dead!' I cried, with a frenzied shriek,
 When over her face such a glory past
 That no mortal tongue may its beauty speak!

It gleamed and glowed, with a heavenly flame,
 That told of a hard fought conflict won;
 In the softest wisper, she spoke your name—
 Her heart throbbed once, and her life was done!

Up in her chamber alone she lies;
 You can enter unbidden—you know the door—
 But you'll find, if you open her beautiful eyes,
 A look you have never seen there before!

And yet, could the fetters of death be riven,
 Her soul will fly like a home-bound dove.
 She would come from the very throne of heaven,
 To greet your gaze with a smile of love!"

MARY ASHBURTON.*

A TALE OF MARYLAND LIFE.

CHAPTER V.

"Several carriages from the Grove; full of company again, expect," said father, reining our one horse at the church gate that mother and I might descend from our unpretending vehicle.— "Who can they be?"

A variety of waving plumage, a rustling of silks and brilliant robes; but before our bewildered eyes had recovered from the dazzling effects of this splendor, the party disappeared under the church door, the elegant equipage that had detained us in alighting at the steps drove off and we were at liberty to follow them.

A hasty glance—the stab as of a knife at my heart, followed by its violent, painful beating—a sickening faintness that made me tremble all over like an aspen leaf.

Yes, she was there—my rival!—Oh! no, no one could be that; but she had come to claim him, to complete the conquest her childish beauty had begun. Childish beauty! what was it now? Bewitching. Were I a man, I could find words, but I cannot tax my ingenuity to describe her charms—her, my rival—yes, I will so call her, for what was she else.— I could claim him in the spirit land, in the world of dreams and imagination. Could I bear to see her there also? Holy Father,

* Continued from page 503, Vol. 3, No. 6.

pity me. I cannot help loving him. I know that it is wrong, wicked, self-destructive. I acknowledge my guilt, but oh! I cannot help it. Help me then.— I know the trial that is coming, the acute agony in store for me.

Help me now, I pray Thee—now before it is too late and life is rendered a useless void to me. Sharp pangs of jealousy shook my soul to its centre, then I prayed again and grew somewhat calmer.

She was so lovely—no longer the playful child coquette in the gypsy hat turned up with rosebuds, but the splendid eyes looked out now from an exquisite Parisian bonnet, so delicate in its fabric that it seemed made for no head but hers. Her dress and the indescribable charm of her movements added to her beauty and made her irresistible. Nothing was wanted to render her so.

Yes, Alfred had driven her in his own carriage. It was all over then. If I could only feel the calmness of despair, could turn to stone, anything but suffer this poignant agony. Oh! I groaned internally, I would give the world for power to witness that sight unmoved.

"Stand back, Mary, " exclaimed mother, pushing my shoulder, "I want to see that beautiful girl. Gracious me! but she's elegant."

All the congregation were pressing forward to catch a glimpse of

her as she passed, leaning upon Alfred's arm, for without his assistance they would have been separated in the throng. "Such eyes! such a complexion. Mary, your garden roses are beat by her cheeks," said a neighbor.

A delicate little hand with its perfumed, lilac glove almost touched me, compelled to remain there for the gratification of my mother's curiosity, and the fairy tissue floated by so cloudlike in its texture that it seemed to melt like the froth on the waves as she glided along, a white mantle waving from her shoulders.

"Well, that will certainly be a match," said mother conclusively, settling herself down in a heap of black silk in the carriage, while she crushed my plain muslin into one corner by her ample dimensions. "Don't you think so, Mary?"

"Think what, mother?"

"Why, I say that Alfred Chauncey and that young woman will be married."

"No doubt of that. It's plain enough to every eye," said father, touching up Billy with his whip. "That's very sure and certain."

"Drive past, sir," he called out, suddenly reining to one side as an elegant carriage dashed up, and a pair of fiery horses threw up the dust with their prancing feet.

"Excuse me," was answered in the rich tones of Alfred Chauncey, as he touched his hat and drove on.

One glimpse of a pair of beautiful, happy, young faces, eyes sparkling even through the clouds of dust, and they disappeared like a flash up the road, leaving us,

plain, quiet people, to jog along in our sober way;—the father and mother, plain, matter-of-fact people, who would go home, eat their substantial meals, sleep soundly, do their every-day work as they had done it for years, and dream—

if they dreamed at all—of nothing else; the daughter of their house, one with them, born to follow in their footsteps, to marry, if she did marry, some plain man like her father, live as her mother did; spin, weave, tend the house, scold in homely language, grow fat, coarse, and blowzy; while this brilliant pair drove on, dashing up the highlands of life, scattering dust in the eyes of their inferiors, and with all the world's wide resources for pleasure open to them,—the ball-room, the theatre, the crowded assembly, the reception of brilliant friends, the giving of costly entertainments, the delight of being where they would see one another, the centre of attraction and admiration—this would be theirs.

Plod on, old horse; you cannot be wearier or duller than the one young heart you drag behind you.

"That is a most gentlemanly young man," said my father as the carriage disappeared, "so different from the others hereabouts. They would have dashed by without stopping, but he waited respectfully to see if I would let him. I tell you, she'll get a prize."

"That she will," replied my mother, "and he'll get a beauty. My! but won't he!"

"A beauty!" exclaimed father growing eloquent, "she beats you

in your young days—our courting days, when I used to tell you that you looked like a full blown rose.”

“My mercy! Mr. Ashburton, you’re making fun of me. I never saw the day when I looked the beginning even of that.”

“Every one to his taste,” said father, shrugging his shoulders and getting out of a close corner.

I crept about my wonted tasks as usual, fierce fires burning me up internally, suffering from a nervous restlessness that left me peace neither day nor night. In my desolation, I could see them enjoying themselves at the Grove with more than usual summer gayety.

Riding party after riding party swept out through the glade, the waving plumes and gay habits of ladies glancing out between the dark old pines and oaks. Foremost among them was always a conspicuous pair, the lady’s long, dark curls streaming out from under a little blue cap, a dress of the same color fitting closely to her superb figure; the gentleman frequently reining back his curvetting steed to suit the pace of hers, turning his face now flushed with happiness and graceful feats of horsemanship towards his companion, till they passed from before my aching eyeballs and were lost to view up the road.

Entertainments were given them by the gentry of the county, to which they had to ride some distance, for their immediate neighbors consisted of farmers like my father, only not such extensive land-holders as he was.

Like Cinderella, I wished very much that I too could go to the

ball, that I was aristocratic and could be admitted upon familiar terms to the charmed circle, where

I could meet him upon equal footing and have the opportunity —.

No, no, Mary, it is best as it is. If such are your sufferings now, what would they have been upon admission to rivalship.

My duties became very irksome with my heart so far from them, and mother chided me several times for the performance of tasks that had not been carried to as high a state of perfection as had been my wont. Sometimes the bread had too much salt in it, then again none at all, sometimes the cake was so badly burnt that mother would not place it before her friends. Then again I turned the spigot of the cider barrel the wrong way, so that half a barrel was lost, to my father’s great disgust.

I apologized and strove to amend. But, alas! the window had far greater attractions for me than the kitchen stove, when I heard the trampling of horses’ feet on the road.

“You had better let them proud, rich folk go along and attend to your own work, Mary,” said my mother, in a tone of irritation.

Seeing myself observed, for I did not know she was there, I drew in my stretched out head, and resumed my occupation.

“What is it?” asked my father, coming in at that moment, with a pitcher of cider in his hand.

“Why, Mary here has got her head upset looking after them gay folks.”

"Come, daughter," said he, good humoredly, "those proud people wont serve you a good turn in any way. Look to your own interests, child, and let them go their ways. Be as merry as you can. We are plain people—"

"But very respectable, though, Mr. Ashburton," interrupted my mother.

"Aye, respectable enough," he resumed in his former tone of jesting, "you must fit yourself to be a useful wife to some strapping fellow, who will look after your interests and his own, and will make me proud to call him son-in-law."

They both laughed and expected me to do the same.

This to me! and at that time! Hardly venturing to think of the disgusting words, loathing that they should enter my ears, I sat there with compressed lips, and crimsoned brow.

But I took good care never to draw upon myself such censure, or such anticipations as to my future again.

Then a vision arose in my mind of the fate to which my father's expectations would consign me.—Bluff, coarse manners, an animal existence, utter absence of all intellectuality;—then of the pure, refined Alfred Chauncey. No, I exclaimed, the hot tears scalding my cheeks, I will never marry any one. I can never love another, for no one in the world is like him—so truly noble and generous, with all his grace of exterior.

Oh! that he had more faults, that I might love him and suffer less. But they all tell me—I hear almost daily, accounts of his gen-

erosity and kindness of heart.—The Grove servants were devoted to him, always having something to tell us of his thoughtful consideration for them. The poor praised his liberality, and said that they had but to ask, and he opened his purse to them. A poor widow told us of the sum he had given her, to send her son to school for another year, an old rheumatic laborer, of the warm coat presented to be worn in place of the thin, threadbare one which had caused his suffering, and numerous other instances useless now to mention. If I had heard one word in disparagement of him; had he been selfish or unkind in one instance, the illusion would have been dispelled, and I should have awakened from my dream, to find him but a common mortal after all.

I say if he had not been good also, I could not have loved him as I did. For selfishness, sensuality, I had no liking, and the most beautiful countenance would have been distorted in my imagination, if, under its smooth surface, I knew of deceit, malignity and evil purposes, working within.—No, love intensely I could not, where I did not respect also; beauty of the soul and of the spirit were still more potent with me than comeliness of person. How could I help loving him then, ye who would condemn me? In my longing for human sympathy, for congenial companionship, when there was such an utter dearth of it in my daily associates, how could I help loving what realized all I desired in a companion, what I saw so constantly, heard of so

frequently, yet was to me so unapproachable, from social exclusiveness and his own exquisite refinement.

My mother's gossips came in frequently, and commented with her upon the prospects of Alfred and the beautiful young lady.— That they were to be married, they knew. Young Mr. Chauncey had no sooner seen her, than he fell desperately in love, was constantly at her side, so the servants, from the Grove told it, that they were always riding and walking together, that she was exquisitely lovely, and he seemed fairly to worship her. Her father was not rich, they said, and her relations seemed to think it a good match for her. She was the youngest and most beautiful of several sisters, all of whom had made splendid, worldly matches by their faces, so she was the last to be married off, and great expectations had been entertained for her? Mr. Alfred would have the old place, a good deal of money besides, and was a most handsome and agreeable young man. No wonder that she would accept him, great beauty though she was?

The bitterness of death passed over me, but its quiet was wanting in my bosom. Galling, bitter jealousy,—alas! shall I say it? almost hatred took possession of me. In one sense, I hated her. I hated her for being so beautiful and fascinating, for the circumstances of her birth that had placed her in a position to win his love. I hated her for winning it, that she alone could possess it.

I was no novel heroine, sublime

in noble and unrequited love, praying for a blessing on the loved one's union with another, that she should faithfully fulfill that duty towards him, which it was impossible for her to perform, unselfishly rejoicing in his happiness, if it was with a rival—and forgetting self in the tomb of natural feelings.

I don't know what others can do, but I was not capable of such sublimity. I was a living, breathing woman, and had many imperfections, in common with my race. The young lady had done me no harm; it was not her fault that she was beautiful, and even if she had not existed, if Alfred had never seen her, there was no reasonable prospect of our ever being thrown together. Therefore, my dislike was extremely causeless. But jealousy seldom stops to reason, and I was suffering from it, in its greatest intensity. Confessing my wickedness, I must say, that I wished he loved me with all the earnestness I was capable of, that it crazed me to see him love another, and that just then, I, in my inmost soul, wished that something — oh! no, no—I dare not think of it even to myself,—I must *not* wish that harm should come to her, that even her eye might be less brilliant, her cheek less roseate. She was created so, and I was as I was, and where I was. But oh! I suffered so.

I pitied, hated myself. Poor creature, I thought contemptuously, you have destroyed yourself for nothing. What would he think of you, did he know of this. He would only despise you.

One day, Old Benson, the shoemaker, came in, crippled so he could scarcely walk, with the rheumatism.

"Well, Benson, how goes the world with you?" asked my father.

"Badly enough, neighbor. I got out of work, could hardly do enough to keep body and soul together, with the rheumatiz drawing up my left shoulder. But what do you think! T'other day young Mr. Chauncey and his sweet-heart stopped on their horses before my door. He got down. 'Mr. Benson,' says he, 'I understand that you are quite a sufferer, so that you can't do your work now, and that your children are sick. Take this for old time's sake; (here he pulls out a purse full of money) you made many a shoe for me, when a child, and must accept it.' 'Yes, Alfred,' says the young lady, bless her kind heart, 'and we will ride to the doctor's and send him here.' He smiled at her so proudly, as if he thought a heap more of her, if he could do so, and off they started before I had time to say, 'thank 'ee, sir'."

"A fine young man, Mr. Benson, very fine," replied my father, in that patronizing tone that jarred so upon my ear, for it seemed so to stamp vulgarity upon him; attempting a familiarity and assuming a tone that he would not have dared to do to their faces, "I never saw a young gent with finer prospects, or who deserved them more than him."

Oh! I groaned, I am ever forced to listen to his praises upon every side, though they stab me like a knife, when I know it is

nothing to me, upon another is bestowed that noble heart I appreciate so deeply.

They were the theme of constant conversation. Gossip appeared to have room for no one else. What they were doing at the Grove, where they dined, where a party had been given, at which Miss Fleurry had eclipsed every one else in such a dress, and young Mr. Chauncey had had eyes for no one besides, who was to dine at the Grove to-day, who had supped there yesterday, who was to be entertained in splendor to-morrow,—were the topics ever under discussion by the neighbors' wives, when they ran across the dividing fields in their chicken bonnets, to talk the matter over with my mother.

I grew so silent in the constant effort to command my feelings, that it excited observation; not quite so much as another would have done, as I was not habitually much of a talker.

I grew, internally, very irritable. The sound of my father's harsh voice as he drove the horses over the ploughed field, my mother's business tone and creaking gait, the homely sounds of everyday life, sickened me to the utmost bounds of endurance. The smell of the new-mown hay, the richly scented clover field, I did not love as I used to do, household occupations became drudgery to me in this morbid state of mind. Yet, I persevered through it all, set the tables, dusted the rooms, made the bread as usual, conquered my irritability enough to answer my parents with my wonted respect; then when the

strain was over, the tasks accomplished, the smiles and words required of me given, I went to my room and threw myself on my bed to weep as if my heart would break, to pray also that the wickedness might be overcome, my heart raised from its earthly idol to the One above.

My mother frightened me once by coming to my door, and asking what sounds were those in my room.

"I came to get a blanket from the store-room," said she, "and heard a sound like some one crying."

"The wind, mother, makes a very dismal sound just here. Perhaps you heard it under the door."

"It didn't sound much like it, but maybe it was."

She went away without coming into my room, to my intense relief, for if she had seen my red and swollen eyes, she would have demanded the cause, and to find an excuse would not have been easy.

No one knew of my sufferings. Always quiet, I only became more so, commanding myself outwardly, while the tears seemed to drop inward on my brain, scorching my heart as with a firebrand.

I was churning away one morning, my head hanging listlessly over the old fashioned stone jar I used as a churn, while the paddle in my hand chumped, chumped unceasingly at the motion of my weary arm. The trickling rill ran by, gurgling musically around the roots of the old apple tree that hung its yellow offerings beggingly above me; but I did not notice it, scarcely heard its pretty mur-

murings that had always given me so much delight, and the apples tumbled unnoticed about me; even my immaculate apron was stained with the rich drops of cream that flew up in a little shower to my face.

This is very wrong, I said suddenly, drawing myself up. Mary, you *shall* exercise some self-control.

With sudden energy I sent the cream splashing into my face again, soon again also to lose myself in helpless listlessness. A pang shot through me. So I am to spend life thus. As to-day, so will be to-morrow, so will be the years, unto the end. Then welcome the end; I care not how soon it comes with so little to live for. A vision of my parents, my little brothers—they will not want me. The brothers will grow up and marry; the parents will soon get over my loss, and comfort themselves with their sons and their sons' wives, who will please them better than their dreamy, silent daughter.

"Sister, there's a note for you at the house. Come in and let's see what's about," cried one of the boys, running to me. "Why, what's the matter, the cream's spilt all over you?"

"A note for me, why who could have sent it?"

I followed him to the house, and meeting mother in the kitchen, received from her a sealed envelope.

On opening it, I found it contained an invitation from Mrs. Wharton, to a dance at her house which would take place in three days from the date of the note.—

Mr. Wharton was a farmer of a more aristocratic caste, was of respectable family and well to do in the world. He occupied a mediocre position between the patrician on the one hand, and the more plebeian tillers of the soil on the other. His family mingled with both. With my father he had always entertained friendly relations, and our families interchanged visits, occasionally. It was said that they were distantly related to the Chaunceys in some far off way, though it was never claimed by the latter. They had no children, so there was no danger in associating with them, that it might bring about an alliance, less lofty than the haughty Chaunceys looked forward to, for their heirs, or the association, occasional as it was, and prompted, it was said, by political motives, and the rumored relationship, would have been cut short. They were very fond of entertaining and mingling in the socialities of the country, so a guest in the neighborhood was usually honored with an invitation to a social gathering at their house. The present entertainment was given to the Chaunceys and their guests, I learned during the course of the day.

"You must certainly go, Mary," declared mother.

I shrank back.

"Yes, but you *must*. I shall see to getting you something to wear. Let me see, what would be pretty for you?"

"Oh! mother, how can I go?"

"Indeed, child, you will displease me very much if you persist in refusing. I have quite set my heart on it."

Hearing this I said no more, but I grew frightened as I thought of the consequences to myself; in his company, witnessing his devotion to the peerless beauty.

Something like the self-destructive attraction that draws the moth to the flame, prompted a desire to be present, while the dictates of prudence held me back.

The party was to take place in three days, and I was to be gotten ready in that time. What mattered my dress, yet I took a sudden interest in its preparation. The town six miles off supplied me a white muslin, and some little appurtenances for the occasion.— With mother's assistance, I soon made it and trimmed it with the young, tender leaves of the ivy.

On the evening of the party, I twisted a little wreath of the same around my plainly braided hair, looped the fall of my sleeves with it, tied a broad white ribbon around my waist, and was ready.

"You look very nice," said mother, who, for some reason or other, was not going, and who had busied herself in superintending my toilet, "but you ought to have some brighter colors on. Let me put this bunch of red roses in your hair."

"My dear mother!" I cried, drawing back in horror, "that would destroy everything. I might as well wear those gigantic hollyhocks."

"You're very pale, but very nice, very nice indeed. Dance till you get some color, and do try to be like the other girls, like Betsy Slocum, or some one that's life-like and merry, and don't keep yourself to yourself so."

My father drove me in the carriage to our destination, a distance of some eight miles. He would spend the evening with some of the old folks, he said, enjoy himself as best he could until I was ready to go. Mother regretted aloud that I had kept the beaux at such a distance that none had offered themselves as an escort on the present occasion, which regret was far from being shared by myself.

We were fortunately early, so that I could attract no attention upon entering, and I just slipped quietly into the ball-room with my host, my plain old father declaring that he had no taste for such things, and resisting all invitations to mingle in the company. He preferred, he said, a newspaper and his pipe, till the host was sufficiently disengaged from his duties to take a quiet game of chess with him.

Mrs. Wharton, busy, fat, fussy, yet kind and lady-like too, met me cordially, gave me a place to stand or sit as I chose, then went forward to receive the other guests, who, after a short interval came crowding in. Their dresses exhibited various stages of elegance, from plain white, with natural flowers, to tulle and tarleton, trimmed with pearls and costly lace. I knew very few of them, as they were from all parts of the county, and I went from home so seldom.

Some were upon a par with myself, the daughters of plain, substantial farmers like my father, freckled, red-faced, with large hands, showing the traces of homely employments, as mine did

too, though they were naturally small and disposed to be white. Others, a grade higher—young ladies whose education having been completed at boarding-school, had come home to despise the rustic ways of their parents, and to transform their homely domicils into as much of fashion as was possible, leaving their mothers to do the work and sit in the back room, while they entertained their friends in the front, most carefully preserving their hands from labor, when the piano had taken the place of the spinning-wheel, the drawing port-folio, that of the kneading-trough.

I had no fancy for these, and they shunned me as beneath them, courting familiarity with the aristocracy, some members of which now graced the room with their presence. I noticed that as a general thing, the latter were dressed with more simplicity, but more real elegance than their pretentious neighbors.

I looked eagerly for the party from the Grove. They were late. Many expressed their disappointment, and their fears, that they would not come. They wished, they said, to see the beautiful Miss Fleurry, who was to be married to young Mr. Chauncey.

"How d'ye do?" said the kind-hearted, bustling Betsy Bowman, bristling up to me in a startling pink silk, "how sweet you look; don't she, girls?"

The "girls" having concurred indifferently with her in this opinion, I was permitted to remain undisturbed again, feeling very little elated at this first compliment on my party appearance.

Indeed, I thought of nothing around me, with my eyes fixed on the door. A sensation and general falling back from the door to allow room for an entrance.

Mrs. Chauncey enters on the arm of a middle aged gentleman, a guest of theirs, her husband leading in a lady of the same age. They advance to the hostess who receives them with the utmost suavity.

A short interval elapses, and a still greater excitement,—heads eagerly stretched out, eyes directed to the door. “Just look!” I heard some one before me exclaim, “*is she not beautiful!*” and he—oh! he’s like a prince.”

She entered, leaning of course, upon Alfred’s arm, every movement the embodiment of grace, dazzling and bewitching in her fairy dress, as white as snow, and as froth-like as the foam of the sea.

And he—with what exquisite grace he led her up to the hostess, saluted her, then introduced his future bride.

She bowed as if she had been presented at the court of the Grand Monarch, sweeping the floor with her lace-like garments, then taking his proffered arm again, glided away with him among the guests.

They were followed by every eye; no one was noticed scarcely but her. The country gentlemen crowded around her, and the girls found themselves deserted by such as could get a stand near her.

Alfred looked very happy, but he was as courteous as ever to all around him, not forgetting in his own happiness, the presence of

others. Of course he is perfect, I sighed, as I heard some one praising him, what else can we look for in him but superiority to every one else!

He was devoted, as they said, to Adèle, returning ever and anon to her side, after leaving his post to mingle for a short time with the company.

Soon the dancing commenced. Two or three of the country beaux offered themselves as my partners, but I had never danced much, and declined accepting their politeness.

Who could emulate the matchless grace with which Miss Fleurry floated over the room, or that of her partner as he moved in unison with her to the music from the violins. I lost myself in looking at them, and my whole being appeared to dissolve into theirs as if gliding with them through the mazes of the dance. With parted lips, breathing quickly, my cheeks warmed into a deep glow, my eyes followed them with a gaze, the earnestness of which I was scarcely conscious.

“My dear Mary, your cheeks are like flame, and your eyes sparkling as if on fire,” exclaimed Miss Bowman, pausing near me in the dance. “What are you looking at? Miss Fleurry. My blessed! but she’s enough to drive a man mad.”

I drew back and the first cotillion ended.

By this time I had caught the excitement and was animated into a desire to move with them; so when another offer was made to me for a partner, I eagerly ac-

cepted it and took my place on the floor.

He touched my hand in turning,—little did he know how it trembled beneath his touch, or the foolish, weak heart that throbbed at attracting his attention for one moment, aching yet more as he turned again to his brilliant idol, as if to indemnify himself for a brief absence from her side.

I marked her manner well.—She received his attentions as her right, with a coquettish imperiousness which showed what absolute power she exercised over him, how royally she could enchain where she willed.

She does not love him for himself, but for herself, I said bitterly. Herself is evidently the first thought in everything. How can a noble nature as his alloy itself with such beautiful clay! Ah! but, Mary, you were not a man. Did you think that all sainted men love angels? angels they may be sometimes—but frequently fallen ones. The best, the wisest, on earth have more frequently fallen victims to the wiles of a pretty woman, than to the combined excellences of all the female saints on record. Adèle Fleurry would have driven St. Benedict himself crazy. Besides, you looked at her with jealous eyes, no proper medium for an impartial judgment.

I felt so insignificant in the world, more like the violet in the grass than ever, as I shrank timidly behind my partner.

The latter talked to me in his countrified beau way, giving me a little nod now and then, using a big word when he could think of

one, and almost making me smile at his awkwardly assumed ease of manner. I conversed with him as kindly as I could, and paid polite attention to his remarks, wishing that he would not make them so frequent, when it was such a trial to me to listen and make the proper replies.

The evening wore on. Miss Fleurry's eyes grew brighter and brighter with each dance, her cheeks yet rosier. Alfred was not always her partner; the honor of her hand was several times bestowed upon the country gentlemen, while he sought partners elsewhere, very indifferently since it was not herself.

Once, walking leisurely along the file of ladies ranged against the wall near my corner, he paused for a moment as if seeking a partner for the next cotillion.—He spoke to one or two married ladies, and, casting his eye around our circle, approached me suddenly. My heart beat tumultuously.

“May I have the honor of engaging you for the next set?”

I thought perhaps he was addressing another, and did not raise my eyes till one of the ladies touched me, saying “Mary.”

I looked up and met his beautiful eyes beaming with kindness.

“Wont you dance with me?”

I shrank back with flushing cheeks. “No—oh! no.”

He almost laughed, evidently thinking me a diffident child; “I must insist upon it,” he said.

With cheeks that must have been “double deeply dyed,” I stood with my eyes fixed upon the floor, trembling visibly.

He laughed mischievously, persisting in teasing, as he thought, a shy little forest girl.

"Come, we will lose our places."

He playfully took my hand and drew me from my corner, then putting it gently on his arm, led me to our place, with Miss Fleurry and her partner for a *vis-a-vis*.

My head was so confused that I could not realize my happiness. Leaning upon Alfred's arm, and so near the beautiful star-like lady. He was as kind and attentive to me as a thorough gentleman would be, but, though not then with Adèle, a perfect understanding appeared to exist between them, in the smiles and low murmured whisperings that passed when they met. Once she dropped the elegant square of lace she called her handkerchief. Alfred alone perceived it—ah! he saw everything that *she* did—and picked it up. While still upon his knee he presented it, and the rosy fingers being extended to receive it from his hand, he imprinted a kiss—no one saw him but me—upon them before he would release her property.

She blushed and pretended to frown so prettily, that he forgot me for a moment, and had to hasten his movements to the music to resume his place.

I suppose he thought that conversation would only tease, as shy as he seemed to consider me, so a very few remarks passed between us, and they upon his side, as my answers were only monosyllabic. I could not talk to him; my heart was upon my lips when I attempted to do so, and beat so

violently that he saw only my confusion, and kindly attempted to cover it with his own ease of manner, and some slight, indifferent observations.

The dance ended—oh! that it could continue forever! I sighed, as he led me to my seat. Perceiving that my face was much flushed, he paused in his impatience to resume his place by his lady-love, and asked me if I would have anything. I said "No," and with one or two gentle remarks to smooth the abruptness, he left me, sick at heart, more crushed than ever for the brief happiness I enjoyed.

I saw him rejoin Miss Fleurry, smile as he said something to her, then glanced in my direction.

I was cut to the quick, shrank back like a sensitive plant, and felt the tears that I could scarcely restrain from flowing, rushing to my eyes. With a strong effort I kept them back, just succeeding in time to see Betsey Bowman running to me.

"I've got something to tell you, Mary," said she, "What do you think Mr. Chauncey said about you? I was just behind them when he came up. He said you were a graceful, sweet-faced little wood-nymph, and very classic looking, with your singular wreath of ivy, crowned like a priestess of old. It *was* queer taste in you, Mary," she added, looking at me, "to fix yourself off in that green, but I know you are not like the rest of us, and have ways of your own, so it did not strike me so much. But how you did blush when I told you what Mr. Chauncey said. I needn't

tease you, because he already belongs to another. If it wasn't for that, I don't know what I might say."

The torturing creature! I wanted to escape her terrible observation, but didn't know how to effect it. I longed to go; I was tired and very faint. This mixture of happiness and misery was killing. So my simple dress had attracted his favorable attention; that was a short-lived pleasure, when the reflection came that I would, of course, be immediately forgotten.

"Why don't you come from your corner and enjoy yourself more?" persevered my friend Betsy. "I think I'll send brother Jim to draw you out."

"Oh no — don't," I at last mustered up energy to say, "some people's enjoyment consists in looking on, at these places."

"I don't see why they do it then. I, for my part, like fun and frolic, and so might you, if you choose. You look much more like a water-lily than a wall-flower."

"You are very complimentary," I smiled, "but water-lilies, you know, are very fond of retirement."

"Well, I'll have to give you up then. If you're a priestess I'll get you to tell my fortune some time."

"I have no skill, and do not pretend to read the stars. Can you tell me where my father is?"

"The last I saw of him, he and Mr. Smith were in a deep game of — something. One more glimpse, and he and a knot of them were discussing politics with

all their might. I must go. I would'nt lose this set for something pretty."

The lively girl laughed as she danced away, leaving me to think, if my whirling brain *could* think, over her communications.

An open window was near me. Before it ran a piazza, the entire length of the house, and on it many couples had promenaded in the course of the evening. I thought it entirely deserted now, and drew nearer to the window to see the moon as it looked full on me with its friendly face, so much more familiar and sympathizing than those around me, so it seemed to me.

"Why not, my dear Adèle?"

"It is so pleasant as it is just now, Alfred. We are young, and let us enjoy ourselves yet more, before we settle into the —." She appeared confused, and paused. He answered reproachfully.

"And I—I know of no enjoyment when we are separated, as we must necessarily be, if you continue to put me off in this way."

She made some arch reply which I did not hear, and some playful jesting appeared to ensue between them, the purport of which seemed to be, that he pressed his point, and she laughingly resisted.

I did not wait to hear the result; heart-sick and ashamed of having been an unintentional eaves-dropper, I left the window.

The aristocracy melted early from the assembly, and left the coarser portion to dance till daylight. When they had disappeared from the scene, when Adèle Fleurry's waving garments no

longer glided through the maze, nor Alfred's graceful movements fascinated my wistful gaze, the charm of the whole had departed. The

"Lights seemed fled,
The garlands dead,"

though the rollicking country girls and swains were dancing yet more energetically than in the first of the evening. They swept by me, back and forth; louder grew the laughter, while the musicians frantically tore at their violins, beating time with their feet, till the carpet was worn with their exertions almost thread-bare.

"Come, Mary, isn't it time to go?" asked my father, coming in with red eyes, and yawning more sleepily than politely.

I quickly arose, very tired, and so glad to go.

"Why don't you bid Mrs. Wharton good-bye, Mary?"

"She is engaged with her guests, father."

I felt mortified at his ignorance

of etiquette, which I had learned from books, especially as his loud tone had attracted attention, and many turned to smile at the plain old man and his homely ways.—Mrs. Wharton heard him also and came forward, remonstrating on our early departure.

"Time to go, ma'am," replied my father, giving her a grip of his iron hand, "time I was in bed long ago, and time these young folks were too, to my thinking."

There was a general laugh in which he joined, while I quickly disappeared through the door, escaping sight and sound from that dreary ball-room.

I was very cold and faint when I gained the carriage, and felt deep self-reproach, when father kindly wrapt me up in the shawls that mother had provided.

So ended my first ball. My *first!* why should it not have been my last also.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It is ordered, That no man within this colony, after the publication hereof, shall take any to-backo, publicquely, in the streett, highways or any barne yards, or upon training dayes, in any open places, under the penalty of six-pence for each offence against this order, in any the perticulars thereof, to be paid without gaine-

saying, uppon conviction, by the testimony of one witness, that is without just exception, before any one magistrate. And the constables in the severall townes, are required to make presentment to each perticular courte, of such as they doe understand, and can evict to bee transgressors of this order.—*Blue Laws of Connecticut.*

THE HAVERSACK.

Place aux dames!—We will begin the Haversack with an incident received indirectly from a Sister of Charity, at Bardstown, Kentucky:

On Bragg's retreat from Kentucky, a wounded Confederate had been so tenderly cared for by the kind Sisters as to excite the suspicion of rebel proclivities in the minds of the over-zealously loyal,—old flag Christians, who set up the dear old banner as an object of religious worship. The wounded rebel was accordingly taken from under their care, and placed in a ward between two Federal soldiers. A benevolent lady of the old flag persuasion was devoted in her attentions to the Federal soldiers, bringing them nice eatables, change of linen, &c.; but she repented too sincerely of the rebel's sins, even to look at him. As soon as the old flag saint had disappeared, the Federal soldiers would laugh heartily at her zeal, and divide their good things with the rebel. One day, the conscience of the old flag Christian was unusually burdened on account of the rebel's sins, and she resolved to preach him a sermon, looking daggers at him, as she broke out in shrill accents:

“Well, Sir, how do you feel, lying here between two soldiers of the Union? Is'n't their presence and devotion to the best government the world ever saw, a constant reproach to you”?

Wounded Reb. “Madam, do you want a candid answer?”

Old flag Lady. “Yes, I want to know how you feel there between two Union soldiers?”

Wounded Reb. “Madam, I try to bear my situation between these Yankee soldiers with fortitude, remembering that an infinitely better man, than I, suffered near Jerusalem between two thieves.”

The generous Federal soldiers enjoyed the discomfiture of the old flag Christian so much, that she brought no more delicacies to the Hospital.

—
The Confederate cause brought forth many striking instances of individual heroism. On the other hand, we occasionally hear of tricks and subterfuges among bomb-proofs and skulkers, that would do credit to the most ingenious yankee. The following is reported as strictly true:

A conscript sought to evade service, and adopted the following plan. Filling one of his ears with the contents of an egg which had reached that state of decomposition which precedes explosion, and closing the opening with a wad of wool, he presented himself, with a care-worn haggard look, and trembling step, to Dr. B., the examining surgeon—a credulous old practitioner of fifty odd. After the applicant had given a full statement of his case—particularly describing the pains in his head

and his running ear, the Doctor undertook to examine the latter organ. Pulling out the wad of wool, he encountered the stunning fumes of sulphuretted hydrogen, when he suddenly started back, exclaiming, "I excuse you. Go home and prepare to die! You will be dead in a week, or you *ought* to be dead in a week! Go home, sir."

The Federal Brigadier General and fifteen hundred prisoners captured at Hartsville by Hanson and Morgan, with six hundred confederates, were marched over to Murfreesboro. On their way, they passed by a little reb sitting on a threshing machine, kicking it with his heels and whistling Dixie to the best of his ability. The threshing machine looked rusty and dilapidated, and provoked the sarcasm of a Federal soldier, who said, "and that is a threshing machine. Well, it looks dirty and worthless enough to belong to Dixie." Our little reb stopped whistling long enough to reply, "this is our old threshing machine. We sent our new one to Hartsville along with Hanson and Morgan. Didn't it thrash well?"

The incident below comes to us from Montgomery, Alabama:

Soon after the battle of Fredericksburg, Hood's division was assigned the duty of picketing the Rappahannock, between the, then, deserted "Bernard House," and Fredericksburg; we, who but a few days before had buried some of our best comrades, now stood within fair rifle shot of those who had imposed on us the sad duty,

and yet all was quiet as a May morning. The order had been issued, "there was to be no firing on the picket line." For awhile there was interest in studying the opposite shore, and the employment of the Yankee pickets, but this soon gave way to a desire for something to do, and barter became our constant occupation, interrupted occasionally by the Federal "Officer of the Day, on his rounds." When the wind was to Leeward—the pun is old I know, but you will excuse me, since it is apropos—the Yankees using a *Herald*, or some other northern paper as a sail, would send to us a cargo of coffee, which, when the wind set right, would be repaid with a *Dispatch*, or *Examiner* sail boat, laden with anything our chronic poverty permitted. I once saw Gen. Hood effect an exchange;—giving one of his Texans a paper, he asked him if he could get another for it, from "those fellows over there." The Texan got in a boat which was kept unknown to most of the officers, was soon on the other side *taking coffee* with "those fellows" and returned in a few minutes, with a paper for the General, and a handful of cakes.

Once on post, early in the night, we—myself and comrade—made an agreement with the pickets opposite, to visit them during our next "two hours," which would commence about the same time as theirs. In the meantime their intention was to go to their reserve picket for papers. Their signal for us to come was to be, "Dixie," whistled; about two

o'clock, a. m., and just as the moon was going out of sight, we heard "Dixie" faintly whistled, and jumping in our boats, were not long in making a landing, which, as it was dark we had to do, guided by the voices of the Yankees. We had taken our arms with us, thinking *it possible* that we *might* need them. One of them took our bow chain in hand as it touched bank, and after a few expressions of mutual regret that the war was likely to continue for some time, and after an exchange of presents, we were told that the pickets on the post above them belonged to another regiment, so for fear of trouble, they preferred that we should not stay long. With a shake of the hand we left them, followed by the expressed hope that we would live through the war—a hope which "Chickamauga" ended, by the death of my companion, and brave soldier.

How, I wonder, fared those members of the 24th Massachusetts?

—
The next incident comes to us from La Fayette, Alabama:

Early in March, 1862, soon after the fall of Fort Donelson, every home (with few exceptions) in Tennessee was thrown open to receive and entertain our brave soldiers passing to and fro trying to get to their commands. About dark, in the midst of a snow-storm, another knock at the front door for admittance was heard and answered by a servant, who coldly and gratuitously informed them they could not find a place to stay, that we were *full* to our uttermost

capacity. I heard this, and went to the door, invited them in, when I saw, all covered with snow, an immensely stout confederate and a little boy, both armed and equipped as soldiers. As I took them back and seated them comfortably by our fine Tennessee fires, I remarked, "my little fellow, where can you be going this dreadful weather and armed like a soldier?"

His companion replied, "He is a soldier, and has been all the while."

I urged him to get out if he could and return home—I feared we would want such at a later day.

"Oh, Madam, don't persuade him to do this, for he is too good a soldier. Did you not see in the Nashville papers where a little boy not 15 years old, and less than five feet, came in camp at Fishing Creek, or *Mill Spring*, bringing in his prisoner, a six foot Yankee?"

I did remember, and asked if this was he—to which they both assented. I made him then tell me how he did it.

"O," he said, "It wasn't much I did. I was out on picket, and had an old flint-lock gun that often would not go off. I was picking the lock when a big Yankee called out 'you are my prisoner. Lay your gun down.' I remembered that from a child almost, I could kill a bird or squirrel with a stone. It now occurred to me if I could only find one close by, without seeming to hunt it, I might yet claim him as my prisoner. I looked about and saw one, just the thing I wanted, and

laid my gun down right by it, picked up the stone unperceived by the Yank. He commanded me to walk up to him. I did so, until I thought I was near him, and threw it—(David like) striking him just between the eyes on his nose; he fell as if he had been shot, and quivered like a beef. I knew he would rise, I ran to him, took his gun and ran far enough to order him to surrender. I called out he was my prisoner and between me and my camp, so I walked him into camp to the amusement and delight of all, and none more than Gen. Zollicoffer," who soon afterwards fell our lamented countryman, statesman, scholar, and friend.

The lad was Thomas Allen of Coffee county, Tennessee, but he belonged to Col. Hill's regiment, of Warren county Tennessee.

MRS. M. J. E.

Many a wild border story is told of Pete Everett, of Mount Sterling, Kentucky, and some of his adventures seem like tales of romance. As for instance, that getting hold, in Virginia, of a Kentucky paper, he learned that there would be a sale between Louisville and Lexington, Kentucky, at which, Pete suspected, the notorious Burbridge would be present. He, accordingly, started with seven followers on that long, weary tramp, with the faint hope of catching Burbridge, and thereby, stopping the murders in Kentucky. He reached the railroad between Lexington and Louisville precisely at the right time, and succeeded in capturing the train, but Burbridge was not there! He

had tarried too long at his cups the night before, and was too drunk to take the cars. So his life was spared and many an innocent life was taken instead.

Everett with his small company, on another occasion, captured the important town of Maysville, and took many supplies. Among his other captures, was the "dear old flag," and he had it unfurled and claimed that he was as loyal as any one, since he marched under the stars and stripes. A large body of cavalry got in pursuit of him, and the Home Guards were directed, by telegraph, to guard all the roads leading into the mountains. The Federal cavalry, being on fresh horses, gained on him, and to escape being overtaken, he had boldly to face the Federal Home Guards. He dashed up with the old flag streaming to a party of *meelish* guarding the road, and told them that Everett

was close behind. The *meelish*, not suspecting the trick, opened with cannon on the Federal cavalry pursuing Everett, and while this royal fight was taking place between these loyal men, Everett slipped off. He always felt it to be one of the most painful incidents in his life, that he could not stay and witness this pounding between loyal men.

At the battle of Bristoe Station one of the Georgia regiments was under a terrible fire. Capt. S — was urging on his men to the thickest of the fight, when his first lieutenant, tapping him on the shoulder, pointed to another officer of the company, who was making for the rear, at a pace

much livelier than any laid down in Tactics. The captain gazed in silence at the fugitive for a few moments, and turning to his first lieutenant remarked, "if he had a bran new Brattleboro buggy swung to him, I would'nt give a d—n for it." The captain's coolness, under trying circumstances, is remarkable.

This heroic lieutenant reminds us of a little anecdote of an officer of higher rank. He was the first man to raise a white flag, and then, as if seized by St. Vitus' dance kept waving it persistently and incessantly. The father of our hero inquired some months after of some of the men, how his son had behaved. "Oh," replied they, "he waved the flag all the time."

Delighted with the account of his son's prowess, the old man told the story everywhere, "the cannon were bellowing, the shells were shrieking, the minnie balls were whistling, men were falling on every side, but there stood my son Dan, waving the flag and waving the flag."

Poor old man! he did not know that it was a white flag! In justice to Dan, we would mention that this battle cured him of his rebellious feelings. He became a good Union man from that hour, and is now an honored member of a "loyal league."

After the battle of Sharpsburg, and when the last of Gen. Lee's army had recrossed the Potomac at Shepherdstown, a large body of the enemy advanced and attacked our rear division, when a fierce though short and bloody conflict

occurred. The engagement was very near the little village, and some of the stray shot and shell passed through and over it. In the midst of the excitement and enthusiasm that prevailed among the citizens, for reports came that we were driving them, two young ladies, whose names I am not at liberty to give, determined in spite of the danger, to proceed a short distance down the river and witness the engagement from the flank of the contending forces.— They went, and led on by the interest of the occasion, advanced nearer and nearer until they were within a few hundred paces of the scene of action, and within view of the combatants. While standing upon a little hillock contemplating with superb awe and anxiety the bloody scene, and vainly endeavoring by voice and gesture to encourage our gallant troops as they steadily and surely pressed their opponents before them, as occasionally they could be seen amid the dust and smoke of battle, their attention was suddenly arrested by a movement at the foot of the little knoll on which they were standing. Imagine their surprise and fright at finding themselves within a few rods of a company of Federal soldiers. What were they to do?— Of course the first impulse was flight, but the Yankees were between them and home. Their retreat was cut off, and to advance down the river would have been to expose themselves to a most terrible fire of musketry. A moment decided. The elder advancing with all the courage she could summon, displaying at the

same time a small pocket pistol she held in her hand, demanded in a firm tone—"Halt!—surrender or you die!" "Halt," cried the sergeant in command, "what the thunder does this mean? Surrender to whom, and who will kill us, you?" "Throw down your arms at once and surrender to me, or you will every one be killed," continued the lady. "By Ned, boys, this looks mighty suspicious. I guess we'd better not risk it, there are stronger arms than those about here, so let's give up—down with your arms! Now, miss, where shall we go?" The latter part of this speech was uttered in tones of some alarm and anxiety. "Come along and I will show you where to go." The young heroine had now completely gained her composure, and self-possession, if ever she had lost it. A very few paces brought them in sight of a squad of patriots moving at a rapid pace, which the other young lady, with the same remarkable presence of mind, had run and brought to her companion's relief, from the neighboring town, during her parley with the soldiers. If I remember aright the company numbered twenty-seven men, who, when they found their troops were defeated, were trying to make their way in a body to their own side of the river.

E. A. O.,

Late Colonel 4th N. C.

Wilmington, N. C., gives another anecdote of the famous Scout Shadburne:

About thirteen miles from Hillsboro', N. C., Shadburne, while on a scouting expedition, discovered

four Yankees approaching. Leaving the party, he rode forward with three men to meet them.—Shadburne always wore the Yankee uniform, and his party, on that day, were all decked in stolen plumage, looking as much Yankeeified as Confederates could possibly look. S. met the Yanks in a narrow lane, about 50 yards in front of a small negro cabin, and immediately entered into conversation with them, representing himself as a captain in the 100th Ohio cavalry.

They stated that they belonged to the 13th Penn., related their exploits during the day, showed a watch, several pieces of jewelry, &c., which they had *captured*, and told of the women they had frightened, &c., &c.

They were somewhat surprised when S. and his men each drawing a pistol, ordered them to surrender, but instead of obeying they attempted to draw their own weapons, when quick as thought the crack of four pistols rang upon the ear, and four more of Sherman's bummers met with justice.

During the conversation an old negro came out of the cabin, and attracted by the brilliant uniforms, and the glittering arms of "the sogers," slowly approached the lane.

He was some twenty feet off when the *denouement* took place, and as he saw the four Yanks roll over in the dust, with his hands raised, and an expression on his face which those who witnessed it can never forget, he exclaimed, "I neber seed de ting done dat way afore in all my born days."

The last seen of that negro he had got through his cabin, and was making a bee line for the woods in rear of it, running as if the devil was after him.

T. D. M.

At the battle of the Wilderness, a Georgia regiment, after a hard day's fighting, was encamped for the night on a part of the field where the contest had been most sanguinary. A member of this regiment was a jolly good "son of the Emerald Isle," who, being much fatigued after the day's honest fighting, was searching about for a soft spot, where he might repose his weary frame, and enjoy, for an hour or so, the luxury of undisturbed slumber.—A few yards in the rear of the line, Pat discovered a cot, or stretcher, that had been abandoned by some of the Medical Corps. The exhausted soldier blessed the Medical Department and his lucky stars, and immediately ensconced himself upon the cot; soon he was in the enjoyment of slumbers the most profound; they were, however, of brief duration, for Pat was aroused by the sound of a number of voices around him.—Startled and confused, he fancied he was in the hands of sanguinary Yanks, the poor fellow uttered a despairing groan, which was responded to by a sympathetic though rather rough voice, saying, "this is the fate of war, my good man—exercise patience and control, and we will soon fix your flint—lift him and proceed."

"What in the d—l do you mane, ain't I an irregular prisoner of war, do you not give quarters

on your side, or is it murder that ye're after?"

"Keep quiet, my good fellow, talking will only superinduce additional hemorrhage, we will take your leg off as promptly as possible."

At this O'Brian springs from the cot, in which he had remained for some time, from utter bewilderment.

"By the powers of Moll Kelly, you murdering, hathen Yanks shall have no leg of Pat O'Brian this blessed night. I don't surrender. I breaks my pat. role." With these remarks he made a hasty retreat, very much to the astonishment of the surgeons, who, it seems, had left in a cot, a soldier with a shattered leg—they intending to return for him when an important demand for their prompt services had been complied with.

Just prior to Pat's occupation of the cot, a regular army ambulance, in passing, conveyed the seriously wounded soldier to the hospital.

O'Brian now resides in Augusta, Ga. He constantly interests his friends with wonderful accounts of narrow escapes, and shudders when narrating the salvation of himself and leg at the Wilderness.

The lying down anecdote below, comes to us from a re-li-able friend:

Trees, stumps and rocks, were sometimes in demand during the progress of a fight. A good *lying place* (not a lawyer's office) might often have been turned into cash.

As for instance—a member of company F. 14th N. C. T.—by the way, the company with which

Governor Vance entered the war down we fell quick, but the dirt as Captain—was giving his friends and gravel flew all over us, the at home an account of a very limbs fell on us, and there was fierce fight on the Peninsula. He not a thing in the world to shield us from the terrible storm, and a thick wood to flank a portion of we had to just lie still and take the enemy, and just as we entered it.

the edge of an old field, three or four Yankee batteries opened on us at short range, with grape and cannister; such a storm I never saw since I was born! The Colonel shouted out, "lie down," and

"Why didn't you get behind a tree?" suggested a deeply interested listener; "Tree, the devil," said company F., "there was'n't trees enough for the officers!"

EDITORIAL.

SPITE of our warning against it, some subscribers will persist in sending the loyal greenbacks by mail. After awhile comes the inevitable letter, "Sir, some four weeks ago, I sent you subscription by mail, and have not heard from you since."

Registration, which once served only to point out to the thief where the money was, is now said to be safe. Post Office orders and checks can usually be obtained. Why then will people persist in tempting these loyal men?

We have made a note, however, in our memorandum book, that on the 6th of October, a letter, with greenbacks on board, did actually run the blockade from Claiborne, Alabama, and reach our office in safety. This want of vigilance on the part of the loyal officials is altogether unworthy of their party.

Having been supplied by the

Department with some spurious bills to be used as decoys, we tried sending them from various points. The letters passed to and fro with unbroken seals. A truly loyal man can tell by the odor through the fold of a letter the character of a bill. When the fragrance of the loyal greenback is wanting, the letter is never disturbed. If our friends will persist in sending greenbacks, we hope that they will get them deodorised in some way! For as the loyal Falstaff knew the true Prince by instinct, so do the loyal officials know the true currency by the goodly savor thereof.

The maxim of Ben Franklin, "time is money" has taken deep hold of the Northern mind, and the thrift in that section is largely due to a wise appreciation of time. The very reverse is, and has always been, the case at the South.

Hundreds of splendid opportunities were lost during the war by indifference to the value of time. Napoleon said that he could never teach the Austrians the importance of *minutes*, by all the repeated beatings he gave them. Our reverses have not been able to teach us the importance of *hours* and even of *days*. It is mortifying for instance, to contrast the rapidity of Northern travel with our slow hum-drum way of getting along. We seem to take it for granted that there must be a delay at every town of

importance on the road. The only possible excuse for the provoking stops is that the Hotels on the routes will be benefited thereby. We would suggest that a Traveler's Convention be held at Atlanta, or some central point, to make proposals to the Southern Railroads to be allowed to go through all towns without stopping, upon the payment of double what the Hotels could reasonably claim. Suppose, for instance, that a car-load of passengers should start from Southern Kentucky for our little back-woods village (and such a load would about double our population, though we are a chartered City!). Instead of stopping all night in the capital of Brownlow's Kingdom, let a City officer enter the car and state that the loyal Mayor and Council demanded six dollars from each passenger, for the benefit of the Hotels in Nashville, upon the payment of which, the cars would be allowed to proceed. The payment would be cheerfully paid and the travelers would go on their way rejoicing. In like

manner, instead of stopping four hours for dinner at Chattanooga, let two dollars per head be collected from each passenger, and the train be allowed to proceed. In the same way, let four dollars be assessed at Atlanta, six dollars at Augusta and six at Columbia.

We think that such an arrangement might readily be made.—Travelers would enter into it with great pleasure, and what is still better, it would be satisfactory to the Hotels.

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Poor old Lear in his desolate and neglected state expressed his abhorrence of ingratitude, in words which will be remembered as long as the English language shall be spoken. We had hoped that this would never be one of the sins of the South, over which the loyal North would have to repent and bemoan itself. But alas! for our hopes. Even ingratitude has to be added to the sin of rebellion, and that ingratitude is right here at our door in District No. 2. The big Boss of said District, the late lamented of said District, the martyr thereof, labored night and day to furnish loyal editors with a new advertising column every morning of a fresh and refreshing General or Special Order. With untiring zeal, he worked out a system of laws equal in bulk and vastly superior in wisdom to the Code of Napoleon or the Pandects of Justinian. With infinite satisfaction, the loyal editors published these multitudinous and multifarious edicts, glorying in the erudition of their Chief and

smacking their lips at the thought of the loyal greenbacks, which would be paid for the publication of the unexhausted and exhaustless stores of loyal and military lore. But alas! the axe came down and the head of the modern Law-giver fell on the sand. Was there not a howl of indignation among those admiring beneficiaries of the departed *savan* and hero?

With intense mortification we record the fact that there was none. Not a single grateful editor, with his pocket full of advertising greenbacks, set up a cry of distress and agony over the fall of their Chief. As it was in the days of Lear, so it is now and so it will ever be. Men have been ungrateful, men are ungrateful, and men will ever be ungrateful. Ingratitude is another Southern sin, which the Church of the Pilgrims must repent of, and mourn over in dust and ashes.

We are afraid that some of our loyal editors are not merely ungrateful for past favors, but are not as respectful to their royal employers as they should be.— For example, the Editor of the *New Era* (Atlanta, Georgia,) professes to be a loyal man, and he is rewarded with a column and a half of military orders, for which he is doubtless well paid. Side by side with these puffy, swollen, and windy proclamations, he advertises "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for *flatulence!* This is very suggestive, but is it altogether respectful to his big "Boss"?

Every survivor of the Mexican war will recollect General Scott's

famous "itch order," in which he rebuked those who had an itching for unmerited distinction, or as Scott expressed it, "a prurieny for fame not earned."— As the newspapers of the whole country publish the "Orders" of the big "Bosses" and even of some of the little ones, the publication of a new "order" always attracts the attention of the free, enlightened and happy people of the best government the world ever saw.— Publishing "orders" is therefore a certain road to extensive notoriety. Coupling this fact with General Scott's "itch order," we have no difficulty in understanding why the *New Era* man has placed an advertisement of "Wheaton's Itch Ointment" along side of the column and a half of military edicts. That editor has a suggestive mind and we hail him in the brotherhood, but he needs reconstructing badly! It is very strange that our loyal Magazine, with its extensive circulation, should not receive any of these proclamations for publication.— We would be very reasonable in our charge and would call attention editorially to the orders, and would make our comments upon them without an additional fee.— Moreover, we trust that we have too true a sense of propriety and what is due to our superiors to mix up their orders with advertisements of carminative syrups and itch plaisters!

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No newspaper in the West goes to greater trouble and expense than does the Louisville *Courier* to furnish a choice variety of ex-

cellent reading matter to its cultivated patrons. The correspondents of this paper are selected with great care and their statements can usually be depended upon as entirely accurate. But we have discovered a grave error in the Nashville correspondence, which should not be allowed to pass without correction. In speaking of His Excellency, the Governor of Tennessee, the Nashville correspondent calls him "the twin brother of the Devil." Now we, of course, do not know what opportunities this writer may have had for acquaintance with the family of His Satanic Majesty, but we hardly suppose that his sources of information can be greater than those of the three writers, Job, Milton and Goethe, who have written the most about this remarkable individual, and they attribute to him very different qualities from those possessed by the reverend blasphemer of East Tennessee. Thus Job tells us that His Satanic Majesty is fond of good company. (See chap. 1, verse 6) a charge which Brownlow's worst enemy never brought against him. Milton represents his hero as the high arch-angel ruined, chivalrous and daring—always *leading* his legions to the fray, and not looking on like poor Burnside with "a powerful field glass" three miles from the battle field. Brownlow was a soldier of the Burnside school, urging others to the slaughter, but keeping out of the way of the balls in his own proper person. He bore no resemblance in this respects to the great chieftain of Milton's epic.

Goethe represents the gentle-

man in black as remarkably neat in his person, and as wearing clean hoofs instead of dirty socks. In short, Goethe describes the Governor of Pandemonium to be just the opposite of the Governor of Tennessee in manners and in person. We are inclined therefore to think that the correspondent of the *Courier* is in error, and that the two Governors have nothing in common except the mutual delight they feel in seeing their subjects in hot water.

Just after New England fanaticism had drenched the land in blood, professedly in the interests of the negro, Agassiz, the popular idol of that region, proclaimed from their Mars Hill that the negro did not have the same origin as the white man, and in fact differed more from the white man than he did from the monkey.

This is the first significant fact. Next comes Helper, the "Impending Crisis" man, who had been induced to assume the authorship of a book, which as one of the Abolition agencies, helped to send a quarter of a million of men to untimely graves. This Helper follows up the blow of Agassiz at the negroes with a most atrocious book called *No-joke*, advocating their banishment and plainly intimating that he would rejoice in their extermination.

The third significant fact is the publication, at Cincinnati, of a book called "The Negro," by an author, who assumes the name of Ariel. The writer attempts to prove from the Bible that the negro is a beast without a soul,

that he is the identical serpent that tempted Eve, and that for forming alliances with his race, the white race was cursed with the Deluge, with confusion of tongues at Babel, with the destruction of the cities of the plain, &c., &c.

What does it all mean? What will be the next step in the programme of the Abolitionists? Are the negroes dying out too slow to suit their impatience, and are they preparing the public mind for banishment or extermination. They are capable of anything dreadful, and wicked, being actuated solely by regard for the interests of themselves, and by envy and hate for all the rest of mankind.

This weak and wicked book of Ariel has made many converts. Nor is it difficult to understand this. He professes to reason from the Scriptures, and he and his followers make the boldest assumptions, and answer arguments by flat denials of admitted facts, or else they set up absurdities as undeniable truths. It is, of course, impossible to convince them of the fallacy of the book. We will give the following as a specimen of an attempt made by ourselves. We must premise, however, that the negro in Kentucky is called "Bureau." We could not learn what particular infraction of the Eighth Commandment had won for him that epithet, but at any rate, he has it. In conversing with an Ariel man one day, we said the book is unscriptural, Paul declared to the refined and fastidious Athenians, who looked scornfully upon the

rest of mankind, that "God hath made of one blood all nations."—"Ah! just there is your mistake" said our antagonist, "the negro is not a nation at all, he is only a Bureau"! Of course, we did not continue the discussion with one whose prejudices were so strong against "the man and the brother." But it pained us to think that a Kentuckian could use such harsh language, with regard to those who were useful and contented members of society, before this Abolition war began.

The mention of the Bureau suggests a fact which has come within our observation. It has often been said, that Free-loveism, Fourierism, Mormonism, Spiritualism, and no other *ism* could find a lodgment at the South.—However, owing to the easy, careless, indolent nature of the Southern people, there was danger that Universalism or the doctrine of universal salvation should take root among us. But since the introduction of the Blessed Bureau, there is not a man, woman, or child at the South, who does not regard the doctrine as a monstrous absurdity. The Bureau has demonstrated to every thinking mind the necessity for future punishment!

We have conversed with planters from all parts of the Cotton States, and they all concur in this, that they cannot raise cotton at the present price, and pay the tax, and that they will not attempt it another year. Now we are very fully impressed with the belief that the Government can-

not do without the products of the South, and it becomes part of enlightened Statesmanship to restore the agriculture of the South to something like its former condition. The rice of 1860 amounted to 187,140,173 lbs. Georgia and Carolina alone furnished two-thirds the export rice of the world. That export trade is entirely destroyed, and rice from China, has actually been sold in Charleston Harbor. The cotton of 1860 amounted to 5,196,944 bales. It has fallen to 2,019,271 bales in 1866, and is destined to a greater decline, and it may be to extinction.

The sugar crop of 1860 was 302,205 hogsheads. Last year, it was 80,000 and this year it will be less. The tobacco crop of 1860 was 429,364,761 lbs. It has had a similar, though not so great, a decline. Pitch, tar and turpentine, cypress shingles, live oak timber, hemp, flax, wheat, and generally all Southern products have been fearfully reduced. The great West has almost totally lost its Southern market for corn, mules, horses, hogs, &c. Thousands in the rich producing region of the United States have been kept from actual want by the generous charity of the manufacturing or non-producing section of our vast country. How long can the United States afford to have its producers turned into paupers? In no period of her history has the South shewed greater energy than during the last two disastrous years. Without money, without credit, without permanent labor, and under the depression of unfriendly legislation, she has re-

paired her waste places, built up her burnt towns and villages, restored her torn up rail-roads, started once more her schools and colleges, and so cultivated her soil as to furnish three-fourths of the exports of the country. This agricultural labor has been carried on where levees had been cut exposing to inundations, where fences had been burnt, implements of husbandry destroyed, and horses and mules so scarce that men and *even women* have pulled the plough by hand. Is there not enough here to excite the admiration of the most malignant philanthropist? Is there not enough here to suggest the thought that the South, with friendly legislation and a generous helping hand, would soon afford once more a market for the West, and impart confidence to the credit of the Government? The products of the South even now constitute almost the sole exports of the country, and therefore almost the sole hope of establishing the currency upon a sure basis! Northern men, who have attempted the cultivation of Southern farms, have generally made miserable failures. The Southern people, of course, understand the culture of their own staples and the management of their own system of labor better than the rest of the world can.—Hence, enlightened self-interest should prompt the North and West to give a wise encouragement to Southern planters by a fair and equal legislation, imposing upon them no heavier burdens than they themselves are willing to bear. No man of sense doubts that the agriculture of

the South built up the great cities of the North and made the whole United States rich and prosperous. No one at all conversant with statistics doubts that upon resuscitating the South depends the only hope of maintaining the credit of the government at home and abroad. The rich bond-holders, the merchant princes, the farmers, the mechanics—all classes and conditions are interested in Southern prosperity. The party that devises unjust and unequal legislation for that section will surely be pushed to the wall. Self-interest will in the long run get the better of hate and prejudice.—However willing the loyal North may be to see the rebellious South punished, the loyal North is not willing to see ruin brought to her own border to accomplish that object. We think that the day is not distant when the American people will see that they are paying too dear for their whistle of negro equality. If we estimate the bale of cotton at one hundred dollars, the payment last year in the reduced production of cotton amounted to three hundred and seventeen millions, seven hundred and seventy-four thousand, three hundred dollars! (\$317,774,300.) Assuming that the loss upon all the other products of the South is equal to that upon cotton, we paid last year \$635,548,600 for this ebony whistle. How long will the people be willing to sustain this *annual* loss? A voice has reached our little backwoods village on this 9th October morning, coming from Pennsylvania and Ohio, "this is the last year of folly!" So may it be.

In our August number, we ventured to suggest to our colored brethren that they should put on probation for a season, their new lovers, who had once been negro-traders or fire-eaters. As our advice was received in such a kind and appreciative spirit, we venture to drop them another hint. In the first transports of requited love when the youthful pair are exchanging vows, and for the first time having a tender exchange of confidential confessions, it is usual (so say the novel writers) for the enamored couple to ask one another, "when did you first begin to love me?" It is delightful for them to trace back in their own experience the first awakening of the soft emotion, and each desires to know when the other first felt the kindling of the gentle flame. The lady, especially, is inclined to learn the precise day, yea the precise moment when her dear swain heaved the first sigh for her. And if she be at all jealously inclined, she will not rest satisfied until she has found out all the motives, causes and attendant circumstances, which brought about the first sigh. Was it the charming style of her dress? Was it the sweetness of her smile? Was it her singing or dancing? Was it some noble sentiment she uttered, or some sparkling witticism? All these interrogatories and many more (we get *our* information from the story books) are pressed upon her lover, and he has to tell the precise moment when Cupid's arrow struck him, and describe the precise feather which winged the arrow.

Our suggestion to our colored

brother is that he should imitate the prudence, as well as the tenderness, of the jealous lover.—When the old negro-trader and the old secessionist comes billing and cooing around you, gratify him with a kiss of tenderness, but at the same time, ask him, “when did you first begin to love me? Was it before or after the battle of Gettysburg? Was it before or after the passage of the Sherman bill? What was it made you love me? Was your heart won by the shape of my nose, the quality of my hair or the style of my foot? Were you subdued, however, not by my personal graces, but by the charms of my conversation and the nobleness of my soul?”

All these questions are important and we hope that they will be duly propounded. The negro has a right to know at what precise moment the tender passion first seized the old negro-trader, and what particular grace of person or character first excited the soft emotion.

Since we have become a loyal editor, we feel an irresistible inclination to explain our meaning by a “little anecdote,” after the manner of the “late lamented.”

We remember that in our youthful days, (a long time ago,) a gentleman (with whose subsequent history the world has resounded) came to us and said, “I don’t know how it is, but I once thought the features of Miss — were harsh, now they seem to me all sweetness.” As the lady in due season became his wife, we presume he found out the cause of his change of opinion. Did little Cupid have something to do with it? So it seemed to us.

The President of the first negro Convention, which met in Raleigh, had told Gen. Howard a short time before, that the negroes were incorrigible thieves and liars, and that there was no good thing in them. What caused his sudden change of views? Had the mischievous God with his bow and arrows any thing to do with it? If so, at what time was the shaft shot? How deep did it penetrate? Let each fond lover be asked the question “when did you first love me?” “How much do you love me?”

For fear that all may not be equally candid, we will give the answer of the frankest of the crowd of adorers. “I began to love you just after the passage of the Sherman bill. My love is equal to the extent of my property, and the measure thereof is my fear of confiscation!”

The article, called “Recollections of Fredericksburg,” in our October number, was kindly furnished to us by Gov. Humphreys, of Mississippi. It contains an apparent reflection upon General Pendleton, Chief of Artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia. Our aim is to give an impartial hearing to every body. We have received a note from Gen. Pendleton setting forth the facts in the case and publish it in his own words.

In looking over Humphrey’s account of Fredericksburg against Sedgewick, I notice he says I would only send to Barksdale’s aid a section of guns of the Washington Artillery, when I had a large number doing nothing. He is wholly mistaken. He was not in

a situation to know the facts of the case. The error had been committed by General Chilton, whether by General Lee's positive direction I am not actually sure, of ordering away nearly all the guns against my remonstrances, so that I had to strain a point in sending to Barksdale's assistance even two guns. But I cannot do more here than merely mention the matter.

That which has astonished our people the most in the character of the Abolition emissaries sent among us, is the extraordinary aptitude they have shown in squeezing money out of this sorely harried and bumperized region. Their first plan was to involve the negroes in broils with the whites and then reap a rich harvest of fines through the Blessed Bureau. Their next step was to establish little schools for the dear little piccaninnies, and when the funds of said schools were about exhausted to bid their precious charges a tearful adieu, leaving behind as treasured mementos their saintly photograms at a dollar a piece. The third scheme is still in successful operation. It consists in establishing "Loyal Leagues," charging three dollars for initiation fees and half a dollar per week for contingent expenses.

Looking down the long vista of ages, St. Paul saw all this shuffling and struggling and squirming of the Abolitionists for sordid pelf, and he has, in a single sentence, described their character, "supposing that gain is godliness." (1 Tim. vi. verse 5) Dr. Dabney in his able and eloquent "Defence of Virginia" thus alludes to St.

Paul's charge of covetousness against the Abolitionists:

"The more carefully these words of the Holy Ghost are considered, the more exceedingly remarkably will they appear.—Doubtless, every reader of previous ages has felt a slight trace of wonder, that the apostle should have left on record a rebuke of such particularity, sternness, and emphasis, when there appeared nothing in the opinions or abuses of the Christian world, of sufficient importance quite to justify it. We have no evidence that, either in the primitive or mediæval church, any marked disposition prevailed to assail the rights of masters over their slaves, to such extent as to threaten the disorganization of civil society or the dishonoring of Christianity thereby. This denunciation of the apostle seems to have been sufficient to give the *quietus* to the spirit of abolition, so long as any reverence for inspiration remained. Even while the policy of the Roman Church and clergy was steadily directed to the extinction of feudal slavery in Western Europe, it does not appear that the doctors of that church assailed the master's rights or preached insubordination to the slaves. Why then did St. Paul judge it necessary to leave on record so startling a denunciation? The question is answered by the events of our age: these words were written for us on whom these ends of the world have come.—And we have here a striking proof that his pen was guided by omniscient foreknowledge. The God who told Paul what to write, foresaw that though the primitive church stood in comparatively slight need of such admonitions, the century would come, after the lapse of eighteen ages, when the church would be invaded and defiled by the deadly spirit of modern abolitionism, a spirit perverse,

blind, divisive and disorganizing, which would become the giant scourge and opprobrium of Christianity. Therefore has this stern warning been recorded here, and left standing until events should make men understand both its wisdom and the lineaments of the monster which it foreshadowed. The learned Calvin, and the amiable Henry, in explaining the Epistle to Philemon, allude to the question: Why should this short letter, which directly touches no public concernment of the churches, written on a personal topic from Paul to his friend, be preserved among the canonical Scriptures by God's Spirit and provi-

dence? They answer, that it was placed there because, although short and of private concernment, it teaches us many pleasing lessons of Paul's condescension and courtesy, and above all, of the adaptation of Christianity to visit, purify, and elevate the lowest and vilest of the ranks of men. This is true, so far as it goes; but another part of God's purpose is now developed. He left this little Epistle among his authoritative words, because he foresaw that the day would come when the Church would need just the instructions against insubordination, which are here presented in a concrete case."

BOOK NOTICES.

DIE MODENWELT, edited by Trang Lipperheide, in Berlin, and printed by Edelman, of Leipsic, is one of the leading magazines of fashion in Europe. Mr. S. T. Taylor, 349 Canal Street, New York, publishes a translation, with the engravings, as nearly as possible *fac-similes* of the original. A lady friend says of it, "It is the best thing of the kind that I know—just what is needed by Southern ladies who cannot now send their orders to Paris, or even New York, as they did in former times. The patterns, which I have tried, are all good, and the directions are so clear and minute, that any lady who sews neatly can make fashionable and elegant garments for herself, her children and even her husband, for patterns for gentlemen's clothing are also given.

This periodical gives us a high idea of the housewifely qualities of the German ladies, for nothing but the requirements of such a class of ladies could have brought into existence such a magazine.—Not only does it give patterns for bonnets, blouses, dresses, cloaks, &c., for the ladies, and hats, coats and pants of gentlemen and boys, but directions for making many kinds of household conveniences, amongst other things I notice a carpet sack for the feet—which must have been devised by some delicate lady, who knows what it is to suffer with cold feet on a journey or in church. We commend most heartily, this German production, to Southern belles, as well as housewives and mothers." Terms, for one year, \$3.00

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.— This old favorite still brings its monthly freight of good things to the expectant reader. "Brown-lows" is a charming tale not yet finished. Had the author visited the American shores in 1867, he would have given his pretty romance a different name. The "Royal Idyll" shows the view taken by British scholars of the Queen's book, and we read it with a feeling of envy for the people to whom loyalty is so pleasant. They love their sovereign as poor "little Giffen of Tennessee" loved the South. The loyal Tory writer even "hears, with doffed bonnet and bent knees, that her Majesty was irritated and prejudiced against the Tories," and adds "It was the only unreasonable and incomprehensible sentiment which we have had the pain to hear from the lips of our sovereign.— But our liege Lady was young, and youth, even when most perfect, is liable to hallucinations.— And the party then in power may have felt themselves safe in prepossessing her mind against their political rivals; for what could shake *our* loyalty to the crown?"

Happy are the people who have but *one* sovereign, and that a loving and a gentle one.

A DEFENCE OF VIRGINIA (AND THROUGH HER OF THE SOUTH) IN RECENT AND PENDING CONTESTS AGAINST THE SECTIONAL PARTY. By ROBERT L. DABNEY, D. D., of Virginia, late of the Confederate Army. Published by EDWARD J. HALE & SON, 16 Murray-street., New

York. Mailed, free of postage, on receipt of \$1.50:

May God bless this noble champion, of Virginia, the South, and of Bible truth. In these days of doubt, despondency, and gloom, when our former ideas of right and wrong become confused, and failing faith is almost ready to ask, like Pilate, "what is truth?" such a volume comes like "cold waters to a thirsty soul." Dr. Dabney is, himself, one of that "precious seed of men, who are men of principle, and not of expediency; who alone (if any can) are able to reconstruct society, after the tumult of faction shall have spent its rage, upon the foundations of truth and justice." In his arguments in the 5th and 6th chapters, however, we expected to find some recognition of a distinction between heathen and Christian slaves. Should not a heathen slave, who becomes a Christian, be entitled to all the privileges of a Hebrew slave? St. Paul says, "if ye be Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed." By becoming, therefore, Abraham's seed, ought he not to enjoy the civil rights of Abraham's children? We would like the opinion of Dr. Dabney and other theologians on this point, simply in its bearing on scriptural elucidation.

COMPENDIUM OF ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY, with Questions, adapted to the use of Schools. By M. J. KERNEY, A. M. Author of First Class Book of History, &c. Published by JOHN MURPHY & Co., Baltimore:

We think this an excellent com-

pendium of history, and recommend it to all Southern schools.

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MODERN HISTORY from the coming of Christ to the year of our Lord, 1867. By PETER FREDET, D. D., Professor of History in St. Mary's College, Baltimore. Published by JOHN MURPHY & Co., Marble Building, 182. Baltimore-street, Baltimore:

This, also, is a valuable book for schools.

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THE WORK OF CHRIST. By ENOCH M. MARVIN, D. D.—Published by P. M. PINCKARD, 108. Pine-street, St. Louis, Mo. Price 65 cents:

This is a small book of 137 pages. The author says: "The writing of this little book has been a means of grace to me. What the thought may be to others, I know not; to me it has been a living power. I contemplate Christ and his work, and worship God with a deeper joy."

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DIARY OF A SOUTHERN REFUGEE. By a Lady, of Virginia. E. J. HALE & SON, 16, Murray street, New York. Mailed, free of postage, for \$2:

We have not had time to read this book, which is gotten up in Mr. Hale's usual, beautiful style.

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THE SOUTHERN REVIEW, July, 1867. We are gratified to see this able and scholarly Review maintaining the high character with which it began the first quarter of the present year.

The opening article in this number is entitled "Ireland and

her miseries," in which is compressed a most instructive and well written resumé of the history of that long oppressed and unhappy country. At the close, reference is made to the Fenian movement, and the encouragement given it by the United States Government, during our struggle, is assigned as a reason why such large numbers of the Irish were inveigled into the Northern armies.

The second article contains an account of the Atlantic Telegraph, in which the claims of Cyrus W. Field upon the gratitude of mankind, while amply acknowledged and appreciated, are shown to be something less than those of Christopher Columbus upon the same.

The third article, and one which has most pleased us, is devoted to "John Stuart Mill and Dr. Lieber on Civil Liberty." Mr. John Stuart Mill is one of the leaders of the English Radicals, and is pronounced by his followers, both in England and America, as 'the king of thinkers.' His work 'On Liberty' appeared, we believe, in 1865, and was hailed as the glorious 'evangel of the nineteenth century.' Did space permit we would be glad to present some of the points on which the Reviewer lays bare Mr. Mill's inconsistencies, misrepresentations, and factitious and reckless disregard of the claims of truth; especially the notice of his attack on the morality of the New Testament, which is shown to be a compound of ignorance, self-contradiction and vanity, of itself sufficient to discredit, if not to disgrace, his pre-

tensions as an apostle of Liberty, or as a sound thinker.

The fourth article has for its subject the celebrated Joan of Arc, Maid of Orleans. To the fair reader, indeed to all who would know something of a woman whose native genius and splendid achievements are without a parallel in the annals of her sex, the article will be highly entertaining.

"The North and the South" is the title under which are treated some interesting questions in our political history, debated in secret session in the Convention which framed the Federal Constitution, and which first saw the light in the publication of the *Madison Papers*.

The readers of romance will be interested in the essay on "Picaresco Romances," and our fair countrywomen of culture will enjoy the article on "Xanthippe and Socrates," in which the character of that ancient shrew is defended with learned and gallant ingenuity.

The "Causes of Sectional Dis-

content" is the subject of an article which is timely and ably written.

The number concludes with a trenchant criticism upon Mr. McCabe's "Life and Campaigns of General R. E. Lee," and the usual book notices.

To all thinking men in the South, to the young men and young women especially, we cordially commend this *Review*. Since Sydney Smith, and his co-adjutors founded the *Edinburg Review* in 1802, there has been developed a new power in the world of thought and letters.—The *Monthly* and *Quarterly* periodical has become indispensable to every one who would be at all informed on the great questions which agitate the world at the present day. We trust Prof. Bledsoe, whom we regard as one of the ablest writers in this country, may reap the success which his efforts so highly deserve. The *Review* is published at No. 6, St. Paul's street, Baltimore, by Bledsoe & Browne. J. M. H.

Our Engraving is the portrait of Julia, only child of Stonewall Jackson.

THE LAND WE LOVE.

No. II.

DECEMBER, 1867.

VOL. IV.

SKETCH OF THE 1ST KENTUCKY BRIGADE.

IN the general history which will go down to posterity of such immense bodies of men as were gathered under the banners of the Confederate States of America, it is not likely that more than a brief and cursory reference can or will be made to the services of so small a force as composed the First Kentucky Brigade. Yet the anomalous position which it occupied, in regard to the revolution, in having revolted against both State and Federal authority, exiling itself from home, from fortune, from kindred, and from friends—abandoning every thing which makes life desirable save honor, gave it an individuality which cannot fail to attract the attention of the calm student, who, in coming years, traces the progress of the mighty social convulsion in which it acted no ignoble part. The State, too, from which it came, whatever may be its destiny or its ultimate fate, will remember, with melancholy and mournful interest, not per-

haps unmingled with remorse, the career of that gallant band of men, who, of all the thousands in its borders inheriting the proud name and lofty fame of Kentuckians, stood forth fearlessly by deeds to express the sentiments of an undoubted majority of her people—disapprobation of wrong and tyranny. Children now in their cradles, youths as yet unborn, will enquire, with an earnest eagerness which volumes of recital can not satisfy, how their countrymen demeaned themselves in the fierce ordeal which they had elected as the test of their patriotism—how they bore themselves on the march, and in the bivouac, how in the trials of the long and sad retreat—how amid the wild carnage of the stricken field. Fair daughters of the State will oftentimes, even amid the rigid censorship which forbids utterance of words, love to come in thought and linger about the lonely graves where the men of the Kentucky Brigade sleep, wrapped in no

winding sheets save their battle clothes, beneath no monuments save the trees of the forest torn and mutilated by the iron storm, in which the slumberers met death. It has seemed to me not improper therefore that the story should be told by one possessing peculiar facilities for acquiring knowledge of the movements of detached portions of the force, and who, in the capacity of a staff officer, under the directions of its General, issued every order and participated in every movement of the brigade, who had not only the opportunity but the desire to do justice to all who composed it, from him who bore worthily the truncheon of the General, to those who not less worthily in their places bore their muskets as privates. A deep interest will always be felt in the history of the effort which was made, by men strong in their faith in the correctness of republican forms of government, notwithstanding the tyranny which the great experiment in the United States had culminated in, to reconstruct from the shattered fragments of free institutions upon which the armies of the Federal power were trampling, a social and political fabric, under the shelter of which they and their posterity might enjoy the rights of freemen. When the first seven Southern States seceded and President Lincoln took the initial steps to coerce them, the Legislature of Kentucky, by an almost unanimous vote of the House of Representatives, declared that any attempt to do so by marching troops over her soil would be resisted to the last ex-

tremity. The Governor had refused to respond to the call of the Executive for troops for this purpose. The Legislature approved his course. But here unanimity ceased: effort after effort was made in the Legislature to provide for the call of a sovereignty convention. The majority steadily resisted it. As a compromise, the neutrality of the State was assumed, acquiesced in by the sympathizers with the North because they intended to violate it when the occasion was ripe; acquiesced in by the Southern men because while their impulses all prompted them to make common cause with their Southern brethren, they believed that the neutrality of the State in presenting an effective barrier of seven hundred miles of frontier between the South and invasion, offered her more efficient assistance than the most active coöperation could have done. The Legislature adjourned; the canvass commenced for a new General Assembly; delegates were elected pledged to strict neutrality; the Northern sympathizers had been vigorous, active, and energetic, and unscrupulous. They had in every county organized "Home Guards;" arms were, by their connivance, introduced by the Federal government in large quantities. On the 1st Monday in September the Legislature met, the mask was thrown off; neutrality was scouted; troops were openly levied for the Northern army, and the outraged Southern men revolted.

Early in the summer of 1861, bodies of the young men of the State had repaired to Camp Boone,

in Tennessee, near the Kentucky line, where were forming regiments to be mustered into the Service of the Confederate States. Most of these had been previously members of the State Guard of Kentucky, and consequently had enjoyed the advantage of systematic and scientific drill, they were rapidly organized into three regiments of infantry, known as the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Kentucky regiments of volunteers, the 2nd having as its Colonel, J. M. Hawes, recently an officer of the United States Army, but who with a devotion which almost invariably manifested itself among the officers of Southern birth, promptly and cheerfully gave up the advantages of a certain and fixed position in a regularly organized army, to offer his sword and military knowledge to the cause of Southern independence. He was soon succeeded by Colonel Roger Hanson; the 3rd had as its Colonel, Lloyd Tighlman, the 4th Robert P. Trabue. Colonel Tighlman before his regiment was actively in service, was made a Brigadier, and its Lieut. Colonel, Thompson, succeeded to the Colonelcy. These three regiments formed the nucleus of a brigade, to the command of which, Brigadier General S. B. Buckner, recently Inspector General and active commander of the Kentucky State Guard, was assigned by President Davis. To this command were afterwards added the 5th Kentucky, commanded by Col. Thomas Hunt, the 6th commanded by Colonel Joseph Lewis, Cobb's battery and Byrnes' battery of artillery.

On the 17th of September, 1861,

General Buckner, with some Tennessee troops and the Kentucky regiments, moved to Bowling Green, in Kentucky, and occupied it, fortifying it and fitting it for the base of active operations of the Confederate armies in Kentucky, which it became for some months. One regiment of infantry and a battery of artillery was thrown forward to the bridge on Green River, under command of Colonel Hawes; the bridge shortly after was burned by the Confederate troops. Captain John Morgan a few days subsequently to this reached this command with one hundred men from the interior of Kentucky. These men were mounted, to serve as scouts, and here commenced that career which afterwards gained for their fearless leader a continental reputation as a bold, daring and effective partisan officer. Few men indeed, with means so limited, and in the midst of movements so grand and stupendous that the career of general officers have been lost sight of, have won such a name and reputation. Of a mild and unassuming demeanor, gentle and affable in his manners, handsome in person, and possessed of all that polish of address which is supposed to best qualify men for the drawing room and parlor, no enterprise however dangerous, no reconnoissance however tiresome and wearying could daunt his spirits or deter him from his purpose. For months, with his handful of men, he swept the northern bank of Green River, cutting off the supplies of the enemy, destroying bridges necessary for their transportation,

capturing their pickets, and harassing their flanks, moving with a celerity and secrecy which defied pursuit or detection. No commander of a detached post or guard of the enemy could flatter himself that distance from Bowling Green or disagreeableness of weather could protect him from a visit from Morgan. He was liable to be called upon at any hour, in any weather, or at any point beyond the intrenched camps of the Federal army. The earth might be soaked with the rain, which for days had been falling, the roads might be impassable, the Green and Barren Rivers with their tributaries might be swollen far beyond their banks, but over that earth and across those rivers, when least expected, came Morgan as with the swoop of an eagle, and after destroying the munitions of the enemy, or capturing his guards, was away again, leaving behind him a polite note intimating he would call again soon, or perhaps telegraphing a dispatch to the nearest Federal commander, giving him full and precise particulars of the movements he had just made, and most provoking details of the damage he had just committed.— Long after the Confederate army had retired from Kentucky, when the entire State was in undisputed possession of the Northern armies, many a Southern sympathizer found immunity and protection from maltreatment and outrage by the significant threat that Morgan would visit that neighborhood soon; and indeed during the disastrous retreat from Nashville, the tireless partisan passing through eastern Tennessee and Kentucky far in the rear of the Federal army, fell upon their train at Gallatin, Tennessee, and lit up the spirits of the despondent Tennesseans by one of his bold and daring strokes.— Even when the Southern army had passed the Tennessee River, when every available soldier of the South was supposed to be at Corinth to meet the overwhelming hosts of the invader, Morgan gathering three or four hundred of his men, re-crossed the River, fell upon the railroad train, at Athens, Alabama, captured two hundred and eighty prisoners and destroyed the cars. Ambushed, defeated, cut to pieces and routed by greatly superior forces a few days afterwards, hardly had the news reached Louisville of his disaster, when collecting two hundred of his scattered command, he fell like a thunderbolt upon the railroad train at Cave City, in the centre of Kentucky, capturing many prisoners, thousands of dollars in money, and destroying forty-three baggage cars laden with the enemy's stores.

Early in November, 1861, the Hon. John C. Breckinridge arrived at Bowling Green, when he resigned his seat as Senator from Kentucky, in the Federal Congress, and was immediately commissioned as Brigadier General and assigned to the command of the Kentucky Brigade, General Buckner assuming command of a division of which the Kentucky brigade was a component part. He assumed command on the 16th of November. Having as his Chief of Staff and A. A. General,

Captain George B. Hodge and Aid-de-Camp Thomas T. Hawkin. The brigade was ordered to Oakland Station on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, where, in connection with Hindman's brigade, it remained in observation of the movements of the enemy on the North Bank of the Green River, who was known to be in great force at Munfordsville, and in his cantonments extending back towards Elizabethtown, and was supposed to be only waiting the completion of the Green River bridge, which he was repairing, to advance his entire column, estimated at 80,000 men, on Bowling Green and Nashville. Behind the curtain of the brigades of Hindman and Breckinridge, Gen. Johnston was rapidly pushing on the fortifications at Bowling Green, and by the latter part of January, 1862, they had become quite formidable.

It had, however, become doubtful whether the enemy would attempt the passage of the Green River. It was certain if he did so, his true attack would be developed in a flank movement, by way of Glasgow and Scottsville on Nashville, while there was left him the alternative of massing his troops at Paducah, then in his possession, and availing himself of his enormous supplies of water transportation, of moving by the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers on Forts Henry and Donelson, by a successful attack on those works, turning the flank of the Confederate forces at Bowling Green, opening the way to Nashville, and possibly enabling him to interpose between the

Southern armies and their base of operations. To guard against this latter movement, the divisions of Generals Floyd and Pillow and a portion of the division of General Buckner, were, about the 20th of January, moved by way of Clarksville, to the support of Donelson. With this force marched the 2nd Kentucky regiment, which, after covering itself with imperishable glory in the terrible combat, of three days, at Fort Donelson, was on the 16th of February, surrendered to the enemy, and passing into captivity, ceased to participate in the campaign of the Spring and Summer of 1862.

By the 10th of February, definite information had been obtained, by General Johnston, of the movements of the enemy. He was convinced that an overpowering force had moved upon Forts Donelson and Henry; that a heavy column was pursuing Crittenden, after defeating and routing him, at Fishing Creek, threatening Nashville on that flank, and that a force almost as large as the Confederate force at Bowling Green was held in hand by the enemy to be poured across Green River and attack him in front, while the two bodies on his right and left united at Nashville and closed upon his rear. With the promptness and decision which characterized his high and serenely courageous mind, General Johnston determined to retire from Bowling Green and fall back on Nashville, where, uniting with the garrisons and troops in defense of Forts Donelson and Henry, should those places be

found to be untenable, he could hold the divisions of the Federal General Grant in check, while he went to the assistance of Crittenden, and crushed the Federal column advancing by way of Cumberland Gap. The fortifications of Bowling Green were with every expedition dismantled, the government stores shipped as rapidly as possible to Nashville, and on the 9th of February, an order was issued by Major General Hardee, commanding the central army of Kentucky, directing Generals Hindman and Breckinridge to repossess the Barren River and be in Bowling Green by the night of the 10th. The admirable discipline which Gen. Breckinridge had exercised and maintained in and over his command, enabled him to comply promptly with the order, without confusion and with no loss of stores, equipments, or supplies. His brigade marching at 8 o'clock a. m., on the 10th passed Barren River bridge at 3 p. m., and bivouacked three miles south of Bowling Green for the night.—Hindman being farther in the rear, lost a few of his scouts and had hardly time to blow up the bridges over Barren River when the head of the enemy's column came into sight and immediately commenced shelling the Railroad depot and that portion of the track on which were lying the freight trains. These they succeeded in firing finally.

When the retreat of the army commenced, Breckinridge's brigade was constituted the rear guard, Gen. Hardee, however, being still in rear with the cavalry

and light artillery. Notwithstanding the fact that cold, freezing and intensely inclement weather set in, notwithstanding the fact that evidences of the demoralization which a retreat in the presence of an enemy always produces were too apparent in many divisions of the army, yet the soldierly manner in which Breckinridge brought off his brigade, losing not a straggler from the ranks, not a musket or a tent, speaks more creditably for him and for them than the recital perhaps of their deeds of daring in the field could do.

In truth, history records no sadder tale than the retreat of the Kentuckians from their native State. For the rest of the army there was yet hope. Far to the South lay their homesteads, and their families rested still in security; between those homesteads and those families and the advancing foe were innumerable places where battle might be successfully offered, or where at least the sons of the South might rear a rampart of their bodies over which the invader could not pass; time, political complications, mutations of fortune to which the most successful commanders are liable, might at any time transform the triumph of the Northmen into disaster and defeat. Months must elapse before the advancing columns of the enemy could reach the South, and ere that time arrived pestilence and malarious disease would amid the fens and swamps of the gulf States be crouching in their lair ready to issue forth and grapple with the rash intruders from a more salu-

rious clime. But for the Kentuckians all was apparently lost. Behind their retiring regiments were the graves of their fathers, and hearthstones, about which clustered every happy memory of their childhood—there in the possession of the invader were the rooftrees beneath which were gathered wives who, with a wifely smile gleaming even through their tears, had bidden their husbands go forth to do battle for the right, promising to greet them with glad hearts when they returned in the hour of triumph; there were the fair faces which for many in that band had made the starlight of their young lives; there were young and helpless children, for whom the future promised but suffering, poverty, destitution and want; there too were the thousands who had with anxious and waiting hearts, groaning beneath the yoke of the oppressor, counted the hours until the footsteps of their deliverers should be heard. On the 13th of February, the brigade crossed the line between Kentucky and Tennessee; a night in which rain and sleet fell incessantly was succeeded by a day of intense and bitter cold. Every thing, which could contribute to crush the spirits and weaken the nerves of men, seemed to have combined. But for those dauntless hearts, the bitterness of sacrifice, the weakness of doubt and uncertainty had passed, when by a common impulse, the General, his staff, and the field officers dismounted, and placing themselves on foot at the head of the column, with sad and solemn countenances but with erect and soldierly bearing, marched for hours in the advance: and then was observed, for the first time in that brigade, through every grade and every rank, the look of high resolve and stern fortitude, which, amid all the vicissitudes of its fortunes characterized the appearance of its members, and attracted the attention and comment of observers in every State through which it passed. Henceforth for them petty physical discomforts, inconveniences of position, annoyances of inclement weather, scantiness of supplies, rudeness of fare were nothing, they felt that they could not pass away until a great day should come which they looked forward to with unshaken confidence, and with patient watchfulness. They might never again dispense in their loved native State the generous hospitality which had become renowned throughout the continent; what remained to them of life might be passed in penury and in exile. Their countrymen might never know how they had lived or where they had died—venal historians might even teach the rising generation to brand their memories with the stigma of treason and shame, but a day was yet to come of the triumph of which they felt they could not be deprived; days, weeks, months might elapse, they could bide their time. State after State might have to be traversed, great rivers might have to be passed, mountain ranges surmounted, hunger and thirst endured, but the day and the hour would surely come when with serried ranks they should meet the foe, and their hearts burning with the memory

of inexpressible wrongs, should, in atoning for all they had endured the presence of the God of battles, and all they had suffered. demand and exact a terrible reck-

"MAKE TREASON ODIUS."

"Sir William Wallace and the Maid of Orleans perished on the scaffold, loaded with every badge of ignominy, and mocked with every insult which scorn and hate could utter. What names in history are now more illustrious than these?"—*Anon.*

"Make treason odious!" make the sparks
 Fly downward to the earth—
 Make rivers re-ascend the hills
 In which their springs had birth—
 Make the Blue Mountains bow their heads
 At Seward's little bell—
 Make Lee and Jackson infamous
 Like Wallace and like Tell:—

Reverse th' Omnipotent decree
 And wash the negro white—
 Raze out the written rolls of Time—
 Quench God's eternal light—
 Then hope—but not till then—to hide
 The truth from mortal eye—
 To blacken those immortal names
 That were not born to die.

The hero of the eastern tale
 Toiled on his mountain path,
 Deaf to the voices that arose
 In ribaldry and wrath;—
 And thus the noble of the earth,
 Whose goal is fixed on high,
 Despising false and foul reproach,
 Shall mount beyond the sky.

UNIVERSAL EXPOSITION OF 1867.

[Correspondence of "The Land we Love."]

IN the great Exposition which opens to us the interesting panorama of the comparative civilization of the different countries of the globe, we have before us the latest of those great fairs, which the world has ever delighted to indulge in, and which appear almost to lose their origin in antiquity. Indeed, were we to search for the primary examples of these great gatherings, we would have to go far into the pages of ancient history; for what were the great, and from all accounts, magnificent markets of the people on the Mediterranean littoral, the bazaars of Tyre and Carthage, where were spread the rude, but still marvellously rich works of those times, but Expositions? The games, too, of the Greeks and Romans, although exclusively national; were they not as much a scene of the rivalry of artisans and their products, as of the physical or intellectual aspirants? At a later period, when Rome was in the brilliant days of her civilization, her Expositions became of a more general character; other nations were admitted, and historians tell us of pearls and precious stones, of tropical woods and curious wares from strange lands; of ornaments wrought by the cunning hands of oriental workmen, as well as of arms and warlike appliances, in fact, whatever was useful, curious or agreeable. In the middle ages, with all their relapse into barbarism, this taste was still more strongly marked, as witness those vast fairs held in the great cities of Europe; Expositions, where caravans at the greatest risks, on roads frequented by robbers, or held by the scarcely less lawless feudal monarchs of those times, brought the products of all the then accessible countries for competition: where all repaired who wished to see what was new, or to procure the productions of renowned artists who were probably better known by their works than are ours by their gold and silver medals. Descending, however, to those periods nearer our own, and examining the records of modern times; we find that although nearly every country, nay almost every little state, holds its yearly or periodical exposition of local or mayhap neighboring products, yet only England and France have up to the present day, attempted the organization of those expositions that are termed "Universal," or sometimes, and it seems very proper, "World's Fairs." Commencing chronologically, it is to England that appertains the honor of having instituted the expositions of our days, the first having been held in London, in the spring of 1851. The revolution of 1848 had ended, Europe was for the time at peace, and public attention turned toward the ad-

vancement of commerce and the different industries; the necessity for which was so severely felt and ardently longed for in France; profiting as she had under the quiet reign of Louis Philippe: she therefore hastened with pleasure to cooperate in the proposal of England. The building erected for the purpose, in one of the large parks in London, offered to the exhibitors a surface of more than 100,000 square yards; comprising in a first and second story the largest surface under any one roof up to that day: and for the number of exhibitors who offered, it was ample. France followed the example thus given, in 1855, and constructed for the purpose of the exposition, the permanent palace of the *Champs Elysées*; with which every visitor to Paris is acquainted. This building offered in its two stories a surface of more than 60,000 square yards, which was deemed sufficient, as the Crimean war, it was thought, would prevent a large number of persons from presenting their products; they being absorbed in the manufactory of military stores. The demands for space, however, were so numerous that the government, under whose patronage the exposition was given, found itself obliged to construct an annexation of about 30,000 square yards, making a total of nearly 90,000 square yards: this annexation being temporary was torn down at the close of the exposition. Alternating with Paris, London, in 1862, invited the world to the third of these great international gatherings, and warned by the example of Paris in 1855, constructed a build-

ing containing a surface of 130,000 square yards, a provision that was deemed ample, but the public having learned to appreciate the advantages of this international rivalry, the demands for space overflowed and necessitated the closest possible arrangement of the articles, as they had made no arrangement for annexation.— Thus it seems from the constant aggrandizement of the expositions of 1851–55–62 that the taste for them, as well as the appreciation of the advantages offered are decidedly on the increase. Yet we must not suppose that this constant aggrandizement is due solely to a larger number of exhibitors, but also, and in no small degree, to the greater number of articles exposed, and to the increase in the size and quantity of machinery placed on exhibition, and which to-day is the nucleus around which the other and accessory parts gather. The readiness of all nations to send forward produce, and to enter the lists of national competition being now well established, France again, in 1867, offers them the opportunity, by naming the point of reunion, arranging a building suitable for the purpose, and providing all the necessary appendages, such as we see them to-day and which form the magnificent picture unrolled to us on the *Champ de Mars*.

This exposition was decided by an Imperial decree dated the 22nd of June, 1863, rendered on the proposition of M. Rouher then “Minister of Agriculture, Commerce and Public Works,” (now Minister of State) and resumes as

follows: "That an exposition (I which the enterprise was financially organized; it is, as everything else of any importance in France, partly private and partly governmental. The costs were estimated at about 20,000,000 francs, of which the government agreed to furnish 6,000,000 francs and the city of Paris 6,000,000 more; leaving 8,000,000 to be subscribed by the public; the government choosing from among the subscribers 16 persons to be guaranties for the amount of the subscriptions. The 12,000,000 advanced by the State and City are to be reimbursed integrally, and any loss that may occur falls solely on the subscribers.

The President of the Imperial Commission, Prince Napoleon, by reason of certain differences between the Emperor and himself, resigned his position and the Prince Imperial was appointed in his stead; an appointment evidently honorary, since he is but a boy. M. Le Play, an Engineer-in-Chief of the Imperial Corps of Mining Engineers, was appointed Commissioner General, a post that he had filled with much credit to himself, for the French section of the Exhibition of 1862 at London. Thus the machinery was all organized and the motive power—money—provided, so that it only became necessary to set the system to work, to produce, as was expected, marvellous results.—But before anything could be done, it was necessary to resolve several important questions. Where should the exposition be placed, what should be its form, style, size, etc.? Experience had taught that it would have to be very large,

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we owe the word exposition as applied to-day) shall be held in Paris in the year 1867. 2nd. That it shall be more completely universal than the preceeding, and that to this effect it shall contain as far as possible the works of art of all countries, and in general the manifestations of all branches of human industry. 3rd. That notice of this exposition be immediately made public, in order that all nations, even those farthest off may have time to prepare for it." A second decree dated February 1st, 1865, instituted an "Imperial Commission" under the presidency of Prince Napoleon, and which was charged with the organization and direction of the exposition of 1867. In regard to this commission, I will content myself by saying that it was formed of 61 members, comprising different ministers, senators, and the chiefs of some of the first manufacturing establishments in France. Among its members, we find the names of three well known Englishmen—Lord Granville, President of the Privy Council; Lord Cowley, the British Ambassador at Paris, and Richard Cobden, the Economist: "the English," as says the decree by which the commission was established, "being the only people, who, up to the present time, have engaged in these sorts of enterprises, and among whom can be found persons possessing the necessary knowledge, and the traditions of the expositions that have taken place in other countries."

A word now on the manner in

and consequently it would be difficult to find a suitable piece of ground within the city, while if placed in the environs, there would be one more question to complicate the problem, viz: transportation. Finally, however, the Commission decided on the Champ de Mars, a large open field lying just on the out-skirts of the city, on the banks of the Seine, and consequently accessible both by land and water, and also by a branch of the circular railway, running around the city, and which has rendered great services. The Champ de Mars lies on the left bank of the Seine, in front of the Military School of St. Cyr, and has, as its name would imply, been heretofore the field for military reviews, etc. However well adapted for the exposition, its immense surface of more than 500,000 square yards, required much arrangement before it would be suitable for its new destination. The principal operation was to render it level, or nearly so; this necessitated an enormous amount of filling up, which was done by railroads transporting the earth from excavations made in a hill (the Trocadero) situated directly opposite, and on the other bank of the Seine. This hill, or rather this side of an immense table, on the summit of which the Arc de Triomphe (*barrière de l'Etoile*) is built, was thus reduced to a beautiful slope, which was immediately turfed, planted, ornamented, and down the side of which, directly in front of the main entrance to the Exposition, was cut a gigantic flight of steps, probably a hundred feet wide by ten feet of tread. The Exposition was commenced, however, as soon as the Champ de Mars was leveled and the whole was finished about the same time. However, the situation having been described, let us continue our account of the building proper: Its size was fixed at about 160,000 square yards, and its form, architecture, etc., determined on the following considerations. In the Expositions of '55-'62, it was proved by experience, that a second story was very fatiguing to the visitors, hence it was determined to have the present but one story high: next it was determined to arrange the articles exposed, in galleries, each of which would contain the same class throughout its whole length; this was obtained by creating a series of concentric galleries, ten in number, corresponding to the divisions established in the articles exposed.—The division by nations, which it was also important to realize, was obtained by dividing the ellipse, (the form given to the concentric galleries) into *sectors*, by streets running from the periphery towards the center or the foci; the surfaces of these sectors were proportioned to the supposed wants of the nation to which they were assigned, each one receiving by this mode of division a proper proportion of the ten galleries. In point of arrangement this appeared to be excellent, as in going the round of any gallery we see always the same class of productions, while we pass from nation to nation, and are enabled to judge and compare with advantage. The greatest

difficulty was to realize, with the form adopted, any architectural effect, and here is the first failure that we have to note; for this immense construction in sheet iron, this "gasometer," as it is called, is as devoid of grace and pleasing effects in its form, either internally or externally, as can well be imagined.—Many comparisons have been made at its expense, but, aside from its vulgarity, decidedly the most apt was that of some one who called it a "big spittoon," the uncovered portion in the center being the garden and the low height compared to its immense surface completing the comparison—a comparison which though calculated to furnish a good idea of its form, I would not have repeated, save that I felt in a degree authorized by the high position of the person to whom I heard it accredited. That my readers may figure to themselves this immense elliptical building, situated in one corner of the Champ de Mars, almost on the banks of the Seine, covered by roofs thrown from partition to partition, save at the center, where there is a garden, and he will have an idea of the nucleus of that exposition which we will proceed to describe in our succeeding letters.

EXPENSE OF REGISTRATION AND MILITARY OCCUPANCY OF THE
SOUTH.

THE expenses of registration in Arkansas are estimated at about a million of dollars. It is said that, if the expenses of registration in all the other Southern States are in the same proportion, the total cost of registration alone—a matter got up in the negro interest—will be full fifteen millions, if not more—all to come from the Federal Government. And then the elections, which have never heretofore cost the Government a dollar, will, when conducted throughout the Southern States upon the Congressional plan, be not less than five millions more; so that for registration and elections, wholly new sources of Federal expense, the amount will be twenty millions, or upward. Then the cost of the troops that are thought necessary to secure the requisite submission of the Southern people to all the forms and manifestations of tyranny practiced and to be practiced, will, for the present year, amount to forty-five millions, making in all, for the three named items, sixty-five millions. And there's the huge and horrid Freedmen's Bureau—what is the expense of that? Sixty millions a year, at least; so that, for the four negro items indicated, we have the startling sum of a hundred and thirty millions. And divers other items might be named, raising the enormous and vast pile considerably further up towards the sky.—*Louisville Journal.*

SHOT THRO' THE HEART.

In memory of Lieut. John R. Porter, of the C. S. Army, who fell at the battle of Franklin, November 30th, 1865.

Across the brown and wintry moor
 Borne on the soft wind's wing,
 The weird sweet chords of a New Year's song
 Are struck by the coming Spring—
 Ah, would 'twere last year's Spring!

Under the leaves the violet bends
 Laden with scented breath;
 Do they bend and blow thus sweetly where
 The wooing air is Death?
 Can flowers bloom in death?

Out in a bridal robe of white,
 Sweet hawthorne decks the lane—
 Who tuned the windharp's thrilling string
 To the sad low minor strain?
 Hark, that sad minor strain!

I think as I see the whitening bloom
 Drift down in a fleecy cloud,
 Not of the mist of bridal veils
 But the chill of an icy shroud—
 Snow is the soldier's shroud!

There's a whisper of crocus and hyacinth
 Where fancies watch their birth,
 Methinks like little white babes they'd lie
 Still-born on the mother earth—
 Dead babes on the mother earth.

Where the dear warm blood flowed out so free
 Did the wild wind steal its moans?
 It fills me with anguish of unshed tears
 'Tis the Banshee's shivering groans!
 List, it shivers and sobs and groans!

Oh spirit of sorrow, Banshee white!
Wail on, for I cannot sleep;
Coldness and darkness cover me,
The vigil of woe I keep—
 Pale woe, her watch must keep.

Onward and onward the heroes went,
Downward and downward to fall;
Not half of the men who went to the front
Can answer the muster call—
 They went at the Master's call.

Thousands of fathers, mothers, and wives,
Brothers and sisters to weep!
Thousands of mounds on the battle field
Thousands of men asleep—
 Oh death-white, breathless sleep!

In the long, long march, did he teach the men
With his weary bleeding feet?
Was his dear face cold in the pelting rain
Or numbed by the blinding sleet?
 Barefoot through the blinding sleet!

Was he pale from the pain, the hunger pain?
Or did he step proud and strong,
To the onward note from the bugler's throat
When the boys cheered loud and long?
 Oh the march was long, so long!

Where, where is the sword whose gleaming blade
Flashed up against the sky?
And wrote in a broad, white steady line
How Southern men can die!
 Thus martyrs grandly die!

Ho! Walthall's men and Brantley's line
His children shall be free!
His sword shall—hush, poor heart, alas!
His cause still sleeps—ah me!
 God pity it and me!

But the steel was good and bore the marks
 Of many a victory won,
 Then let me save the honored blade
 To show my brother's son!
 He lives in his infant son.

"Shot through the heart!" my own stands still
 With its breaking, breaking pain!
 All, all grows dark but the words of fire
 That burn my reeling brain—
 Rent heart and aching brain!

Who sprang to his side in the foremost ranks
 And over him bent the knee,
 To smooth from his brow the dark soft hair
 And kiss him once for me?
 Who kissed his dear lips for me?

Kind stranger guard that sacred spot,
 He died to free *thy* land;
 You'll find his name on rude head board
 Carved there by pitying hand—
 God bless that soldier's hand!

We've watched and nursed *your* dying ones
 Have wreathed *their* graves with flowers,
 Will any gentle hand thus wreathe
 That holy mound of *ours*?
 Oh shield that grave of *ours*!

Ah the parching thirst and numbing cold
 And the hunger pains are o'er;
 The weary feet fresh sandalled now
 Rest on the golden shore!
 Fair, God-lit, healing shore!

Far from Earth's shadows and sorrows
 Pierceth the spirit sight;
 Foreheads are bound in glory
 Bathed in eternal light—
 Oh blinding, glory-light!

Young life, young strength and beauty
 Beam from the shining shore;

Thank God for hope of Heaven,
 Thank God, we'll meet once more—
 Loved ones, we'll meet once more!

Untrammelled as the Spring's new bloom
 Reborn, he bursts the sod;
 To join the marshaled hosts on high
 Who plead our cause with God—
 Oh, hear them mercy's God!

In his thread-bare suit, with its honor stains,
 They laid him down to rest;
 Did they fold our Flag with its cross of stars
 On my poor, dead brother's breast?
 That dear, dear bleeding breast!

Oh say that I'm mad or dreaming,
 That joy will come once more!
 Then the summer woods of the South-land
 May leaf as they leaved of yore!
 With life they sprung of yore.

Then the hills may don their arabesque,
 And the Arcenceil may shine,
 While the rose on the cheeks of the blushing year
 Woos the roses back to mine—
 The roses have died on mine!

No, spring will flower, and summer fruit
 And Fall sheaves gild the ground;
 But the sad wind song the Banshee sings
 Will haunt the whole year round!
 Dark winter, the whole year round.

Down in the glen the dog-wood white
 By the maple's living red,
 But brings to mind the cold, cold sheet
 That shrouds the bleeding dead—
 Snow shrouds our Darling Dead!

Oh! weary winter has almost gone,
 With its Christmas berries swung;
 They seem great drops of human blood
 From human anguish wrung!
 Oh God, our hearts are wrung!

Killed outright! Most wretched dream,
 When, when will I awake?
 If the words ring on, thus wildly on,
 My tortured heart must break—
 Gold help me, ere it break!

SOME REMARKS UPON THE FUTURE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

IN the efforts to push our conjectures into the Future of the English Language, and to frame to ourselves some idea of the changes which it is probably destined to undergo, it is hardly necessary to pause for any assurance that changes of some sort are to occur, for we are daily sensible that many changes are actually going on.

This is seen both in single words, and in the numberless little groups of words, which, by accidental association, or by some more or less subtle disposition of the Genius of Language, are usually found in company, and make up the body of our speech.

Indeed, every living language must change. What we call its life is identical with the power to change—to produce new words, to modify old ones, and to discard them altogether. Nor is the word life any the less aptly chosen to designate these phenomena of change, because their manifestations are discernible in decay as well as by accretion. So it is with all the mortal forms of life. 'Twas thus thinking that Horace wrote (de. art. poet. 68-72):

“Mortalia cuncta peribunt ;
 Nedum sermonum stet honos, et gratia
 vivax.
 Multa renascitur, quae jam cecidere ;
 cadentque,
 Quae nunc sunt in honore vocabula :
 si volet usus,
 Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus et
 norma loquendi.”

So closely, variously and curiously intermingled are the transitions both of form and sense within the scope of a single language, and still more as displayed on those uncertain confines in the history of tongues, where one language is occupied with shaping its new existence out of the disorganizing materials of another: so mutually involved are here the acts of extinction and of new birth, that it becomes a matter of great difficulty to distinguish properly between them. It is probable, that the terms decay and improvement are often inaccurately and indiscriminately used with respect to changes in Language; and an interesting contribution is yet to be made to the philosophy of speech by him who shall succeed in pointing out what is truly decadence and loss, and what is growth and gain in any language. There will be, no doubt, two parties to

this dispute, Conservative and Radical. The Conservative may maintain, perhaps, the extreme doctrine, that every departure from traditional forms, which have once received the sanction of learned men and authors, in an educated age, is so much damage suffered by a word or phrase.—The Radicals, on the other hand, with the riotous and irreverent spirit of reform, may not only sneer at the sentimentality, which seeks to keep an old word intact, that it may perpetually bear about it the mark of its ancient character and the odor of its long established associations, but may demand an entire surrender of all else in Language to the one end of present and practical utility.

Somewhere between these two extremes, the sober student will find the law of healthy growth in Language.

These remarks are made touching a speculative or historical inquiry into the changes which take place generally in languages in which we may have no share, and on which we will only pass a judgment.

But when we come to the practical question concerning the future of our own language, the first general survey of the subject makes us aware of two opposing influences, of the nature above described, actually at work in conducting the changes now progressing in the English tongue.

A language is the common property of the people who speak it, and no one has ever been able to deny the right of universal suffrage in the matter of its changes.

Yet, while this is true, no lan-

guage ever attained a high degree of power and perfection without a Literature, and this inner court, this repository of all the purest forms and most vital functions of our language has been for ages, by common consent, entrusted to the keeping, and submitted to the control of a limited and exclusive aristocracy of intellect. It is well for our race that the principles of personal liberty have had a fair display in our history, and that many great ideas of justice and of government have taken root in the minds of men, before the arrival of this hour, so full of alarm to many wise statesmen, when the great substratum of society in all Anglo-Saxon lands, chafing in its rise, is about to spurn away all restraints and declare the irresponsible and changing will of the masses the final, the supreme, the one law of the whole.

So for our noble language; we must congratulate ourselves that its great powers have been developed, and its large capacities probed, ascertained and displayed by masterly hands in works which must ever continue to command the admiration of those who use and know the English tongue; that all this has been done before the arrival of the time when literature shall have ceased to be a distinguished profession, and when ill educated political newspaper writers and ignorant penny-aliners shall have it in their power to lead the language on to any vulgar excesses and fruitless extravagancies, which the conditions of its organism will permit. It is beyond question that the forms of our language, like all the vital

interests of society, are passing more and more rapidly under the control of the universal people. most licentious and capricious spirit of innovation cannot tamper.

What will they do with it? Is the general intelligence high enough to offer a guaranty for the preservation of its powers as a vehicle of thought? Is the taste of the people pure and sensitive enough to furnish a safeguard for its refinements and its grace?

We shall not be over hasty to answer these questions, but content ourselves, for a first general observation, with the remark, that as the people themselves are, so will be their language; that is, whatever changes shall take place in the language will be found to have a certain definite relation to the habits of thought and the temper of the people. This was a truth which passed into a proverb among the Greeks, and has been given to us by Seneca (Ep. 114) in the Latin words: "*talis hominibus fuit oratio, qualis vita.*"

In projecting, then, the future course of the English language, we ought to inquire how the circumstances, habits and sentiments of the Anglo-Saxon race will be able to show themselves in their language: and in this we shall be principally assisted by observing the character of the changes which have already occurred and are now occurring in the body of our speech; while we must guard our conjectures by keeping in mind the necessary limits to all changes in language, lying in the nature of the stuff itself; for words will not suffer too rapid nor too radical a change without annihilation, and there are some necessary laws of speech, with which the

First, we should observe that there is a tendency discernible in the English language to become more and more *abstract* in its nomenclature. That is, its words are becoming more and more simply designative of single ideas and are laying aside their descriptive power, giving up the groups of secondary and associated ideas which formerly inhered in them. Words passing through this process are losing their poetical capacity, drifting off from their contact with nature, becoming more completely the instruments of pure thought and enlarging the sphere of their application.

Great numbers of our words have been, from their origin, as abstract as they possibly can be in their several uses, such as, e. g. "be," "know," "think," "cause," "thing," "time," "then," "now," "if," "as," &c.

But many have later become so; as "to grow," which now nearly, or entirely, means a continuous succession of states, without any accessory idea of increasing magnitude; and we can say without any conflict of ideas, *to grow weak*, *to grow faint*, *to grow small*: "to charm," which is now said simply of the effect upon the mind of any uncommonly engaging object, without the least call upon the imagination to produce the detailed ceremonies of the *carmen*, *charme*, or incantation. "To ride" may be instanced also, as having been said once only of the horseman: and, not to lengthen out the list, the verbs "reckon"

and "guess," provincial in America, are exhibitions due to this same principle, which is still active in the language. Of adjectives we mention "small," which has undergone this generalizing change, and "tolerable," "moderate" which are now undergoing it. Among substantives, there is "journey," which originally must have been expressive of a day's travel, and not of travel without limit.

The word "palfrey" (*par lefrein*,) when in use, had come to mean much less than at the first. "Morocco," in certain connections, does not transport the thoughts to the north of Africa, but simply designates a given kind of leather,—as complete an abstraction as is found in the use of words drawn from foreign and therefore generally unintelligible languages, e. g. "cemetery," "intoxicate."

Such imported words, or new words of foreign extraction, are now admitted into the English only to designate objects or relations for which a denoting name is wanted, not a describing one. The English has no further use for word-painting; the people have too many and too busy thoughts. They want words for *etiquette*, *tourniquet*, *caisson* (*d'artillerie*,) &c., and they take them where they find them convenient, but they leave their associations, all that in their first nature they involve and imply, behind. The same tendency to abstraction is shown in the common habit of supplanting common words by others of smaller connotation, and therefore of more general import.

How often do we hear "individual" for man, "vehicle" for carriage, "heavenly body" for star, "animal" for horse, "instrument" for piano forte, "music" for singing, "before I was aware of his presence," instead of "before I saw him standing there." This tendency, to which a mighty impulse was given in the very birth of our language, from the circumstance that it was born, not from nature, but from other words, of foreign growth, and known then chiefly only in their denotation, has already imparted to the English the character, of the most abstract language probably which is spoken in the civilized world.* But it has not yet reached the limits of its course, and is destined, no doubt, especially under the influence of the great activity and more general spread of scientific knowledge and thought, to impress itself still more universally on our language.

And if so, there are not a few of its general stock of words which the English will probably lose. The same tendency must, in America, more especially, and in the English colonies, be strongly encouraged and furthered by the great number of foreigners, who cannot readily command or comprehend the full connotation of our descriptive words; so that such words when used between us and them are, by consent, allowed to lack something of the full group of associations formerly be-

* It would seem that several of the eastern Asiatic languages are far more abstract than any in use among the cultivated peoples of Europe. See Steintal's Characteristics, &c.

longing to them; or they give way to the choice of some more general term. Thus, instead of "hush-money," we should probably say to a foreigner, "bribe"; we should not use "howbeit" to him, but "yet" or "however"; instead of to "spy" we should generally content ourselves with describing the act in question less particularly, and use the more abstract word, to "see." Instead of "twelve o'clock," we should, in the same circumstances, probably say "noon" or "mid-day": and who knows but that "twelve o'clock" may pass from our common speech, as so many of our good old English words have given ground and are giving ground to simple expressions in the cosmopolitan intercourse of modern times, like the affectionate "good-bye," for instance, yielding, even now, to the more readily intelligible "farewell"?

Having been led to speak of the influence in one particular brought to bear upon the English language by the number of foreigners with which the English speaking race is almost everywhere intermingled we may here remark, that this circumstance is calculated generally to regulate the language more and more in accordance with a rational standard. All accidental peculiarities, immovably fixed phrases, in which words appear only in special connexions and special senses, are likely to be removed by it. It is for this reason, perhaps, that the numerous provincialisms so well known in many parts of England, have no currency in America, and it is not unlikely that the same cause is

answerable for the fact that the recent endeavors to render the orthography of the language more uniform, by reducing a number of irregular forms to the standard of a more constant analogy, are associated with the name of an American Lexicographer.

Passing then to speak of the forms of our language, and first of the written forms, or orthography; it can hardly be doubted that a large majority of the changes recommended by Dr. Webster will be adopted; for the opposition to them, which seems to have been very generally awakened, is founded either in an excessive and purely sentimental and prejudiced conversatism, or rests, as is apparently more commonly the case, upon an entirely mistaken belief that they are aimed against the etymological integrity of words, and will have the effect of obscuring their derivation.

The reduction of the termination of nouns in *our* (an exceptional growth of the later middle ages in England,*) is already as good as accomplished, and these words are now almost universally written with the simple *-or*; as *author*, *ancestor*, *error*, *favor*; a result which the etymologist may sanction as well as the practical reformer. Neither can the scholar offer any rational objection to the restoration of "metre," "mitre," "spectre," "theatre," and a few others which continue to be written with

* The same reactionary tendency in the procedures of the language, produced also the ending *l-oun* for *l-on*, as in *regioun* for *region*, *possessicun*, &c., in Chaucer.

final *-re*, back to the analogy of *chamber*, *charter*, *monster*, *murder*,* but rather must approve it. At all events, it seems to be sufficiently certain that the change will be accomplished.

So it is likely that in time another departure from analogy pointed out by Webster will be rectified; that, namely, of spelling "epitome," "catastrophe," "hyperbole," and other similar derivatives from Greek feminines of the first declension, with *e* unchanged to constitute the final syllable, whilst the English has dealt with others of the same class more in accordance with its own spirit, turning the final *e* (as well as *ia*) of the foreign word into *y*: as in "anatomy," "euphony," "lithotomy," and others. The last is the spelling which is, no doubt, destined to prevail in all these words; and no scholar can have any reason for resisting the change on scientific grounds, unless he condemns also that sovereign procedure of the language which has changed, for instance, final *-tas* in Latin words into *ty* (through the older *tie*) in English, as in "dignity," "equality," &c., &c., and which has made of the Saxon *-hade* (Germheit) the English ending *head*, as in "Godhead," "Widowhed," (in Spenser,) and also into *-hood*, as in "womanhood," "priesthood." All these and the numerous other transmutations, substitutions, omissions and additions of vowels and consonants, so soon as they have become regular, are seen to

* That cause is of his *murdre* or *gret siknesse*. Chaucer Cant. Tales, 1253.

be parts of the proceedings of that independent, subtle, obscurely self-conscious influence to which we give the name of the Genius of our language, and which, out of so various and confused materials, has elicited for us our forms of speech in all their present individuality.

But again, the English Language has shown from the earliest times, perhaps from the very first, a tendency to reduce the volume and weight of sound in its words. This appeared in the refinement or elision of internal syllables, and more especially in the attenuation or rejection of final syllables. On the road which leads us back through the French into the Latin, we almost uniformly find the English word thinner, weaker, lighter than the French word now corresponding to it, and both of them generally shorter than the Latin word. Examples are: *causa*, *chose*, *case*; *cremor*, *creme*, *cream*; *ingeniosus*, *ingenieux*, *ingenious*; *studire*, *estudier*, *study*; *Britannia*, *Bretagne*, *Britain*; *montanus*, *montaigne*, *mountain*; (*subitanus*) *soudain*, (*suddaine*, *suddein* in Spenser,) *sudden*. Of the few words which are longer or thicker than their French originals, it will probably be found that they arose, not upon the road of natural formation, but by awkward and unsuccessful attempts to make use of the words in their foreign shape: Such, for example, we may assume to be the origin of our word "escutcheon"; made from the French word *ecusson* (a diminutive from *scutum*.) Many other terms of the science of Heraldry may be compared; which

became fixed, to a certain extent, in their forms by their technical application, and submitted gradually to changes naturally wrought by the English organs of pronunciation. A partially similar corruption is the familiar "o yes"! of the Sheriff when he opens the Court,—the word being identical with *oyez!* from the Norman *oyer*, Fr. *ouir*. These corrupted forms are not exempt however from the law of diminution, but furnish rather some of the most striking exhibitions of it. Such are "curfew" (*couvre feu*), "palfrey" (*parle frein*) the shorter form "scutcheon," and a great number of other words, especially proper names.*

The same detrition appears in the words drawn from the Saxon. Sax. *agen* (Germ. *eigen*), Eng. *own*; Sax. *saegan*, (Germ. *sagen*), Eng. *say*; Sax. *neother* (Germ. *nieder*), Eng. *nether*; Sax. *hwæther*, Eng. *whether* (with a tendency in pronunciation to *wether*); Sax. *heafan*, *hefen*, *hofen*, Eng. *heaven* (pron. *hevn*); Sax. *heafig*, Eng. *heavy*; Sax. *liban*, *lofan*, *lifian*, Eng. *live*. But this influence continued to work and is working still within the English itself. What it has wrought since

* The subsequent history of many words introduced into the English by such means as this, is in many instances sufficiently curious: as they frequently bear upon them the impress of a false etymology having its rise in a popular mistake. Such words are *reindeer*, *nightmare*. The word *reindeer* has, in fact, previously gone through a similar process in the German, as has also the German word *maulthier*, from which we get our *mole*. See *Forstemann*, in *Kuhn and Aufrecht's* "Zeitschrift, &c." Vol. 1.

Chaucer's time may be seen by a glance at the *Canterbury Tales*. In the first few lines of the "Knight's Tale" we find the following: *tellen* for *tell*, *swiche* for *such*, *sonne* for *sun*, *fresshe* for *fresh*, *hire* for *her*, *solempnitee* for *solemnity*, *bataille* for *battle*, *remenant* for *remnant*, *twey* for *two*, *mentiou* for *mention*; elsewhere, *hevenlich* for *heavenly*, *estatelich* for *stately*, &c., &c., besides a large number of other words whose volume is greater for the eye than their modern equivalents by the addition of a final mute syllable. As the negative particle "not" comes from the Saxon "noht," which was represented also in English by *naught*, so the word "through" was formerly written in English "thorough," which form has remained in the adjective sense. There is no lack of evidence that this diminishing tendency is still prevailing in our language. Since the orthography of the English has not, for a long time, been much changed, we discover the effect spoken of chiefly in its spoken sounds. The words formerly written "litel," and "gentil" (*Cant. Tales* vv. 492, 1045) are now written *little* and *gentle*, and pronounced *lit'l* and *gent'l*. But while we have not changed the spelling, we speak generally *civ'l*, *ev'l cav'l*, &c., also *shov'l*, *lev'l*, *trav'l*, as well as *troub'l*, *sing'l*, *bub'l*. So also with the participles in—*ed*, notwithstanding an effort which has been made to preserve the vowel sound here for the purpose of distinguishing the participle from the past tense of the verb. The Englishman will never more be brought to say

“signed, sealed and deliveréd.” But to cease speaking of final syllables as such, let us rapidly note some other familiar attenuations and omissions of sound.—*Enny* is now the lighter sound for “any” (Sax. *anig*, *aenig*;) *menny* for “many” (Sax. *maenig*, *manig*, &c.) *England* is the attenuated sound of England (Engle-Angleland.) He who says *Cheltenham* for *Chel'tnh'm*, *Lydenham* for *Lyd'nh'm*, *Buckingham* for *Buckingh'm*, puts himself in as direct conflict with the spirit and authority of the spoken English as he who should say *sovereign* for *suwrin*, *some* for *sum*, *money* for *munny*, *none* for *nun*, *fight** for *fte*, *light* for *lite*, *Worcester* for *Wooster*.

Now the inference from all this is that more of these changes are likely to occur, as the tendency is still active and much material remains. As we speak *ununion* for “onion,” and *promuntory* for “promontory,” shall we not some day hear *urratation*, *urrator*, or *urratur*, *vuluntary*, &c.?

We pronounce the second *e* like the weaker *i* in “benefit,” “heretic,” “funeral,” “general.” Why may we not expect to hear the unaccented *e* as sounded in *adjective*, *influence*, *judgment*?

The *u* attenuated under the influence of following *i* in “biscuit,” “conduit,” appears again without the *i* in “minute” (*minit*;) so “impident” is already said by the vulgar, and the analogies of the language are in favor of this sound's gaining ground, so as to

* So pronounced still in the Lowlands of Scotland.

give us *turbilent*, *trukilent* (*truculent*) &c.

Similarly, it may be shown that it is the tendency of *a* in unaccented syllables to cede its stronger nature into that of the weaker *e* or the duller *u*: thus *a* in the ending—*ance*, as in “continuance,” is scarcely distinguishable from *e* in “contenance,” “influence,” &c., and neither this *a* nor that in “woman,” “musselman,” “continual,” “principal,” &c. is distinguished from the dull *u* as in “mullet,” “sun,” “mogul.”

Not to proceed with illustrations, of which there is no lack, we will assume it as made out that all the vowels of the unaccented syllables in English words have a tendency to lapse into a weaker kind of vowel sound.

The fair inference from this is, that, unless some counteracting causes are brought to bear, this tendency will continue until no further attenuation is possible, and no English word will possess any more voluminous or weighty vowel sound than that of the slender *i*, with the one exception of a single characteristic syllable, whose distinctive nature will be preserved by the influence of the accent.

The various analogies of the language, not only those which touch the form, but also those which concern the sense of words, combine to establish a high degree of, at least, theoretic probability, that such will be the final stage reached by the present progress of our speech. For it is important to observe, that this tendency to diminish the vigor and variety of vowel sounds in a word

runs parallel to, if indeed it does not proceed from that tendency towards idealism and abstraction which was mentioned above. Remove the several varieties of vowel sounds in a word, and thereby, to a corresponding extent, you will eliminate and remove its various elements of connotation, and fit it more and more for the expression of one, simple, general and abstract idea. It is the opinion of some philosophers in language (see Heyse Sprachsystem, p. 77 ff.) that it is the peculiar office of the vowel to be the bearer of that part of a word's connotation which belongs to the emotions; that hence arose much of the great poetic power of the ancient Greek, a language in which vocalism was largely developed and artistically cultivated with the assistance of the principle of quantity; and that the modern languages of southern Europe, particularly the Italian, owe it to their full toned vowels that they serve peculiarly to express so much vivacity and sentiment. If this judgment is just, then the Englishman is the man above all others who may be expected to consent, on this ground also, to a devocalization of his language; for there is no peculiarity of the English character more marked than his aversion to make a display of his feelings. It cannot be doubted that he would, as a mere matter of taste, be highly pleased with the possession of a language, by which he could express his thoughts, while he kept his feelings to himself.

If it should seem at first an extravagant idea, that the English

should ever reach that extreme degree of devocalization which has been indicated as its possible destiny, it will perhaps be thought less improbable after considering the very striking case of the modern Greek. Proceeding from an original language far richer than the English ever was in its vowel sounds, this dialect has gone so far in iotazing its syllables, that not even the accent has served to protect the original vowel sounds, and we hear the *iota*, *upsilon*, *eta* with the *iota* subscript, *eta*, *ei*, and even the *oi* of the ancient Greek all now pronounced like *iota*.

But again, a surprising proof of the distance which we have already traveled in the same direction in our speech, will be seen in the experiment of actually making the change in question in any ordinary piece of English discourse or composition, and observing the very slight change of sound which thereby ensues.

Take for instance Tennyson's little poem beginning:

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, oh Sea!"

and if from first to last we change every audible unaccented vowel to *i*, we shall scarcely detect any alteration from the sounds at present heard in reading it. Thus the third stanza will be:

"And the stateli ships go on
To their havin undir the hill;
But oh for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice* that is still!"

* The integrity of *oi* in "voice" will probably not always be protected by the accent; which is scarcely sufficient for this in *hoist*, *joist*, *foist* (said to be the word called *see* in its application to a certain kind of cur.)

From Gray's "Elegy, &c." we read:

"Perhaps, in the neglected spot, is laid
Some heart, once pregnant with illustrious
fire;
Hands, that the rod of Empire might
have sway'd,
Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre."

And even the stately words of Milton will be only thus far perverted; (Par. Lost, I, 60 ff.)

"At once as far as angils ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild:
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
As one great furnace flam'd; yet from
those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Serv'd onli to discover sights of woe."

These considerations and examples go to show, that it is the tendency and the increasing tendency of the English language to regard one characteristic syllable of a word only as of importance. Here the accent is placed, as though at once to point its force and guard its integrity; while all the other syllables are weakened, slurred over, or rejected. This process of rejection, inaugurated in the very birth of the language, has already reduced vast numbers of our words to the monosyllabic form. In the first five lines of Milton's Paradise Lost, there are twenty-eight monosyllables, seven dis-syllables, and only two tris-syllables. We have previously bestowed some attention upon the methods by which has been effected, this remarkable reduction in the bulk of our words,—which certainly have not been increased since Milton's time.

Briefly returning to the matter, we shall find ourselves, by remarking one or two particulars, in possession of the principle and procedure, in accordance with

which we may venture to anticipate a number of changes which may yet take place.

First then we observe of the initial syllable, that in English words this suffers first a weakening, and then rejection. In most words gotten from French forms beginning with the syllable *e* before *s* and another consonant, this first syllable was renounced in the time of the formation of the language; as in "study" from *étudier*, "scale" from *eschelle*, "stuff" from *estouffer*, "skiff" from *esquif*, "Spain" from *Espagne*, "estate" but also "state" from *état*. But the same habit has continued later in the English itself, making "stranger" out of the longer form *estranger*, which is found in old English: Chaucer uses *estate-lich* for the modern *stately*, and the same loss of initial *e* is seen in the words "stablish," "spy," "squire" and others by the side of *establish*, *espy*, *esquire*, &c., which still endure. Again, in Chaucer we find the past participle uniformly preceded by the syllable *y* as a constituent element; as *yclad*, *ycleped*, *ytaughte*, *ymade*. These words are now shorter by that syllable. Other examples might be adduced in great numbers, both of the rejection and of the weakening of initial syllables (as in *purchaser* for Chaucer's *pourchasour*;) but these are enough to show the tendency.

It must be expected to continue; and as out of the full sounding *estonner* of the old French our ancestors made our "astonish," in which the *a* has but a dull and faint sound, why may we not go further and, some day, speak

stonish, as we now say *stablish*, *scape*, for "escape" as we now say *skiff*, *stray* for the adjective "astray," as it is now vulgarly done in fact, notwithstanding that the *a* is designed in this compound word to express a separate meaning?

But far more does the attenuating and abrading habit of the English show itself in the latter part of its words, and particularly in their final syllables. Thus, not to revert now to the period of the birth of the language, Spenser still wrote *battaile* (and *battayle*, *battail*, *batteill*) for our "battle," *retourne* for modern "return," *emperour* and all others of that class for "emperor," &c, *mountaine* for "mountain," *suddem* for "sudden," *unknowen* for "unknown," *withouten* for "without," and other such too numerous to recount.

In the changed orthography of many of these words,—as for example that of *gentil* to *gentle*, *litel* to *little*,—we see the recorded sanction and the law of our modern pronunciation of *evil*, *civil*, *cavil*, *revel*, *level*, *shovel*; and of *curtain*, *certain*, &c., (after the analogy of *sudden*.)

The English must, in all probability go farther in this direction, and even if we do not come to spell the words in unaccented *-ain* with *-en*, as in "sudden," there seems to be little doubt but that we will hear, at no very distant day, the sounds *mount'n*, *fount'n*, as well as also *sunk'n*, *spok'n*.—Many other analogous cases will easily suggest themselves without the necessity of offering patterns; thus *princip'l*, *accident'l* are to be

anticipated, as well as many instances also where this influence shall have crept back further into the interior of the longer words. If we have "Edinb'ro'" and "strawb'ry," and "presbyt'ry," do not these point to *'newsp'per*, *hon'rable*, *maint'nance*, which are analogous also to the sounds already reached in *gen'ral* for "general," *fun'ral* for "funeral," *remnant** for "remanent?"

As to the spelling of the English language in the future; there have been long ago reforms proposed of a most radical nature.—It cannot be surprising to any one, that these ideas should be now revived in America in a time when in society, law and politics, the most cherished institutions are sacrificed to the triumphant spirit of Reform. Accordingly, in the celebrated 39th Congress of the United States, side by side with the "Civil Rights Bill," the "Tenure of Office Bill," and their associated measures, there was introduced a resolution looking to the introduction in this country of a system of "phonetic spelling." The idea seems first to have arisen at least as early as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, whose Secretary of State, Sir Thomas Smith, attempted a movement in this direction. It has always met however with vigorous resistance on the part of both literary men and philologists, for manifest reasons in the case of both. It is

* In this word the spelling has already been accommodated to the sound, and that too, although the banished *e* was, so far as any vowel can be, an indispensable index of its derivation.

impossible to contemplate without emotion the anguish and despair which must possess the Etymologist and the man of letters, should this system be adopted, or rather when it *shall be* adopted; for whatever may be the present fate of the recent effort made in Congress, of which we have spoken, we shall scarcely be able to doubt, on considering the nature of the influences already at work in and upon our language and literature, and the temper and circumstances of the Anglo-Saxon peoples, that the phonetic spelling will ultimately prevail, not only here, but also in England itself.

Nay more: notwithstanding that by its introduction we must sever the links which sensibly bind our words to their historic stock and kindred; notwithstanding, that by it must be dissipated the halo of tenderness and poetic glory which hovers around so

many of the words handed down to us by the reverend generations of our ancestry, with the marks of their worship, their dreams, their sports, and their love upon them; notwithstanding the vulgar impulses which will probably be in the lead when this radical reform is carried: there still remains strong reason, perhaps superior to all these considerations, to induce us to consent with equanimity to the change.

If the sweet spirit of poetry shall cease to breathe from English lips, if art and music must needs resort to other tongues to find a language suitable to give full expression to their sentiment, *it may be* that the English language is fitting itself, on the course which it is now pursuing, to become the grand training school and workshop of the purest and intensest forms of the *practical Intellect* of the world.

NINETEEN.

My maiden of the violet eyes,
 White-lidded as the mists of morning,—
 Half clouded with a coy surprise,
 Their liquid, lucid depths adorning,—
 With shut lips like a folded rose,
 Dew-beaded with youth's honey'd potion,
 And cheeks whose colour comes and goes,
 As comes and goes the quick emotion;—
 The heyday flush of fresh nineteen,
 Subtle with rare, auroral glory,
 Circles and crowns you like a queen,
 Within a realm of fairy-story!

You breathe so rarified an air,—
 No dazing films, no vapors seeing;—
 Our sluggish pulses could not bear
 The atmosphere that feeds your being.

So golden is the lustrous reach
 Of the long, vernal day before you,—
 So infinite the cloudless stretch
 Of the clear heavens' enchantment o'er you,—

You cannot know nor understand,
 How those soft hills, so dim and distant,
 Can steep the broad, sunshiny land
 In shadows gradual, sure, resistant.

You comprehend that life has care;
 You've seen it oft grow grand with duty,—
 Through small attritions watched it wear,
 Till shorn and stripped of all its beauty:

And you have said;—'It shall not be
 Thus with *my* morning's pearly promise:
 We *need* not, if we *will* not, see
 The beautiful go drifting from us.'

My maiden of the violet eyes,
 Forget, in faith so pure and holy,
 That haze upon the mountain lies—
 Dusk in the gorges thickens slowly.

Descend not from your airy height
 To meet the shadows: Let them rather
 Settle along the vales, where night
 Begins her hooded glooms to gather.

Keep on your lips the fragrant dew,
 And in your eye the sheen so tender:
 Youth's morning beams but once,—and you
 But once can walk its rubied splendor!

RELIGION IN THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE.

A prime element in the very great popularity of "The Land We Love" is, doubtless, the important office it is executing in collecting and recording authentic facts and incidents of the late war. The importance of this undertaking is felt by all who wish to promote truth. The living witnesses of the events in the recent gigantic revolution will soon pass away. The records are all in the hands of the successful party. Hence the only hope of seeing an impartial history of these transactions is in the execution of the purpose of this enterprising monthly.

No history of any country or any crisis is complete that omits the subject of religion. And, for peculiar reasons, the historian of the late war should be thoroughly acquainted with the moral and religious training that had obtained in this nation before the war, and with the condition of the various branches of the Christian Church at its commencement, as well as with their conduct during its progress. To promote this desirable end is the design of this article. The writer begs leave to say, by way of apology, that it is a source of regret with him that this contribution has not been made by some one of the many able divines who labored faithfully with the Army of Tennessee. Perhaps this humble effort to record the operations of the Church in one of the principal armies of the Confederate

States, may induce others, whose range of vision was wider and whose talents entitle them to speak, to do justice to the subject. Sustained by this hope we proceed to "speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen." Our statements will cover a period extending from the close of the battle of Chickamauga to the surrender of the army by General Joseph E. Johnston, at Greensboro', N. C.

It was very natural that the Church in the Southern States should make a vigorous effort to execute its peculiar commission among the soldiers in the Southern armies. That commission is not limited to times of peace.— On the contrary it has happened, not unfrequently, that periods of great excitement have been periods of great activity and real prosperity to the Church. When the regular and orderly course of events is suddenly broken, men are aroused from their dreams of gain and pleasure; the ground of their long cherished and unquestioned opinions is examined: the uncertainty and instability of temporal things appear; and the supports of religion are more eagerly sought. It is no time for the Church to slumber when the providence of God is calling men to *consider*. The situation of the Southern Church was not unlike that of Israel at the building of the second Temple. *Then* the people said—"The time is not come, the time that the Lord's

house should be built." But the word of the Lord by the prophet Haggai said—"Is it time for you, O ye, to dwell in your ceiled houses, and this house lie waste? Consider your ways." There was nothing in the times to lull the Church, but, on the contrary, a loud call for faith and works.—Nor was there anything in the questions at issue in the strife of arms of which the Church felt ashamed. Whatever may be the verdict of those who shall come after as to the correctness of the opinions for which the South contended, there can be but one sentiment as to the honesty and devotion with which those opinions were cherished. They were not hastily adopted, but had been matured by earnest reflection and open discussion running through more than half a century. The main questions—the Institution of Slavery and the Sovereignty of the States—involved the divine authority of the Scriptures and the structure of the general government. The Southern States, perceiving that slavery had existed under every dispensation of the Covenant of Grace, felt no scruples with regard to it: and seeing that the North, when all their objections had been answered, were disposed to place their intuitions above revelation rather than yield the controversy, felt that the very authority of God's word was at issue. That two views of the general government had prevailed from its very beginning was notorious. That these views had been warmly advocated in the Senate of the United States by the ablest statesmen the nation had

produced was equally notorious. And that the views entertained by the Southern States were correct, and essential to the existence of the government as originally instituted, they most conscientiously believed. So that when that dark cloud, which appeared on the Northern sky not larger than a man's hand, had expanded until it filled the whole heaven, and was ready to burst in fury on the South, her people rose up to defend what they conceived to be a holy cause. And never was there a people more fully under the impression that their cause was just. But in addition to this, we had a precedent to guide us as Churches. Our fathers had passed through the first revolution. The examples of such men as Witherspoon and Hall were drawn by the historian for our benefit. And under the impulse of these noble examples our ministers felt ashamed to dwell in their ceiled houses while war was raging in the land. The young men, the hope of the Church, were in the armies. As the Church desired the salvation of her sons in daily peril of instant death, as she wished for good morals when peace should be restored, she was bound to gird her loins for the work.

1. It is of importance to the honor of the Church that it should be recorded, that her ablest and best ministers engaged in preaching the gospel to the soldiers in the army. As we are speaking now of the Army of Tennessee, we will mention the names of some, for this purpose, who were engaged in this good work in that

army. Of the Episcopal Church, Bishop Lay, of the Diocese of Arkansas, and Dr. Quintard, the present Bishop of the Diocese of Tennessee. Of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, Rev. John B. McFerrin, D. D., of Nashville. Of the Baptist Church, Rev. T. C. Teasdale, D. D., of Columbus, Mississippi. Of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, Rev. B. W. McDonald, D. D., of Lebanon, Tennessee. Of the Presbyterian Church, Drs. Palmer, Waddel and Styles. From this short catalogue it will be seen that the Church sent out able men to the army.

2. There were three classes of laborers engaged in preaching the gospel to the army. First, the Chaplain. We mention this class first because it was certainly the most efficient. It was to the army what the pastor is at home. Each chaplain bore a definite relation to some special regiment. In most instances, while bearing a commission to a particular regiment, the chaplain's charge was a brigade. It was the effort of our General Assembly (Presbyterian) to place one chaplain in every brigade in the army. The chaplain was efficient, because he became acquainted with the soldiers, had access to them in sickness and in health, gained their confidence by sharing their privations and their dangers, and enjoyed constant opportunities for preaching, which transient visitors could not find. Preaching was their chief work. To this they added prayer meetings, Bible classes, distribution of religious tracts and papers, and the circu-

lation of the scriptures. Each denomination sent supplies of their Church papers to be distributed regularly by the chaplains. The Evangelical Tract Society, established at Petersburg, Virginia, supplied a large quantity of valuable religious literature in the form of tracts.

The chaplains appointed one of their own number to keep a depository for their benefit. He was allowed by the Commander-in-Chief to be detailed for this purpose. He had facilities for keeping supplies of Bibles, tracts and papers on hand for the use of the army. The second class of laborers were the regular Missionaries. They were not regularly commissioned. In fact they were not in any sense under the regular army orders. And in this respect they enjoyed some freedom. For the position of a chaplain was not pleasant when he had an ungodly Colonel or Brigadier, who thought it necessary to keep an eye on him, lest he should enjoy some immunities. The labor of this class was rather that of evangelists. And some of them were very useful. The third class, was composed of temporary missionaries. In addition to the chaplains, the Presbyteries enjoined it upon all their able-bodied ministers to visit the armies once or twice every year, and labor for a month or more. It will be seen that I use the names of the courts of the Presbyterian Church and speak of the plan of that Church. This is because I am familiar with the course of that Church. My impression is that a similar course

was pursued by the other denominations.

3. In the fall of 1863, the writer left South Carolina for the Army of Tennessee. Jenkins' brigade was then passing from Virginia to join Longstreet's corps in Tennessee. We found the army drawn up around Chattanooga. The battle of Chickamauga had been fought, and General Bragg was operating against the entrenched camp at that town. Having a letter of introduction to Brigadier General Walthall (subsequently Maj. General) we were very soon, by the kindness of that gallant officer, regularly assigned to duty with the thirtieth (30th) Mississippi regiment. The first duty of the chaplain, after battle, was to attend the wounded and dying.— This melancholy duty was our first taste of army life. A ride of twelve miles across the battle ground of Chickamauga brought us to Alexander's house, near Alexander's bridge, where the battle began. Here was the Field Hospital. Already many small boards marked the last resting places of brave soldiers. Friend and foe slept quietly together.— And here let it be said, once for all, that no tongue can tell the horrors of a Field Hospital. Of all army scenes the night after a battle was the most painful. But to return to the army. The chaplains were at their posts, and conducted religious worship as there was opportunity until the battle of Missionary Ridge. One general meeting of the chaplains was held on the summit of Lookout Mountain. There was a handsome collection of buildings on the

mountain. It had been a place of fashionable resort; and we understand is now turned into a college by our friends for the purpose of scattering the rays of light over that desolated region. Morning broke upon us before we left the mountain. It was clear and bright around us, but beneath us lay two invisible armies. Here and there a peak or cliff was visible, looking like an island rising out of the ocean. The only sign of life was the sound of the morning drum or the shrill note of the bugle. But soon that silence was to be broken, for the battle of Missionary Ridge was approaching. Who is not eager to witness for the first time a battle?

The battle had raged from morning till far into the afternoon on the right. But the enemy advanced to the Ridge only to be hurled back in headlong confusion as often as he advanced—for Cleburne fought there! Presently General Bragg rode down the line. He has passed the centre. He pauses. Artillery is hurried to the spot. The enemy is advancing and will certainly be repulsed. We go to see an engagement. Before, nothing is visible. The roar of artillery is awful and indescribable. The solid ridge seems to tremble. Our line shows signs of disorder. Every man is firing at will. Artillery horses begin to go to the rear. The line wavers, scatters, is broken. The battle is lost.

The next point of interest to the chaplain is Dalton, Georgia. The storm of war is hushed. The army goes into regular winter quarters. Four months or more

of profound quiet is given to us.— we not trust that many who laid
 It is the chaplain's time to work. down their lives in that long four-
 In nearly every camp a church months' battle from Dalton to
 is erected. With sacred song, and Jonesboro' had made their prepar-
 prayer and instruction in holy ation? But time would fail to
 things the men of God pursue their tell of what was done at Atlanta
 work. A revival is spoken of in and on the memorable march into
 a certain brigade. At the next and retreat from Tennessee. We
 chaplains' meeting we hear of labored and prayed and hoped to
 others. The Spirit seems to visit the last. May those who shall
 every camp. A general revival is come after us be instructed by all
 enjoyed. Then it is pleasant to that we have done or attempting,
 see the *great* congregation. May have failed to do.

DEO DUCE.

A stately ship sailed over the sea
 For a peerless port in a distant land;
 Her gleaming canvass swelled proudly free.
 And her helmsman steered with a steady hand.

DEO DUCE in letters of gold,
 Was graven deep on her glittering prow;
 She rode the billows that round her rolled
 A queen erect with a crownéd brow.

Captain and Pilot were brave and true
 And pure as her banner of spotless white;
 Never did nobler nor grander crew
 Enrol in the sacred cause of the Right.

Deo Duce, in safety she sailed
 Through deadly breakers and treacherous shoal;
 A people's prayers with their God prevailed
 And wafted her on to her destined goal.

She was almost there, when the sunny sky
 Grew black with the reflex of Heaven's frown;
 The mandate came from the Hand on high
 And the stately ship and her crew went down!

Broken cordage and splintering spars,
 And drifting sails like a funeral pall,
 A snowy banner with golden stars
 Heaved up out of Ocean, and this was all!

Long as the current of Time shall flow
 That star gemmed banner with never a stain,
 Through coming ages shall gleam and glow
 With a kindling light that will never wane!

Deo Duce! God's way is the best,
 Though closed to the compass of finite eyes.
 The archives of Heaven shall well attest
 The blessings He deals us in dark disguise.

Deo Duce! And oh! may it be,
 When Time and this living will be no more,
 The ship may sail o'er the glassy sea
 And be safely moored to the golden shore!

EXECUTION BY THE GUILLOTINE—FROM AN EYE WITNESS.

The prisoner had been convicted of murdering his aunt—an aged woman, who had cared for him from early boy-hood—and been condemned to die by the guillotine. The crime was a dreadful one. This old woman, who had watched over him as a mother, who had humored his every wish, was brutally massacred; and that the deed might not be known, the house, which hid her bleeding body from public gaze, was fired. Money was the sole inducement; for a few paltry dollars the axe was uplifted to deal the deadly blow, and in a moment plunged deep into the quivering brain of the helpless woman. Filled with horror, aghast at the still writh-

ing body of his only friend, the murderer quickly applied the torch, in hopes the corpse might be burned in the raging fire, and thus give rise to the belief that the death arose from accident.—But the flames incensed, as it were, at the bloody deed, shrunk back and allowed themselves to be easily overcome. Thus the tale was told; thus the guilt laid bare. Suspicion pointed out the murderer; he was arrested, tried, and condemned.

In France, no public mention is made of the time set apart for an execution, but still the day, the hour, the minute is quickly whispered from ear to ear. Nor was it different in the present case.

Before the prisoner's last eve had fairly set in, all the details concerning his coming death were well known. It was quickly told that the condemned man, presuming—and not without reason—that his execution would not take place during Holy Week, had refused all food and was endeavoring to die of starvation; and that in consequence, the law would be enforced the following morning at a quarter to seven o'clock, notwithstanding the general practice which exempted from scenes of blood the seasons consecrated to the sacred festivals of the Church. Just outside of Tours, where the crime was committed, is a canal connecting the two rivers, the Loire and the Cher. On the farther side of this artificial stream and almost adjoining the Loire, is a broad open space, and here the guillotine was erected. As early as 5 o'clock on the appointed morning, both sides of the canal were filled with spectators; but a line of soldiery kept the crowd at a proper distance from the one fatal spot, upon which all eyes were fastened.

A simple looking structure was this instrument of death. A small platform—at an elevation of about eight feet from the ground—in the centre of which, and running parallel with the canal, stood what resembled a long narrow table. The top of this table, consisted apparently of but one plank, which so worked on pivots as when turned to stand perpendicular to the platform; it was also so arranged as to easily slide back and forth between two side pieces. At the two

corners of one end of this table stood two posts, between, and at the top of which hung the knife firmly fastened in a heavy block, weighing upwards of two hundred pounds. Had it not been for this knife, which dazingly gave back the bright rays of the rising sun, this latter part of the structure might have reasonably been taken for an ordinary pile-driver. To tell you that the blade of this knife was not square, but so formed as to cut diagonally through the neck; that between the two posts, and on a line with the table, were two pieces of stout wood—the upper piece of which could be elevated—but when joined together, the two, by their peculiar make, firmly and securely held the lower part of the neck of the condemned man; and the guillotine stands before you.

The number of spectators continually increased; already had every available point, from which to view the execution, been eagerly seized upon; but still the crowd became denser and denser, and louder and harsher the heart-sickening jargon. I had often heard and read, that the majority of these willing witnesses to an execution consisted of women. I never believed it till then; but turn which way I would, that morning, and I saw five women to one man. Children were also in abundance; children of all ages, from those who could fully appreciate the horrid spectacle to the tender babe, who, to-morrow, knows naught of to-day. Already were some beginning to complain of having to wait so long; it seemed past the appointed time to

them, for it was hardly morn when they arrived at the spot. I looked at my watch; it wanted but a few minutes to a quarter of seven. A low murmur ran through the crowd, and then all was silence. I well knew what that meant; and looking up, saw the foremost of the mounted gens d'armes, who headed the slowly advancing profession. Slow, indeed, was their march; and their sombre-looking uniforms; their steady, unwavering gaze; their perfect, marble-like expression of countenance were in perfect harmony with the deep solemnity of the occasion. A column of gens d'armes before; a column of gens d'armes behind; thus approached the open cart, in which was seated the prisoner. So changed had he become, that few recognized, in the white-headed old man, the same young man with raven-colored hair and black piercing eyes, who left the court-room for his lonely cell. His back was towards the front of the cart, so that he might not see the guillotine till right upon it; in front of him sat the prison-priest, holding before his almost powerless eyes, the crucifix. The prisoner was scantily attired; a shirt or gown,

open wide at the neck, covered his body; his back hair—where the head and neck join—was closely cut, so that not the slightest impediment might be offered to the descending knife. The spot was reached; the cortége halted; and the prisoner faced the guillotine. I know not if he saw it; he appeared to be in a stupor and I trust he was. As he was unable to ascend unassisted the steps, which led to the platform, the priest quickly took one arm, and an executioner the other; and thus the criminal mounted. A parting kiss to priest, a parting kiss to executioner, and the prisoner was firmly strapped on to the plank or top of the table, which was now perpendicular to the platform. The plank was made to quickly resume its former horizontal position, was pushed slightly forward, and the prisoner's neck and shoulders securely fastened between those two blocks, which I have mentioned above. It took not long to do this, scarcely longer than it did me to utter: "Good God, have pity!" The spring was touched; the knife fell; and the prisoner's head was severed from the body.

DUEL BETWEEN JACKSON AND DICKERSON.

SEEING some recollections of Calhoun and other illustrious dead in your magazine, I deemed it right to forward to you a leaf of my "Scrap-book," before some accident might render impossible its appearance in print. It is "The duel of Gen. Jackson and Dickerson," the details of which I received from the lips of Dr. Jas. Overton, a man of fine erudition and brilliant parts, who, in spite of the fact that the life long torments of dyspepsia incapacitated him for any active participation in public affairs, may justly be considered the father of the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad. He came to Tennessee in 1818, and settled in Neely's Bend of Cumberland river, opposite to the Hermitage. Being a democrat and gentleman, he was a frequent and welcome visitor at the house of the hero of New Orleans. He died two years ago, an octagenarian in full possession of all his strong mental faculties. General Jackson was never communicative on the subject of this duel, and the Doctor related it to me as he heard it of his own uncle, Gen. Thomas Overton, a neighbor and bosom friend, as well as second in this affair of old Hickory.

Gen. Jackson and Dickerson's father-in-law had some misunderstanding, probably about horses and horse-racing. The son-in-law undertook to resent the affront.—He, already a good shot, repaired to Natchez, and spent there six months, his chief employment being practice with a pistol. Returning to Nashville, Dickerson dispatched one of his friends to Jackson with a letter extremely abusive of the General and reflecting on the virtue of his beloved wife. The messenger stated that if the General would, not reply with a challenge, the letter would be published in the newspapers.—The challenge was sent. Col. Archibald Overton, who was brother to the doctor, and who, at that time, studied law in Gen. Jackson's office, saw the instruction given to the second, Gen. T. Overton. It concluded in these words: "accept no apology, nothing but his blood will satisfy me." Time and place was appointed, and the affair, it seems, was well known in Nashville, for, among other facts to give it publicity, Dickerson offered \$500 as a bet, that he would kill his antagonist. Jackson's and T. Overton's families had no knowledge whatever of the whole affair. On the appointed day, Generals Jackson and Overton, without saying a word or creating the least suspicion about the aim of their journey, started for the rendezvous. Dickerson was not on the ground and they waited for a considerable time before he and second arrived. Gen. Overton, who was as imperious as a Cæsar, and as stormy as a tempest, walked up to receive them with, "Gentlemen! why did you let us wait so long; or is it your manners to let old men wait for young ones?"

His policy was to confuse Dickerson, but he could not succeed. "Dickerson was one of the bravest men, and his handling of the pistol the most skillful that I ever have seen," were the words of Gen. Overton, which assertion, coming from one who passed through the seven years of the revolution without a furlough, and who, on account of the unjust attack upon his friend, forever despised the man—goes far to establish the unquestionable bravery of Jackson's opponent.

The next policy of Gen. Overton was to gain the power of giving the word; and the third to extract Dickerson's first fire; and to guard against Gen. Jackson firing too soon, it was agreed that his double-spring pistol should not be sprung.

General Overton threw up, who according to his own acknowledgment, could, at pleasure, turn up head or tail. The lot of giving command naturally fell upon him, and he ordered the two antagonists to their respective pegs.—The terms were: "to stand with heads down, and arms close to the body until the word fire." While in expectation for the word, General Overton saw, or imagined, that Dickerson, who seemed very anxious to fire, moved his right arm, whereupon he stepped up to him, took hold of both of his arms, and, in a stentorian voice, exclaimed: "Mr. Dickerson! keep your arms still, sir, and remember the terms of this duel!" Then quickly he gave the word. Dickerson fired, and General Overton knew his principal wounded, because he saw the dust fly from

his coat. Jackson instantly cried out: "General! I cannot spring my pistol," whereupon the latter more vehement than ever, turned upon him with: "Spring your trigger G—d—n it!" Jackson did so, and Dickerson was shot dead.

Many years after, Dr. Overton asked his uncle, whether Dickerson really moved his arm, or he only imagined it moved? The old man, upon his word of honor, declared, that he could not tell. And why did you use such violent language toward Gen. Jackson? The answer of the old soldier was, that, according to his personal experience, a wounded man does not for a few seconds feel his hurt so much as to disable him to master his actions; but if these few seconds fly by, the chance of retaliation is over. He wanted with his storming to awaken all Jackson's remaining energies.

A few years before Gen. Jackson's death, Dr. Overton happening to ride with him, in his buggy from Tyree Springs to Nashville, on the road they were conversing about this duel with Dickerson, and the old hero uncovered his bosom to show the wound received in the encounter. "Why! general, 't seems to me you must have stood very badly to receive such a wound," remarked the doctor. The old man became silent, and did not recur any more to the subject.

N. B. The father-in-law of Dickerson was Erwin, and his second in the duel, a Dr. Cattel. I spell the name according to Dr. James Overton's way: Dickerson, and not Dickinson as it is written by others.

MARY ASHBURTON.*

A TALE OF MARYLAND LIFE.

CHAPTER VI.

I could see them constantly together from my window, walking about the woods, down the meadow, but most frequently in the park where they wandered among the stately old trees in the shade, reminding me of the pictures I had seen of Adam and Eve in the paradisaical garden.

Once when I had run down to the mill-stream to look for water cresses, and was wading in the wet grass under the arch, they crossed on the bridge above.

I was not aware of their presence until I heard their voices, and looking hastily up, saw that they had paused, and were gazing around at the pretty, rustic scene. I met their glance as I looked up.

"Your wood nymph has turned Naiad," I heard her say, as she slightly bent her head to look over the arch.

"More like a Caryatid," for my arm was extended as if hunting for something against the stone pier.

In my confusion, I pulled out a clump of rich scarlet moss, trying indignantly to recover some self-possession, enough, at least, to offer them to her.

He had bowed and all preoccupied with one another they moved on, while I quickly jumped on the arch and proceeded homeward.— My way lay for a short distance with theirs, and to avoid the ne-

* Continued from page 76.

cessity of re-appearing before the lovers, I crept through the hedge and walked on the other side, the sound of their low voices being soon lost in the space that intervened between us.

Now came the time for her visit to terminate. The sweet summer season would soon be over with its soft breezes, and sweet country scenery, and she would return to her home as his affianced bride. The gay guests were all gone now, the Grove looked deserted for Alfred left it too to visit her in her city home; not so often however as he would have done, had not his father frequently required his services in his own affairs.

The autumn came and went; so did the winter. I mended the boys' jackets, knit their stockings, performed all my accustomed duties, relieved for the present by her absence from the Grove, yet thinking bitterly of their happiness when together, and my own desolation.

Mother insisted upon my accompanying her about the neighborhood, and I went with her as she desired; she driving our safe old Bill in the "buggy," with a little boy to open the gates, in the foot of the vehicle.

The little ones loved me and crowded around me as they were wont to do, and begged me for the stories which my fancy was ever

weaving. The young girls now treated me with a shy liking, as if aware that their company was not congenial, yet won by the kindness I always tried to throw in my manner to like me after all and exonerate me from the suspicion of pride in my loftier attainments, of which I had sometimes been accused. The young men behaved to me pretty much as their sisters did, treating me with respect, yet approaching me with an awkwardness and hesitancy, that did not exhibit itself when thrown in more congenial companionship. I was kindly polite, nothing more; never romped with them at the taffy pullings, nor suffered them to squeeze my hand under the quilt at the quilting party, nor was kissed by them in "redeeming the forfeits."

Mother regarded all this with a dissatisfied eye.

"Put the children down out of your lap, Mary" she would say, "go and play with the other girls. Do more like other people."

And father said sometimes.—
"Why, lass, you make the young men afraid of you. You can never expect to marry any other than a farmer's son. There's many a well-to-do lad around here. Don't frighten the boys away so. I want you to have somebody to take care of you when I am gone."

"All women don't marry, father," I replied, "I want nothing better than to live with you and mother."

"Nonsense, girl, we can't live always, and you'll get over this foolishness when they call you old maid, poor old Miss Mary and the

like, and are all alone in the world."

I knew of no desolation but one and that was now and forever till death came to give me relief, so the picture my poor father drew of my future loneliness did not distress me in the least, coupled as it was in his fancy with a strapping son-in-law and the busy farm wife.

"Never mind, father. Trust me to take care of myself. I shall not want for friends, so don't fear for me."

"Foolishness!" he exclaimed contemptuously, "I agree with your mother now that you have read too many novels, and they would have been best let alone. You'd be better off in my estimation to be like other people."

This was very hard. How little they knew of my struggles, the constant effort that kept me up, and gave me the appearance of interest in the household work, the every day affairs of life, my inward soul sickening at the monotonous routine which was performed automaton-like; yet persevering through it all and concealing my sorrow from the eyes of those around me.

I never permitted myself to look towards the Grove now, to sit at my window at night and watch the shadows flicker over his. But I knew instinctively when it was there, or when the blackened panes told of his absence with *her* who would soon be brought there a bride. How I longed for removal from the neighborhood! I thought of years of future suffering—the beautiful bride, the idolized wife, the mistress of his

home, permitted the sweet privilege of being ever near him. I would see them riding and walking together, be constant witness of his devotion to one who would be then 'bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh:' see them, hear of them,

meet with them at times; no escape from harrowing thoughts, my ears ever compelled to hear, my eyes to witness what made my own life a desolation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REVIEW OF "BEAUSEINCOURT."

"GENIUS has many phases," says one of the characters in the above remarkable book. True—and the divine spark illumines souls diversely; as "one star differeth from another in glory."—There is a gradation here, as in all things else "under the sun," as we shall find also among the eternities of the "Land of the Hereafter." Genius of the highest grade, and of brilliant phase, has shone upon the pages of "Beauseincourt." As a book it is strong, strange, and subtle. It has been said by an eminent writer "There is no Northern woman who could have written a romance so bold, live and magnetic as the 'Household of Bouverie,' and no Northern man could have sent ringing down to posterity, such a glorious lyric as 'My Maryland.'" This I believe—most religiously; (and, by the by, it does me good to believe it.) Thus it comes that "Beauseincourt" could only have sprung from the richer, (and as yet not over-worked,) mental strata of the Southern mind. Its very basis—that strong and terrible text—RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE—is a thing forgotten or

ignored at present, by "our brethren of the North;" but most admirably does this work of a Southern brain illustrate the dread sentence,

"'Tis the eternal law where Guilt is,
Sorrow shall answer it."

I will not do author, publisher, or reader, the injustice to attempt an analyzation of the book before us, much less reveal the working of its plot and counterplots.—These are managed with great ability and skill; woven artistically so as to throw upon a sombre ground the crimson pattern of the web—i. e. the *purpose* of the book: an enforcement of the truth,—"all human life is sacred," and blood still cries for blood. I might perhaps, with propriety, note the remarkable portrayal of contrasting pictures—the leonine monster, Marcelline, and that princely boy, Walter Lavigne. I might instance that lightning-like limning which reveals to us the *man* in the lord of "Beauseincourt," and the lurid gleam which discloses also the *fend*. I might—nay, must, say a word for Bertie. A most extraordinary creation was the Master of Bouverie,—a

still more extraordinary heroine in embryo, is the child, Bertie Lavigne. I can see her at this moment, with her rare sun-smile, her clear, piercing intuitions, her clair-voyant mentality, walking innocently in the shadow of a dread secret, and realizing keenly that her

"Soul from out that shadow
Should be lifted—nevermore."

More than one picture of her is stamped indelibly upon memory's page. As for instance—

"She lay with her hands clasped over her small childish breast,—heaving convulsively now,—her seraphic eyes turned to heaven, her lips moving as if in prayer. It was the charm of this creature that she had no self-consciousness. She was like a bird on the tree, or a panther in the desert, or a deer in the wild, in this respect; every movement, every sound, was unconstrained and natural, and volition was her only being."

Such a child, and to hide so closely the coiled adder of a horrible secret—folding the slender hands over the young, struggling heart, and sternly stifling down the dreary cries wrung forth by her incommunicable sorrow!—Pity, love, sympathy, and veneration possess us by turns, as we realize that—"It is a strange feeling to reverently hold the clues of conduct that, in the sight of others less enlightened, seems inconsistent, if not absurd. Nothing had ever touched me more than this bitter, passionate outburst on the part of that suffering child, hoarding her secret of anguish from all eyes, yet at times touched through its possession

into agony, unexplained, and unendurable." Poor—poor, Bertie! So early learning her life-lesson "to suffer and be still!" In this volume she is still a child. Her history will doubtless be carried out in another work from the same magical pen:—I have an intuition that she is yet to be one of the grand heroines of our Revolution. I shall one day see her standing with her graceful height, her tawny hair and clear far-seeing vision, amid those baying and "impatient dogs of war, whose fierce regards affright even the ministers of vengeance who feed them." A book, with Bertie Lavigne as its heroine, could not fail to be absorbing. I ponder over to myself, dreamily, the splendor of the rose which is to unfold from such a bud. I confess to an intense curiosity, not unmingled with anxiety, to ascertain whether her creator can develop a woman fully equal to the promise of this child—fully consistent with the character of this embryo. The *woman* should be a grand one, — all the more real, all the more lovable, in that she is not—

"Faultily faultless—splendidly null."
I shall watch for you, Bertie.—Through that cloud of grief which settled so darkly upon your young soul, I shall watch to see the lightning-stroke which shall make or mar, not only your own life, but the lives of all who love you. The cloud itself will never pass away. Its action must be persistent—permanent. A nature like yours could not forget it. You were right, strange child, when you said:

"I shall walk alone through hushed heart-beats and bated life on account of that shadow.— breath, the master will that leads No one else shall ever come under us down, down through sombre its bleak influence for my sake, solitudes, whose solitary star- and until the Judgment Day it beam is— will cling around me."

"The light that never was on sea or shore."

As to the literary merits of "Beauseincourt" and the "Romance of the Green Seal;" (Mrs. Warfield's late novels;) they are not to say so continuously "brilliant," as they are original, bold, and full of a forceful vitality. All over these books gems are scattered profusely:—trenchant "truths expressed in the shortest and sharpest form, looking up at you like an eye" from every page.— They are truths and they look straight at you, always fully and fearlessly,—though some of these unblenching orbs have a weird expression, and some have a wicked gleam in them that involuntarily recalls the gem called "Gnome-eye" in Bouverie. This tendency of Mrs. Warfield towards *the strange* in story, (as it does not pass the limits of good taste,) is exceedingly fascinating to the imaginative reader. Like Poe she enchains us at her will, though she never rushes into the enchanted extravagancies of the "mad poet." Her genius leads her, as it were, down into the depths of her subject, and if there be "a weird and wandering star" to cast its pallid lustre over the scene she is sure to follow it, as the poet did Astarte, even though it lead to a lonely mausoleum, deep in the "ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir." The element of *strangeness*, when artistically wielded, is one of intense and subtle power, we follow involuntarily, with

To this subtle influence Mrs. Warfield adds force, variety, and comprehensiveness. She is liberally endowed with creative power—Bertie Lavigne, and the Master of Bouverie are originals. She does not write several books to give us her *one idea* of a woman—but Camilla, Miriam, and Madame Aglai Maurepas, are as diverse as the latitudes in which they dwell. There is a magnetism about these creations which impresses one that they are living women, and makes you wish that they *belonged to you*—as *real* women, I mean. They "take possession" of you like the characters in Marion Evans', "Adam Bede," and "Mill on the Floss." The vivid light of *vraisemblance*, is round about them. Camilla Bouverie is a grand woman, such as angels acknowledge and bow before;—Maggie Tulliver a glorious woman, such as men are glad to die for. (That is when there is no possibility of *living* for them.) I read the generality of novels with a sort of stupid wonder as to why the men adore the heroines; and *vice versa*, am usually oppressed with an equally stupid astonishment as to wherefore the heroines adore the heroes! Of course it is my fault—not the novels. Yet I can understand why Erastus, the false man, loved Camilla, the true woman; I can feel through every nerve the supreme

—the more than manly devotion of Philip Wakem; and realize thrillingly the mad passion which Stephen held for Maggie Tulliver. Perhaps this is because these are men and women—not merely heroes and heroines. One of the most especial charms of Mrs. Warfield's romances is, that they are perfectly *understandable*. That the author is a person of matured mentality, and ripe scholarship, is readily seen. But her acquirements are not shot at you from a catapult—she does not *Gorgonise* you with her petrifying erudition. She is not given to that fashionable "folly of the wise,"—a parade of her wisdom; nor is she of those whose sublime scholarship soars so far beyond its audience that it forgets to return,—leaving them stranded hopelessly and forever upon the bleak shores of the dictionary. We take up many books now-a-days in which there is a marvelous show of depth;—drop in your plummet line, and you find it simply—obscurity.—The most beautiful waters in the world are those clear, sparkling, sunlit deeps upon whose beds you can count glowing shells shining like so many gems. You plunge down your arm to grasp them,—ah! 'tis *then* you find how deep they lie! Far fathoms down—and yet so fair, so silvery clear, that the child at your side may count the pearly treasures and comprehend them all. So should it be with the "style" of those who would portray for us the deep heart of Humanity. Mrs. Warfield is thoroughly aware of this, she does not aim to perplex, to startle, or to stupefy. She does not inflate a petty thought into balloon-like dimensions,—or, as somebody says, "give the body of a fly suspended between the wings of an eagle." Her observation of human nature is close and keen, but kindly; her insight into its mysteries both clear and profound; her exposition of it at once simple and comprehensive. Her powers have been nourished upon royal fare, and she is (apparently) as unconscious of their royalty as the Princess to whom regal life is an everyday affair. Therefore those powers, developed as they are by an extensive and accurate scholarship, make no show of it, as if it were a mantle worn upon a gala day. Her elaborate study does not crop out in quotation and allusion foreign to her readers, but rather permeates and imbues her entire work. We do not see patches of German metaphysics or ancient erudition sown upon her brain-fabric, regardless of all "the harmonies and the unities," but, if alluded to, they are woven with a graceful touch into her tissue, and shine forth, as *a part of it*, in silvery threads or sable strands.

The fault of "Beauseincourt"—if fault there be,—is a tendency to amplification in some points not strictly necessary to the narrative of the Lavigne family. This, however, we account for, not so much as a fault, but as being necessary to a full understanding of the volume which is to follow as a sequel, and complete the histories of Miriam Montfort and Bertie Lavigne. We should consider it a real loss were this to be left unfinished. Through the strange, Satanic shapes of Revo-

lution, we would see them move once more; and in truth as we linger over the last words spoken of George Gaston and Bertie, we fancy we can hear the first wild wailing of that trumpet-call which heralded a conflict of five long and weary years, when Radicalism,—the "monster birth from the debauch of Priestcraft and Politics," grew "drunk with blood, to vomit crime."

"Men," says James Hogg, "often as they get auld fancy themselves wiser, whereas, in fact they are only stoopider." So with the wise world of critics round about us. There is plenty of mettle in Mrs. Warfield's books, and but little doubt that they will be liberally belabored by those who are simply "nothing, if not critical." With all my heart, I say Amen. The author would doubtless felicitate herself upon the fact. Nothing could gratify me so truly, (were I an author,—which Heaven forbid!) as to have my works *well-abused*. If they were not, I should be deeply mortified;—should conclude they were'n't worth a "continental cent"—and should engage Bill Arp's "cussin' man" immediately, at as high a salary as my sorely un-"reconstructed" means would allow. To pay for a "puff" is sheer, and simple nonsense,—to pay for a good growling, a fiery onslaught, or a thunderous pen-thrashing, is,—sound policy and the very best article of common sense. I enjoy heartily the "goosey, goosey" grandeur of the critics who "go in" to annihilate some poor pen-driver, and end by selling his book by the

thousand. For, of course, people of discrimination in these days never read what critics praise,—though they devour readily what has been torn into shreds, by the aforesaid ogres.

"Have you read Elsie Venner?" I asked a brilliant woman some months ago.

"No. Has it been much cried down as bad, and stupid, and altogether abominable?" she queried in reply.

"Not that I have seen—on the contrary I believe it has been much bespattered with praise by the professional scalps."

"Then I'll not trouble myself to read it. I make it a rule never to buy a book until it has been 'scandalously abused' by the regular critical clique,—and I never read one they have d—d—(desecrated, I mean,) with their two-penny praise." And I said laughingly, "Sister in the faith, I am like you."

There is something really inspiring in the half-nonchalant, half-unconscious indifference of a few of our finest writers to either commendation or criticism. They "have done what they could" and therewith are content. They are willing to leave all consequences to time. In a certain sense they resemble

"Those elect
Angels, contented with their fame in
Heaven,
And seek not praise of men."

Nevertheless it argues a sort of steely, dread-naught daring in Mrs. Warfield to place her own proper name on the title-page of her Romance. Why not adopt a name savoring of masculinity, or

at best a mystifying *nom de plume*? the privileges, the immunities of
 Oh! the consideration and court the neuter gender!
 accorded to the masculine,—ah!

LIFE'S BY-WAYS GREEN.

DEDICATED TO MY LITTLE HUMMING BIRD, M. A. M.

When youth is gone and on our hearts
 Old Time would shed his snow,
 As down life's beaten, dusty track
 With measured steps we go.
 It chances sometimes in the heat
 And burden of our day,
 We turn into a shady lane
 And while an hour away.
 Here from our weary souls we shake
 The dusty cares of life,
 And only in the distance hear
 The clamor of its strife.
 The cooling shade our spirit soothes,
 The soft green grassy sward
 Recalls the happy days of youth
 In pleasure's prairie broad.
 But soon the winding pathway turns
 And leads us quickly back,
 Until our foot-steps tread again
 The broad and dusty track.
 And we must take the burden up,
 Cast for awhile away,
 And turn unto life's real work
 Neglectful of its play.
 Down such a by-way now we tread
 Far from the dust and heat,
 And soon into the beaten road
 Must turn our lingering feet.
 But in our hearts we'll carry yet
 The fragrance of the hours
 When, sauntering down this grassy lane,
 We gathered prairie flowers.

TENELLA.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING*

INTERVENTION, NOT BY ENGLAND.

IN the race of the States for freedom and self-government, Kentucky joined with that ardor and whole-souled energy which seem her inseparable characteristics.

By a provident foresight on the part of General Buckner, carried into effect by the Legislature as early as 1859, the entire militia of the State was organized into a State guard, with General Buckner in the position of Chief Inspector and Colonel Helm second in command. The superior excellence of these distinguished gentlemen was nobly displayed in the good discipline and efficiency in arms so universal among the Kentucky troops, and too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the patient labor which produced such a desirable result.

In all the ranks of enthusiastic adherents to the Southern cause, none acted with greater promptness and devotion, than Mr. Franklin, who literally considered all things subordinate to the one subject of vital and all-absorbing interest. His energy and spirit animated all with whom he was associated, and his influence in contributing to the good of the cause was exceedingly great. His time, his money, his house, himself were all placed at the disposal of his country, and their acceptance on the part of the authorities was considered as a positive favor.

Loui La Fronde was a zealous assistant in all plans having for their object Southern independence, and the family who had before looked on him as one of them, now felt themselves bound to him by the tie of a newer and more perfect union.

Mrs. Franklin espoused the cause of her State and the South with all the ardor of her large warm heart, and even Mary's usual placidity was exchanged for as near an approach to enthusiasm as was compatible with her calm, undemonstrative nature.

Loui, on the secession of Louisiana, had announced his intention of returning to Belle Espérance for the purpose of joining a company raised in his native State, and had commenced the preparations for his departure, when a necessary absence on the part of Mr. Franklin induced him to remain in Louisville as the protector of the ladies.

In the mean time he accepted an appointment as captain under the noble Helm, then recently commissioned as colonel of the 1st Kentucky cavalry, and rendered efficient service at Bowling Green. By the time that the return of Mr. Franklin released Loui from his by no means unpleasant duty as head of the house, so warm a friendship had sprung up between him and his gallant commander, whose great personal attractions were equalled

* Continued from page 50.

only by his legal knowledge, strict integrity and faultless courage, that its result was an abandonment of his original intention and a continuance in his present position.

When on the 25th April Admiral Farragut obtained an easy victory over a defenceless and unresisting city; and despite his peremptory demands and threats of bombardment, was reluctantly obliged, by means of his own marines, to remove the Confederate Flag from the City Hall of New Orleans, Mr. La Fronde again determined to return to Louisiana for the purpose of protecting his aunt, and of removing her from a place so exposed as Belle Espérance would in all probability become, but duty again interfered with his plans.

As the time went on, Col. Helm had won the position of Brigadier General, and Loui, following his commander, exchanged his captaincy for a majority in the -th regiment Kentucky infantry, and was kept in a state of constant activity.

After the battle of Baton Rouge, when the brave young General received so disastrous a wound, Loui, who had fought like a tiger during the engagement, was one of the party under whose escort the wounded officer was conveyed to the residence of a planter, and remained in charge of him until his services were no longer required.

Obtaining a short leave of absence, Maj. La Fronde started with the almost impossible object of reaching Belle Espérance by land and removing his aunt from

the vicinity of Butler, then waging fierce war against women and silver plate. A determined trial proved the impracticability of the plan, and Loui returned to his command and shared in its fortune and that of its gallant commander.

In his secret heart, Loui was but too glad of any event which, without the direct exercise of his own volition, would withdraw him from Louisville and the house of Mr. Franklin. Not that the many charms of the latter had in any way lost their power to please, but from a growing conviction that a tacit understanding was established between Mr. and Mrs. Franklin, in which he was considered a participant, to the effect that sooner or later, he would ask the hand of Mary, and that it would not be refused.

Many a man in his position would have desired nothing more than the certainty of a marriage with one so pure, lovely, and gifted as Miss Franklin, whose other claims for consideration were of a most substantial and valuable kind. Material and mental attractions were all lost upon Loui, who regarded the young girl with a feeling of respect, even reverence, but with far less actual admiration than he bestowed upon her mother. As Clive Newcome said—a remark by the way in whose deeply painful truth many and many a man in poor Clive's position has feelingly coincided,—“the shoe was a very pretty one, but it did not fit,” and Loui shrank with all the refined Epicureanism of his sensuous nature from entailing' upon himself an

alliance which would force him to wear the pretty but uncomfortable shoes, a necessity, which a union with Miss Franklin would certainly impose.

His exquisite tact of manner prevented the least manifestation of his feelings on the subject, and Mary adopting the unspoken but apparent views of her parents, and still more misled by her wishes which invested hope with the semblance of reality, yielded to the delightful conviction that Loui's love equalled her own, and that she might, with no sacrifice of maidenly feeling, give him the deepest affection with which a woman may properly regard him who is to be her future husband.

To part with him, who was more to her than existence, was the one trial of her life, but she bore it bravely, supported by her confidence in Loui, and still more by her childish faith in the great Disposer of all, even the most trivial events, which affect humanity.

Then Loui wrote often, and he had the French art of so graphically writing a letter, that a perusal of it was almost a facsimile of a talk with its writer, and produced a sensation of delightful freshness and animation. Loui was well, Loui was happy, Loui was all her own, and so her pure life went on, passed in the conscientious discharge of its duties, and she moved calmly on, utterly unconscious that she had substituted an earthly idol in the place of her God, and bowed down to it with the ceaseless adoration which she thought she gave her Maker.

The course of Cupid did not proceed with any the less of its traditional want of smoothness at South Side, nor were Miss Charley and the Professor exempt from its penalties. The Christmas which had been appointed for their marriage found that event a victim to the state of the country, and the confirmed belief of Col. Preston that the beginning of another season would see the South free and elevated to a position of the utmost prosperity and national greatness.

"Fight out another campaign?" said that sanguine gentlemen in reply to a mild suggestion from the groom-elect that such an event was at least possible, and that the purposed union need not be delayed on account of a prospect of peace—

"Fight any more? No Sir! The rascals have had their fill of fighting, and since Beauregard and Joe Johnston have taught them that campaign does't mean champagne, as old Scott and Senator Wilson made them believe when they went on a picnic to Richmond, they'll be only too glad of any excuse to drop the 'job' which they find too big for them. Don't be in a hurry, James—Charley is very young, and our present life here is a very pleasant one."

The Professor admitted both assertions unhesitatingly, but intimated that agreeable as his present life was, it could and would receive an incalculable addition of happiness if he could become singly and in his own right, the lawful proprietor of the fair and fascinating Charley.

"Besides, Colonel," he continued, while a pained look passed over his handsome face, "I cannot afford to delay—I am growing to be an old man!"

"Old? fiddlestick!" ejaculated the Colonel contemptuously, "Old! How old are you, James?"

"Thirty, sir," was the reply in a tone which would have been appropriate to an octogenarian.

"And you call that old!" said the old gentleman testily; "I am upwards of twice thirty-five and I assure you I do not consider myself old! You've been at South Side ten years, and my word upon it, James, you are a younger man this night, in appearance and manner, than you were on the day you assumed the care of Frank and Charley. A blessed day it was for all of us, James.—Nay, I will speak," he continued as the Professor began a piteous appeal that the subject should at once be dropped. "I know your horror of being thanked, but if I don't speak out I shall burst.—From the day you sacrificed the highest position William and Mary could bestow, and buried yourself and your talents in this old country house to educate two children, just to gratify a whim of mine and because you fancied I had done you a former service, you've been a comfort and a blessing to us all. Bless my soul, James, I'm so glad Charley loves you! In giving you that precious child, I feel that I make you the only return that is commensurate with your deserts."

"My dear sir," said the Professor, still suffering from this onslaught on his modesty, "if you

imagine that the deserts of any mortal man can begin to approximate Miss Charley's value, you deceive yourself egregiously—far more so when the man is the one so unworthy of her as I am!"

"She's the best judge of that, James, and to her I refer the subject. She is as wise as she's pretty, and has a proclivity for always recognizing the best article of its kind. *Festina lente*, James, in this marrying business—there's plenty of time!"

"But it seems to me, sir, that our progress is 'lentissime,' and this matter is so near my heart," said the Professor, in a voice he tried hard to make jovial.

"So it is with mine, James, and wife's, and so I believe it is with the child, but old folks know best, and I am convinced that for all reasons, it is best the wedding should be postponed until the spring when this affair is settled."

"But, Colonel," persisted the Professor, "it may not be settled then."

"Not settled! By George, James, if the rascals," (let it be here explained that by this generic term, rascals, Colonel Preston indicated the enemies of his country, termed variously at the time, United States Troops, Federals and Yankees,) "don't get tired of fighting, and they are sick of it now, England will at once interpose. What'll she do without cotton?"

She did very well without cotton! Some thousands of maledictions went up to heaven from the famished throats of her starving operatives who, though Cotton was a king deposed like Lear, still

clung to him with a Cordelia like devotion. Some millions of rupees from the royal treasury were expended in the vain attempt to import the fleecy treasure from India, and something very like a tarnish came over the brightness of the National shield from the peculiar ideas entertained by Cabinet Ministers on the subject of a much misunderstood word—Neutrality. But these were mere subjects for sprightly newspaper paragraphs and rather ponderous debates in the House of Lords.—England's bulwark of honor—her immense wealth—was intact, and *ruat coelum* so that were safe!

If England disappointed the predictions of the Colonel, in doing without cotton, so did the Yankees in regard to not growing tired of the war.

Weary enough the people proper were of it, but those who had command, seeing that Mr. Seward's small promissory note for ninety days had been protested by the great Southern Bankers, and that a new one was absolutely necessary, went to work to regularly arrange and systematize matters and to effect the "job," as it was technically termed, by contract.

Government contracts are proverbial for enriching the individual at the expense of the national party in the transaction, and now that war had assumed the appearance of a gigantic goose, which laid not one, but thousands of golden eggs, the Chiefs of the country were by no means inclined to hurry themselves in killing so auriferous and valuable a fowl.

So the months sped on bringing the Springtime to gladden nature, but bringing no peace for the South and no bride for the Professor.

On the evening of one of the bright Spring days, Camille burst into her Aunt's pretty parlor with an open letter in her hand and her beautiful face flushed into more than its usual color with pain and indignation.

"What is the matter, Camille?" asked Charley, who with her grandparents and the Professor, was spending the evening at Broadfields, "has any one been troubling you?"

"Yes, through cousin Jacqueline," replied Camille excitedly. "Only think, a party of wretches sent off on a thieving expedition by Butler, have been to Belle Espérance, stolen whatever was valuable, destroyed the rest, and carrying off most of the servants, have left poor cousin alone and, I fear, in great suffering."

"The rascals!" shouted the Colonel, "just like them to attack a defenceless and crippled woman for the sake of her silver! I only wish I had that beast here!"

"What would you do with him, Grandpa?" enquired Miss Charley, who did not love the said beast any more than her grandfather, and who derived a positive pleasure in hearing him receive at Confederate mouths the justice he was sure to obtain.

"Do?" said the choleric Colonel, "I'd make a Crassus of him by sticking his ugly body full of silver forks and pouring melted spoons down his craven throat!"

"That would be to make the

metal base by contact; would't it, Grandpa? Now I think," continued Miss Charley, rubbing her pretty nose with the tip of her finger, a process which was always indicative of deep thought, "death is too easy an ending to Beast Butler's villainy. I should let him live, for I know that his cowardice and his secret love of the world's favor, no matter how he may pretend to defy it, will make his existence one lingering discomfort. You know old Satan will get him of course, the moment he dies, and *he* will punish him!"

"How, Miss Charley?" asked the Professor, amused at the young lady's emphatic assertion of future events.

"Well, I can't exactly decide," said Miss Charley, "but I know one thing, if he wishes the sentence well executed, he had better put it in the hands of a Southern woman! That is, of course, if any of them should be so unfortunate as to go to the place to which Butler is bound. I must confess, Professor, that one increased incentive to goodness is given me by the knowledge that if I am not good, I shall be forced to meet Butler on terms of social—at least spiritual, equality!"

"Little fear of that, child," chuckled the Colonel. "But give us the details of the attack on your cousin, my dear," he continued to Camille, who sat still absorbed in her letter.

"Cousin writes," she replied, glancing at the commencement of the delicately written epistle, which an accommodating blockade runner had smuggled beyond

the lines, "that the first intimation she had of the approach of the wretches, was the fact that old Joseph rushed into her sitting room, of an ashy color and trembling in every limb." "Throwing himself at my feet," read Camille from the letter, "he stammered as well as he could for fear, that a party of Butler's men were then at the gate, that he would die before he would desert me, or assist them, but that he must secrete himself till they should leave. Knowing the innate cowardice of the negro race, I was not surprised at the conduct of Joseph, but I must confess I was not prepared for the behavior of Fifine, from whom, in right of a lifetime of uninterrupted kind treatment, I was warranted in expecting at least respect.

"Scarcely had Joseph disappeared through my private door, when that at the opposite extremity of the room was pushed rudely open and a squad, of about thirty, of the most villainous looking wretches I ever beheld outside of your father's illustrated copy of the Inferno, armed to the teeth, and evidently somewhat under the influence of liquor, rushed in.

"A lady, my child, you know is ever a lady, and it did not become the representative of the La Frondes to act in an inhospitable manner, even to her enemies, so turning in my chair, I said to one who seemed in authority—I think his superiority was due to his brutality and excessive ugliness—I have not the honor of Monsieur's acquaintance, but if Monsieur will be so good as to make known the object of this singular visit, I will

endeavor to execute Monsieur's wishes.'

"Doant you mossou me, you old hag,' was his polite reply, 'as for executng, I'll execute you with drumhead court-martial if you don't tell me if that fellow of a relation of yours ain't hid here.'

"Do you mean Maj. La Fronde, C. S. Army?' I asked.

"His reply was an oath, and an intimation that he knew Loui was not here—you know, child, he is now in Kentucky with Gen. Helm—but that if I did not at once give him the plate and all else valuable in the house, as well as information which I possessed of the place in which a large chest of treasure had been secreted by a neighbor, he would hang me to my own front door.

"You may do that,' said I, 'and you may obtain the valuables of the house of which I am protector, but I should hold myself as vile as you, were I in any way to assist you.'

"All right, old witch,' he said with a volley of horrible oaths, 'I'll put hot coals under your feet and roast them before I hang you!'

"As you like,' I replied, 'nothing that one of you can do, can possibly surprise me, unless indeed you were to perform an honorable action.'

"I could have died, child, but I never would have divulged the trust of my friend, and so the wretches seemed instinctively to feel, for I heard one of them say, 'It's losing time trying to get any words out o' that old gal. She's got the real Secesh she-devil grit. Let's go in for the swag.' What

the last might be I had not the slightest conception, but I soon learned that it stood for plunder, and nobly did the gallant knights fulfill their vocation.

"With a dexterity which must have been obtained by constant practice, they subjected the room to the most minute examination, so that had anything larger than a pin been concealed there, it must have been discovered.

"In the midst of their search Ffine entered the room, and with a lightness of manner and insolence of deportment I had never seen, carried on a conversation with the robbers, and lent them every assistance in their spoliation.

"Then, child, ensued a scene, which I am glad your young eyes will never witness, and from which I recoiled from very shame of human nature.

"Of my personal indignities I say nothing—I am glad, child, to have suffered for the sake of our family—I had always thought the sight of personal and incurable deformity secured to its unhappy possessor, at least, freedom from indignity. Suffice to say that I now found it was otherwise, and that which should have been my protection, was converted into a new source of cruelty and insult.

"Well, child, they left undone nothing that vile hearts or sordid natures could suggest to depraved minds. I would not pollute my page, nor your ears, child, by the horrible oaths, and obscene actions of these human fiends, but their last act was one so much in keeping with their character that I must tell it.

"Finding from Ffine that my

comfort, if not my existence, depended on the use of my chair, which you know Loui had made for me in Paris, they dragged me out of it, and cut it to pieces before my eyes, with maledictions upon me that a devil would have gloried in heaping.

"I contrived, by the exercise of excessive endurance, to sit up against the wall, that they might not see how completely they had crushed me, and as they were leaving the room in a body, bearing with them all they had not destroyed, and with Fifine hanging with disgusting familiarity on the arm of their leader, I said to them as quietly as if I had been dismissing a levee: 'You have stolen all that you think valuable, and destroyed all you did not steal; you have subjected me to suffering and despoiled me of all that made life pleasant, but I glory in the thought, that of my most valuable possession, you have not been able to deprive me. My birth-right is still mine and is, like the line of La Fronde from which I sprang, as far above your reach as heaven is.'

"Of course, child, the wretches were not affected, but the speech was a great relief to me!

"They went off suddenly, as they had come, Fifine with them, and late in the evening, Joseph returned and found me in a pitiable condition. His old wife, faithful as he, came with him, and thanks to the money my nephew had sent me, and the kind services of the good minister and other friends, I am now in a position of comparative comfort.

"Loui insists that I shall join

him and accept the invitation of Mr. and Madame Franklin, who are so good as to entreat that I make my home with them for the war, and I shall accede. It may become a permanent home, child; I am growing old, and I am somewhat crushed in spirits by loneliness and separation from what remains of my once proud family. I pine to see Loui's face and to be sheltered by his love. I wish, child, it had been otherwise with you. I think of your blighted youth and feel almost a criminal. I am wonderfully softened, child, and I have learned to thank God for the suffering which bent my proud spirit, and will, I trust, make me a better woman. Forgive me, child, any and all pain I may have brought to you. Do not cherish resentment against your husband—try to love him—I see now, child, those who love most are the best and happiest."

The voice of the reader died away, and the letter of Mademoiselle remained unfinished.

"Noble lady!" exclaimed the Colonel, trying to perform surreptitiously the absolutely necessary operation of blowing his nose. "She has the spirit of a hero!"

"I wish she would make her home with us," said the kindly voice of Mrs. Esten.

"So do I, my dear," replied her husband, "though I begin to feel the day may come when we ourselves will be forced to leave our homes in the search of a safer position."

"I'll never leave Southside unless President Davis and the country need me elsewhere!" said

the Colonel, in a tone of fierce determination, as he rose in response to his wife's intimation that it was time to return.

"Suppose we all had to go, what would you do, Camille?" asked Miss Charley, trying to rouse the former from the depression consequent upon the contents of her cousin's letter.

"I?" she replied, lifting up her dreamy eyes, "I should become a nurse in a hospital. I often think of it even now."

"Too young, my dear," said the Colonel, laying his hand on her bright head, "and a great deal too pretty! What would you do, Charley, child?"

"Put on boys' clothes and volunteer!" was the laughing reply. "I couldn't borrow a suit

of you, Grandpa, nor of the Professor, but Frank's fit me exactly!" said the saucy beauty, as she slipped her little hand under the Professor's arm and went off with him to the carriage.

"When did you hear from Frank?" asked Mr. Esten of Mrs. Preston as he conducted her down the stairs.

"Yesterday," she replied; "he is with his company on the Rappahanock, and his mother and I are anxious about him in such an exposed position."

"He is a brave fellow and will do his duty nobly!" said the gentleman warmly.

"Of course; Frank is a Southern soldier!" was the proud reply.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SONNET.

November days! month beautiful and rare!
 Of russet leaves, sad thoughts and pensive dreams;
 When birds scarce sing and softly glide the streams,
 And golden languors steep the smoky air.
 The squirrel hoards his winter nuts and grain,
 In woods where winds low requiems now wail;
 The partridge whistles in sere fields again,
 And from brown copse and thicket pipes the quail.
 The robin now his red breast first displays
 In hedge or orchard that all slumbrous lies;
 Valley and hill sleep mellowed in dim haze,
 And forests stand all stained in gorgeous dyes;
 The ruddy sun e'en shines with softened blaze
 Through gauzy mists that like faint incense rise!

"A LITTLE JOKE."

Dear Haversack:—I enclose a piece of jocularly clipped from the "United States Service Magazine" for May, 1866, which is almost as rich as the famous Congressional Joke, being, in fact, a number of jokes all rolled into one. As it is too rich to be condensed I present it, comments and all:

"One of the most extraordinary incidents of the field, during the late war, occurred on July 7, 1863, or was reported on that day, in a telegram to the Northern newspapers. It may be relied upon as perfectly authentic, several instances having come within my knowledge, of creditable witnesses to the event, who were not a little proud that the enemy in equal force fled at simply seeing them.

THE BROWN FACES OF THE VETERANS.

"At the battle of Gettysburg, when Longstreet made his attack on our centre, our men were behind a stone wall. The rebels were told that the men ahead were only militia, and so marched boldly up. When within thirty yards of the Union line they recognized the bronzed features of their old enemy, and the cry was raised: '*The Army of the Potomac!*' when they became at once demoralized and were cut to pieces. Nearly all the rebels shot in the attack on the centre were struck in the head.

"When this took place, the soldiers of the South were beginning to be ashamed of the vaunt so freely put forth in 1861, and believed in with such self-complacent vanity, that one rebel was a

match for five or seventeen Yankees. There is now no honest rebel who will not admit that man for man, and American for American, became the fair rule in the end."

Rich as this is, as a piece of sarcasm, I must own to having been surprised to find it in a magazine supported in great part by the very army upon which, the terrible satire of the story and the bitter irony of the last sentence of the remarks upon it, most reflect. The mystery was solved, however, by my finding that this magazine was equally intended for the Naval and *Marine* branches of the service, this anecdote of course being exclusively written for the latter. Excuse me for dwelling a little upon that last sentence, for anything *well said*, and suggesting even more than is said! is sweeter to me than honey in the honey comb, and I love to roll it "as a sweet morsel under my tongue."

How suggestive is the expression "man for man" of how different would have been our condition now, had that *ever* been the rule. The official figures of the war are at last beginning to be published and they must soon enlighten even the "Marines."—Here are a few of them. At Sharpsburg, McClellan 94,000, Lee 37,000; at Chancellorsville, Hooker 132,000, Lee 55,000; at the Wilderness, Grant 141,166, Lee, 52,626; at Petersburg, April 1, 1865, Grant, 160,000, Lee, 40,000; at Appomattox, Grant about 120,000, Lee, 8,000 armed, 17,000 un-

armed. Total Federal force in the field at time of surrender, 1,000,000. Total number of Confederates surrendered or paroled throughout Confederacy 174,223.

Total number of soldiers put in field during the war, by Federals, 2,879,049 (not including Regular Army and Navy, but counting every re-enlistment as a new man.) Total number who ever bore arms for Confederacy, 600,000 (a Federal estimate from captured records of the C. S. War Department.)

But the originality and novelty of the claim that "man for man" was a fair proportion, will probably strike the marines even more forcibly than its irony, for the most that the Northern press claimed at the commencement of the war was, that twenty could whip seven, and their only hope, in the dark days of war, was that the odds in their favor were continually increasing, and that after the "cradle and the grave" alone were left to oppose them, and the negroes were enlisted on their side, their triumph would be assured.

On the whole, the story is rather a hard one, even from a "Marine" point of view, but looked upon from the stand-point of Longstreet's corps, what shall we say of it. In behalf of this corps, we must be allowed to remark that it will be time enough to notice the insinuations when *some little plausibility* is given to the story, by making it read that the recognition was caused by the "veterans" solemnly rising, and turning their *well known blue backs* to

the terrified gaze of the assaulting rebels: moreover that it was most fortunate that the corps recovered from this scare before the next meeting in the Wilderness.

Strange to say, however, this piece of satire is *popular* at the North, though not exactly in the form that it was presented to the marines. It is even to be found in Swinton's "History of the Army of the Potomac," though in modified form. Swinton says nothing about the "features" or backs or other grounds of recognition, and but simply declares that it took place, and some "North Carolinians comparatively green," were the demoralized troops which shouted, "The Army of the Potomac" and fell such an easy prey to that redoubtable organization.

It is not worth your while, however, Dear Haversack, to even point to the numberless fields where "North Carolinians, comparatively green," have faced the dread A. P. and made a record of which the whole South was, and is proud, for on an adjacent page, Mr. Swinton himself tells a truth that sufficiently contradicts all such stories, in the following words: "Such was the contempt of its opponent engendered by Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, that there was not in his ranks a barefoot soldier, in tattered grey, but believed Lee would lead him and the Confederate army into Baltimore and Washington, if not into Philadelphia and New York."

CRANBERRY CULTURE.

“MIND must be the emancipator of the farmer,” said Timothy Titcomb. Not only has mind done much to emancipate the farmer, in the invention of labor-saving machinery, but mind has also accomplished much in selecting new farm products, which yield more and pay better than the old. Nicholas Longworth was deemed a visionary when he commenced the culture of grapes on a large scale. Yet how much he accomplished, both for himself and his country, is shown by the thousands of vineyards which now yield their rich harvests to the husbandman. Col. Buckner's large and profitable crops of winter apples, grown from a soil too poor to produce two hundred pounds of seed cotton to the acre, is another instance of the triumph of mind in farming. There are hundreds of acres of bog land in our country, which are useless in their present condition. It has been demonstrated that such land will yield most profitable crops, if planted in Cranberries. It is now also ascertained that they can be grown at least as far South as the Carolinas. A gentleman in Hyde county, North Carolina, sent a specimen of his crop (a very fine one) to the editors of a Raleigh paper. They are found growing wild near Lincolnton, in the same State. A load of hay was purchased, we are informed, by Dr. Butt, of that place, who recognized the Cranberry stems amongst the dried grasses, which composed the hay. They grew four miles west of Lincolnton, on the farm of Mr. Lennard. In the mountains of North Carolina, they are found in a wild state in many places, and are often brought down by wagon loads for sale. But no indigenous crops are ever very profitable. It requires the labor of man, directed by his mind, to accomplish anything materially good or great, even in farming. The advantages of Cranberry Culture are these: They never fail to bring a good market price. They can be so easily preserved in a fresh state as to be carried to any part of the world. (American Cranberries have sold in the London market at \$8 per bushel.) They require but little cultivation after the soil is once properly planted. They are extremely productive. The art of raising Cranberries consists in selecting a soil that is always damp, and if flowed with water in the winter and spring, it is better. The soil must either be naturally loose and barren, so that the Cranberry vines will overcome the weeds and grass, which may spring up, or it must be covered with sand and gravel. If the soil is fertile they will inevitably be choked out by other plants.—Many persons at the North obtain the plants by sowing the seed, but this is a slow and uncertain method. The easiest way is by setting out blocks of soil or sods, containing the full grown plants. Transplanting the denuded roots is very difficult. The sods should be

about a foot square, if possible, and placed four feet apart each way. The plants, however, which are obtained from good nursery-men with the roots entire, ought to be relied upon. They are furnished by Mr. Prince, at Flushing, N. Y., at \$5 per thousand. D. L. Halsey, who has been a very successful cultivator of this valuable fruit, says: "I would recommend the setting of Cranberry plants two to two and a half feet apart each way for large plots, and fifteen to eighteen inches for small ones. At two feet it requires 10,000 plants to set an acre; at two and a half feet 7,000; at eighteen inches 19,000. Set at any time when the ground is not too dry. I have set them at all seasons except when the ground was frozen, with success. They do well on any poor, swampy land, where nothing else will grow—by taking off the top of the ground to remove wild grass and vegetable matter, and then carting on beach or other sand to the depth of two or three inches, to level the ground and to prevent grass and weeds killing the vines, and to keep the ground loose around the plant. For borders and garden plots, spade out the manured surface a few inches deep, to form a new surface, of three parts sand and one part muck, on which set the plants according to fancy. The thicker they are set the sooner they become matted; if set close, a full crop may be expected the second or third year.

They bear abundantly on marshes covered with coarse sand, entirely destitute of organic matter

of any kind, but accessible to moisture—on pure peat, covered with sand, they also do well, and indeed on every variety of soil except clay, which is liable to bake and become hard in dry weather. On soil that can be worked with the plow or harrow, it can be prepared as you would do it for planting out garden or other plants; sometimes it can be burnt over so as to get it in a condition to set out the plants."

Rakes are made for the express purpose of gathering the Cranberries, and one man can gather from thirty to forty bushels per day, with the aid of a boy to pick up the scattered fruit. "Although the rakes tear the vines somewhat, yet the crop is not diminished by raking; on the contrary, it has been increased. A gentleman in Massachusetts commenced raking his little patch of *one-fourth of an acre*, and gathered the first year twelve bushels, the next year eighteen, the next year twenty-five, and so on, until his last harvest, when the crop amounted to sixty-five bushels.—The increase is easily accounted for by the method of gathering with rakes: the pulling up of a few of the vines loosens the soil, and although not intended, yet in fact the raking acts as a partial tillage." (Patent Office Report, 1857.)

Much has been said about the culture of Cranberries on uplands, but this will certainly not succeed at the South, and we doubt if it has ever succeeded at the North. The "garden culture" spoken of by Mr. Halsey, must have been

in a favorable situation, that is, year. The thread-like stalks stand erect and mat close like moss.

At a meeting of the London Horticultural Society, Mr. Cockburn, of Kenwood, exhibited some American Cranberries, which had been preserved fresh in water for two years. His remarks on the subject were, as follows: "They are a fruit, which is neither cultivated nor appreciated half as much as it ought to be, for it is useful, wholesome and delicious. I would like to see every work-house in England have its half acre of

Cranberries, whose proper cultivation is not only very simple, but appropriate to the employment of aged people, and might be made not only a source of use, but of profit, and there are few parishes in England that have not too much waste ground, on which Cranberries could be made to grow well."

Mr. Halsey says: "No plant of its size can surpass the Cranberry in beauty. Its leaves of rich dark green in summer, changed to a reddish brown in winter, remain on the plants through the

When in blossom, the bell-shaped flowers suspended by a hair-like stem, almost seem the work of some fairy; and then the berries, two, three, and on some varieties, five attached by the same hair-like stalk to the parent stem, itself only the fifth part of the size of a straw, excites one's sympathy lest the tender support should break with its lovely burden; and we at once see the wisdom of their growing so close together and thereby being enabled to bear the crimson load of berries."

"Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly:
Labor—all labor is noble and holy."

THE HAVERSACK.

THE battle of— was stubbornly contested, but by hotly pressing on, the rebs succeeded in persuading their "Northern brethren" that it would be prudent to leave the piece of woods in dispute, and let the said rebs march through it unmolested. The rebs, however, kept shooting before them as they advanced, and it became as pretty a drive as one would desire to see. "A man and brother" happened to be in the woods, and thinking the upper air decidedly unwholesome, he determined to change his base and try a more salubrious clime behind a log. The horse of a General Officer, in the rebel ranks, stepped over the log and scared up the "man and brother," just a few minutes after he had been scared down. The conversation which ensued is very instructive, if not very amusing.

Officer. "Halloo! What are you doing here? Are you a Yankee negro or a Secesh negro?"

Man and Brother. "Which whip, de Yankee or de white folks?"

Officer. "Oh, we are drubbing them finely."

Man and Brother. "Masser, is you Secesh?"

Officer. "To be sure I am."

Man and Brother. "Well den, Masser, I is Secesh too. Bless de Lord, I always is on de side dat whips!"

We have been told, and we partly believe it, that there are men, so-called, in the late Con-

federate States of America, so-called, who have thrown a somersault and turned their backs upon all their old friends. Rumor says, too, that they had just touched the ground with their feet when the news from the great States of Pennsylvania and Ohio caused them to stare around, wondering which is "de side dat whips."

—
A. R. B. writes from Kimball, Bosque county, Texas:

I send some crumbs for the Haversack. My only reason, for supposing that they will get in, is that yours is a *real* Confederate "war bag," (as the Georgia woman called it) and therefore likely to welcome anything that looks digestible.

At the first battle of Fredericksburg, a group of officers stood listening to a heavy fire of musketry just in their front. The firing ceased and they supposed that our men had been driven back. Just then, an old reb ran out of the woods covered with dust and blackened with smoke. "Well, old Tar-heel," said they to him, "you have been driven back, have you?" The old man drew himself up proudly and said, "No, sirree, *we hilt our dirt* and I'm jist gwine back to git some more men to help us hold it tighter."

So it proved to be. 'Twas Hoke's recovery of the ground lost by A. P. Hill, when General Maxcy Gregg was killed.

Our men, sometimes, got off a pun, which if not strictly accord-

ing to the books served to amuse them for the time. A Chaplain had just been appointed for the — Infantry. He was, doubtless, an excellent man. But he was too nice and tidy, too much on the *band-box* style, to be popular with the ragged roughs of his regiment. One day he came along with a bundle of tracts, which he wished to distribute. He approached a group deeply absorbed in that popular game known, among the classic students of Hoyle, as "seven-up." In his blandest tones, he said, "Gentlemen, may I leave a few tracts with you?" "Yes," politely replied one of the aforesaid classic students, "You may leave us a pair of tracts (tracks) if you make the toes point the other way." The ground was duly impressed with the tracts, (tracks) according to direction, if the men were not.

After the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, many of the old Louisianians took water transportation home. Arriving at the wharf at New Orleans on board a U. S. steamer, we were not permitted to go immediately ashore. A crowd, however, soon collected around the wharf, and we inquired anxiously who was in command. A dozen voices answered "Gen. Banks." A delighted old rebel cried out, "Bully for us, boys, no more starvation times, our good old Commissary is here!"

It is well known that General Banks honorably won the title of "Commissary" by his great liberality to the Stonewall command. But the illustrious soldier from

Massachusetts is not disposed to be as liberal to us now when we have become loyal and respectable, as he was in our disreputable days of rebellion!

Col. M.'s regiment of "crittur soldiers" was rather famous for playing Quartermaster and Commissary on their own hook. This they had done so effectually in a certain neighborhood in Georgia that they had exhausted every thing save a fodderstack, which belonged to a generous old woman, who had given freely as long as her scanty supplies lasted.— But as this fodder was her only dependence for her solitary cow during the winter months, she vehemently protested against the "crittur companies" taking it.— They determined, however, to have it, she protesting that "something dreadful would overtake them for such wickedness." The reckless boys nothing daunted proceeded to load their own backs with the fodder, anticipating one good feed for the expectant "critturs." It so happened that there was a long lane through which the troopers had to defile with their new style of knapsacks.— Lightwood knots were not scarce in that country. (Head Quarters in the saddle says that there are fire-brands in the good old State to this hour. See letter touching the Hon. B. H. Hill.) Woman's wit is not often at fault, and a resolute woman is—a resolute woman. The lady from Georgia raised one of the burning brands aforesaid, and reaching the throat of the lane before the head of the column, she applied it to the knap-

sack of the first bold trooper. The blaze communicated to the knapsack of the second gay cavalier and so on through the line. The great Commissary in his 2.40 race from the redoubted Stonewall did not make such excellent time as did the "crittur soldiers" on that memorable night. The lone and unprotected female looked on at the blazing line of light streaking through the darkness, like some fiery comet, and then exclaimed in slightly sarcastic tones, "I told them owdacious, onmannerly fellows that something dreadful would happen to 'em ef they took my old cow's roughness."

Long may the lone and lorn lady live to do battle for the right and the roughness of the old cow, and when she has to watch the flight of another blazing meteor, may she have Burnside's "powerful field glass" to aid her vision!

We heard, in Kentucky, a story upon a celebrated Union man, which will bear repetition. His sympathies were all with the South, but his principles and his supposed interests were with the Union army. Still he could not help being glad of Confederate victories, and while he talked sadly of them, his face *would* smile. One day, he came into a crowd collected at the famous summer resort, Crab Orchard, with a countenance beaming with joy, and announced in melancholy tones, "I have the worst possible news, that rascal Lee has been whipping *our* boys again!" With similar joyous faces and mournful accents, the new converts to Radicalism are talking

over the great victories in Ohio and Pennsylvania. "The Democrats are whipping *our* boys again. Oh! Oh! Oh! Ha! Ha! Ha! Hip! Hurrah!"

Colonel E. A. O. gives us an incident of camp-life around Manassas in 1861:

We had an inclosure, or ring, where drunken and insubordinate men were confined. This was commonly called the "Pen," but the jolly sons of the Emerald Isle always called it the "Pin," and as they were more familiar with it than any other class of soldiers, they *ought* to have known the right name of it. One day, the officer on duty heard a most unusual uproar among the prisoners in the "Pin," where two negroes happened to be confined at that time, for an undue attachment to Commissary whiskey. One of these was a bright mulatto, the other was as black almost as Brownlow's character. The officer, Lieutenant S. listened on the outside and heard, above the uproar of Irish voices, the well-known tones of "a man and brother," crying out, "dar, dar, dat 'll do! O Lor. O Lor. it 'll never come out in dis wurl. I'se born'd so. Dar, dar, it won't come off." Stepping to the gate, Lieutenant S. witnessed a scene which baffles all description.—Mike and Pat and two other Irishmen were rubbing the faces of the two negroes together so vigorously as to make the application rather unpleasant. "Stop that," shouted Lieut. S. "what on earth are you doing?" "Is that you, Leftenant?" said Mike

in his richest accents, "beggin' yer honor's pardon, one of the naggers is too black and one of 'em is too white, and we was jist mixin' colors and tryin to aqualize 'em! We're afther no harm at all, at all!"

Oh, that Mike and Pat could visit some of the "Pins," known as Negro Conventions, where whites are mixed up with the blacks. We would wish them all joy in the pleasant little task of "aqualizing colors!"

Our Montgomery (Ala.,) friend furnishes the next two anecdotes:

Dan Whelan was an Irishman, and is yet, unless he has turned Radical, or is dead. At the beginning of the war, he was a member of the "Cadets," 4th Alabama infantry, and was stationed one night between our camp and Harper's Ferry to prevent our boys from going to the latter place, where it was feared they might get unhealthy fluids. Now Dan was as brave a lad as ever flourished a shillalah at Donny Brook Fair, but he was very nearly an "innocent," as the Irish express it with great delicacy.— Dan had been on post but a few minutes, when he heard steps approaching, and a rich manly voice singing,

"Oh, I'm a simple Irish youth."

Dan might have taken this to be rather personal, but on his lonely post, he was too glad to recognize the voice of Jack Davenport an ex-circus clown.

Dan. "I knows ye well enough, Jock, but me orders don't allow me to let ye pass till ye say Jock-son."

Jack D. "Is it the countersign you are wanting, Dan?"

Dan. "It's that same, my man, and ye can't go by till ye give it."

Jack D. "Oh, the countersign is Jackson. Why didn't you tell me at first what you wanted?"

Dan. "The countersign is right. But how the divel did you find it out down at the Ferry?"

Company D. of the 8th Alabama, was known at home as the Independent Blues. On its way to the seat of war, the cars stopped at Wytheville, Virginia, and as usual the ladies were out in full force and full feather with their sweet smiling faces and their flowers, and what we prized still more highly, a good supply of eatables. Private S. was the recipient of a beautiful boquet, and with it a regular set speech, ending with, "I don't know what I shall do when the soldiers go away. I believe that I shall die with the blues."

"Well, Madam," he gallantly replied, "in my opinion, you could not *die in a better company*, but would it not be better to *live for one of them*?"

A. F. H., of Tuskegee Ala., gives the next two incidents:

Sam B., of Co. F. was the sutler of our regiment, as good as the average of his "rank," cared more for his position as keeping him out of the way of unhealthy shooting than he did for making and keeping rebel money. Like most men of his "persuasion," he could swear a little, and when he was particularly mad, he could

use as many "cussin' words" as a teamster. On one occasion, when he had been absent for a week, he drove up with his wagon empty instead of having it full of the "goodies," we were anxiously looking for. "Nature abhors a vacuum" and soldiers have nature enough in them to hate an empty sutler's wagon. So they insisted upon Sam's giving an explanation, which he did with evident reluctance and some preliminary "cussin'."

"Well, you see, my team was stalled just in front of Johnson's division and I asked the boys if some of them would help me out of the mud. A whole brigade of them came out. I thought that they were the politest and most accommodating fellows I ever saw. They thought nothing of getting in the mud around my wagon.— They fairly swarmed about it.— They were behind at the wheels, and I was forward at the team a coaxing and persuading them—and "cussin'" suggested a by-stander—and cussin' a little, I acknowledge the corn. Presently we started and the wagon seemed fairly to skip over the ground. I thought it was too *light*, and I stopped to reconnoitre, (ain't that the right word? I never fought *much*, you know. "None whatever," suggested a listener.) Well, I got in the wagon to look, and there warn't a darn'd thing in it but two empty barrels! I hollered at the rascals but I got no answer but pop, pop, pop—they were cracking *my* goobers at me! I stormed and raved, but finding that was no use, I begged any honest man among them, if there was

one in the division, to bring me a light and let me see what was left. Would you believe it, one of these scamps went to his tent and lighted one of my own stolen candles and brought it to me!"

"Did you cuss any, Sam?" asked an interested by-stander.

"No, I didn't," said poor Sam, "I could find no cussin' words big enough to express my feelings."

O, ye people of the land we love, when dear, sweet old Thad talks about the "penitentiary of hell" may you be equally prudent as Sam B., and for a better reason.

It is said that Gen. Lee had no great love for these sutlers, and the following anecdote, which I cannot vouch for of my own personal knowledge, looks that way. A number of these fellows had established themselves around Orange C. H., and their charges were so exorbitant that the boys Shermanized the whole of their establishment. The sufferers came in a body to Gen. Lee, seeking "security for the future," as it was useless to talk of "indemnity for the past." Their tale of barter and loss was listened to patiently, and ended in an instructive and edifying discourse.

Gen. Lee. "You think that the boys treated you badly?"

Sutlers. "Outrageously, General, outrageously."

Gen. Lee. "Had you not then better set up shop somewhere else?"

An ex-cavalry officer now in Independence, Mo., tells us of

A CUTE WAY TO SAVE OLD

BACON.—In the summer of 1864, McCausland, while gallantly disputing the advance of Hunter up the valley of Virginia, passed by the house of an old lady who had for that time an almost fabulous wealth of bacon. She was told that Hunter's men had as good noses as Butler himself, and that she had better hide her bacon.— She proved to be an "older soldier," however, than her advisers for she piled her bacon in the yard, dusting each piece carefully with a little flour. McCausland had hardly disappeared, when "the boys in blue" swarmed over the yard, and with yells of delight, seized upon the meat. But seeing the suspicious color (for they had an intuitive aversion to anything *white*) they asked her what was the matter with the meat. "I can't tell yer. McCausland's men piled it out there, and they was a doin' somethin' to it, and they said old Hunter would have a nice fry, and they kinder laughed like." Every piece of meat was dropped instanter, and they all called for water to wash their hands of that job.

Did these good and loyal men suspect that the wicked rebels had poisoned that bacon? We can't tell, but the old lady saved her bacon.

M. W.

In General Hampton's admirable sketch of Cavalry Scouts in our August No. the name of James M. Sloan was changed into *Swan*. As Mr. Sloan has not yet sung his dying song as a bachelor, we wish him to wear his own name till he changes hers. The error was not General Hampton's, but

in our own office. The Italian proverb has it that there is a "death's head in every closet," and we have sadly discovered that there is a *devil* in every printing office!

Tuscaloosa, Alabama, gives the next anecdote:

In the summer of 1861, Rodes' brigade (then under Ewell) was on the march from Fairfax Station to Springfield. A halt was called for some purpose, and as the 6th Alabama was resting by the roadside, a young Virginian rode up, in citizen's clothes, and therefore was a fair mark for the sarcastic shots of the rebel sharpshooters. He wore a "stove pipe" hat over his store-clothes, and his fine manly appearance was a reproach to his life out of the army. His splendid horse, too, looked too much like a war charger to be the drudge of a "meelish." He had the longest hair I ever saw on any one in breeches, and it was very *suggestive*, for even at that early period of the war, an insect had made its appearance, which was familiarly known as "grey-back."— Altogether, a better subject for a tired soldier's raillery could not present itself. Every eye brightened, and every mouth watered in anticipation of the treat.

"Halloo, Mister, is you gwine to jine the cavalry?" "I say, big boy, is you weaned yet?" "Does your mammy know you 'r out?" "Let him alone, that's pap's baby!" "His Mudder's pride, his Fader's joy!" "The darlin' little, blue-eyed boy."

Amid a storm of such missiles,

the poor fellow spurred on with a face as red as a beet root. But, just as he got to the centre of the regiment, Sergeant E. cried out, "I say, boys, if I was a grey-back, I would swim the Potomac to get taking up winter-quarters in that har (hair) of his'n."—"Pap's baby" could not stand this shot, he turned off at right-angles and dashed into the woods.

A little bird from Virginia has told us that our young friend *survived* the war, and now in mature manhood, is a highly influential member of Lodge No. — of Loyal Leaguers.

A dignified clergyman, a Doctor of Divinity, tells us of his experience in camp with a bell-crowned hat. He was stopped and accosted by a reb with, "Mister, is yer cows gone dry?" He answered, "no, why do you ask?" "Cause, I seed you was toting the churn home on yer head!"

"AUNT ABBY" AGAIN.—When President Johnson was on his way to Raleigh last June, Aunt Abby got into the cars in which he and his suite were, and was pointed out to him as "the Irrepressible."—Having read the sketches of her in "The Land We Love," he requested that she might be presented to him. Looking at him from head to foot she said:

"So you's the *President* of the United States?"

He bowed and replied he believed so.

"But you ain't *President* Davis, nor nothing like him, ef you was, you'd shet up these here Sickles

and Scythes that's a talking about cutting of you down mighty quick. Lord bless your soul, Mr. Johnson, ef you *is* *President* why don't you *be* *President*? When you was a tailoring of it you never turned off a half a par of britches to no man, and that's jest what you's a ginning of us; instead of having a whole suit of clothes with a man inside of 'em for a *President* like we used to have, you's a putting of us off with a half a par of britches and expecting us to be satisfied."

By this time, the smiles grew audible, and the *President* having had enough of Aunt Abby, said confidentially, "I am doing the best I can, I assure you, madam."

"Well, mabe you *is*, mabe it ain't in you to do no better, then you *is* a doing. We haint no right to expect to get a *President* Davis nor his like out'en a tailor's shop. But for the Lords' sake ef you can't give us a man, give us a whole par of britches, any how."

"She *is* truly called, The Irrepressible" said Mr. Johnson, with a shrug of his shoulders, as he found it convenient to change his seat.

Some one, thinking it would please her, read her the sketch in *THE LAND WE LOVE*, and the true meaning, or something approaching it, of Gov. Vance's letter to General Lee, dawned on her mind. With a sparkle in her black eyes that showed she was still "true grit," she started up and said, "ef ever I set eyes on Zeb Vance agin, I reckon I'll gin him a piece of my mind for his impudence in perfumifying words

so as to sound one way and mean another. He's a smart man, the Lord knows, but I'll let him know he'd better not try to play none'er his tricks on me agin."

From the late Chief of Artillery of Longstreet's corps, we get the annexed incident:

On one of Mahone's expeditions down the Weldon railroad in 1864 to draw his "rations" of prisoners and guns, which Grant issued with such commendable regularity, there fell into the hands of the charging rebels a genuine artilleryman; a gunner, who, loving his gun as only an old gunner can understand, had remained by it after his comrades had sought salubrity in a change of location and vigorous pedestrianism. The leading "grey-backs," delighted with their capture, at once wheeled the gun about to fire upon the retreating foe. Cramming a shell down its throat, they pulled lanyard and sent it howling through the air full fifty yards above the crowd for whom it was kindly intended, and who were rallying and re-opening fire from no great distance. A second shell, and a third took equally harmless directions, to the evident disgust of the captured gunner, who remain-

ed looking on; but when the lanyard was stretched for a fourth shot from the uplifted muzzle, his indignation could not be restrained, and jumping to the trail, with an oath he exclaimed, "My

God, men! don't you know any more about a gun than that?"— Then, stooping for a moment, he glanced along the piece, while his hands worked rapidly at the elevating screw for a few seconds, when he straightened up with a look of pride saying, "Now, if you will shoot, try that." They tried it, and that time sent the shell smashing into as pretty a crowd of "blue birds" as ever composed a target.

This incident is well authenticated, and abundant motives for the deed have been assigned, such as indignation at being deserted by his comrades and supports, (who had made but a poor fight,) pride in his own skill and in his gun, and a desire to silence a fire which, though coming from his friends, endangered him as much as any one else. The most natural and amply sufficient motives, however, seem to be found in the following considerations: First, it was "a pot shot," second, he wanted to see a race, and third, blue is such a beautiful color to shoot at.

EDITORIAL.

It is a little singular that while the loyal North has most decidedly snubbed the "beloved wife" of "the late lamented" in her energetic effort to peddle off old clothes and second hand jewelry, the loyal men of the late rebellious South have never before shown so great a desire to get mementoes of "the martyr of liberty," and especially his precious likenesses, pictured on a green-back ground. These are eagerly sought for on the high-ways and by-ways, in lanes and hedges and in — other people's letters. A day seldom passes without our hearing of the loss of some letter containing these inestimable pictures, which were intended for our office, and to increase our growing loyalty. Some days, we hear of four or five missing letters with their loyal cargoes. All of which is much to the detriment of the full development of our "latent unionism." Now if it be lawful for ex-rebels to ask a favor of men who have always been loyal—since the battle of Gettysburg—we would respectfully and earnestly beg them to forward the letters after they have abstracted the portraits of the nation's idol. We dislike to disappoint our subscribers, and would like to get their names. We take it for granted that the loyal officials only value the letters for the sake of the portraits aforesaid, and that they can have no reasonable objection to forwarding the letter paper. To our friends, we would say that it is

only vexatious folly to attempt to send green-backs through the mail.

Locke, in his *Essays*, contends that every man is insane upon some subject, and that all men have noticed oddities, peculiarities, and strangenesses in their neighbors and acquaintances. He attributes this universal madness to a "wrong connexion of ideas," by which a fantasy is associated with a real fact, in such a way, that the man cannot separate the ideal from the true. Or as he expresses the thought: "besides this, there is another connexion of ideas wholly owing to chance or custom: ideas, that in themselves are not at all of kin, come to be so united in some men's minds that it is very hard to separate them: they always keep in company and the one no sooner at any one time comes into the understanding, but its associate appears with it."

It is probably owing to this species of madness, resulting from a wrong connexion of ideas that the words "truly loyal" and the Eighth Commandment are indissolubly connected in the Southern mind, so that "they always keep in company, and the one no sooner at any time, comes into the understanding, but its associate appears with it!" We sincerely deplore this unhappy association, and wish that it could be otherwise. But as there is now no North, no South, no East and no West—only one grand, free,

united and happy country—we in good old North Carolina have a right to imitate the sentimentality of New England and mourn over the errors, the frailties and the stealings of the loyal men, who ought to set holy examples to their rebellious and sinful neighbors.

Time was when money could go safely from any part of the United States, in any direction, to the most remote point. Mail robberies were so rare that a single theft would be commented upon from one end of the Union to the other. Now the thing is so common that it is not noticed at all, and if the newspapers should attempt a record, they would be so filled up as to contain nothing else. Express companies, money orders, checks and registrations—all were then unknown. All these devices have now to be employed to prevent stealing. Why is this? Why have we come to this low state, spite of the teachings and the triumphs of the party of great moral ideas? Is it not because the pulpit and the press have proclaimed that there is but one sin—rebellion,—and but one virtue—loyalty? History has repeated itself. We have drifted back to the teaching of the reign of Charles II. of England. Then the only sinner was the rebel, and the only holy man was the loyalist. The stealing, the licentiousness, the awful depravity of that reign constitute still the darkest blot on the page of English history.

To escape a similar stigma upon our own national life, the press and the pulpit must go back to

the good old ideas and teach that honesty, integrity and faithfulness to obligations *are* virtues, while stealing, corruption and trickery *are* vices even in a “truly loyal” man.

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The errors in regard to Confederate forces are so gross that we fear they can never be corrected. We have recently examined a history published in Baltimore, and which aims to be just to the South and yet it estimates the Southern force at Sharpsburg at 100,000 men!—a higher estimate by 3,000 than Gen. McClellan puts it.— We have seen it stated that Gen. Lee’s estimate is 33,000 and it is thus given by Dabney. Now we think that we calculated Lee’s force at the time from data, which could not be erroneous, and it amounted to just 27,000. If there is any mistake in it, the error is on the side of excess. We feel sure that the Southern force was under rather than over this number. Our line was so thin that when broken, the enemy thought that the skirmish line and not the line of battle was broken.

So the Confederate strength at South Mountain has, we believe, never been set down by our late enemies at less than 40,000. It was, in fact, about 5,000 until 3 o’clock in the afternoon, when Longstreet came up.

Gen. Casey claims in his official report that his works at Seven Pines were assaulted by 30,000 men. They were *carried* by 9,000.

It was a grim joke of Mr. Lincoln that he had discovered that the Confederates had 3,000,000 of men in the field, because he had

1,000,000, and his men were always getting overpowered by having an odds of three to one against them!

Napoleon, on his retreat from Moscow, had a very remarkable conversation at Wilna, Poland, with the Abbé de Pradt, in which he again and again repeated, "there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous." Most men have experienced the fact that under the most solemn circumstances, their attention has been called to something grotesque and unseemly. A titter in Church, at some ridiculous sight, does not necessarily prove levity of mind—often just the reverse. The powerful orator can the more easily bring back an audience to laughter, which he has just drowned in tears. Criminals, who have been respited under the gallows, state that their minds were occupied about the most insignificant trivialities,—the dress and appearance of the crowd, the color and size of the horses conveying them to the place of execution, and even the spokes of the wheels in the prison cart. Even amidst the carnage and horrors of the battlefield, a ludicrous incident would be sure to call out roars of laughter. We have known a frightened rabbit to be cheered most vociferously, and no heartier shout ever went up than that which attended the soldier's address to the running rabbit, "go it, cotton-tail, if I had not a reputation at stake, I'd follow your example!"

It is probably owing to this mysterious connection, (which no

mental philosopher can explain) between the sublime and ridiculous, between smiles and tears, between the solemn and the fantastic, that we can relish a rich joke even in our abject and pitiable condition.

We are not sure that the Address of the Union Republican party of North Carolina would not have amused us under any circumstances, but we think it highly probable that our humiliating surroundings have given a peculiar relish for this "feast of fat things."

It seems that some loyal North Carolinians attended the negro Convention, at Raleigh, expecting, good simple souls! that their colored friends would be highly honored thereby, and would give them the upper seats, in the synagogue. The Address complains touchingly, that the honors were not conferred upon these loyal sons of the old North State, but upon persons who were not natives of the State—euphony for Radical emissaries. To our mind there is something inexpressibly comic in this picture, of the loyal whites standing with smiling faces listening to hear some sable Chesterfield courteously saying, "dear brothers, come up higher," instead of which Sambo, in his coarsest corn-field dialect blurts out, "the white trash from Norf Calliner will take de back seats and dem wot fout to set us free will set on de platfom!" Isn't it rich? It beats Longstreet's pun about the *wave*-offering. It is almost equal to the Congressional joke about the insecurity of life and property at the South, and

the necessity of placing these little matters in the hands of the negroes to make them safe!

Oh! that some Hogarth or Cruikshanks might do justice to the scene! oh! that some skillful *cuisinier* might serve up from it a savory mess for the Haversack!

Loyal brothers of North Carolina! let a loyal editor give you a piece of advice.

When *gentlemen* go to another man's table, they are expected to eat what is set before them without grumbling. Good taste and good manners alike demand this. When you became the guests of the negro, you had no right to expect anything but negro fare. Don't whine about the coarse food they set before you. People will only laugh at you, and Sambo may prove a very Cuffy to you.—The emissaries of hate and ruin have succeeded in making broad and high "the middle wall of partition" between the races. You can't break it down, and your puny efforts will only subject you to ridicule. Fortunately, or unfortunately, you were born white and you will be more respected, (excuse the pun,) if you do not desert your *color*.

No truth is more firmly impressed upon our mind than this: "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for instruction in righteousness." Even its history is profitable, not merely as a record of the most important events in the life of the world, but as a guide for all coming time. One of the facts recorded by the inspired historian is with refer-

ence to a great experiment in sudden emancipation upon a large scale. And the account of it has doubtless been transmitted down to us that it might be "profitable for doctrine and for *reproof*." No emancipation was ever made, or can ever be made, under such favorable circumstances as was that of the Hebrew race. Supposing that the influence and memory of Joseph protected them from bondage for fifty years, they were in subjection for only 350 years. In that short period, they could not have lost altogether their religion, their literature and their glorious traditions, as the chosen people of God. Miracles of the most astounding character were wrought for their deliverance, attesting the favor of Heaven and its guardian care over them. Their march began with the Angel of the Covenant as their guide, Moses as their leader, Aaron as their high-priest, and the pillar of cloud over them by day and the pillar of fire by night, as a terror to their enemies and a protection to themselves.—The rocks of the desert melted into gushing streams to slake their thirst, meat was borne to them on the wings of the wind, and bread was showered down upon them from a cloudless sky.

Surely, if ever slaves could be made worthy of freedom in a few days, this stupendous preparation would have qualified the Hebrews for its blessings. *But they were found utterly unworthy*, and were marched and counter-marched in the wilderness till all the slavish race, but two, had perished!—Slavery had made a proud and spirited people mean and coward-

ly, and had degraded their natures into such a sensualism that they preferred the leeks and onions of bondage to the manna of liberty.

In the face of the warning by the failure of this grand experiment at sudden emancipation, we have repeated the experiment with a race without a history, without traditions, except of barbarism, without miracles of deliverance, and without Heaven-appointed leaders.— If the first attempt failed under such blessed auspices, what can be expected of the movement inaugurated by the old horse-thief and murderer, John Brown? Let the answer come from General Howard in his statement, that near a million and a half of freedmen have perished in thirty months. Let it come from the jails teeming with criminals, and the country swarming with paupers. Let it come in the report, from almost every county in every State, of the “five military districts,” of outrage to white females—a crime scarcely heard of in any part of the South, during the two hundred years of slavery. Let it come from Hayti with the relapse of her population into barbarism, fetichism and cannibalism. Let Jamaica take up the tale and tell how her fertile fields have become a wilderness and a desolation, and how her freedmen have become as brutish and degraded as their kindred in Africa. Let Mexico, Central America, and all of South America, except where slavery exists, continue the reply in the accounts of their countless revolutions, their endless confusion, anarchy and blood-

shed. Let the final answer come from our own Bureau of Statistics that the great staples of the South, upon which depended the wealth and prosperity of the whole Union, as well as its foreign credit, have fallen off, one by two-thirds; one by a half; one by seven-eighths; and one has ceased to exist. This is the result of the disregard shown to the plain teaching of history from the hands of the inspired writers.

It is remarkable that the liberation of the Hebrews is the only instance in the Bible of *suddenness* in God's dealings with men. And even this cannot fairly be called sudden, for though the event was so, the preparation for it was not. Moses was eighty years in process of training to fit him to be the deliverer of his people. To this we will allude again, remarking now that every where else in the Bible, God's dispensations, both of wrath and mercy, are represented to be gradual; just as we see his operations in nature to be slow and progressive.

The flood did not come instantly upon the earth. Noah was a hundred years in building the ark, and during all that long period, was a “preacher of righteousness,” warning, exhorting, threatening. The fountains of the great deep were not instantly broken up; for forty days the waters were spreading over the earth, though God could have accomplished the same thing in the twinkling of an eye. The deluge could have accomplished its work in a few minutes after the earth was submerged, but the ark rode over the wild waste of waters for a whole year.

The curse did not come upon the descendants of Ham for many generations. Even the guilty cities of the plain were not destroyed instantly. Lot was there to lift up his voice against their abominations, and his righteous soul was vexed for weary months and years with "the filthy conversation of the wicked." The wise Solomon acted foolishly, but the punishment for his folly and that of his people did not come in his own reign, but in that of his son. And so we might multiply examples indefinitely, from the Bible, to show that God is long suffering, slow to wrath and never precipitate in punishment. But Scripture examples are needless. We see every day desperately wicked men living, prospering and flourishing like the green bay tree.

If we turn next to God's dispensations of mercy, we will notice the same characteristic *slowness*. Abraham had the land of Canaan given to him, and confirmed by the solemn oath of the Most High, but his descendants did not take possession of it for full four hundred years. The world had been running a career of crime for four thousand years, when "God was made manifest in the flesh" to turn men from the error of their ways. With our poor, fallible mode of thinking, we would expect the mission of Jesus Christ to begin immediately. But God's ways are not as our ways, the Saviour came not as a full grown man clothed with power and authority, but as a babe born in a manger, the child of poverty and persecution. Nor did he begin his work on his arrival at man-

hood, but labored in an obscure village at an humble trade till he was thirty years of age. Does he then convert the world by a single stupendous miracle? Not at all! He trudges along on foot for three long years, weary, hungry, thirsty, with no place to lay his head, scoffed and reviled by his enemies, forsaken and denied by his few followers, and at last slain in an ignominious manner,—some five hundred timid, doubting, half-believing disciples the sole fruits of his preaching and his miracles!—Nearly nineteen hundred years have flown by since that last, bitter cry of agony on the cross, and how little seems to have been effected by those sent forth endowed with the gift of tongues and the power of working miracles!—We need go no farther to show that there is nothing hurried, rash and headlong in God's works of providence, whether of wrath or of mercy.

If we turn to his works in nature, we see the same marks of gradual development, of careful, deliberate, cautious progress. The seasons glide into one another so gradually, that no man can say when one begins and the other ends. The sun does not burst upon us at once with full meridian splendor. He sends his messengers of light ahead of him, and prepares the eye by degrees to endure the dazzling of his noon-tide glory. Nor does he at once leave the world in darkness, but sends back his rays to prepare us gradually for the approaching gloom. The rill does not swell at once into the mighty river, upon whose bosom navies may ride. It winds

along its appointed path almost imperceptible, at first, to the careless eye, but gathering its kindred rills to increase its slender thread until it becomes a brook: the brook takes in its tributaries until it becomes a rivulet: the rivulet moves on with a more majestic volume receiving constant accessions, until it ends in the great river. It is observable, too, that the slowness of production is always proportional to the excellence of the product. Thus the worthless weed springs up in a few days. The kingly oak is a century in reaching its grand proportions. The wild ass of the desert gambols around its dam on the day of its birth. The child, with immortal mind, and powers capable of expansion throughout eternity, lies a puling infant for months in the arms of his mother, and is regarded by the whole civilized world, as an irresponsible agent, till he reaches his 21st birthday. Yea, the great globe itself, upon which we stand, is an example of gradual evolution to attain perfection. The six days of creation may cover an indefinite period of time, and countless ages of preparation may have rolled by, before the Allwise Architect pronounced the work to be "very good."

We have thus briefly shown by a few illustrations, which could be readily enlarged to a volume, that the violent liberation of the Southern slaves is contrary to all the dispensations of God's providence, as displayed in the Scriptures, (with the one exception above given) and to all his operations in nature. If 'twas done to

punish the wicked South, 'tis not thus God punishes, abruptly and without warning. Was it done to bless the negro race? It is not thus that He bestows his blessings, without a moment's preparation. The rain which comes with the tornado is a messenger of wrath. 'Tis the gentle, genial shower that gladdens the parched up field.

We have said that it is hardly proper to speak of the emancipation of the Hebrew slaves as an exceptional case, in the slowness of God's dealing with men. Moses was for eighty years undergoing his training for his great work. He was reared at Pharaoh's Court and he was taught, during forty years, all the learning of Egypt, then the most advanced country of the world in literature and science. He was for forty years kept a probationer in the land of Midian. So that eighty years were spent in preparing the deliverer for the performance of the duty, for which he had been set apart before he was born. Who among our blacks has had such a Heaven-appointed mission, and such a training as will fit him to be the leader of his race? Who is qualified to be their guide and counselor? There is not one, no not one; and they are looking for guidance and direction to the most corrupt and selfish of mankind, who are making them dupes and tools for their own base purposes. All the slave-born Hebrews perished, except two, even with Moses as their leader. What is to become of the Southern negroes under the leadership of incarnate fiends? Should not the professed believers in the Bible

have been warned by the awful fate of the Hebrews, and not have repeated a similar experiment? Unwarned, reckless of consequences, they are making an experiment of their own. The Hebrews left the country of their bondage hastily, on the very night on which they were freed. It was not attempted to lift them up to social and political equality with their late masters, on the very soil where they had been slaves. That beautiful experiment has been reserved for the 19th century. We are a progressive people! But we are progressing in a way that the word of God, the history of the past, and the order of nature, alike condemn. Crippled commerce, paralyzed industry, neglected fields, increased crime, universal pauperism, hatred, wrath, strife, riot and bloodshed are the natural and legitimate results. Who has a right to expect any thing else from a system, in direct opposition to all that is known of God's management of the moral and material universe?

The modern reformer, the malignant humanitarian, always attempts to carry his mad schemes through at once, violently and abruptly. The plans of the All-wise Being are evolved by degrees, gently and gradually. Misery and ruin follow the efforts of the former. Happiness and blessings accompany the latter. Among the dark annals of crime, the blackest and foulest have been committed by professed philanthropists, and in the name of God and humanity.

The veriest tyro in history knows this to be true, but the

philosophy of it seems to be little understood. It is not because all humanitarians are hypocrites.—

We believe in the honesty and sincerity of such men as Gerrit Smith. But it is because of their *impatience* to have their plans of so-called reform executed *speedily*, even though this involves *force* and *violence*. It is because of their ignorance or disregard of the fact that God's works of creation and providence are always slow: that all the processes of nature are gradual, when superior excellence is to be obtained. It is hardly a digression to say, that this slowness in the handiwork of the Deity does not recommend indolence to his creatures. Just the reverse ought to be the case. His developments are slow, but the labor is active and unceasing that the product may be perfect when completed. The processes of growth are just as vigorous in the majestic oak, as in the filthy weed. But how infinitely different are the finished results! The restless, impatient, meddling reformer works after the manner of the noxious plant and produces nothing but noisomeness and a pest!

Let all good men at the South, who have a reverence for God's teaching in His word, and in nature, make an honest effort to defeat the Congressional Bill, which, because it is in opposition to nature and providence, is fraught with misery to the white race and with unutterable ruin to the unfortunate victims of petulant philanthropy.

One Mr. Bingham, who had a prominent part in "the taking off"

of Mrs. Surratt, says that the negroes are as well qualified to vote as those who have been brought up at the tail of the wheel-barrow. Thus graciously and gratefully does this Honorable gentleman allude to Ireland—the country which gave to the Union cause the best fighters in its army—the birth-place of Sheridan, the most successful corps commander in that army, and also of Meagher, who so often led the attack and covered the retreat.

It is, probably, a hopeless task to try to enlighten radical ignorance, but we will submit a few facts to this modern Beotian.—Does he know that Wellington, the greatest soldier of Great Britain, was an Irishman? That the sweetest poet of the English language was Moore, an Irishman? That according to Walter Scott, the most vigorous writer of pure, idiomatic English was Swift, an Irishman? That the greatest British statesman was Burke, an Irishman? Does he know that Byron said of Sheridan, the Irishman, “He has written the best comedy, the best farce, the best address in the English tongue, and to crown all, he has delivered the very best oration ever conceived or heard of in any country?” It may be some rebuke to Mr. B’s. radical impudence to tell him that the profoundest sensation ever made in the British Parliament was caused by the speeches of those two Irishmen, Burke and Sheridan, during the trial of Warren Hastings. The great Bummer Hastings had just brought to a successful conclusion

the conquest of India. He had swept over that unhappy region in the style most popular even in the 19th century, stealing, plundering, burning and murdering. Like a modern hero, he endeared war to the heart of the conquering nation by making war support itself, and by furnishing dainty materials for illustrated pictorials of the suffering and humiliation of the conquered people. He was, therefore, feasted and honored, and was the Magnus Apollo, the adored idol of the British populace. But in this very hour of his triumph and his popularity, these two generous Irishmen had the heart to sympathize with the wronged and oppressed: still better, they had the courage to denounce the demi-god and bring him to trial. It was the Begum speech of Sheridan delivered on the occasion of this impeachment, which Byron pronounced to be the master effort of British oratory.

Will it be worth while to tell radical stupidity of those world-renowned Irish writers, Sterne, Steele and Goldsmith? Of Shee, the Irish poet and painter, President of the Royal Academy? Of the great oriental scholar, Shea, the Irishman? Of a long line of eminent orators, barristers, statesmen and jurists, Curran, Grattan, Lord Plunket, Saurin, O’Connell, Shiel, Mitchel, &c., &c.? Has this radical ignoramus ever heard of poor Emmett? If not, we refer him to the school-books.—Has he ever heard of Bishop Berkely, Bishop Shirley, Archbishop Usher—all Irishmen, and the last the author of a chronolo-

gy of the Bible? Does he know that the great French philosopher said of Robert Boyle, the Irishman, "without Robert Boyle, we would know nothing?" Does he know that one of the most eminent of British surgeons was Abernethy, the Irishman? Does he know that the first Commodore in the American Navy was John Barry, the Irishman, whom the English tried to bribe with \$60,000 in money, and the captaincy of an English frigate?

In our section, we will not be so ungrateful as the honorable gentleman, and will ever honor

young Mitchel—noble son of a noble sire!—who gave his life for the defence of Fort Sumter: and fresh will we ever keep the memory of that peerless soldier and noble Irish gentleman, Patrick R. Cleburne.

If the honorable gentleman can mention a single name among the descendants from Guinea, Congo, and Ashantee, which will bear comparison with any one of those given above, then we will believe that radical ignorance is not so great as **R**adical* wickedness.

* Printer will put a big R here.

BOOK NOTICES.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HENRY WATKINS ALLEN, By SARAH A. DORSEY. New York. M. DOOLADY, 448, Broome Street:

This is a very valuable book, full of important facts in the history of the civil war, as well as of thrilling incidents in the life of the *pure* and *unselfish*, if not the *great*, man of the revolution. We confess to an unusual interest in every thing connected with the social characteristics, as well as the public career of Henry W. Allen. His biographer has met our wishes in publishing many of his letters, which give a picture of his inner-life and lay bare to us, as it were, his very heart. These show how delicate were his tastes, how sensitive and refined were his feelings, and how exalted was his patriotism. He was the very

soul of chivalry and honor and the least appearance of tergiversation was revolting to his soul. Thus he writes from Mexico:

"In relation to my returning, it is useless for you, my dear friend, or any one else, to press this matter on Mr. Johnson. A parole I will gladly accept, but I would not beg for pardon at the hands of any mortal power. I bend the knee only to God. I don't think I have done wrong. I would like to return home, and would be a law-abiding citizen, if I could; but I hear the matter has been decided against me."

The whole book reads more like an exciting romance than the story of a real life, which it unquestionably is. We have seldom examined a book so full of sustained interest, and which is more worthy of a place in a well-regulated library.

THE LAND WE LOVE.

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VOL. IV.

SKETCH OF THE 1ST KENTUCKY BRIGADE.

THE night of the 14th was passed at Camp Trousdale, where summer barracks, which had been erected to accommodate the Tennessee volunteers stationed there for instruction, afforded but inadequate protection against the bitter cold of the night. These were the next night burned by the cavalry, which covered the retreat, and afforded to the people of Tennessee, the first evidence that their State was about to be invaded. The spirits of the army, however, were cheered by the accounts which, General Johnston, with thoughtful care, forwarded by means of couriers, daily, of the successful resistance of Fort Donelson. The entire army bivouacked in line of battle on the night of the 15th at the junction of the Gallatin and Nashville, and Bowling Green and Nashville roads, about ten miles from Nashville. It was confidently

believed that by means of boats, a large portion of the force would be sent to the relief of Fort Donelson. But on the morning of the 16th, it began to be whispered first among the higher officers, spreading thence, in spite of every precaution, to the ranks, that Donelson not only had fallen, but that the divisions of Floyd, Pillow, and Buckner had been surrendered as prisoners of war, rumors of the wildest nature flew from regiment to regiment, the enemy were coming upon transports to Nashville, the bridges were being destroyed—the forts below the city were already surrendered—the retreat of the army was cut off: and as if to confirm the rumors, during the entire morning, the explosion of heavy artillery was heard in front and in the direction of Nashville. This proved to be caused by the firing of guns at Fort Zollicoffer, which

after having being heavily charged were, with their muzzles in the earth, exploded to destroy them. At 4 p. m., on the 16th, the head of the brigade came in sight of the bridges, at Nashville, across which, in dense masses, were streaming infantry, artillery, and transportation and provision trains, but still with a regularity and order which gave promise of renewed activity and efficiency in the future. At night-fall, General Johnston, who had established his head-quarters at Edgefield on the northern bank of the Cumberland, saw the last of his wearied and tired columns defile across and safely establish themselves beyond.

Amid all the disasters and gloom of the retreat, the great captain had abundant cause of self-gratulation and confidence. He had reached Kentucky in October of the previous year to find the plan of occupation of the State to be upon three parallel lines of invasion, and yet all dependant upon a single point as the base of operations and the depot of supplies. Vicious and faulty as these unforeseen events proved it to have been, he had made the most of the situation. He found an army of hastily levied volunteers, badly equipped, miserably clad, fully one half stricken down by disease, destitute of transportation, and with barely the shadow of discipline. Never able to wield more than eighteen thousand fighting men at and around Bowling Green, with these men he held at bay a force of the enemy of fully one hundred thousand men. The Southern States were protected

from invasion. Time was obtained to drill and consolidate the volunteer force. The army was sustained in the fertile and abundant grain producing regions of Kentucky, transportation gathered of the most efficient character, immense supplies of beef, corn and pork collected from the surrounding country and safely garnered in depots further South for the coming summer campaign, and when finally the defeat of Crittenden, and the overwhelming attack on Donelson had apparently cut off his retreat, leaving him eighty miles in front of his base of operations and his magazines, he had with promptness, unrivalled military sagacity, and yet with mingled caution and celerity, dismantled his fortifications at Bowling Green, transmitted his heavy artillery and ammunition to Nashville, and extricated his entire army from the jaws of almost certain annihilation and capture.— The enemy came from the capture of Fort Donelson, in which he had lost in killed and wounded a force equal to the entire garrison of the place, to see, to his astonishment, an army in his front undismayed, and held in hand by a General who had just displayed to the world military qualities of the highest order, and a genius for strategy which seemed to anticipate all his plans and as readily to baffle them. In the capture of the army defending Donelson the Confederacy lost, as prisoners of war, the gallant and idolized Buckner, Hanson and his splendid regiment, and many Kentuckians connected with the staff of those officers.

The night of February 16th found the army encamped safely upon the Murfreesboro and Nashville road, but it found the city of Nashville in a condition of wild and frantic anarchy.

The Capital of Tennessee, Nashville, contained ordinarily, a population of about 30,000 souls. The revolution had made it the rendezvous of thousands, fleeing from Kentucky, Missouri, and Western Virginia. So great was the throng of strangers, that lodging could be, with difficulty, procured at any price, every house was filled and overflowing, boarding was held at fabulous prices, and private citizens whose wealth would, under most circumstances, have secured their domesticity from intrusion were, perforce, compelled to accommodate and shelter strangers whom the misfortunes of exile and persecution had thrown upon the world.— Many business-houses and warehouses had been transformed into hospitals for the sick soldiery of the forces in Kentucky. So great was the influx of invalids that in many private families, as many as three and four of the sick were to be found. Here too were brought hundreds of artificers and artisans, the government having established manufactories of various kinds to supply the wants of the army. In no single city of the Confederacy was to be found so large and so varied a supply of all those articles which are essential to the maintenance of a large and well-appointed army. During the fall and winter, under government patronage and assistance, many thousands of hogs

and bullocks had been slaughtered and packed; these were stored in the city. Immense magazines, of ammunitions, of arms, large and small, of ordnance stores, of clothing, of camp equipage, were located here. Capacious warehouses were filled with rice, flour, sugar, molasses, and coffee, to the value of many millions of dollars. The Chief Quarter-master and Commissary were accustomed to fill at once the requisitions of the armies of Kentucky and of Missouri, of Texas and the Gulf. It may be safely estimated, that at the fall of Donelson, Nashville had crowded within its limits not less than sixty thousand residents. It never seems to have occurred to the citizens, or indeed the government, that Nashville was really in danger, a few unimportant and valueless earth-works had been thrown up, looking to its defense, but no systematic plan of fortification had been fixed upon or followed up, nothing but the situation of Fort Donelson, on the State line, prevented the enemy's gun-boats, or even his unarmed transports from coming up to the city and mooring at its wharfs.

One Sunday morning as the citizens were summoned by the church bells to the various houses of worship, in the city, congratulations were joyously exchanged upon the successful defense of Fort Donelson. Ere the hours of morning devotion had expired, the news of its fall came like a clap of thunder in a summer sky. The most excited, and improbable stories were circulated, yet no exaggeration, no improbability

seemed too monstrous to command credence. Donelson was more than an hundred miles down the river, yet it was insisted that the enemy's boats were within a few miles of the city. The passage of the army across the Cumberland, and through the town, added to the general panic and confusion. Consternation, terror, and shameful cowardice seemed to have seized alike upon the unthinking multitude, and the officers, who were expected to evince fortitude and manliness; and now commenced a wild and frantic struggle for escape; thousands who had never borne arms, who were by all the laws of civilized warfare exempt from the penalties of hostilities, were impressed with the conviction that the safety of their lives depended upon escaping from the doomed Capital. On all the railroads from the city, trains were hourly run, bearing fugitives a few miles into the interior.—The country roads were thronged with vehicles of every character and description, the hire of hacks rose to ten, twenty, fifty, even an hundred dollars for two or three hours use. Night brought no cessation of the tumult. It rained in torrents, but all through the night might be seen carriages, wagons, drays and tumbrils crowded with affrighted men and their families. Tender and delicate women, feebly and carefully nurtured children were to be found exposed to the inclemencies of the weather, in open carts and wagons, abandoning luxurious and costly houses for the precarious sustenance of doubtful and uncertain charity in their flights.

Nor was the disgraceful panic confined to non-combatants or timid citizens—men who had gained high reputations for courage and presence of mind, seemed to have ignored every sentiment of manliness in their indecent haste to secure safety, nay, some who were high in military position, whose province and whose duty it was peculiarly and particularly, to guard public property and protect government stores, used their official position to obtain trains of cars upon which were packed their household furniture, their carriages, their horses and their private effects, and having effected this, they made haste to be gone.

Troops were left in the city by order of Gen. Johnston, but the mob spirit rose triumphant: for many days the store houses of the government stood open and abandoned by their proper custodians—every one was at liberty to help himself to what he desired, and it may well be supposed that the thousands who crowded the streets were not slow to avail themselves of the privilege. Not only were hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of provisions carried away and sequestered, but the very streets and highways were strewn with bales and packages of raiment and clothing hastily taken away and as recklessly abandoned. It was currently estimated that public property to the value of at least five millions of dollars was dissipated and destroyed in a few hours. There were not wanting, however, noble and brilliant examples of firmness, courage and forethought. On Tuesday follow-

ing the surrender, the wagon master of the 2nd Kentucky regiment reached the headquarters of the Kentucky brigade with fourteen empty wagons with which he had escaped from Fort Donelson.— These the gallant Breckinridge loaded with supplies of subsistence and clothing, which were the means of comfort to his command months after the abandonment of Nashville. Even when the enemy was hourly expected in the city he might have been seen on the northern bank of the Cumberland superintending the transit of hreds of the well kept cattle brought from Kentucky, that his command might be furnished with fresh rations during their further retreat. Slowly and steadily the army fell back from Nashville until, on the 22d of February, it reached Murfreesboro. Effecting then a junction with the army of General Crittenden which had retreated from Fishing Creek, and for the first time since the departure from Bowling Green, Gen. Johnston found himself in condition to offer and accept battle from the

 ATTAINMENT.

(*Carmen Natale.*)

Rare-ripe, with rich, concentrate sweetness,
 All girlish crudities subdued,
 You stand, to-day, in the completeness
 Of your consummate womanhood.

The stem supports no pensile flower—
 No merely graceful petall'd shoot;
 But all, thro' fostering sun and shower,
 Develops into perfect fruit.

And this is what we looked for: can it
 Fail of such ends, in Nature's law?
 —Who marvels at the full pomegranate,
 That watched the blossom free from flaw!

Yet 'tis not only summer weather
 That purples o'er the laden'd vine;
 Fierce heats—slant rains combine together,
 To fill the grapes with golden wine.

We heed too carelessly, the uses
 Of the rude buffets of the wind;
 Or how they stir the quicken'd juices,
 Or crimson-tint the fruity rind.

Even while we mark the mellow'd graces—
 The ripen'd heart—the mind mature—
 We disallow the trials' traces,
 That wrought results so high and pure.

We learn thro' suffering: 'Tis the story
 World-old and weary; and we know,
 —Tho' we renounce the wisdom hoary—
 That all our tests will prove it so.

You 've conned the lesson: every feature
 Is instinct with the dear-bought lore:
 You comprehend how far the creature
 Can meet the creature's need;—and more

Than this;—you 've guaged and weighed the human,
 With just, deliberate, firm control,
 And found the perfect poise of woman—
 The pivot-balance of her soul.

And thus, sustained and strengthened by it,
 You front the future: Bring it balm,
 Or bring it bitter,—no disquiet
 Shall mar the inviolable calm.

Let the years come! They shall but double
 God's benison within your breast:
 Nor time, nor care, nor change shall trouble
 The halcyon of this central rest.

NOTES ON CURRENT LITERATURE.

"OF making many books there is no end," said the Preacher centuries upon centuries ago, but the saying has never been comprehended in its full force till now. Notwithstanding wars and money-panics, coöperation strikes and the business paralysis, the presses of Europe and America have been constantly at work during the year, and the multiplication of books seems to increase with national quarrels and financial troubles. Whatever men do, there must be historians to narrate and poets to sing, and the facility of writing keeps pace with the rapid march of events and the crowding occupations of individual life.— Not only are there a larger number of people who fancy themselves competent to instruct or amuse or edify their fellow creatures, more essayists, novelists, annalists, verse-makers, playwrights, than at any previous period of the world's history, but the popular author rivals the fecundity of the most voluminous writers of a by-gone age, of Lope de Vega and Voltaire. The most industrious of critics and reviewers can do little more than glance at the titles of the majority of the works that appear every month, and a summary of the contents of the most remarkable must of necessity be brief not to tax the patience of the reader nor to exceed the space that can be assigned to it in a magazine.

The publishers of Paris have given an unwonted degree of at-

tention of late to English matters. A new volume of *Walpoliana* under the title of "Lord Walpole at the French Court," has just been issued by M. le Comte de Baillou, who has been permitted by the family a very free use of the *Walpole Correspondence*; and another "History of Cromwell," from a French stand-point, has been brought out by M. Dargand, a writer already favorably known as a historiographer, who traces the history of England, in its pages, to the downfall of the Stuarts. An interesting work on the earlier sermons of Bossuet has just come from the pen of M. Gaudar, supplementary to a larger work on the life and genius of the great Bishop of Meaux, previously given to the world. M. Gaudar is thoroughly enamored of his subject, and has made it a matter of profound and careful research, and the result has been a volume which contains a vast deal of valuable information, concerning the French pulpit orator that is not elsewhere accessible. It is a curious coincidence that the same month which marks the appearance of this critical memoir of the early labors of Bossuet, should witness the publication of *La Jeunesse de Voltaire*. No contrast could be more striking, certainly, than that of the youthful divine, painfully re-writing his sermons for the third or fourth time, and the young reprobate of the "Société du Temple," rioting in the pleasures of a most dissolute peri-

od, and vainly endeavoring to drink glass for glass with that unconquerable Vendome, of whom the Duke of Orleans was lost in admiration, because he had not gone to bed sober for forty years. *La Jeunesse de Voltaire* is the work of M. Gustave Desnoires-terres. It is likely to have more readers than M. Gaudar's life of Bossuet, and yet will be eclipsed in popularity, beyond a doubt, by *La Jeunesse d'Alexandre Dumas* whenever this unannounced memoir shall burst upon a delighted Paris. The younger Dumas has given his *concitoyens* reason to look for something of this kind in the title of the comedy upon which he is at present engaged, "*Le Fils de Son Père.*" The *New Paris Guide*, "by the principal Writers and Artists of France," has been completed in Two Volumes of nearly a thousand pages each. As a *vade mecum* for the stranger in Paris, supplying such useful information, off-hand, as the foreigner just set down on the Place de la Concorde would like to know, it cannot for a moment be compared with *Galignani*. Indeed the book is not written for Englishmen or Americans, but for the French themselves. M. Victor Hugo makes the Great Exposition building in the Champs de Mars a tripod from which he celebrates the Paris of the present and discourses, in his cloudy oracular way, on the future glory of the Capital disclosed to his poet vision. "Palermo," says he, "has Etna, Paris has Thought. Constantinople is nearer the Sun, Paris is nearer Civilization.— Athens has built the Parthenon, but Paris has demolished the Bastile." This is all very fine, no doubt; it is certainly very French or very Hugo-esque, but it would be much more to the purpose, as far as the usefulness of a Guide-book is concerned, to tell the stranger how to see the factory of Sevres or the Gobelins. All the writers in the *Paris Guide* are more or less caught up by the Pythonic rage of M. Victor Hugo. But then the French Institute is described by M. Renan, the Académie Française by M. Sainte Beuve, and the Académie des Sciences by M. Bertholet. Add to this, that the State of Medicine in Paris is treated by the able hand of M. Littré, the same who has just published the 16th part of a new "Dictionary of the French Language" of the highest excellence, and that the history of the Imperial press and the annals of printing have been prepared by M. Firmin Didot, and it is abundantly manifest, it goes without speaking, as the French say, that the *Paris Guide* is a work of unusual and permanent importance. It is noteworthy, however, that in a work of this kind, professedly "by the principal writers and artists of France," there should be no illustration from the facile crayon of M. Gustave Doré. This indefatigable worker is about to give us some twenty illustrations of the Raven of Edgar Poe. This fact in itself suffices to prove the universal popularity of Poe in France.— When Doré was asked to illustrate the "Idylls of the King" he asked "Who, then, is this

Tennyson? ", no translations of whose poems had ever been brought to his notice. But all France is familiar with Edgar Poe. It will be a matter of curiosity to see how Doré will overcome the physical difficulty of the last stanza of the Raven, by what contrivance he will get the shadow of the bird upon the floor of the apartment—

And the Raven never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door,
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming casts his shadow on the floor,
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—never more!

Observe that the bust is over the door, and the bird upon the bust, and the lamplight above the bird, by what fashion of lighting an apartment it shall be for M. Doré to make plain.

Apropos of Tennyson, a Paris edition of his writings in five volumes has just been published and is selling at the rate of two hundred copies a day. The low price of the edition, ten francs for the whole, furnishes us the secret of this success. It is in the English text and is not altogether the work for large acceptance at the hands of the French reading public.—Englishmen and Americans are probably for the most part the purchasers, and the Parisian publisher has just discovered in the bard that rich mine of wealth which the well known Boston house has been working with splendid results for years in the United States.

In London, Messrs. Moxon &

Company have brought out, in uniform style with "*Elaine*," published last year, "*Vivien*," and "*Guinevere*," each embellished with nine photographs from Doré's drawings; but as yet we hear nothing definite of "*The Death of Lucretius*," the promised new poem of the Laureate; from whom not a line has been printed since the appearance of "*Enoch Arden*." Browning is engaged, it is said, in rewriting "*Sordello*," whether with the view of making that mystic production intelligible to the ordinary understanding or not, gossip is silent. If he should write it again backwards, as Douglas Jerrold suggested, or commence in the middle and leave off at both ends, in either case the poem might, in respect of comprehensibility, be improved. Still more startling is the statement, in view of the shortness of human life, that Browning has ready for the press a poem of fifteen thousand lines in which his whole philosophy will be incomprehensibly set forth. One of the most considerable works now in progress is a Dictionary of the Latin Language by Professor Key, formerly of the University of Virginia at Charlottesville, with whom is associated a learned German, Dr. Wagner. This *magnum opus* will be in no sense a translation from a work in another language, but an original contribution to the scholastic literature of England, embodying the results of a life-long study of the Latin tongue. Of translations, the English reader is promised a valuable one in the "*History of Israel to the Death of Moses*," from the German of

Professor Ewald of Gottingen by Mr. Russell Martineau, Hebrew Professor in New College at Manchester. And among other forthcoming novelties is an English edition of Walt. Whitman, to be edited with biographical preface by W. M. Rossetti and published by John Camden Hotten. Of all the compliments in which England has been so lavish towards the United States since the termination of the recent war, perhaps none other has been so delicate and yet so overwhelming as this recognition of the great American bard, this opportunity given him of sounding "his barbaric yawp over the roofs of"—Piccadilly.

Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer has rendered a valuable service to literature in his "Historic Characters," a work in two volumes, wherein he records his impressions of some of the most eminent men with whom he has been brought into association in his long career as a diplomatist, and who have passed away—Mackintosh, Talleyrand, Cobbett, Canning, and Peel. Such volumes have great value as *memoires pour servir* even when prepared by a less gifted writer than Sir Henry Bulwer. The lives of great leaders and statesmen ought to be as fully known as possible. It is the general conviction of this fact that gives importance to the work with which the Duke of Wellington is now occupied, that of printing for preservation, not for the public eye, the whole body of the MSS. of his illustrious father.—The Duke's desire is to commit everything to the keeping of print—"the art preservative of

all arts," and three copies will be deposited for safety at three different points, Apsley House, Strathfieldsaye, and the Duke's banker's, in the city of London. At some future time, when the publication of the papers will affect no living person, the volumes may be reprinted for general circulation.

Among the announcements of John Murray is one of "Eighty Years of Republican Government in America," by Louis J. Jennings, but lately correspondent of the London *Times*, in the United States, in which capacity he approved himself an acute observer and vigorous writer. The views of Mr. Jennings as to the working of republican institutions on this continent will be fully understood, of course, only when his volumes have been presented to the world, but the fact that the New York press speaks of him as possessing the sagacity and insight of De Tocqueville is significant of a favorable verdict.

A London edition has just appeared of Hon. Wm. Elliott's "Carolina Sports on Land and Water," Devil Fishing, etc., and the book has been fortunate enough to secure a favorable notice from the *Athenæum*.

Routledge & Co., publish, for English and American readers, "1001 Gems of English Poetry," edited by Dr. Charles Mackay. The book has been long delayed on account of the Doctor's difficulty in finding so many gems, when the compiler of any New England Common School Book might have helped him to 2002 at a day's notice. Dr.

Mackay is catholic enough to embrace the verse-makers of America in the body of his English Poets, but we are surprised to find that he gives no line of Cooke or Pinkney. If "Florence Vane" and "Look out upon the Stars, my love" are not "gems," our judgment has been greatly at fault.

Mary Godolphin has prepared, for children, a version of Robinson Crusoe, which is another of Routledge's latest publications. The novelty of it consists in its being written wholly in words of one syllable, and the writer's success has been so decided that it may be read aloud to grown folks without the trick being discovered.

The name of novels is Legion, and the new school of sensation is dominant, with its flamy-haired young women, *bien accélérées et décolletées*, who break young colts, lovers' hearts and the seventh commandment, and its leonine swells with the tawny moustaches, who pass the languid hours in seducing their neighbors' wives and ride desperately to the devil at other people's expense by moonlight. "Under Two Flags," by Ouida, is the last and most striking of these romances, and it has been republished in this country, by Lippincott, of Philadelphia. Miss Braddon, Edmund Yates and the author of "Guy Livingstone," are all outdone by this new novelist of fast life. Yet all these are before the public with fresh stories of fashion and passion. What wonder, when we consider that such books hold the attention of the young people of

England, and when Swinburne is hailed as the poet teacher of the age, that the wise old man of Chelsea, re-writing his Latter Day Pamphlet of "Shooting Niagara," should say of literature, "In fifty years, I should guess, all really serious souls will have quitted that mad province, left it to the roaring populaces; and for any noble-man, or useful person, it will be a credit rather to declare, 'I never tried literature, believe me, I have not written anything;' and we of 'literature' by trade, we shall sink again, I perceive, to the rank of street-fiddling, no higher rank, though with endless increase of sixpence flung into the hat."

Mr. Anthony Trollope's latest volume is a collection of stories contributed to *Good Words* and other magazines, to which he gives the leading prefix of *Lotta Schmidt*. One of the stories entitled "The Two Generals" is founded upon the war of Secession in which two Kentucky brothers are supposed to take opposite sides. Mr. Trollope's "Last Chronicle of Barset" had a success in England the more remarkable because the tone of the novel is so widely different from that of the works to which we have just referred. An ingenious piece of advertising, by the way, occurs in the "Last Chronicle of Barset" which is creditable to Mr. Trollope's skill. Two young men travel in the same railway carriage and exchange newspapers. One has the *Times* and the *Saturday Review* and the other has the *News* and the *Spectator*, but both have the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The

time of the events of the story was during, and for a few months after, the war in America. Now the *Pall Mall Gazette* was first issued in May, 1865, and to represent it, when it was only a few weeks old, as having double the circulation of *Times*, or *Saturday*, or *News*, or *Spectator* is clever for one of the *Pall Mall's* contributors.

Miss Brock's book on Richmond During the War has met with a most favorable reception in all quarters. It is one of the publications of Carleton, a very popular and successful publisher, who rarely makes a blunder in anything to which he affixes his *imprimatur*. Miss Brock writes with ease and grace, and her narrative wins confidence by its evident truthfulness. There is need of more careful proof-reading of the second edition, for in the first the name of Latané is unaccountably given as Letoni.

Mr. Charles Astor Bristed has reappeared in letters as author of a timely treatise on "The Interference Theory of Government." It is mainly directed against the Prohibition Laws, or what he styles the "agrarian movement" of the day, but it embodies some excellent reflections upon intermeddling by legislation with matters that properly belong to individual self-control.

The Appletons, of this city, who are the recognized publishers of Miss Muhlbach's novels, (a graceful letter from her has just been printed in the daily papers acknowledging the receipt of One Thousand Thalers remitted by the Messrs. Appleton) have just ad-

ded to the series, *Napoleon and the Queen of Prussia*. The story, which was written to represent Napoleon from the stand-point of Berlin, to sketch him, as we might say, in Prussian Blue, and which was handsomely rewarded by the reigning King as a work of patriotism, lacks the vivid dramatic interest of *Joseph the Second and his Court*, while the translation falls far behind the elegance and spirit of Madame de Chaudron.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of Philadelphia, have re-printed a very coarse and rubbishy volume, by Miss Emmeline Lott, on *Harem Life in Egypt and Constantinople*, in which absolutely nothing of the least interest is told of the domestic habits of the ladies (?) of the Viceroy and the Sultan. Miss Lott was an English governess, to whom was entrusted the early education of the Viceroy's son, and had good opportunities of observation, but beyond a most revolting coarseness, which exceeds Swift himself, the book is not remarkable. All poetry fades out of the Harem in Miss Lott's pages, the routine of it is stupid, vulgar and beastly.

Not content with re-printing one bad book from the English edition, the Messrs. Peterson threaten the public with another, an original work, being the Letters of Colonel John W. Forney, descriptive of his recent Tour of Europe. Anything more vapid and utterly unprofitable than these Letters it is scarcely possible to conceive. The writer was so ignorant of modern French history as to inform his newspaper readers that the remains of Na-

poleon I. were removed from St. Helena, in 1854 by Napoleon III., but gross inaccuracies of this sort will probably not be repeated in the volume, as the Letters were placed in the hands of Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, a very competent person, to be revised, before being committed to the book press.

An infinite deal of twaddle on art and morals and human life has been put into blank verse, and published under the title of *Kathrina*, by Dr. Holland, the most popular of New England's poets. As Longfellow is the American Tennyson, so Dr. Holland is the American Tupper. The poem has already gone through several editions, and will make the author a handsome return in green-backs. The publishers are Scribner & Co., who have just started a useful little periodical entitled *The Book Buyer*, the object of which is to assist purchasers in the selection of books, by supplying trustworthy information concerning the latest publications. The same house has in preparation for the holidays a superb volume, of questionable taste, from the pen of Mrs. Ellet—*The Queens of American Society*. The Southern Queens, of whom sketches and portraits are to be given, are Mrs. President Polk and Mrs. W. A. Cheatham, of Tennessee, Mrs. Sallie Ward Hunt, of Kentucky, and Madame Le Vert, of Alabama.

"A Common School Grammar of the English Language, by Simon Kerl, A. M.," from the press of Messrs. Ivison, Phinney, Blake-man & Co., is one of those rudi-

mentary works for the instruction of the ingenuous youth of the country, which the teachers of the South ought to accept gratefully from Northern publishers. The pupil will derive from it incidentally a great deal of useful information, apart from nouns, verbs, adverbs, prepositions and participles, that is not to be found in ordinary grammars. Mr. Kerl is a model exemplifier. The parts of speech, as he manipulates them, praise New England—the very vowels vocalize her fame.—We have never met with such parochial prosody or such sectional syntax. Moreover as a guide to a course of reading it is invaluable, for while the excerpts given for illustration are few in number they are choice, and Longfellow, Lowell and Read are in the happiest companionship with Shakespeare, Milton and Byron. We cannot refrain from giving our readers a few of the "examples" of this ingenious grammarian, from which it will be seen that the universe continues to revolve smoothly around Boston, that central fixed spot which knows neither revolution nor rebellion.

"Examples to be corrected" (with reference to the proper use of capital letters.)

"The blood of those who have Fallen at concord, lexington and Bunker hill, cries aloud, 'it is time to part.'"

"He was President of the Massachusetts historical society, and the Editor of the Boston daily advertiser."

"A presbyterian minister preached every sunday at west Brook-field."

"The Guests were entertained by mayor Rice, at his residence, no. 24 union park." (Boston understood.) is the capital of Massachusetts." "I saw Webster, the great statesman and orator."

"When a common noun denotes an object in the sense of a proper noun, it becomes a proper noun." Warren is supposed to have fallen."

"Mr. C. S. Bushnell, of New Haven, has presented the divinity school with five thousand dollars."

"Ex.—The Common." (Boston, of course.) "Say—has presented five thousand dollars to the divinity school."

"A pair or series of nouns, implying common possession, take the possessive sign at the end, and but once." It will be seen from these examples how very much the intelligent pupil will learn, from Kerl's Grammar, of New England biography and history. Many more such might be quoted from the book. One other, however, will suffice. It is perfect in its way.

"A pair or series of nouns, not implying common possession, or emphatically distinguished, take each the possessive sign." "In comparison," Mr. Kerl tells the class in grammar, "other, else, or a similar word, must sometimes be inserted to prevent the leading term from being compared with itself."

"Ex.—'Webster's and Worcester's Dictionary'; i. e., Webster's Dictionary and Worcester's Dictionary." Now mark the example. "No magazine is so well written as the Atlantic Monthly."

"When no verb joins the terms, the latter term is said to be in *opposition* with the other, and is called an *appositive*." The proper form of this sentence is

"Ex.—'Webster, the orator and statesman, was not related to Webster the lexicographer.'" "No other magazine is so well written as the Atlantic Monthly," and it embodies a fact in literature, gratifying to the national pride, that cannot be too strongly impressed on the youthful mind of America.

"A series of substantives placed after a verb, when the verb, for the sake of emphasis, agrees only with the first, and is understood to each of the rest, (called as calling for the singular.)" An English Grammar of a very different kind is that of Professor Geo. Frederick Holmes, of the University of Virginia, published by Richardson & Co., of this city. This work is elementary, being designed for young pupils, but it bears the impress of the scholar and thinker in the clearness of its

"Ex.—'There is Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill, and there they will remain forever.'—Webster."

"A term set off parenthetically or emphatically. (cited as calling for the plural.)"

"Ex.—'Our statesmen, especially John Adams, have reached a good old age.'"

Other miscellaneous examples.

"We went to Boston. Boston

arrangement and the beauty of its expositions. Another volume from the same compiler and publisher is the "Southern Fifth Reader," the latest of the well-known University Series of school books. The exercises in this Reader are selected, with two or three exceptions, from American writers, but while the aim has been to represent the *litterateurs* of the Southern States who have heretofore been wholly ignored in works of this kind, Professor Holmes has drawn largely from Northern authors, and we find elegant extracts from Irving, Audubon, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Cooper, Lanman and others.—Messrs. Richardson & Co., have also brought out some excellent school books, prepared by the University colleagues of Professor Holmes, such as the "Grammar in French" and "First French Reader," of Professor Schele De Vere, the "Latin Grammar," of Professor Gildersleeve, and "Venable's Mental Arithmetic." A new edition of Mrs. Forrest's "Women of the South" is another of the publications of Richardson & Co., who promise two new works which are likely to meet with great success—the one a new Southern novel, *Randolph Honor*, by the author of *Ingemisco*, and the other, a "History of the Lee Family, of Virginia," by E. C. Mead. The author of the latter will be assisted by Mrs. General Lee, and the book is announced to be ready this month.

The *Vita Nuova* of Dante, the earliest of the writings of the great Italian poet, translated by C. H. Norton, has just been pub-

lished by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields in really magnificent style as a companion volume to the translation of the *Divina Commedia* by Mr. Longfellow. In the *New Life*, Dante began the story of his love which has hallowed the name of Beatrice in the affections of mankind. Messrs. Ticknor & Fields announce the *Atlantic Almanac*, the joint work of Oliver Wendell Holmes and Donald G. Mitchell, which will probably be as "well written as the *Atlantic Monthly*," and calculated doubtless for the latitude of Boston.—Dr. Holmes will give us the "music of the spheres" and Ik. Marvel will adorn the horticultural department with the flowers of his fancy. It is impossible that an almanac from two writers so gifted should fail of being a striking and attractive publication.—Though we can hardly look for an original zodiac, we *may* expect that the authors will give us two remarkable eclipses, in eclipsing themselves.

An energetic member of the large and respectable family of BILL has just brought out, in handsome Octavo form, a Memoir of his kindred, which is illustrated with photographic likenesses, from life or contemporary portraits, of all the more remarkable Bills of the last two centuries. One of them reposes in Westminster Abbey with a Latin epitaph over his remains. The American Bills, who seem to have been posted, for the most part, over New England and the West, have become Selectmen and Judges and Members of Congress, and in the matter of honors generally would appear to

have been Bills Receivable. The memoir shows that the Family of late years have been intensely Republican or patriotic, for a considerable number of the younger members (for particulars see small Bills) volunteered in the Union army in the recent war and were accepted, though they did not rise to any high position. One sturdy Democrat, however, who still lives in Pennsylvania, displayed his humor and his political tendencies by naming three children successively Kansas Nebraska, Le-compton Constitution, and Jefferson Davis, and as the last named came into the glorious Union in the year 1862, it seems incomprehensible that both the father that begat and the person that christened him escaped Fort Delaware.

OVER THE RIVER.

BY ROSA VERTNER JEFFREY.

Over the river,—
 A sunny tide—
 With shores of beauty
 On either side,
 Ho! boatman, away!—
 Let love, and truth,
 Pilot me over
 The stream of youth,
 Sparkling with joy, as the river that rolled
 Through Sardis, erst sparkled with ripples of gold.

Over the river,—
 A rushing tide,
 Freight with pleasure
 And sin, and pride,
 Ho! boatman, away
 Neath a fervid sun,
 The ventures of life
 Are lost, or won,
 While manhood is strong, while ambition calls,
 Boatman, away! ere the darkness falls.

Over the river,
 Obscure and dim,
 'Neath a ghostly sky,
 On,—boatman grim,
 On,—through a moonless
 And starless night,
 Over the river,—
 Where breaks the light!
 From the shadows of earth and time, away!
 To a shadowless clime—an endless day.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING*

THE FORTUNES OF WAR.

The mighty wheels of time had rolled in their appointed circuit for three years, a period so full of events of the highest national importance, that men's minds were unconsciously elevated to a standpoint so high that they seemed indeed but a little lower than the Angels.

The character of the Southern people under the developments of the tremendous events in which each seemed to have a personal share, had attained a degree of heroic grandeur, unequalled in the annals of the world's record, while the term Confederate Soldier had become the synonym and visible embodiment of all that was good and great, chivalric and honorable.

The star of the Confederacy had blazed into a sudden glory on the field of Manassas, and paled over the gilded domes of the Crescent City, struggled through a sky of shifting light and shadow, and

then gone into total eclipse when in the stillness of that Sabbath morning, the purest spirit that God ever placed in man's bosom, crossed over the river and rested under the trees of heaven!

All that a nation can know of exertions for the general good, so great as to be incalculable, all that a people could display of courage, self-abnegation and un-murmuring endurance, had been ushered into existence by these tremendous years when the South maintained warfare against the entire world, and proudly kept it at bay.

Such prowess had to be paid for, and at a heavy price; the best and the bravest of the golden youth of the South, lay sleeping in graves by the way-side, languished in the hospital wards, maimed and mangled, or dragged to their distant homes, the mutilated remains of what had once been men. Like Egypt of old, it might well be said, that in all the land there was no house in which there was not one dead, while

* Continued from page 153.

cold and hunger, thirst and nakedness, trod close upon each other's heels, and the picture was lighted by the lurid glare of burning homesteads and desecrated temples.

Cruel and bitter was the wrath of the invaders, directed as it was, on the helpless and unoffending. Like new Herods, they inaugurated a second murder of the innocents, and a voice of lamentation and great mourning went up to heaven from all the length and breadth of the land. One day the assembled universe will listen to God's history of the war, and it may be that brows which now wear the victor's wreath of earthly glory, will then call on the mountains and rocks to hide them from the fearful wrath of their outraged Creator.

In the vast vortex which threatened to engulf the entire nation, individuals and objects of a private nature seemed to lose all identity and importance. All minds were moved by one single hope, all arms labored for one single purpose, and all hearts lay in the hands of one man, who turned them, whithersoever he would.

The remark of the old woman to our soldiers, when they were pressing full of courage and indomitable resolution to Gettysburg, under the guidance of their adored chief, "Ah! you Southern people will never succeed, because you put General Lee in the place of God!" was too true with regard to a portion of the people he strove to save.

Yet if ever a case existed in which mortals might load one of

their fellow men with an amount of almost supernal devotion, it was this.

Wise as the wisest of the pagan philosophers, yet humble as a little child; brave as the noblest knight that ever laid lance in rest, and pure as the perfection of womanhood; so great that the heroes of the world pale in comparison to him, and so good that viewing him, the divine precept, "Be ye likewise perfect," is brought within the grasp of finite minds, the name of ROBERT LEE will cast on the record of Time a reflex of the brightness with which it will sparkle through the cycles of eternity on the pages of the Book of Life!

How we loved him! How each hair of his noble head was held in special honor and loaded with our prayers and blessings! How we gloried in his greatness, how we luxuriated in his goodness, leaning on him as on a great rock firm and stable as the round earth itself, and feeling that his christian purity and favor with his God were a sort of safe-guard and protection to us, and stood like Job doing sacrifice for his neglectful and sinning children, between us and the penalty of our sins.

Mothers taught their babes to lisp his name next to "Our Father;" strong men felt their manhood develop to a new strength, when they thought of him; for him devotion culminated, and his very name was a lever by which the Southern soul was elevated to the highest degree of heroic greatness!

As we loved him then, so we love him now, only with a tender-

er and more unselfish love; we gloried in him then, but we regard him with a deeper and holier reverence now! In the hour of hope we saw him through the medium of a triumph that was of the earth, earthy; now we look at him through our tears and see him bathed in the white light which falls directly upon him from the smile of an approving and sustaining God. And from the hearts of a subdued but never conquered people there goes ever up the sound of millions of voices condensed into a single benediction: "GOD BLESS GENERAL LEE!"

The time that Frank Leigh had laughed at, in youthful exuberance of spirit, as an utter impossibility, had come round, and Richmond, which he had called the quietest of worn out cities, was the "capital of a war-like kingdom and the bone of contention between two opposing armies."

It by no means deserved the appellation now, for its quiet was exchanged for an activity and ceaseless bustle, while its effete-ness was replaced by a liveliness and animation known nowhere else in the Confederacy. All that could remove to it did so, and the city was over-crowded with a population composed of every grade and class, of society, in which the old Washington City element predominated so largely, that a person worshipping at St. Paul's might readily fancy himself transported two years into the past and seated in "Dr. Pyne's church," as St. John's, in Washington, was called, while a walk on Main Street on a winter

morning forcibly re-called Pennsylvania Avenue.

The great miracle was, how such a vast amount of persons, most of them with no visible means of support, could continue not only to exist, but to be well dressed, apparently free from care, and in the full possession of all the comforts of life.

Frank was not there to see the verification of his words, for, captured on his exposed and dangerous post of duty, he had watched Spring melt into Summer, Summer glow into Autumn, and Autumn wane into Winter, all checkered by his prison bars. Exposed to the full horrors of Elmira, this caged Virginia eagle pined and drooped until those who loved him best, dreaded that he would receive his discharge from the hands of death before the terms of an earthly cartel could be arranged.

The Professor had hastened to the place at which Frank had been captured, so soon as the news reached South Side, in order to obtain all possible information for the sake of the half-distracted mother, and on his return crossed James River in a small boat, and proceeded to South Side by a road running through the plantation. As he was walking boldly up to the house, he saw a dusky head protrude out of a thick shrub, while a sepulchral voice exclaimed: "Lor, Mass Professor, don't go to the house, Sir; they is comel!"

The tremulous tones of Uncle Jack's voice left no doubt as to what class of individuals the personal pronoun referred, for his

ideas on the subject were well known to the Professor.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, stopping short in the walk, "Is the family well — is Miss Charley safe?"

"All right, Sir! But for de Lor's sake, Sir, come 'hind this bush. They's just come, and they's a setting in the dining room a drinking Malaga I served 'em, and a thinking it's master's prime wine, but they's like the beasts in the Bible, and has eyes before, behind, and at both sides, and years too, Sir. So I'll take you to Patsey's room twill I can tell Miss Charley you's here."

The Professor consenting, the singular pair crept cautiously along under the protection of the short November twilight until Patsey's room was reached and the Professor temporarily safe.

Here he learned that a gunboat had made its appearance on the river early that afternoon, and that a large party, composed of soldiers, naval officers, and marines, had disembarked, and separating into two detachments, had walked into Broadfields and South Side, and made themselves masters of both, giving a polite intimation to the respective proprietors of those mansions, that their tenure of possession was void, and that they were at liberty to occupy one of the negro cabins, or to go elsewhere, but could no longer remain in their present abodes which were required for the use of the United States Army and Navy.

"What did Col. Preston do?" asked the Professor hurriedly.

"He never did anything, and

never said nothing, Sir, which was a comfort, for if he had said half what he thought, he'd a been shot, or hung up, Sir. Missis, she begged him so to keep quiet when she heard they was a coming, for the sake o' Miss Charley, and I think that's what subdued him, Sir. He just sat and glared at 'em like a lion, and looked like he'd like to eat 'em up, but he never said nothing 'cept when de genral of 'em demarked it was a fine place and required if he was borned there. Marster began at his toes and looked at him up to his head, and began at his head and looked him down to his toes, and then he says: 'I never associate, or converse with any but gentlemen!'"

"Aint I a gentleman?" says he, turning mitey red in the face.

"Marster looked at him again and laughed a mitey provoking laugh and turned his back on him."

"Jack," said the Professor, "I will not insult you by asking you to do all you can for the family, for I know you will leave nothing undone that can be done for them. I must see Colonel Preston and assist him in his plans, but I would prefer you to first tell Miss Charley that I am here."

Uncle Jack threw another log on the fire, and directing the Professor to bolt the door and admit no one who might knock at it, unless in a peculiar manner which he indicated, was about to start on his errand, when a succession of taps similar to those he had just produced, was heard at the door.

"Is that you, Patsey?" asked her lord in a fat whisper through the key-hole.

"Yes, Jack—open quick," replied the voice of his wife, and as he undid the door she walked, or rathered staggered in, while he closed and locked it quickly behind her.

"Why, Mars. Professor, I'se mighty glad to see you, sir, in this time o' trouble," she exclaimed, out of the heavy shawls which were folded and trailing around her, and she tried to drop a courtesy, but only succeeded in producing a new variety of stagger.

"Patsey," exclaimed Uncle Jack in a tone of indescribable horror, "is you done been and let evil communications disrupt good behaviour?—is you a touched pitch and been reviled? Patsey, is you in speerits?"

A low gurgling sound swelled up out of the voluminous folds of Aunt Patsey's drapery, as if some one were laughing, and had been checked by incipient suffocation, the dark mass parted asunder, and out stepped Miss Charley Preston, who stretched out the cramped proportions of her pretty figure, and then darted like a bird to the covert of the outstretched arms of the over-joyed Professor.

"My darling, my own darling!" he exclaimed, folding her to his bosom, while a shower of kisses fell on her bright head and hidden face. "My brave darling—bright and fearless even at such a time as this!"

"Why, Professor, all the greater necessity for being cheerful—and as to fear—I despise them too much to fear them!"

"Have they dared insult you, Charley?" he asked, while the veins in his forehead stood out like cords.

"No indeed!" was the reply.—

"I have been perfectly unconscious of their existence, even when the room was swarming with them; if one of them looked at me, I regarded it as no more than if it had been the gaze of a fly, and if one of them spoke to me, I became stone deaf and perfectly dumb! You see, Professor, I hold all offensive demonstrations to be unladylike and as establishing a sort of connection between us which is not to be endured.—My scorn and detestation for them are far too deep for outward expression, and I cannot demean myself by giving them the consideration which even an insult would convey. To treat them as they deserve is dirty work, and far beneath my hands. If the worst comes, I am prepared, Professor."

Her face flushed, and parting the folds of her dress, she disclosed the ivory handle of her pistol resting on a neck hardly less white.

"What will you all do, Charley?" he asked, brushing back her soft curls with a loving touch.—

"You cannot stay here; you must go to Richmond with me."

"We will," she said; "the Estens have managed to send us a note, and to-morrow we will all go off as best we can. Grandpa says you had best stay here till the moon goes down, and then go by one of the bridle paths through the plantation, and wait for us somewhere on the road. Of

course you are not to think of going to the house, as to do so will be just to place yourself in poor Frank's position."

"Just so," said the Professor; "but, Charley, I don't want to stay away from you."

"Well, you will not, for having been nearly suffocated under Mammy's shawls, besides being in mortal fear of my feet lest she should tread on them as we stumbled along double, I am in no humor to undergo a repetition. Besides, Grandpa and Grandma don't wish me stay under the same roof with our company, so I'm to stay all night with Mammy, and Uncle Jack and she are to keep guard over me and Mandy, and give the protection Grandpa cannot afford. We are perfectly safe here, and so are you, and Grandpa and Grandma are comfortably fixed in the house, so don't let the proximity of the Yankees cheat you out of our evening's enjoyment. Mammy," she continued, "the Professor is half starved, and I'm three quarters—havn't you something good, and can't you get us a little supper?"

"Lor yes honey," said Mammy, delighted at so congenial an operation, "I'se most emptied the pantry, and stored the things where they'll never find 'em.—You jest set down there by the fire, and Jack and I'll fix everything prime."

Charley sank into one of the comfortable rocking chairs, Mammy's room being only one degree less comfortable than that of her mistress, and fully equal to it in point of perfect neatness, and the Professor, drawing his chair to

hers, nestled her bright head on his shoulder, and the time flew by with a rapidity and power of producing happiness which no amount of enemies could affect or disturb.

Before long, Mammy had spread a table in the most delicate manner, and covered it with tempting viands, and Miss Charley, taking its head, proceeded to the discharge of its duties with as much coolness as she had displayed in the grand dining room of her now confiscated home.

After supper was over, and while Uncle Jack had gone out to make a reconnoissance, and Mammy winked and nodded in the chimney corner, the Professor and Charley resumed their seats and engaged in a conversation in which the fears of the present were lost sight of in the hopes of the future.

After a while Uncle Jack returned, bringing with him Mandy, the only daughter of the worthy pair, and summoning the Professor to one corner of the room, addressed him in a mysterious whisper.

"All right so far, Sir," he said, "they is all up at the house, and what ain't drunk is playing cards. Marster and Misses is in de little 'partment at de top o' de house, and has every thing they dequires. And," here he dropped his voice to an almost inaudible wheeze, "I 'spects there 'll be more company here to-night, Sir! A gemman in grey is outside o' that door a waiting for me to dispart to him all the obfuscations I'se made on the enemy, and there's

more a waiting at de Cross roads to hear his umport."

"Hal!" said the Professor.— "Miss Charley can help you here, Jack, and tell you the exact number of the party. I'll call her."

"But, Sir," said the old man, unwilling to impart his cherished information to any greater number, "kin a lady keep a secret, Sir?"

"This one can and will!" said the Professor. "Miss Charley!"

She came, and in a few words he explained the state of the case, and asked her to give Jack all possible information.

"I'll do better than that," she said quickly. "I'll see the scout and tell him myself, so there will be no mistake. Give me the big shawl, Uncle Jack."

"No, my darling, you must not go," exclaimed the Professor.— "There is danger."

"Not a bit of it!" was the cool reply. "A woman is safe wherever a Southern soldier is, and if an enemy comes we will be five against him!"

"Five? how?" asked the puzzled gentleman.

"Why, I and my pistol are one and the scout is four more. You know it is a mere arithmetical fact, that in a fight, one Confederate is numerically equal to four Yankees!"

"But this may not be a Confederate scout after all," persisted the Professor.

"Yes Sir, he is," said Uncle Jack, "he's a young man from these parts, and Marster knows all his foreparents well, Sir."

Under this assertion the Professor yielded to the urgent de-

mands of Miss Preston, and wrapping her in her shawl, saw her slip out into the dim moonlight, by the side of Uncle Jack, with a feeling of anything but satisfaction.

She came back soon, her cheeks glowing, and her eyes fairly dancing with excitement, and whispered some words to the Professor which had the effect of making him almost as joyful as herself.

"In two hours!" she continued, still in a whisper, "and at Broadfields too. Will there be any chance for me to see it?"

"There may be, you young war-horse," was the reply, "but not if I can prevent it."

Very rapidly the hours passed on to the two seated by the cosy fire-side, with no sound save the crackling of its blazing logs, and the deep breathing of Mammy and Mandy who, with the happy faculty of their race, slept on with a complete forgetfulness of the disagreeable circumstances which surrounded them.

Uncle Jack was dispatched from time to time to keep up a watch and report progress of affairs, and by all means to ply the sentinels with some of Col. Preston's most fiery brandy. After one of his numerous excursions, he returned swelling with importance, and by a motion of his lips conveyed the longed for intelligence, that stirring times were at hand.

Almost simultaneously there came a tramp of horses' feet galloping up the avenue which led to the house, then the word of command, and with it a ringing cheer, such as only could come from

Confederate lungs, and then the discharge of musketry and the order to surround the house and cut down all who refused to be captured. In a few moments all was still, and the Professor, who had been obliged to hold Miss Charley in the room by sheer force, now released her and proceeded to the house, to obtain information of the event.

To his surprise, Miss Preston offered no objection to his leaving her, but directed her efforts to soothing Mammy, whose nerves were not proof against the discharge of guns.

The reason of her indifference was unsatisfactorily explained a few moments after he had left the young lady, by the sound of rapid footsteps pattering along behind him, and a fair face flushed with fun, was held up to his while the sweetest of voices said, "Did you think I would let you go alone?"

The only possible course of procedure was to clasp the girl in his strong arms, and endeavor to shield her as they crept on together. As they passed a suspicious looking object in the rear of Mammy's cabin, which proved to be that useful family institution known as a lie hopper, a head came slowly forward, and a voice in an unmistakable drawl exclaimed, "Du tell! Is that you, Miss Amandy? Caan't yeou take me aout of this ash hole?"

"It's Mandy's mistress," said Miss Charley, and quick as lightning the little pistol was drawn from her bosom, and placed at the head of the hiding Cape Codder. "I'll take you out of the

'ash hole,' that is, you'll take yourself out," she continued.— "Come out at once and walk quietly on to the house, and if you attempt to escape," and the click of the raised trigger completed the sentence.

"I surrender—I'll not run," said the knight of the ash hopper, coming out of his stronghold and presenting, in the ashes with which he was covered, a ludicrous resemblance to an ancient Jew on a day of national humiliation.— "Don't shoot!"

"Behave yourself then," was the cool reply. "Of course I do not believe your promise. Isn't it a natural association, Professor, this creature and lyel—but if you do run, I'll stop your running forever! Here, Professor, please tie his hands. I'll shoot him with pleasure, but I would not touch the thing for the world."

"No need of that, Charley," said the Professor, "I have pistols too—march your captive to the front and let us get on."

The Confederate sentinel was soon reached, and proved to be an acquaintance of both, and learning from him that the entire hostile party had been taken prisoners, and were now safely guarded in one of the very cabins they had so obligingly placed at the disposal of the family, and that the Confederate troops not on guard duty were in the dining-room, from which the intruders had been summarily ejected, the pair, preceded by their prisoner, went on until they reached the room now filled with so welcome a crowd.

Their entry, and Charley's prompt manner of walking up to

the Captain in command, who proved to be a warm friend and admirer of hers, and touching her shiny curls by way of a military salute, giving an official account of the capture of her prisoner, and formally delivering him into the hands of the law, was the signal for such shouting and laughing as penetrated to the upper room in which Colonel and Mrs. Preston were incarcerated, anxious and ignorant of the events transpiring below.

Struck by a peculiarity in the sound, the Colonel descended cautiously to ascertain its cause. He had just reached the first landing, when he caught sight of the sentinel pacing in the lower passage, and divined in an instant the state of the case. "Bless my soul!" he exclaimed, sitting flat down on the stair case, and then bouncing up with a shout, "Our boys are here! God bless the fellows! Wife, wife, come down, it's all right. Come and welcome the boys!"

Mrs. Preston needed no second call, and the pair rushed into the dining room and were immediately treated to what seemed death by strangulation in the soft arms of Miss Charley, who clung to them both, while for the first time the tears came in her brilliant eyes. There was no more sleeping that night; the Professor, accompanied by one of the soldiers, rode over to Broadfields to enquire into the actual state of the family, and also to concert measures for the immediate removal of the inmates of both houses. This was rendered absolutely necessary by the fact that in all probability the

gunboat which had discharged the enemy and then gone down the river, would return in the course of the day, in which event the plantations would of course be obliged to be given up.

The Professor found the family the worse for a night of anxiety, but hospitably engaged in administering to the comfort of their defenders. Camille was seated by a young Kentuckian, who had been in General Helm's command, and was eliciting all possible information in regard to the Franklins, of whom she had heard nothing since the evacuation of Kentucky, hoping thereby to learn something of Loui.

"They were all well when I heard last Miss, about a month ago; an old lady was staying with them, a relation of Major La-Fronde, who, report says, is to marry Miss Mary."

"Where is he?" asked Camille, in a low tone.

"After the death of Gen. Helm, at Chicamauga, Miss, he exchanged into a Louisiana regiment, and is now on duty with the Army of Northern Virginia. I know him well, and a braver and more determined soldier, or more polished gentleman is not to be found in all the Southern army."

Camille's flashing eyes bestowed a look of such beaming gratitude upon the unconscious reporter of her husband's perfections, that it remained with him until remembrance vanished with life as he fell, months afterwards, in the field of battle.

Mr. Esten readily coincided with the views of the Professor and Col. Preston, and immediate

preparations for removal were commenced.

By noon next day the wagons had been filled with such property as it was possible to save, and the families of the two plantations prepared to leave their homes with the perfect certainty of finding none that could approach them in comfort.

Col. Preston called his servants up in a body, made them a precise statement of the case, and left it with them to go on with him, or remain as they were.

"You will go with us Jack, I know," said the old gentleman, laying his hand kindly on the fat shoulder of the individual he addressed.

"Well, I dunno, Sir," was the reply; "de taste o' freedom is very sweet Sir, and 'sides they might want me to go into de army, and them Confederate gemen is tigers for fighting, and I might be in danger from them if I did'nt fight, and from the others if I did. Me and Patsey 'll 'main in our traces, Sir, and if the Federals does portion out the prop'ty, and I gets South Side, I'll allers be glad to see you, Sir, in my house, Sir. Mandy kin go, as this place is unsettled for young 'omen, and Ben kin go, but I stays."

Mrs. Preston's tears, which had been restrained only with the greatest exertion, now burst forth at this instance of treachery in those she had depended on so confidently.

The Colonel took it coolly, and merely replied, "Just as you choose, Jack. God will reward you as you deserve for your con-

duct to us! Good bye—good bye, Patsey. I hope your new masters will treat you as well as I have done!"—and the old gentleman took his seat in the carriage in which the weeping Mrs. Preston and Miss Charley, who seemed inclined to follow her example, and the Professor were seated, and which he was to drive.

"Did'nt Jack do his part splendidly?" asked the old gentleman. "I did'nt dare to look at the rascal when he offered me the hospitalities of South Side!"

"You don't mean to say it was all a plot between him and you, husband?" asked the astonished Mrs. Preston.

"Every bit," said he cheerily. "Charley devised it, and I and Jack executed it. He and Patsey will remain, take care of everything, and communicate with me in every possible way. Go on—I declare, these horses seem to understand that we are going away from home!"

"Never mind, dear Grand-pa," said Charley, slipping her arm round the old gentleman's neck, "We'll all come home again and bring Frank with us, won't we, Grand-ma?"

"God willing, child, but our future is very dark!" was the sad reply.

The party, including the Estens and Camille, reached Richmond early the next morning, and were so fortunate as to find a house, on Franklin Street, large enough to accommodate both families, which had just been vacated by a family which had left for Augusta, and which they immediately rented, and took possession of.

It was partially furnished, and with the articles brought from the plantations, was soon made to assume an appearance of comparative comfort, and positive brightness; the latter being due to Charley and Camille, who laid aside everything like private cares, and devoted themselves to the service of their relations.

Before they had been in Richmond a week, the advent of two such beauties was known all over the city, and their house became the head-quarters of officers of every grade and degree, and the rendezvous of every one who loved hospitable greetings and bright faces.

Miss Charley had a perfect monopoly of hearts which she accepted and then quietly turned over to the Professor in a way which made her all the greater belle with those who did not happen to suffer in this way at her hands, but Camille grew more and more reserved in general society and finally abandoned it altogether.

She had fulfilled her wish with regard to becoming a nurse, despite the Colonel's suggestion of the obstacles of her youth and great beauty, and under the protection of her aunt and several old friends of the latter, all of her time not absorbed in duties at home was passed in the hospital.

The secret motive which prompted her ceaseless efforts in behalf of the sick and wounded was the hope, that in case Loui should fall a prey to either form of suffering, she might be in a position to render him assistance, and nobly did she perform her work.

It was a touching sight to see that beautiful young creature bending over the narrow bed of some sick soldier to whose physical wants she ministered with the tenderest care, and for whose spiritual requirements she had always her Bible, and book of prayer, or some time-honored hymn which would float through the wards of the hospital in the tones of her rich voice, and awake an echo of devotion in all who heard it.

She was known throughout the entire hospital, and by common consent, the name of "The Rose," which had been given her by a young Georgian, whom she nursed through a terrible illness, was appropriated to her.

So the time had gone on since the first gun of Bethel, and now it was the fall of 1864, and the hopes of the entire South were hung on one man who stood with his soldiers like an iron wall between her and utter destruction, and the name of that man was ROBERT LEE!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE MARBLE LILY.

Shaking the clouds of marble dust away,
 A youthful sculptor wanders forth alone:
 While Twilight, rosy with the kiss of Day,
 Glows like a wondrous flower but newly blown.
 There lives within his deep and mystic eyes,
 The magic light of true and happy love—
 Tranquil his bosom as the undimmed skies
 Smiling so gently from the depths above.

All Nature whispers sweet and blissful things
 To this young heart, rich with emotions warm:
 Ah, rarely happy is the song it sings!
 Ah, strangely tender is its witching charm!
 He wanders to the margin of a lake
 Whose placid waves lie hushed in sleeping calm—
 So faint the breeze, it may not bid them make,
 Tho' breathing thro' their dreams its odorous balm.

A regal Lily stands upon the shore,
 Dropping her dew-pearls on the mosses green:
 Her stately forehead, and her bosom pure,
 Veiled in the moonlight's pale and silver sheen.
 The sculptor gazes on the queenly flower
 Until his white cheek burns with crimson flame,
 And his heart owns a sweet, and subtile flower,
 Breathing like music thro' his weary frame.

The magic influence of his mighty art—
 The magic influence of his mighty love—
 Their mingled passion to his life impart,
 And his deep nature each can wildly move.
 These passions sway his inmost being now—
 His art—his love—are all the world to him—
 Before the stately flower behold him bow;
 Speaking the love that makes his dark eyes dim.

“Thou art the emblem of of my bosom's queen;
 And she as thou, is formed with perfect grace—
 Stately she moves, with lofty air serene,

And pure thoughts beaming from her angel face.
 While yet thy bosom holds this silver dew,
 And moonbeams pale with passion for thy sake,
 In fairest marble I'll thy life renew,
 Ere the young daylight bids my love awake."

A wondrous flower shone upon the dark—
 A lily-bloom of marble, pure and cold—
 Perfected in its beauty as the lark
 Soared to the drifting clouds of ruddy gold.
 The Sculptor proudly clasped the image fair
 To his young ardent heart, then swiftly passed
 To where a lovely face, 'mid floating hair,
 A splendor o'er the dewy morning cast.

She beamed upon him from the casement's height—
 The fairest thing that greeted the new day—
 He held aloft the Lily gleaming white,
 While tender smiles o'er her sweet features play.
 Presenting his fair gift on bended knee—
 "Wilt thou, beloved, cherish this pure flower?
 'Twas born of moonlight, and a thought of thee,
 And well will grace this cool and verdant bower.

And when these blushing blossoms droop and pine,
 Chilled by the cruel Northwind's icy breath;
 Unwithered still these marble leaves will shine
 Calm and serene, untouched by awful Death."
 The summer days flew by like bright wingéd dreams,
 Filling those hearts with fancies fond and sweet;
 But when the first frost cooled the sun's warm beam,
 The purest, gentlest one, had ceased to beat.

How like she seemed—clad in her church-yard dress—
 To that cold flower he chiseled for her sake!
 What wild despairing kisses did he press
 On those sealed eyes, that never more will wake!
 His clinging arms enfold her once again,
 In one long, hopeless, passionate embrace—
 Then that fair child, who knew no earthly guile,
 Hid 'neath the flowers, her sad and wistful face.

The world that once was fairy-land to him,
 Now seemed a dreary waste—of verdure bare—
 He only walked abroad in moonlight dim,
 And shunned the gaudy sun's unwelcome glare.
 Each night he sits beside a small green mound
 O'er which a Marble Lily lifts its head
 With trembling dews, and pearly moon-beams crowned,
 Fit emblem of the calm, and sinless dead.

He never tires of this sad trysting place,
 But waits and listens thro' the quiet night—
 "Surely she comes from mystic realms of space,
 To bid my darkened spirit seek the light.
 Be patient, my wild heart! yon glowing star
 Wears the fond look of her soft pleading eyes,
 Gently she draws me to that world afar,
 And bids me hush these sad and longing sighs.

Thus mused he, as the solemn nights passed by,
 Still folding that sweet hope within his soul,
 And always peering in the tender sky,
 With earnest longings for that distant goal.
 One radiant night when summer ruled the land,
 He sought the darling's bed of dreamless rest—
 The wooing breeze, his pale cheek softly fanned
 With balmy sighs from gardens of the blest.

A witching spell o'er that fair scene was cast,
 Thrilling his sad heart with a wild delight;
 And steeped in visions of the blest past,
 He gazed upon the Lily, gleaming white.
 Jewels of diamond dew glowed on its breast,
 And the rich moonlight, mellow, and intense,
 In golden robes the quiet church-yard dressed,
 Pouring its glory thro' the shadows dense.

A nightingale flew from a neighboring tree,
 And on the Marble Lily folds his wings—
 His full heart trembles with its melody—
 Of love, and heaven, he passionately sings.

The Sculptor gazing thro' his happy tears,
 Feels his whole being thrilled with sudden bliss—
An Angel voice in accents soft he hears,
 And trembles on his lips, a tender kiss.

His hope has bloomed! above the marble flower,
 Radiant with heavenly beauty see her stand!
His heart makes music like a silver shower,
 As fondly beckons that soft snowy hand.
The golden moon paints in the crimson sky,
 And morning's blushes burn o'er land and sea,
Staining a cold, cold cheek with rosy dye—
 The Sculptor's weary, waiting soul, is free!

As on the years glide by, thro' bloom and blight,
 Unchanged, the Marble Lily lifts its head.
Thro' summer's glow, thro' winter's snow, so white,
 Unheeding sleep the calm and blessed dead.
Where ever falls the pure and pearly dew,
 Where ever blooms the fresh and fragrant rose,
In that far world removed from mortal view
 Two loving souls in perfect bliss repose.

GRAPE CULTURE.

HAVING in a previous number of this magazine (July 1867,) called attention to the profits of the Peach Culture at the South, we propose in this to speak of the Grape.

The number of inquiries made from various quarters on the subject of fruit culture,—and especially of the Grape and Peach, lead us to believe it is exciting attention;—and that many who had previously planted cotton will seek this business as more remunerative on the lighter soils of the Atlantic States.

Much has been written about the Grape of late years; of Wine grapes and Table grapes,—of the different varieties which are offered for public favor,—of the diseases to which they are subject, and the remedies proposed.

There are certain points which seem well settled among vine growers and on which nearly all are agreed;—and as we design our remarks to be of practical use to those who are inquiring on the subject and seeking information for their guidance, we will endeavor to condense the practical results so far as they seem to be generally established.

It must be borne in mind that what we shall say of Grape culture, is intended for this latitude, embracing North and South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama. As we proceed further North, some of our best late varieties of grape do not ripen properly for want of season and sufficient heat;—and

this may be applicable to the mountain region in some parts of this section.

LOCATION OF VINEYARD—SOIL AND SITUATION.

There are different objects in view in planting out a vineyard.—Those who design to send the fruit to market, must of course select a situation offering facilities for quick and easy transportation. The packages should be handled as little as possible after being prepared. Every change of conveyance from railroad to steamer, or by drayage through the cities, increases the risk of bruising the fruit and of loss. Water transportation altogether is much to be preferred to railroad, but frequent transferring of packages by drays or carts is almost fatal to the safety of the fruit. A location on railroad running Northward is always an object to the fruit grower, as it gives the advantage of supplying markets which are later in their seasons and therefore unsupplied from the vicinity.

Soil and Situation.—Like the Peach, the Grape likes a dry, porous, moderately fertile soil.—It is essential that it should be well drained, and entirely free of superfluous moisture. A clay soil is not objectionable, provided it be well drained, and the free use of coarse manure and the plough keep the surface soft and porous. In the first preparation of the vineyard, by deep ploughing or trenching, much of the future suc-

cess will depend. After the vines are planted, the culture must be more superficial, therefore the turning over and loosening of the ground, previous to planting out, is essential. Trenching to the depth of two or three feet is the most effectual mode of preparation, but as this is attended with considerable expense at first, very deep ploughing may be substituted in its place, running two or three furrows in the same trench until the soil is thoroughly pulverized and broken up loosely to a good depth.

LAYING OUT AND PLANTING THE VINEYARD.

After the ground is prepared, the next operation will be that of laying out the vineyard, and determining the distances apart of the vines. For the common grape which requires annual pruning and staking, our experience here, has decided upon rows ten feet wide, and the vines about six feet apart in the rows. This is a convenient distance to allow the passage of carts with manure or for hauling out the fruit in harvest. When land is a consideration, and the soil is sufficiently strong, the rows may be about eight feet wide. By having the rows sufficiently wide, small fruits or vegetables may be planted between, for several years, such as strawberries, asparagus, turnips, &c., which, being cultivated, assist in the culture of the vine. After the grapes come into bearing, it is better to give up the vineyard altogether to them.

The Scuppernong, Thomas and other varieties of Bullace (*vitis*

vulpina,) require a greater distance. These need no pruning, and want more space for roots as well as branches. About fifteen to twenty feet square is the usual distance for these grapes, and even at that distance, the production of a given piece of land will be greater than with the bunch grape at closer distance.

The ground should be marked out with the plough, first running the direction of the rows every eight or ten feet. If the land lies on a slope, these rows should follow the direction of the slope, so as to prevent washing of the soil, as in side hill ploughing. When the main rows are finished, then cross plough at the distance of five or six feet apart. At the intersection of the furrows, the holes are to be opened for the vines.—By planting in this way, cross ploughing may be done at any time, to break up more effectually the ground in winter, and to keep down weeds and grass in summer.

Either cuttings or rooted plants may be used. We prefer rooted vines for several reasons.

1st. One year's growth is gained in the progress of the vineyard.

2nd. Cuttings being much more liable to fail than rooted plants, the missing places must be searched for and supplied. This may continue for several years before the whole ground is fully occupied, involving loss of time and expense. Rooted plants cost more at first, but in the end, will be found the most economical. If cuttings are used, they must be set deeply in the ground, so as to leave but one bud above, and the earth well pressed about the stems. When

rooted vines are used, they are to be cut back to about two buds, and only the tops left above ground. They will require no stakes the first year. These two buds are allowed to grow and take care of themselves. Grass and weeds must be kept down, and the earth frequently stirred about the roots.

SUBSEQUENT CULTURE AND PRUNING.

During the early part of the winter after the vines are planted, they should be staked. The stakes should be of well seasoned heart pine or some other durable wood, about six feet long. One end is sharpened and the stake driven down, leaving about five feet above ground. The stakes must be placed carefully in line, which will be a guide to the ploughman, and also more pleasing to the eye.

The vines are then pruned down to two buds on each of the canes of the previous summer's growth, and when they have well started in the spring, the superfluous shoots are pinched off, so as to leave one growing bud on each cane. As soon as these shoots grow long enough to need support, they should be attached to the stake by strings or osier willow thongs. Nothing more is necessary this second year of their growth, than to keep the earth clean of weeds and grass, and encouraging the growth of the vines.

During the early part of the following winter, the pruning is done in the same way, viz: by cutting back all to two buds on

each cane;—and when they have commenced growth in spring, to take off the superfluous shoots so as to leave one only on each cane.

The growth this year, (the third season) should be vigorous, and perhaps some fruit will be formed. The vines are fastened to the stakes, and grow in an upright position.

At the end of this, the third season of growth, the vines should have attained such a size as to give promise of a crop the following year. The different modes of *pruning and training* were described in our previous article, published in June, 1867, in this magazine,—and there is no necessity to repeat them here. It must be borne in mind that this mode of treatment is intended for the common bunch grape, and all which require severe pruning.

The Scuppernong and other varieties of Bullace need no pruning, except at first to take off the lower shoots, so as to give the stem some length before it begins to form its branches and top.—There should be a clean straight trunk of five to six feet, before the branches are allowed to form. After that, they need no pruning, except to take away decaying or ill formed branches, and to keep down any side shoots that may stand on the main stem.

VARIETIES OF GRAPE TO BE PLANTED.

There is a wide field here for choice. New varieties are annually brought into notice, and as their good qualities are sounded far and wide by those who are either interested in their sale, or

have found them well adapted to their section, it needs care in the selection. Like all other "goods and wares" offered for sale, fruits and vegetables are puffed into temporary notice, and often deceive the inexperienced. As our remarks are intended to apply only to grapes adapted to our Southern country, we will confine our attention to those which have been found most reliable. The object for which a vineyard is planted, must be taken into consideration in the selection of the proper grape;—and we will treat of these separately.

TABLE GRAPES FOR MARKET.

Those who are planting grapes for sale, either in a home or northern market, must of course select such varieties as are most valuable, and that bear transportation best. For this purpose the large and showy grapes of the *Labrusca* family are always the most attractive. The *Scuppernong*, though one of the best of our grapes, both for the table and for wine, is not a good market grape. As the berries are borne singly or in small clusters, picking by hand would be too tedious a mode;—and threshing down the fruit, (which is the usual way of harvesting this grape) bruises the berries so much as to cause fermentation in a few days.—This unfits it for long transportation when large quantities are to gathered.

For a marketable table grape, we would recommend the following, all of the *Labrusca* family,
 Hartford Prolific,
 Perkins,

Concord,
 Catawba,
 Union Village.

The first and second named, though inferior grapes, are the earliest to ripen, and therefore always command good prices. Concord and Catawba are excellent table grapes,—the former thus far proving very hardy and free of rot. Catawba is an old favorite and standard variety, and holds on well to the bunches in transportation. Union Village is a very large showy grape of fair quality, but is too much disposed to drop from the bunches.

There are some few others which are well recommended and may be worth a trial, viz: *Crevelling*, *Diana*, *Israella* and *Miles*.—The *Delaware*, though one of the best of our grapes, is too uncertain and liable to disease for extensive planting. It should, however, have a place in every private collection.

The above are recommended for large vineyards and extensive plantings to those who wish to cultivate for market. For home use, and private collections, there are several others which may be added, not omitting the *Scuppernong* and *Thomas*, the two best of the *Bullace* variety, which should have a place about every Southern homestead.

For the information of those who wish to send grapes to market, we give the size and dimensions of the boxes used, as follows: The side and end pieces to be sawed six inches wide; the tops and bottoms nine inches wide, all half an inch thick. The end pieces to be cut seventeen inches

long;—the sides, tops and bottoms to be cut twenty-four inches long. This will give a clean depth of six inches, and an inside capacity of sixteen by twenty-three inches. The grapes should be closely packed, so as to prevent motion, and so full as to be pressed down firmly by the covering boards. The boxes will contain about forty pounds of grapes when full.

GRAPES SUITABLE FOR WINE.

This is the great desideratum in American Vine culture, and so far there seems to be no variety yet selected by universal consent as the most profitable and desirable grape for this purpose.

The grapes of Europe and Asia, known familiarly as foreign grapes, and which are all descendants and varieties of the old Linnæan species, *vitis vinifera*, have been found, after repeated trials in our Atlantic States, utterly unavailable. Some of the varieties do well for a few years, but invariably become diseased from rot and mildew, and finally die out. No one who is planting largely, need venture upon the experiment of open or out-door culture for the foreign grape. In California, where the climate is totally different from ours, these grapes do well,—have become thoroughly climatized, and yield immense crops of fruit and wine. We, on this side of the continent, must look for our wine grapes to the hardy native varieties,—those which are naturally adapted to the soil and climate, and are capable of resisting the vicissitudes of our changeful seasons. And

even here, the extent of the grape region covers so many degrees of latitude,—embraces such a variety of soil, climate and varying conditions that it is scarcely to be expected we shall ever find any one variety suitable to the whole country. From the banks of the Ohio to the hammock lands of Florida, and the prairies of Texas, we have a grape region more extensive than that of Europe. The only true and natural mode of attaining success is to go on giving trial to those which are most promising,—and in course of time there is no doubt that hardy vines will be found well adapted to every section of this wide extending region. As an instance of this limitation, the Scuppernong, which is one of our most promising grapes, cannot ripen its fruit much beyond the northern limits of North Carolina, for want of season. And so also there are other grapes which attain a reputation in one section of country, which, when removed to another, fail to keep to that standard.—This is only what should be expected, and it is the not having this fact in view that so much disappointment is caused, and erroneous opinions propagated as to the relative merits of different fruits.

As our remarks are intended for grape culture at the South, we will here name the varieties which seem to be most in favor at present,—as most hardy and free of disease—most productive, and best adapted to wine.

Of these the opinion is almost universally favorable to the Scuppernong and its allied kind.—

This grape has long been known. It is a native of North Carolina, found in abundance growing wild about Scuppernong lake, or river, on its eastern shore. It is undoubtedly one of those chance varieties, or seedlings, which sometimes spring up,—sports, or variations, from the usual type, which can only be propagated by layers, cuttings, or grafts. In ninety-nine out of a hundred cases (speaking generally) if the seed is planted, the offspring is a black grape of inferior quality, showing a tendency to revert to the original, or wild form. We have tried many, perhaps fifty or sixty seedlings of this grape, all selected from seeds of the finest and best matured grapes, and in every case the offspring was a black grape. Those familiar with the wild grapes, found in the woods, are aware of the difference in quality of fruit, (natives even then showing a tendency towards variation);—some vines bearing a nice and eatable fruit, others, a small, hard and inferior fruit. We suppose that the original vine from which the so-called Scuppernong has been propagated, was an accidental seedling of very superior quality, (accidental as we understand the term)—and as such a good variety was found ready made to our use, by nature's methods, it has been propagated and extended by sub-divisions of the one original plant. It is not at all impossible, that by the planting of seeds of this grape, a variety even superior to this may be raised.

This process, viz: the planting of seeds and raising new varieties

which will be speedily adapted to the conditions in which they originate, is the truly rational and most philosophical mode by which we may expect to improve all our varieties of fruit.

The *Thomas grape* is another superior variety of Bullace. For its history and that of the *Flowers grape*, we are indebted to Mr. Daniel Fore, of Marion district, South Carolina, who sent specimens of the fruit to the "Vine Growers Convention," in Aiken, in 1860,—and afterwards supplied us with the plants. In his letter, he says: "The *Thomas grape* was originally found near an old camp of General Marion, at a place known as the Bowling Green, about four miles above Marion Court House. It ripens about ten days earlier than the Scuppernong, and from four to six weeks earlier than the *Flowers*. The *Flowers grape* was first found in Ash Pole swamp, about the border line between Marion district and Robeson county, North Carolina."

These again were chance seedlings of nature's planting. The fruit of the *Thomas* is semi-transparent, pinkish, turning nearly black,—very sweet, and having an aromatic and honey flavor. We sent specimens of the fruit this season to Monsieur L. Merzeau, a French vintner and wine maker, in the vicinity of Aiken,—and he says it is the best of all the Bullace grapes he has tried, for wine. It is a great bearer, and ripens a few days before the Scuppernong, say about the middle of September, in this latitude.

The *Flowers grape* is an enor-

mous bearer,—berries large, nearly black, strongly attached to the stems, in clusters of ten, fifteen or twenty,—with thick skin and solid, fleshy pulp,—ripening about the beginning of October, and hanging on the vine till frost.—We have not seen it tried for wine, but it is the best known grape for preserves, jellies, &c.—It would scarcely mature beyond the northern limits of North Carolina, but being a late grape, the advantage of having a cool season for the manufacture and fermentation of the wine, may make it a desirable grape for that purpose.

These grapes, like all the varieties of Bullace, never rot.—Their thick, tough skin protects the juices within from the change of seasons,—and the late period at which they put forth the flowers, is a safe guard against spring frosts. They may always be relied upon for good grapes,—and in rich soils, the yield is very great.

The Clinton (a variety of the small summer grape, or *Vitis Æstivalis*) is now the favorite grape of this class, for wine. The berries are small, and the quality not good as a table grape;—but the vine is hardy, vigorous and healthy, fruit not subject to disease, and makes a wine of good quality. We have also found the “Dr. Pearson,” a small black grape of this class, very promising as a wine grape, and similar to the Clinton in its character.—The fruit is small, and not good for the table, but the vine is very healthy, a good bearer, and has never rotted during the six or

eight years we have had it, though in seasons when other grapes have failed.

The Catawba (of the *Vitis Labrusca*, or large grape family) is an old standard wine and table grape, and is still a favorite in many quarters. This, like most others of the *Labrusca* and *Æstivalis* species of grape, feels the effects of adverse seasons, and occasionally rots; though our own experience is, that it is more exempt than most others of its class. In the North-west, it still remains the favorite wine grape.

CULTIVATION OF SEEDLINGS TO FORM NEW VARIETIES.

This is the true road to progress in the improvement of all our fruits. When the seed of any fruit is planted and comes into bearing, we have a new variety presented for our examination.—If it is inferior to these already known, it is thrown by as worthless,—if found superior, or possessing any peculiar qualities which it is desirable to perpetuate, it can be propagated by layers, grafts or cuttings. This is a subdividing of the original plant, and its existence may be perpetuated and increased to any extent by these means. Out of a thousand seeds which may be planted, perhaps only one or two may be found of superior quality. But one of really superior and valuable qualities may enable its owner to realize a fortune. The planting and raising of seedlings therefore offers the best mode of improving the qualities of our grapes. When these promising varieties have been submitted to the test of

experience through a series of years, and still preserve their good qualities, with hardiness, vigor and freedom from disease, they may take rank as valuable acquisitions to our Pomology.

In this connection a few remarks may be made on a class of grapes which are now attracting attention, and from which we may expect the best practical results.—These are the Hybrids or crosses between varieties with dissimilar characters.

The Hybridizing of the grape is a delicate operation, and requires great care and nice manipulation to insure success. If we can cross the hardy, vigorous, healthy native with the more delicate, highly flavored and juicy foreign, we may be able to combine the qualities of both, or the best of them, in some of their descendants. This is the main object to be attained by hybridizing. All the wonderful improvement in our fruits and vegetables of different kinds are produced by the raising of new varieties from seeds. The process of hybridizing or mixing of different kinds, is constantly going on by the agency of insects passing from flower to flower in search of their food. This is nature's method. When these seeds are planted, the offspring may combine the qualities of the parents. By the artificial method, we are more likely to hasten the result and increase the chances of success, by having a particular object in view. Instead of the indiscriminate mixture accomplished through insect agency, we select the parents having those qualities we wish to combine in one

individual. We work rationally and towards a desired end.

This subject has engaged the attention of some few Pomologists in this country, and we now have several so-called Hybrids offered for experiment. Rogers and Allen's hybrid grapes have been on trial at the North for several years, with varying success.

In this State, Dr. A. P. Wylie, of Chester, has been engaged for ten or twelve years in this mode of improving our grapes. He has planted many hundreds of seeds which he had previously hybridized,—and these seedlings are now coming into bearing. We have seen and tested many of the specimens. Among them are many beautiful varieties,—some for a table grape, comparing well with the best European kinds,—others highly promising as wine grapes. He deserves not only the thanks of all Pomologists for these efforts, but also the success which may yield a profit to his labors. Many of his grapes are such as to leave but little more to desire. They only need longer trial to test their hardiness, and their adaptation to our soil and climate.

With a few more remarks on *Wine making*, we will bring our paper to a close. We design only to allude to the general principles which regulate and determine the strength and quality of the vine, and not to enter into the more minute details of its manufacture.

The "*Vinous fermentation*," is the process by which sugar is converted into alcohol,—the "*Acetic fermentation*," by which alcohol is converted into vinegar.

When grapes or other fruits are

bruised and the juice expressed, the vinous fermentation soon commences, if the weather is warm enough, and runs through its course in ten, fifteen, or twenty days, according to circumstances. It goes on until all the sugar is converted into alcohol. If the fermentation is carried on above 65 deg. F. of temperature, and atmospheric air comes in contact with the juice, there is danger of its passing into the acetic fermentation, by which the alcohol is lost and vinegar formed. Or this may happen also, if there is not sugar enough in the juice of the grape to make a sufficient percentage of alcohol to arrest further fermentation and preserve it as wine.

It is found by analysis, that the juice of the grape contains (generally speaking) sugar, acids and water. Our American grapes contain most generally, a less percentage of sugar, and larger percentage of acid, than the grapes of Europe;—hence the difficulty of making as good a wine. From repeated experiments in Europe, of their best wine grapes, it has been ascertained that the following are the proper proportions of these elements to be contained in a good wine grape,—and which

on fermentation, will yield a good wine, viz:

In 1,000 lbs. there should be
 Of Sugar,.....240 lbs.
 Of Acids,..... 6 lbs.
 Of Water,.....754 lbs.

Total.....1,000

Taking this as a standard, we must bring the expressed juice of the grape (or the *Must* as it is called) to these proportions. For example, if the *Must* of our grapes contains more acid and less sugar (as will be the case in nearly all our American grapes,) we should add sugar and water in due proportions until we have obtained this standard. This proportion is easily ascertained by calculation. In order to determine the quantity of acids and of sugar in the *Must*, a *Saccharometer* and *Acidimeter* are the instruments used. These instruments give the quantities of each, and the addition is then made of the deficient ingredients to bring the *Must* to the normal standard. This process is known as "Drs. Gall and Petiol's method," and is the one adopted and practiced in Germany and France.

A very instructive essay on this subject may be found in the Patent Office Report for 1859,—page 95.

KING CONSTITUTION, I.

“*Le Roi est mort!*”

“Awake the King!” the warder said,
 “The night is past, the tempest fled;”
 “Awake the King, the world would shine
 Once more beneath his eyes benign.”

“The storm that rocked our castle’s base
 Brought heavy slumber to his Grace,
 And light and peace and laughing skies
 Shall wake him”—when the DEAD arise.

Ah! deadlier than the tempest’s peal,
 In coward hands the traitor steel!
 The Lord’s anointed! they that cried
 “All Hail!” have smitten—that he died.

They drank his cup! they brake his bread,
 And, in his slumber, smote him dead!
 His loyal Lords! to bear through time
 The crimson of that banner crime!

On HIM all sacred seals were set!
 In HIM all power and mercy met!
 Dead! and *what* kings shall rise and reign
 Ere we behold *his* like again!

MARY ASHBURTON.*

A T A L E O F M A R Y L A N D L I F E .

CHAPTER VII.

"AFFAIRS are going on strangely at Chauncey's" said my father one morning as he helped himself to a large slice of ham at the breakfast table.

"How?" asked mother, looking up from the coffee-pot from which she was distributing the morning beverage to her assembled family.

"They say that Chauncey is in rather a bad way," (here he bent over and filled his mouth to its utmost capacity, preventing all power of conversation for a moment.)

"What is it?" asked mother impatiently, while I felt a sense of suffocation that kept me from breathing.

"Well, I never should have thought that he was a speculating man, yet Jake Tomkins comes over this morning to borrow a plough from me, and he tells me that Chauncey has been speculating to such an extent, privately, that there's a failure, and if he don't redeem himself with the ready money, he's a ruined man."

"Father!"

"What, Mary? Why, child, what have you got to do with it? You're as white as a sheet. Look to her, mother. Why, what's the matter with the girl?"

"Mary's very tender-hearted," replied mother, "she never hears

of anybody's misfortunes without being overcome."

By this time, with the aid of a glass of water I had recovered.

"That being the case," said my father, coolly, finishing his breakfast, "by the time she gets over her fit, maybe I can tell the rest."

"What is it, father?" I asked calmly, and conquering my agitation till it was visible only in the trembling of my hand as I raised my glass to my lips.

"There's been a terrible blow up there of affairs. Mrs. Chauncey was taken very ill when she heard it, and is not expected to live. Young Chauncey was summoned home from his sweet-heart yesterday evening, found his mother in spasms, the old man half crazy, and storming about there that he was ruined, he'd have to leave the home of his fathers. Indeed his troubles seem to have touched his mind a little."

"Dreadful!" exclaimed mother, horror-stricken. "I can't get over it anyhow. *They* ruined—those proud, rich people that have always held such a high head among the folks here! Is it possible! Well, I'm real sorry for them any how."

"So am I," replied father, "though I thought that Chauncey (here again the tingling and shrinking) *was* proud, I didn't otherwise than like him. He

* Continued from page 139.

wasn't a bad neighbor. He had a good deal of palaver, always, when he saw me, though I never believed in it much."

"Yes," answered my mother reflectively, "a little come down might have done them no harm, but this is perfectly awful. Poor Mrs. Chauncey, I'm afraid she'll never get well; so sudden and terrible. You say he's lost *everything*?"

"*Everything*," replied my father as he arose, "he staked all he had on some stocks that have gone to smashes, so *that's* broken up. He'd been failing before that too, for he met with some losses that no one knew of, besides dabbling in politics and buying up parties. Now there are two mortgages on his farm to its full value. He really has nothing to lay his hands on."

"Did you suspect anything of this before?" inquired mother.

"Well, I thought things looked queerly. I wondered why he didn't do this and that, as he had once intended, I know. Then there were other queer little things, needless to mention, that came to my knowledge and made me suspect that all was not right."

"And poor Alfred?" asked mother in a tone of commiseration. I dared not look up in my eagerness for the answer to a question that I longed to put myself, but sat with parted lips, my eyes fixed on the floor.

"Why, they say the young man conducts himself remarkably well. He knew nothing of his father's difficulties before this, for they had been carefully kept

from him, the old man trying to redeem his affairs before they could come to his son's knowledge, and only plunging him more irretrievably into ruin; so he was as much surprised as any one.— But he bears himself nobly, tries to comfort them, going from father to mother, while he keeps himself very calm."

"Poor Mr. Alfred," said mother, with swimming eyes, "he's a real nice young man, and I do pity him from the bottom of my heart. His marriage will be stopped now; it was to have been so soon."

"Stopped till he gets something to support a wife on, and to my thinking it'll take a pretty big penny to support that lass that was down here," and he closed the door after him in his noisy way.

"Mary, isn't this sorrowful?" said mother, turning to me with a countenance expressive of sympathy in every line.

"Dreadful!" I mustered strength to utter.

"I'll put on my bonnet when we get the things cleared up, and run over to ask Mrs. Tompkins about it."

I felt relieved at this announcement, for I longed to be alone.— When mother was gone and I had taken my needle in hand, I sat by the window and pondered 'over it all. Can I analyze my feelings? What were they? Of miserable, low, selfish pleasure because he was brought nearer to me by his poverty than when he was rich and prosperous?—perish the thought! I loathe myself for it,—or was it

sorrow for his sorrow, bereft myself in his misfortunes?

The former feeling would come at times, to be hurled back with scorn and loathing, while I wept bitter tears as I thought of his poor, sorrowful face over his dearly loved mother, his noble efforts to support, under an affliction that affected most of all himself, his old stricken father. If it was possible I loved him even more at that moment than I had ever done before; my heart melted in tenderness and pity. How I longed for the power to help him, to give him all I had. If I had only possessed then what my father had to give me at his death, how gladly I would have bestowed it on him to make him happy,—yes, I was unselfish then, he might have shared it even with *her*, since it was my privilege to be the cause, though unknown, of his happiness.

Now I could do nothing for him but pray that He would help them in their misfortunes, support him, the noble son, in his great, sudden, terrible grief.

The crisis came. Poor Mrs. Chauncey died in a week, oblivious of everything since that fatal blow which had brought on paralysis. I do not remember stating before that she was his second wife, and that two daughters, married when Alfred was a child, were the fruits of his first union. They had married gentlemen from the far south, and had seldom returned to their early home since leaving it upon that occasion.

The father's affections had been mostly centred in his son, and it

was said that the daughters were not free from jealousy at the evident preference exhibited to the child of their handsome step-mother, whose coming they had at first not welcomed particularly.

She was buried quietly and unostentatiously; two mourners and a few acquaintances to follow her to the grave.

He stood beside it with his old father upon his arm, an expression of deep grief hardening to sternness the lines of his face, which his hat partially concealed as he held it before it. Not a cry escaped him as the words "dust to dust, ashes to ashes" smote upon his ear, when he heard the earth rattling upon the coffin lid, but he drew his lips tightly together, and a convulsive shiver ran over his frame.

Such deep, deep pity I felt for him. And what was I to him? I smothered my tears and sighs and stood as calm as the most indifferent of the spectators, while he walked from the churchyard with his father, partially desolated. *Partially*, I say, for *she* remained to him. In her smiles and sympathy he could find consolation for a mother's loss, his inheritance gone.

As they passed out, a thorn caught the old gentleman's coat and detained him a moment by fastening him to a bush. His son perceived it and strove to unloose him, but his trembling hand failed to do his will. I was very near, and stepping up silently, I stooped and freed him at once.

It was so quickly done that they had not time to see who it was, and I withdrew as quickly and

noiselessly as I came. This was some relief. I had done something for them, little as it was. What a pleasure to have the privilege of doing the slightest thing for those we love, between whom and ourselves there is a great wide gulf. What an intense relief to the pent up feelings, that would otherwise have no outlet and would either burn or harden the heart that contains them.

They passed out quietly, and the congregation, as quietly, followed. Their great, rich friends were absent now in their hour of desolation and sorrow; the summer friends had flown with the summer birds and the summer flowers. All are alike. When the gay house is closed, the crape hung at the door, a room of death within where the eyes were closed for the last time, and the inanimate clay moves not with the spirit that has gone to eternity, witnessing the revolution of mysteries that must meet the eye also of those of us who are left, the gay denizens of pleasure are gone, shrinking from the house of mourning as if it sounded their own funeral knell.

So the father and son were left in the great house all alone, to the miserable study of their own complicated affairs.

Their sudden domestic loss had kept the creditors from turning them away from their old home, and some little consideration was shown them before they went out upon the world, the young man to win his hard way by work he had never been accustomed to, the old one entirely dependent on his

son's exertions, that son for whom he had expected so much, such brilliant prospects, such a splendid future. It was all over now, and nothing lay before him but poverty, toil, privation.

Alfred could not marry at present. His bride's father was not rich either, indeed it was said that the expenditure of his large and extravagant family had far exceeded his income, upon which precarious support he was entirely dependent. A thorough man of the world, he looked forward to the establishment of his beautiful daughters in wealthy homes, their remarkable loveliness forming their only dowry, which dowry had succeeded in uniting the oldest, when scarcely more than a child, to a man older, it was said, by ten years, than her own father, but of immense wealth.

Poor young creature. Did gold satisfy her heart's cravings?

If sorrow ever reached her in her princely halls, did gold comfort her? Did the sight of her jewels, her wardrobe and furniture, soothe her into peace and happiness? I know not. Alas! there are hearts that will harden by prosperity, until callous to all save the gratification of selfishness; the natural impulses of youth being resisted, they soon pass away, till indifference and coldness settle upon it, the worst punishment, to my mind, that sin can bring upon itself. Infinitely rather the thorn of conscience ever piercing the side, than that terrible fate of being left—at last—to a "reprobate heart."

I could scarcely perform my

allotted tasks; my limbs failed me then, and wearily I dragged myself about the house, my heart wrung with intense anguish, for keenly as I felt his sufferings, I could not help him, but by my prayers. He was so lonely, I knew, in his sorrow, and then he was going from me. Did she, his beautiful, fashionable love sympathize as I did? did she write him sweet letters of condolence, proving herself, in this hour of trouble, as lovely in heart, as she was in person, helping to sustain him then, by ten-fold more love than she would have owned to him from maidenly reserve, when he courted her in his hour of prosperity? Was she the comforter, while I, who was nothing to him, stood afar off, my heart breaking for his sorrow, my own life comfortless because his was so suddenly bereft of pleasure?

The Grove looked miserably gloomy and deserted; every window closed but his, and that had a bleak, lonely look that it never wore before, even when he was away. It seemed one feeble spark of life in the surrounding desolation, like the one flame that must have burnt upon his heart, to be either extinguished or revived into a pure, bright, fiery warmth, sending life and hope again into his bosom, strength to his arm, animation to his existence.

We never saw the mourners.— They kept themselves closely in the house and were never seen outside of its walls. What they intended to do, where to go, when to leave, even rumor was baffled in surmising. All that was known

was, that the elder gentleman was too feeble to be moved, and the young one could do nothing at present but tend his infirm and only parent.

The closed house, the shut windows, the barred entrance, how different from the Grove of a few previous months, when it was dancing with lights from the garret to the ground floor, when it echoed to the laughter of a score of summer guests; gay music that floated across the fields to us, and nightly dancing in its brilliant rooms. So cold and dark now.— Ruin and death had passed over its precincts; within, two mourning hearts left in their desolation to endure it alone, too proud in their adversity to permit even the eye of sympathy to witness their sufferings or to accept of the little kindnesses a few, who might be faithful still, would have power to bestow. So people kept aloof and we knew nothing of them but that they kept themselves closely in their room, seeing no one, not even the servants, save one or two that had been confidential ones, when they had owned an establishment and a home.

Thus passed some weeks. Dreary weeks they were, dragged through somehow. I believe I did pretty much as usual, but never smiled and seldom spoke. I wanted so much to help him and yet could not. I looked bitterly on our home comforts, thought of the bag of gold in father's desk, and was sorely tempted to rob him. I wondered what he would say if I could muster up courage to ask him for my inheritance then, telling him to give the rest

to the boys, that I would be his servant for the remainder of his life if he would give me some of his gold. When lying on my bed at night and thinking about it, I was very courageous, the task seemed so easy in comparison with what was at stake, that I was indignant with myself, and waited impatiently for daylight, that I might make the attempt.— But when daylight came—alas! for the weakness of human nature—when the sun shone in broadly, staring right into your face, into your heart's secrets, detecting the minutest blush with his penetrating rays, I shrank back, affrighted at my boldness in thought even, and could not do it to save my life.

This falling, I tried to think of other means of assisting him.— Some of the proceeds of the dairy and vegetable garden, obtained from the market in the neighboring village, mother permitted me to have for my own pin money.— If I could only make a great deal, save it all up till it was quite a sum—but then he would be gone by that time, and you would know nothing of him, never hear of him again. You can do nothing but fold your hands, weep, suffer with him. Even this you have no right to do, for he is still Adèle's, still the same to her that he had been before, though their union was now delayed till he had won by his toil that competency without which he could not support one so elegant and distinguished as his wife.

Then came ——.

"Poor Mr. Alfred," said a kind-hearted old neighbor, as she

took out her knitting for a long talk, "to think of such a sad blight on his prospects. All has left him, and even *she* now."

"*She!* who?" asked mother, while I gasped for breath.

"Why that sweetheart of his."

"Is it true?" asked mother again.

"True as gospel. Her father wants her to have a rich husband it seems, and now that Alfred has lost his property, the old man aint willing, thinking his daughter's pretty face will do more for her; so he's made her break the engagement, and now it's all off. Alfred's been there since he got the letter. He ran up for a day, and, sure enough, the old man told him he might consider his daughter as no longer bound to him. He raved, and declared that, see the young lady he would, for he could not believe that she was false to him. Her father told him he might, and called for her to come in. She did come in, and at first just courtesied to him, but seeing the awful suffering, wild reproach in his face, she had some pity, as much as she was capable of—for I don't believe she could even understand his sufferings—she went up to him and put out her hand. He did not take it, but just stared her straight in the eyes. She grew a little confused, then told him, in a softer manner, — for who could help being kind to him, hard as even *she* was, 'I love you, Alfred, shall ever respect you, but I think it best to break our engagement. You know I've not been brought up to work.' He pleaded passionately that she

never should, that he would work for both, only that she would wait, a few years would be nothing to them, if she still loved him as she said she did. She told him no, papa had decided for her, and she must abide by it (to tell the truth, they say there's some furin fellow, rolling in gold, waiting on her, and her father wants him) it was useless to prolong the discussion, they were both suffering for nothing, she would never change, and Mr. Chauncey must accept her friendship, which she most sincerely offered. She seemed anxious and flurried to get away. Papa wanted her, she believed. Would'n't he be friendly with her still, and say good bye? He never moved nor spoke, but looked at her with scorn, and yet such agonizing, reproachful love that she could bear it no longer. She was going, when he suddenly stopped her. We don't know what he said or did, but it must have been awful. His love was too deep and unselfish for pride, so he did not hesitate to show it in all its depth, and called upon her for hers—where was all she had professed to entertain for him? Where were the tenderness, the expressions she used when they had sat or walked together by themselves? did she tell him false when she said she loved him? then why did she deceive (of deception he had supposed her incapable.) He had regarded her as his, and had given up his soul to her, then why did she permit him to do so, when she did not love him. How could she be so base and cruel? He called on her in such terms and she,

frightened and weeping, unused to hear herself called by such names, she who had never listened to anything but flattery, answered him petulantly that she *did* love him when she said so, but papa knew best, she must mind papa. It was only a way of getting out of it, throwing it all on her father's shoulders, then she glided away from him without another word, more beautiful than ever, yet so false and worldly. He looked after her as if turned to stone, rushed violently from the house, came home like something mad, and has been desperate ever since. I had it from one of the Grove servants, who heard young Mr. Chauncey telling about it to his father. They say it's perfectly dreadful there. He was bound up in her, and his heart is broken; while he fiercely denounces her father, he calls on her piercingly in tones of the deepest reproach and outraged affection."

"Poor fellow," said mother, sympathizingly, "it isn't enough that he should have all this trouble before, but she must add to it too, when, if she'd been the right sort of person, she'd have stuck to him through thick and thin."

"I say so too, Mrs. Ashburton. She wasn't good enough for him, and that's what I say. If I were in his place, I'd let her go without a murmur. To give him up because he's poor now. I say she's a good-for-nothing thing. I wish for his peace of mind's sake, he thought so too."

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed mother again, "I am so sorry for him.

I wish with all my heart he could never think of the girl again."

"What do *you* say, Mary?" asked the old lady, turning around to me.

"I say," I replied, fiercely, "that she is no true woman; undeserving the name of one, and—"

I could say nothing more, but left the room abruptly, some exclamation of surprise following my exit.

So he was disengaged! but what was that to me? We were separated as far apart as ever.— Shame on her! I cried, to make him suffer so! Where was all the womanly pity, the tenderness due to one who had already suffered so much, and had borne misfortune so nobly. To crush him beneath the weight of her renunciation at that time, because he had not the wherewithal to furnish her with diamonds and gorgeous dresses! And he—what will become of him?

A wild, passionate figure here moved to and fro across the window opposite mine. Full well I guessed the extent of his woe, its miserable extremity. His life was deadened now as mine had been, but he had that most terrible of all sufferings, the unkindness of one who is dearer than all the earth, the finishing death stroke from the hand of a—ah! far more than Brutus. He might have stood boldly, might have smiled at the desertion of the world, but hers —!

How I detested her! This evening she will, perhaps, be at a ball, endeavoring with all the traps that her beauty can lay, to catch another, who would be

treated in the same way, should he lose what alone she prized him

for. No doubt she is as gay as ever, brilliant in dress and spirits, surrounded by the butterflies of fashion and pleasure, while he who is worth fifty thousand of such, the pure gold of whose nature she is willing to barter for a bit of the earth's shining dirt, is suffering the anguish of death, his whole life blighted, nothing left him but the keenness of disappointment and despair. If *she* could fail him now, what had he to expect from the rest of the world. Oh! it was heartlessly wicked!

I mourned for him, my poor, lost love. What was life to me when he was enduring such writhing torture! I had the right now to suffer with him. No engagement bound him to another, and even as a poor, enduring fellow creature, I had the right to suffer while he suffered, go over with him in imagination the days past in prosperity, picture to tortured remembrance the time of sweet, yet anxious courtship, the murmured avowal of reciprocated love, when she was sought with trembling ardor, the transport upon learning that the courted treasure might be his, those delicious hours spent together during the engagement, when she seemed perfection to him and he deemed himself loved with equal, self-denying affection. Then the blissful preparations for their marriage, each little provision for the future that was to have been, and *might* have been, he murmurs, perhaps, with writhing lips,—her name associated with his. He starts, perhaps,

—oh! was it a dream, or living agony? No, that name will be associated with another's; those same false lips will breathe out the same accents of tenderness to another, and the same exquisite loveliness, that to dwell upon is madness, will be for another's pride and boast. Oh! heaven! I hear him groan, I would have given up all for her, would have left home and property, gold and everything for her. It would have been a cheap sacrifice to make her happy. Yet for the circumstances that surround me now—no fault of mine—I am forsaken for the paltry glitter of the world and its admiration.

I entered into all this and fancied him day after day, pining, writhing away, scorched by a sorrow too heavy to bear alone, and I longed unutterably to comfort.

The blight seemed to fall yet more drearily upon the place.—Even Nature seemed to feel it, shivering under a frost that made her aspect grey and hoary, killing the herbage on the fields and meadows, and tossing dark, sodden stubble on the wind.

Mr. Chauncey was better, it was said; indeed his son's greater trouble had had the effect of arousing him from his torpor, and had alarmed him into some signs of life. The young gentleman was seldom seen even by the most familiar of the servants. He would lock himself up for hours, and they could hear him pacing the floor and groaning as if his heart would break. Then at night-fall he would steal away to the woods and stay there sometimes till the morning.

How he lived, was a wonder, for he scarcely ate or slept.

When I heard that, I watched for him, and fancied I could see a dark picture stealing out at night, out into the gloom and loneliness, among the silent woods, with the cold, glittering stars to look down upon him and calmly witness his torture. No one to comfort, no living, loving, even kind souls to try to soothe his despair and assure him of one constant friend, that earth yet contained something that was good, where all seemed so false, a barren, desolate wilderness.

And she that loved him best of all, had no right to go to him and offer consolation, assure him that he was far dearer in this hour of bereavement, and that all the warmth of one affectionate heart was poured out upon him, till it sickened of its own anguish and despair, its own wilderness as dreary as his.

I grew too weak for my wonted tasks, and so pale that they asked me if I was sick. I told them I was not well, only tired and languid, and sat with my needle in hand, stitching garment after garment, too feeble then for household work.

Mother, alarmed, would have dosed me with her mixtures, or sent for a physician, but the latter I positively refused to permit; the former I patiently allowed, when I could swallow them, in order to get rid of her questioning. Father wanted me to ride out on old Billy, or take the buggy and go, and kindly informed me of all his plans, taking great pains to make me understand how many boxes

he would have made for his peach crop next summer, and what profit they expected from the orchards. As I was quiet, I had the semblance at least of a listener.

When mother would express her fears about my health, father would say,

“Never mind, wife. The girl’s well enough, only everybody must be sick sometimes, must’nt they, Mary? and you’ve always had such good health that it don’t do to complain now. I think she’s overworked herself, Margaret, she’s often done more than she ought to. And I’ve said so before.”

“I don’t know as to that, Mr. Ashburton. When I was a young girl, I could do twice what Mary does without feeling fatigued, and it did *me* no harm.”

“Tut! tut! wife. Look at you, and look at Mary. Why in your smallest days, you were as big again as her. You were a stout, buxom lass, a pretty good armful of you, as I know by experience.”

Father roared out a laughing, and mother, though not half pleased, had to do it too. She took the sewing from me then, and insisted upon keeping it out of my hands till I was better.— But I begged part of it back again, telling her I must have something to do, or the time would pass too drearily.

Thus the days wore on. Winter was passing away, spring had begun. The daffodils sprang out into yellow bloom in the soft grass that carpeted the front yard, varied with one or two clusters of snow-drops and jonquils. The robins piped musically on the drooping eaves, and the wrens built their nests over the door.— The little buds on the trees began to assume form, and send out leaflets, tender, tiny things from their scaly envelope, while the vines grew verdant, the embryo bushes bristly with spikes, in the breath of Spring.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MY SOUTHERN HOME.

 BY COL. BEUHRING H. JONES, OF WEST VIRGINIA.

By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion.—Psalm cxxxvii.

If Judean captives sat and wept
 By Babel's river's sides,
 As memories of Zion far,
 Came flowing as the tides;
 If on the willows hung their harps,
 When asked to wake a strain
 Of Zion's plaintive melody,
 On Chaldea's distant plain;

If they a fearful curse invoked,
 Upon each cunning hand;
 Prayed that each traitor tongue benumbed,
 Might paralytic stand;
 If they allowed disloyalty,
 Old memories to destroy,
 If they held not Jerusalem
 Above their chiefest joy;

Shall I not weep Virginia's hills,
 Her grassy slopes and plains;
 Her cities and her villages;
 Her cottages and fanes;
 Her sons so gallant, chivalrous;
 Her bracing mountain air;
 Her daughters pure and beautiful,
 And true as they are fair?

Shall not my harp remain unstrung,
The captive sing no more:
How can I wake the minstrelsy
Of "Old Virginia's shore?"
The Swiss may pine for glaciers wild;
The Scot for glen and lake;
The Suliote for his Island home,
Where maids the vintage make;

I pine for grand old mountains far,
Where the free Eagle's form
Floats dimly in the upper sky,
Fierce monarch of the storm!
The scene of happy boyhood's years;
Of manhood's vigorous prime;
Of memories that shall e'en survive
The withering touch of Time!

For there a sainted mother sleeps,
Beneath the grassy sod;
And there's my darling brother's form,
Red with his young life's blood;
And there a pure and gentle wife
Weeps in her widowhood;
And there a grey-haired father mourns,
The loved ones gone to God!

A curse then on my good right hand;
A curse upon my tongue;
If I forget my Southern home,
The loins of which I sprung!
There let me go! my heart is there;
There I may calmly die;
Virginia's turf must wrap my clay;
Her winds my requiem sigh!

Johnson's Island, Ohio, Sept. 22, 1864.

UNIVERSAL EXPOSITION OF 1867.

[Correspondence of "The Land we Love."]

IN our last, we had tried to present to the reader the vast preliminary works necessitated by the Exposition, together with an idea of its shape and method of construction. We mentioned that the Exposition building was situated in one corner of the vast Champs de Mars; too vast indeed, on first thought, for the purpose intended: but it was precisely from this excess of space that the idea arose to form the large and beautiful park by which the Exposition is surrounded. The Champs de Mars contains about 500,000 square yards, of which the Exposition covers nearly 200,000, leaving an excess of more than 300,000 square yards. This, like the building itself, was divided among the different nations, according to their necessities; the portion of the park assigned them, corresponding as nearly as possible with their section of the building. In this park, which is conveniently divided by walks, we find all the machinery which, by reason of its size or nature, it was impossible to place in the building proper; all the steam boilers and apparatus employing fire, light-houses, wind-mills, chimes, specimens of all kinds of architecture, Arab tents and American farm-houses, Egyptian temples, English cottages, the ancient constructions of Mexico, specimens from China, Russia, etc., built in many instances by native workmen, imported for the purpose.— Here, also, we see the pavilions intended for the repose of the different sovereigns, on the occasion of their visit to the Exposition; gotten up in the style of their country, and decorated in a manner corresponding to the rank of their noble visitors. We have, also, in the Park, which is bounded on the one side by the Seine, the Exhibition of the English and French war departments, vast lifting engines, Russian stables filled with fine specimens of the horses of that country; model cities for the poor (*cités ouvrières*), being attempts at the solution of one of the most important and interesting questions of the day, viz: to provide cheap and comfortable accommodations for the working classes. On the banks of the Seine, are the exhibitions of the English and French marines, life-boats and various systems for saving the lives of persons on board wrecked vessels. In the river, lie quantities of boats of all descriptions, from the ancient looking gallery of the Viceroy of Egypt, rowed by a number of dark-skinned Egyptians, to the smart looking modern yacht, and the still more useful, but not so handsome steamboat. In fact a few hours spent in wandering through this strange conglomeration, would almost make us demand, if the days of Aladin had not returned. Our imagination,

however, is prevented from straying very far by the many signs of modern industry which surround us on every side, and the sight of a Celestial, guardian of a Chinese temple, crying in good French, "Cinquante centimes d'entrée! Messieurs! cinquante centimes!" makes us suspect that this Chinaman might have been born in Paris, and that the whole is a gigantic masquerade. There is, however, one department of the Park that will awaken the admiration of almost every one, and especially of the fair sex, the "Reserved Garden," a portion of the Park enclosed for the purpose of a horticultural exhibition, and containing a number of hot-houses; one especially remarkable for its size, and others for their mode of construction. Here, also, we have the enormous sea, and fresh water aquariums, with beautiful grottoes, giving passage under them, and thus permitting a view of these monstrous curiosities in all their movements and their various habits. But to all these things we will revert in detail hereafter, my plan being to take up and examine the exhibition of each nation separately; that is to study the Exposition by sections, rather than by galleries. This disposition permits of a little more variety than would the latter, which, however, would probably offer some advantages for comparisons.

Having given thus a glance at the vast plan, let us return to the Exposition proper: Of the many galleries that I mentioned in my first article several are narrow and destined exclusively for the

circulation, leaving but seven to be occupied by articles exposed.—The first of these galleries, far more vast than the others, is known as the "gallery of machines," and is probably the largest and most remarkable piece of sheet iron work extant—81 feet high and 111 feet wide; while the periphery of the central ellipse has a length of 1326 yards. The roof is corrugated iron, supported by trellised arches in sheet iron spanning the entire width, and sustained on columns of the same material, to which are bolted the sheet iron sides of the building.—Rising 30 feet or more above the other galleries, the upper portion is almost exclusively in glass; thus giving ample light, which the other galleries receive by skylights. In the centre, a platform supported by pillars at a height of 12 feet permits a continuous promenade around the entire gallery, to view the thousand and one machines exposed below, as it were a panorama, while stairs placed every 100 yards or so permit an easy descent should our attention be specially attracted.—The shafting which gives motion to these hundreds of machines is, as necessitated by the form of the building in sections, that is short lengths, each section receiving power from a separate engine of a different pattern, which is furnished with steam by the boilers outside; thus giving opportunity to test practically the merits of the different systems put forward in competition. Around the sides are smaller machines and different kinds of apparatus, while the walls are covered with speci-

mens of their work, or with maps and drawings.

But not to stop too long on the first notice of this gigantic gallery, I would but mention that it is surrounded without by a wide covered walk where they have installed the restaurants and refreshment saloons, and where one can eat after the cuisine and service of any or all nations.

Proceeding inwards, the next concentric gallery, divided by a half high partition into two parts, is devoted to "first products" (*matières premières*) of all kinds: the first part containing the woods, minerals, metals, earths, the results of their first transformation, in fact everything of a gross description, while the second is filled with cotton, wool, silk, all sorts of fibre, in its various stages of preparation, and wrought into the fabric. In this gallery of primary products, we have a panorama of the speciality of production of every nation; a natural geography, which speaks to the eye, and almost permits us to describe the physical character of a country, from what it here places before us as its speciality. Of every thing to be used hereafter in manufactures we have here a sample, metals of all kinds with which to construct the machines, materials of every description to feed them,—and these in every stage of preparation—from the ore that resembles a worthless rock to the fine ingot and polished arbor; from the cotton in the boll, the silk in the cocoon to the spectrum of variously dyed threads and to the magnificent rolls of

cloths, silks, damasks and every variety of rich fabric.

The next gallery, divided like the preceeding, into two parts, is allotted to the article of *Dress* (*vetement*,) taken in a most comprehensive sense, as including every thing that is necessary, convenient or ornamental to the person. Assuredly, nowhere will we find a more striking application of the old latin proverb, "*de gustibus non est disputandum*";—a gigantic masquerade with figures in all costumes, from the Norwegian, covered with skins and smelling naturally of fish and rancid grease, to the Parisian, elegant altogether in the height of fashion. Elegant dresses, costing thousands of francs; dainty shoes, of exquisite shape and workmanship; cashmere shawls, laces; splendid dressing gowns; jewels of all descriptions and of royal worth, with uncouth Persian and other far away eastern garments; Laplanders in their sleds, etc., etc., in fact a gathering from antipodes, in which, as I have noticed, the modern naturally predominates. It is interesting, not only for the curious differences that I have remarked, and for the beautiful articles, almost works of art that we find there, but also from the fact that we there see machine made specimens of many articles hitherto entirely fabricated by hand; and it affords us another opportunity to evaluate the successful march of mechanical invention.

Continuing inwards, we next come to the gallery, or rather the two galleries, devoted to "Furniture," (*mobilier*,) and here may

be spent many pleasant hours, by any one fond of beautiful porcelain, fine glass, and objects of art intended for embellishment.— Furniture of all descriptions, carpets, tapestries, sculptured woods, silver ware, bronzes, with clocks and apparatus of horology, both of precision and for decoration, on every side; while above and around are innumerable brackets, candelabras and apparatus for heating and lighting. It has altogether the appearance of an enormous household on a moving day.

We have next the gallery of "material for the liberal arts," (*matériel des arts liberaux*,) comprising specimens of printing and binding, exposed not only to show the practical advancement of the trade, but also as works of art—there being some book-binders who are almost ranked as artists on account of the purity of design and the fine execution of their illuminated covers.

Our admiration is called forth by quantities of the most exquisite photographs and engravings, which we find here, together with all sorts of systems of producing them. To this gallery also appertains the instruments of music; and in order that the merits of the different instruments may be appreciated we have here a continuous concert, usually by excellent players, who receive a very liberal share of public attention. Almost along side we find another class of instruments of a far less pleasing type: saws, and scalpels, forceps and all the dreaded paraphernalia of the surgical and medical professions: an exposi-

tion vastly curious, however, as showing the amount of ingenuity that has been bestowed on apparatus to neatly carve humanity. Here also we see a magnificent display of engineering, astronomical and optical instruments, among which we will hereafter notice whatever may be especially new or interesting.

The next concentric circle is known as the picture gallery and is devoted to the exhibition of the works of modern artists. Here the crowd of every class come to refresh their eyes and ease their brain—tired by hours spent in the sight and study of machines and their harsh geometric forms.

It is easy to comprehend that in an exhibition so large as this, and above all in one so cosmopolitan, we find many works of very mediocre merit; some, indeed, are so shockingly bad as to make us wonder that they were admitted to an exhibition where every thing was to be of the best: still each section bears the impress of its nationality, and good, bad or indifferent, offers an interest in that it permits a just comparison.

There are also several galleries of pictures in the park belonging to different governments and which were too large to be installed in the palace; such are the exhibitions of Bavaria and Belgium—the latter being almost a collection of gems, some ancient, some modern. There are several of these pictures, to which we will hereafter devote a more detailed description, not only because they are things of beauty and deserve to live, but also because we desire to acquaint our readers with

whatever has attracted general attention, I will not say from the official juries, but from that great judge more natural, and by far more impartial, an enlightened people.

We find here and there in this gallery some fine specimens of sculpture, both in bronze and marble; the converging alleys are filled with it, and there are several compositions that will cause us to pause, interested or reflective.

The next is a special gallery, the result of a very happy idea, and which has produced one of the most pleasing parts of the great whole. It is called the "History of Labor," (*Histoire du travail*), and amply justifies its name. Commencing from the earliest times, we have here the results of the struggles of nearly all nations to approach perfection; its point of departure and its present advancement. It is a curious history thus written in the works of all people, and is well worthy of a thoughtful, careful visit. It would, however, be a learned archeologue who would thoroughly appreciate the whole of this curious panorama; inscriptions on stone, from the rude writing of the Ptolemys, to the most perfect specimens of modern lithographic art; curiously chiseled wares in gold and silver, and old armor with casques looking like kitchen utensils; in fact examples of every thing, and from every nation.

This is the last of the concentric galleries, and from it we enter the central garden, of which we can make the tour under a protecting roof that extends from

the building. It appears in itself nothing remarkable; a pavilion in its centre is devoted to the exhibition of the weights and moneys of all countries; on either side of which we have beds of flowers and fountains. Between the pillars which sustain the roof of the open gallery, we have pieces of statuary, while the walls of the building are hung with architectural drawings. A pleasant place to rest a few moments when tired of the sights within. From its centre too, radiate all the streets running to the outer circumference, and which I forgot to mention, are named after the countries which they traverse; thus, Rue de Grand Bretagne; Rue d'Afrique; Rue de Chine, etc., which offers an easy and quick method of finding the exhibition of any particular nation.

Having thus given our readers a general idea of the Exposition, its arrangements and its contents, we propose to study the department of each nation more in detail, and to stop an instant, wherever we find anything interesting or curious; in fact, to make our readers conversant with whatever may hereafter be the theme of conversation, or live in the reminiscences of the visitors to this great fair. We only regret that we are not able to add to our articles a certain number of illustrations, which would aid our explications and afford an additional pleasure to our readers, but the limits of our articles, and the nature of the publication, (non-illustrated) for which we write will not permit.

We will commence our explanations, as in courtesy bound, by an examination of the exhibitions of our hosts, and will extend it to those of other nations without any specified order.

In point of space, France has certainly reserved to herself more than the lion's share, for of the 200,000 square yards covered by building, she occupies 80,000 square yards, besides innumerable dependencies in the Park. From this it is evident that, in the majority of articles, she excels in point of quantity, every other nation; but the quality is often disputed.

The department of machinery is extensive and vastly interesting to any one fond of the mechanical arts, and even the mere man of the world will find there much to instruct and amuse.

But two other nations can rival in this respect with France, viz: England and the United States, and their expositions are necessarily limited, from the fact that they are strangers. It is but a short time since France imported much of her machinery, and used in her fabrications English iron almost exclusively, now she has a large number of iron mines and refining works in operation, and from this advancement all the other industries have received an impulse, and the mechanical arts are now being rapidly developed and put in execution in this country, which, but a few years since, was the avowed enemy to anything like mechanic labor; a prejudice that has not yet entirely disappeared, and which it is to

be hoped the present Exposition will help to eradicate.

Mounting to the little gallery that I have spoken of, by a flight of steps, we find ourselves overlooking a vast and busy scene; on either side of the steps is a triumphal pyramid of worked metals, that is to say, formed of pipes, bars, nails, etc., quite artistically arranged and formed into a pyramid. In one, we have columns of piping supporting a dome in the shape of a huge wrought copper kettle, some 7 feet in diameter, by 3½ feet deep, and the columns are placed on a base in the shape of a sheet of laminated lead nearly 9 feet wide by 65 or 70 feet long. The pyramid on the other side is similar to this, only the tubes have been drawn and not soldered, and the many examples presented of tests that they have been submitted to, permit us to appreciate the value of this mode of fabrication. We see, also, some curious examples of pipes in lead, separated by internal longitudinal partitions into several separate conduits.

Immediately in rear of these pyramids is the exposition of cordage, for marine and land usage, both in hemp and iron; the most considerable being an iron rope of a decreasing rectangular section, 507 yards long, and weighing over 10,000 pounds, it is intended for the mines of Creusot.

A step further and we are in the midst of the machines for the manufacture of fabrics of all descriptions, commencing naturally with those intended for preparing the thread, and exposed chiefly by the manufacturers of the cit-

ies, where their industries form a speciality; Lyons for silk, Rouen for cotton, etc. We have, in the order we pass them, all the machines for carding, rolling and spinning wool, preparing it completely for the loom—also for felting; and along side a repetition of the same style of machinery, with the difference that is for working cotton. With these we have looms innumerable, from the old style hand loom to the most recently perfected automatic machine that works with marvelous precision and rapidity. The system generally employed, and which almost every one understands, is that of Jacquard, in which the pattern is arranged by means of holes pierced in pieces of card-board, for doing which we have here several machines; but a new machine that is exposed, permits of replacing the card-board by paper, which diminishes wonderfully the cost and volume of the pattern. In the Jacquard system, where the rising of the warp is regulated by the pierced card-boards, it is evidently necessary to have as many of them as there are woofs in the pattern, which sometimes amounts to 500 or a 1000, and becomes both expensive and voluminous; by the new method this is avoided and the saving is said to be eleven twelfths of the present expense. This improvement is due chiefly to Mr. Acklin.

Here we see also the machines for hosiery and fancy goods; chiefly an exhibition of knitting machines of the most improved patterns, both straight and circular; though the latter seems to pre-

dominate, and to be most in favor. The old style, straight, hand, knitting machines could make on an average 5000 stitches a minute; moved by steam power, they made ten times as much, say 50,000, whilst the best circular machines, under the same conditions, make 500,000, say 3,000,000 stitches an hour.

Our attention is also attracted by several machines for making fishing nets: they work with rapidity and turn out a very neat article; the gallery in their neighborhood is all festooned with their products. There is a large number of machines for making shawls, laces, fringes, trimmings, etc., which, though all are curious, it would not be possible to enumerate but in a catalogue.

A curious, though simple, exposition that we find along side is that of the apparatus intended for pisciculture—a science altogether recent, and due chiefly to the patient observations and untiring efforts of Joseph Remy, an unlettered fisherman of the Vosges. By careful watching, passing for this purpose many days in the water hidden by the rushes he discovered the system of reproduction in the piscine tribe, and saw how the eggs were made fecundating, and that ordinarily the female deposited them in a hole which she scrapes out and afterwards re-covers with her tail.—He thus found that from many natural causes, an eddy washing them away, a sudden freeze where the water was shallow, or their being left to dry on the sand by the waters retiring, few, very few indeed, were produced. He there-

fore set about constructing all the necessary apparatus in which to hatch out and raise the young, etc; in fact he resolved the problem completely, and created a new, and certainly most useful science, when we think of what importance is every thing that tends towards increasing food in countries as densely populated as is the most of Europe. I have given a mere notice of it, but pisciculture is now taught in most of the higher engineering schools in France.

Following this interesting but modest exposition, is that of the machines and appliances for printing, both on cloth and paper, from the simple machine with which we are all acquainted, to the calico printing machines for several colors, and the machines for printing wall paper, an industry that has certainly made an astonishing progress; for to-day, they imitate wonderfully well the ancient wall-hangings that were made in stamped leather, at a price but little above that of ordinary wall paper. There are also presses for lithography, for printing engravings, and machines for copying the engravings themselves, in steel; that is to say, engraving several plates from the original. It is worked by electricity, and is simple in conception and execution. The original engraving has all its lines filled up with a non-conducting substance, say a varnish, and is fastened to a plate, to which is given a slow rotary movement (the axis of rotation is horizontal,) a wire fastened to a slide, and starting from the centre of rotation, is pushed

by means of a fine threaded screw, across the surface of the plate, nearly all points of which are thus touched by the spiral described on the rotating plate, by the point of wire. In the same plane with this plate, and with their axes parallel, are fixed a series of plates intended for the copies. Before each one of them is a small electro-magnet, to the armature of which is attached a graver that is thrown against the plate by a spring, and withdrawn when the armature is attracted by the electro-magnet. The magnet, armature, etc., is mounted on a slide, moved by means of a screw across the surface of the plate in precisely the same manner as the wire stylus of the first plate. One pole of a galvanic battery is attached to the electro-magnets which communicate with each other, and with the wire stylus moving across the surface of the engraving, the other pole communicates directly with this engraving. When, therefore, the stylus rests against the plate, the current passes, the armatures are attracted by the electro-magnets, and the gravers prevented from touching the plates, but when, by the rotation of the first plate, the stylus passes over a mark containing varnish, the current is intercepted, the armatures released, the gravers are thrown against the plates, and make there a dot or scratch, equal to the width of the varnished line that the stylus has passed, and so on, until the whole surface of the engraving has been passed over. Evidently the size of the copy depends on the relative velocity of itself and

the model plate. We have here an almost infinite number of small hand-printing, lettering, and numbering machines, among them a small machine for printing visiting cards, "without ink," as says the placard, the meaning of which is that the ink, which by the nature of the work need be in very small quantity, has been imbued in an endless band of cloth, and suffices for a large number of cards. It turns out an exceedingly neat article and (being run by hand,) at the rate of more than a hundred per minute.

On the sides we have several drawings of paper machinery, and several machines for preparing the pulps, and some models of entire factories.

At this point we enter another style of exhibition, where the apparatus takes far different forms from those that we have just regarded; it is the department of the chemical arts, by which is comprised the manufacture of soaps and candles, of caoutchouc, varnishes and essences, besides pharmaceutical and chemical preparations. We also find here specimens of the products of the Imperial tobacco factories, the "weed" in all shapes and conditions, together with some of the machinery for its preparation.—The manufacture and sale of tobacco, in France, is one of the government monopolies, and the sum derived from it forms quite an important item of the revenues.

A soap factory, on a small scale, is located here, and all the different processes of manufacture are gone through on the spot. The soap, however, is produced without the aid of heat, the alkali being united to the fatty matter by a thorough and continued trituration; it is afterwards forced into bars of any desired shape of section, cut, pressed, stamped and ready for sale, and is, apparently, an excellent article.

The machinery for the manufacture of candles is of the most improved sort, both the preparation of the stearine and its formation into candles. The first is done in hydraulic presses of very convenient construction for this purpose, they are moulded on a continuous wick, which enters the small end of the mould, as the candles are drawn out at the large end: they are then polished by being rolled along a table by means of a carrier, while brushes moving backward and forward across the table rub them longitudinally, after which they are stamped and are ready for packing and sale. I would mention an improvement, due to an English manufacturer, whereby the large end is made tapering, so as to fit any candlestick; "it is an *end* devoutly to be wished for" by any one who has (and who has not,) experienced the annoyance of having a candle too small for the socket.

WE WILL WAIT.

Within a chamber, which the rarest taste,
Conjoined with antique art and wealth, had made
The fitting shrine of a divinity,
A lovely Lady sat, on whose broad brow
There beamed a beauty not expressed by words
Of our poor human language. Such a look
As souls may wear when purgatorial fires
Have burned away the many stains and soils
Of earthly errors, and upon them dawns,—
Their pangs still unforgotten—all the peace
And bliss of heaven. She had suffered much;
Her life the reproduction of an oft told tale,—
High birth, fair face, and gifted nature linked
To poverty. A castle, scarcely fit
For human habitation, and some rare,
And costly jewels formed her worldly dower
And wealth. She loved, and was beloved by one,
Who matched her nature as deep answereth deep.
They were the halves of a once severed soul,
Which fitted to each other would have made—
Indissolubly strong—a perfect whole.
It might not be—such wealth of happiness
Is not for mortals! Duty barred their bliss
With adamant chain of filial love,
And she with woman's wondrous strength,
Made sacrifice not only of herself,
But herself's dearer part—the man she loved!
She wedded one she loved not, save with love
Which women give to those, whose names they bear,
Simply because they bear them.—Due respect,
And calm and kindly feeling, whose sole fault
Was lack of love. He, material wholly,
Neither looked, nor cared for more. He was content
To own her beauty, and to know his name
Derived new lustre from her sharing it,
For she was pure as her own bosom, or
The spotless ermine, which adorned her robes,

When with her peers of England's high born dames,
 She stood before her Sovereign, and bowed down
 In loving homage, o'er that royal hand
 Than which a nobler one was never owned
 By crownéd Queen or woman! Full of years,
 Her Lord was gathered to his fathers, mourned
 With pensive sadness, no parade of grief.
 He blessed her as he died, and left her young,
 And rich, and beautiful. She had all gifts,
 Except the one worth all.—That one was lost!
 So knowing but too well, the happiness
 She craved so keenly, never could be hers,
 She meekly took the lot in life God gave,
 And used it nobly. Sitting now alone,
 With scarcely conscious fingers she removed
 The close sealed stone beneath whose clinging clasp
 The fount of mem'ry slumbered. With a gush,
 The bubbling waters from their prison burst,
 And with their mighty volume washed away
 Her cares and sorrows, bringing up so clear
 Her life's brief spring time with its gleam of joy,
 That though the present was not all forgot,
 Its power to sway her vanished, and her past
 Came back before her with such magic force,
 That in her thoughts she was once more a girl,
 And lived the story of her loving o'er
 In burning words like these:

“ The snow has wrapped the earth as in a mantle,
 The midnight winds are moaning low and deep,
 And I within my locked, luxurious chamber,
 Tryst with the sheeted ghosts of memory keep.

This soft white cloak, above the frozen landscape,
 The weary moon's pure beams of paley gold,
 Are fitting types of my enforced existence,
 Lit by the star of duty, clear but cold.

I sit alone with listless hands laid idly,
 Void of all purpose, on my torpid breast.—
 I wonder if its throbs would rise so calmly,
 If God had sent a baby there to rest!

A tiny thing with clustering chestnut ringlets,
And eyes—not black—but mellow golden brown;
It might have been if—now such thoughts are sinful,—
God and the angels help me crush them down!

Best as it is!—yet sometimes thoughts rebellious,
Break through the surface of my iron will,
Recounting all the sweets life has denied me,
And making them by contrast sweeter still.

They do not last, those human vain repinings,
Though long the shadows, which they cast, remain,
A strength comes with them, product born of suffering—
Faith is the opiate, Heaven applies to pain!

Here gazing deep into the glowing embers,
Watching the weird, fantastic shapes they cast,
I see as if within a magic mirror,
The saddest evening of our buried past.

Do you remember it my spirit's-darling?—
That autumn evening when the sun sank low
Into a sea of crimson crested cloudlets,
And earth, and air, and heaven flamed all aglow

With fire drawn from the inmost depths of nature,
Though cold, and pale, and faint its radiance seemed
To that transcending, opalescent glory,
Which in our panting bosoms flashed and beamed.

When the wild love so long walled in and fettered,
Burst all its barriers and with torrent strong,
Rushed, surged, and eddied in ecstatic passion,
And whirled us in delirious bliss along.

Have you forgotten the close-wooded thicket,
Whose tall pines darkled on the scarlet sky? :
How you besought me to explore its shadows,
How, trembling, I refused not knowing why?

I know well now! It was our guardian angel,
Who speeding swiftly from some crystal sphere,
Whispered a word of softly solemn warning
To my unconscious, half-reluctant ear.

We lingered, wandering through the quiet village
Till evening merged in twilight dusk and chill,
And your dear hands, which held my own so fondly,
Clasped me in close caresses fonder still.

Returning thence, we reached the narrow foot-path,
Along the craggy hillside rudely thrown,
Where you released me with a mournful whisper:
"We part, my own love,—each must walk alone."

Ah! darling, those sad words were too prophetic
Of our dark future with its woes and strife—
Not only on the rugged hill-side parted,
But severed from each other through all life!

As on we crept, in words as soft and soothing
As mothers use when suffering babes they tend,
I tried to tell you that our hopeless loving
Must here, in its beginning, find its end.

Even as I spoke, my fluttering scarlet mantle
Was pinioned down by two strong arms above;
Then came a wild, sharp moan, a frantic pressure,
And then the first, sweet kiss of perfect love.

Another, and another, till I pleaded
All faint and frightened, white as ocean's foam,
Till clinging to you in my sudden weakness,
We reached the ruined castle, I called home.

Within its lonely moss-grown porch we cowered
While passion, like a Tropic tempest, spurned control,
And in fierce gusts of varying bliss and anguish,
Raged on resistless through each frenzied soul.

Half crazed with pain, then thrilled with fond emotion,
Despair and love by turns possessed each heart,
While with a stroke by which two lives were murdered,
We struck the blow, that wrenched our love apart.

No tears—our woe lay far beneath their sources;
No weak regrets, nor stooping to repine.
Our life, our love, ourselves, with strength unearthly
We laid with conscious hands, on duty's shrine.

CHARACTER OF THE SOUTHERN PEOPLE AS ESTABLISHED BY THE
EVENTS OF THE LATE WAR.

THE late head of the Freedmen's Bureau, in Virginia, (Gen. Terry) is reported to have said that the result of the late war, was but the legitimate consequence of a conflict between an inferior and superior race! Since many races were on that occasion arrayed against the South, it would have served the cause of truth, had the officer in question, been a little more explicit, had he told us to which of the allied races he attributed the superiority of which he made mention.— Whether to the Teutonic, as exhibited by the 250,000 Prussians, Saxons, Hessians, Hanoverians, &c., found in the Federal ranks, or to the 200,000 Irish, who, in the same ranks, asserted the claims of the Celtic. Or to the 200,000 negroes, without whose aid, according to Mr. Lincoln, the South would have prevailed—or to the two millions of Anglo-Saxons who “defended the life of the Nation” “went in for the Old Flag,” and did a number of other funny things, such as “Skedad-dling” from Bethel, “cutting dirt” from Bull Run, and making themselves scarce generally, whenever the field became too hot to suit their Northern constitutions. Perhaps, however, he lumped the whole, and made one race of the amalgam. Since the congregated rabble of Europe, is gravely christened “a nation,” for no other reason, as far as we can see,

than that it is collected within the territories of the United States, there can be, most assuredly, no objection to dubbing this undigested mass of fighting men “a race.”

Probably we may be influenced by an undue partiality for our own people. But we cannot agree with this estimate of the General. We cannot believe that a race which gave birth to Washington, Lee, Calhoun, Clay, Macon, Lowndes, Randolph, Pinckney, Henry, can be inferior to the races we have described—to Yankees and negroes, Germans and Irish. True, the united mass subdued us. The Huns subjugated the Roman Empire; but was Attila superior to Julius Cesar, or the race from which he sprang, to the race which conquered and civilized the world? So far from agreeing with General Terry in this low estimate, we are disposed to think that the resistance made by the soldiers and people of the Confederacy, was the most heroic of which there is any account in all history. In order to prove this, it is sufficient to take a very cursory glance at the relative condition of the two sections.

First of all, the Confederates inhabited a country, watered on two sides by the ocean and gulf of Mexico, and intersected by the Mississippi, and it had no navy.— By the innumerable bays and rivers that indent the country in all

directions, the enemy, possessing six hundred vessels of war, was enabled to penetrate into the interior, to capture all our considerable towns, to destroy our resources, to separate one half of the Confederacy from the other, to establish military bases wherever they thought proper, and to flank any line of operations that we might establish in any part of the vast field of hostilities. His navy entirely blockaded the Atlantic ports, and rendered all communication with foreign countries impossible; an advantage to him of the most vital importance, since it enabled him to cut off all supplies of arms and ammunition from the Confederacy, which might otherwise have reached it from abroad. And never was a belligerent state more in need of such supplies. Its troops were never, to the last day of the war, more than half armed. For more than two years of the war, they had to depend entirely upon the old smooth bore musket, the rusty sabre, and the short range cannon of a passed age, while their enemies were furnished in the greatest profusion, with weapons of the latest invention, procured, by the cargo, from Europe, or made in their own manufactories in the Northern and Western States. Under such circumstances, it would have been wonderful, had the Confederacy held its ground for a single year, though it had been able to oppose a numerical equality to the North. But that was far from being the case. The North arrayed against us a force, which, in point of numbers, was altogether unexampled in the wars of the French Revolution, which more than trebled the host with which Attila desolated the provinces of the Roman Empire, which doubled the forces that marched under the banner of Genghis Khan, and quadrupled that with which Tamerlane swept Asia, from the "guardian river of India, to the shores of the Egean sea." According to the *New York Herald*, from first to last, during a war of four years, lacking a few days, the government of the United States had under arms, 3,100,000 men. According to an official report, published since the war, the force was something less, viz: 2,600,000 men! The difference always existing between the force on paper, and the force actually present, is probably represented by the difference between the newspaper, and the official statement. We doubt whether a history of all the Crusades, from Peter the Hermit, to St. Louis, would make an exhibit of such numbers, although they ran through one hundred and fifty years. Allowing the conscription laws of the first Napoleon to have furnished 200,000 men per annum, during the nine years that he occupied the throne, (from 2d Dec. 1804, to the 26th April, 1814) they fall by 800,000 men to supply a force numerically equal to that borne upon the books of the Federal War Office. The most gigantic campaign of modern times, was that of 1817, in Germany. The allied forces of Russia, Prussia and Austria, numbered 720,000 men. That of France 510,000. All Europe warred against France. The Em-

pire of Napoleon embraced 47,000,000 souls. In 1815, after the battle of Waterloo, 1,100,000 men occupied the cities and provinces of France. In 1864, after the surrender of Lee, 1,160,000 men constituted the force of the Federal army, being 60,000 more men than Europe thought sufficient to keep down the French Empire. Napoleon tells us himself, that had it not been for his defeat, at Waterloo, he would have had 800,000 men under arms, to contend with Europe, by the first day of August. It is evident, then, that the force brought by the allies to put him down, was not a man too strong. But what could have required the organization of such an enormous army as that of the United States? Surely the rulers could not have thought the adversaries it was to face so despicable as the Ex-Head of Bureau represented them to be. And this brings us to an examination of the strength of the Confederacy in men. We have already seen how deficient they were in arms, ammunition, and all the materials of war.

The Slave States in 1860 numbered about 11,000,000 souls, of whom 4,000,000 were black. The whites numbered 7,000,000 all told. Early in the beginning of the war, Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri were secured by the Federals, who became masters of all their resources. A few regiments of brave men, from these States, crossed the lines and came into our camp. But the Federals had the use of the large majority of the men, and all the resources. Western Virginia erected herself

into a State and went over to the enemy. The negroes may be set down as constituting no item in the account. If they cultivated the fields in the beginning, the service thus rendered was neutralized by their afterwards enlisting with the enemy, to the tune of 200,000 men. Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri and Western Virginia, embraced about 2,500,000 souls of the 7,000,000 estimated for the whole South. Their excision left us, in 1862, about 4,500,000 souls, with which to continue the struggle against 25,000,000. Out of this handful was to be selected the force, which was to face numbers that proved in the end to be, from first to last, 2,600,000 men. It is well known that the army register was burnt in the War Office at Richmond. A few months since, what purported to be an abstract of our muster roll was published in the Northern papers. It stated that our force was only as high as 300,000 men, and that Lee's army once, and only once, amounted to 103,000. The Southern papers immediately declared that if the papers at the North had really gotten possession of our muster rolls, they had published them in a garbled condition. This was soon made to appear. The gallant officer, who delivered up Mobile at the end of the war, was charged with a garrison of 15,000 men. He wrote to say that he surrendered between five and six thousand into the hands of the enemy. Instead of having ever amounted at any one time to 300,000 men, our entire force, when at its largest (in 1862,) did not exceed 200,000.

This we learn from Professor Dabney's life of Stonewall Jackson. That book, or that part of it, was written during the war, and of course before the War Office, to which he had free access, was burned. Gen. Lee, according to the same authority, had 75,000 men, including Jackson's corps, at the time of his operations against McClellan around Richmond, and that was the largest force he ever had. Magruder is credited, in the garbled report, with 15,000 men. He had, in truth, when his ranks were fullest, about one-half of that number.—It is very certain, that the Confederate States, from first to last, counting every man, never brought into the field 500,000 men. Dividing the number of men by the number of years, it was 125,000 men a year, against 650,000 for the same period. And yet against these enormous odds, the gallant little army of the Confederacy struggled without flinching for four years. They fought at least thirty pitched battles, and innumerable combats, in the large majority of which they were victorious, and more than once brought their enemy to the verge of concession. Did any people, of whom we read in history, ever make such a defence of their liberties?

Xerxes invaded Greece with an army 5,400,000 strong, according to Herodotus. Of these, 1,700,000 were troops, the rest mere camp-followers. Of these troops, the Persians, alone, were worthy to be called such, and these, as may be learned by his having entrusted them to Mardonius to finish his conquest, while he fled

back to Susa, did not greatly exceed 300,000. There was this great difference between the Greeks and the Confederates.—The Greeks had a fleet, and the Confederates had none. The fleet of the Greeks decided the issue, by defeating that of Xerxes, and almost destroying it at Salamis. Nearly every part of Greece was approachable by a fleet. The Peloponessus, as its name indicates, was indeed, almost surrounded by water, the little Isthmus of Corinth alone interposing to prevent the uniting of the waters. A maritime power could easily place Greece in great danger. A power, whose fleet was destroyed, ceases to be formidable. This Xerxes found, for he fled after the destruction of his fleet, leaving Mardonius to complete his conquest, as we have just said. In the summer of the second year, that General was defeated, and with his entire army, except about 50,000, who fled before the battle, slaughtered at Platæa. The battle of Mycale, fought the same day, in his rear, on the coast of Asia, destroyed his fleet and the forces with it, and cutting off all communication with Asia Minor, left whatever of the Persian host Platæa had spared, entirely at the mercy of the Greeks. Two campaigns, during which only four battles had been fought, settled the question of Persian conquest in Greece forever; the reflux of the tide in after years, poured Europe upon Asia, as its flux had brought Asia upon Europe. This defence of their homes, and their liberties, not less than the genius of their

poets, philosophers, historians, and artists, rendered the little Republics of Greece illustrious through all succeeding ages; but we submit, that it was not so difficult as that of the Southern people in their warfare for national existence.

The struggle of Scotland with the whole power of her gigantic neighbor, during the reigns of Edward I. and his successor, was glorious beyond description.— But placed by the side of this, in which the Confederacy was involved, it will be found not worthy of being compared with it. Contrasted with our four years war, the war in which Frederick the Great was involved with Russia, Austria, and France, for the maintenance of Prussian independence, was mere child's play. He enjoyed the alliance of England, which, in the hands of the elder Pitt, was the most powerful empire in the world. He was in a country, which could be penetrated only by long marches by land—his forces never stood to those of his enemy less than in a proportion of one to two. His enemies were separated by immense distances, while he held the central position, and could (as he did) attack in detail. Above all, he was an absolute monarch, regulated military matters according to his own will, and could, without asking their leave, command the lives and resources of all the people in his dominions. After all, he was only saved from ruin by the timely death of the Empress Elizabeth, and the accession of Peter, his devoted admirer, two events which broke up

the coalition against him. From first to last, the whole force directed against Frederick, during the Seven Years' War, did not exceed the number called for by any one of the acts of the Federal Congress after 1861.

The Spanish struggle, from 1808 to 1814, excited the admiration of the world, yet what was it compared to the conflict of the Confederacy, with its gigantic neighbor? The Peninsula had a population of at least 10,000,000. Its ally, Great Britain, held entire command of the seas, which nearly surround it.— France could only send her troops by long and painful marches over the worst roads in Europe, intersected by ranges of mountains swarming with guerillas. All the inhabitants were hostile—all hated the French with a deadly hatred. To such a degree did this hostility extend, that no straggler could leave his ranks for an hour without incurring certain death at the hands of the peasants. Spain was covered with fortresses and walled towns like Saragossa and Gerona. It was the country in which Sertorius and his desperadoes had maintained themselves for years, setting at defiance the whole power of Rome, and defeating one after another her bravest armies and best Generals, Pompey the Great, himself, being among the number of the latter. This huge garrison Napoleon invaded in 1808, at the head of 325,000 men. A large portion of these, he withdrew in the following year for the Austrian war, and thereafter the force in the whole Peninsula nev-

er exceeded 200,000 men at any one time. During the whole six years, it is certain that there were not half a million of Frenchmen in Spain.

We might cite a great many other famous cases of national resistance. But in courage, in obstinacy, in resistance to overwhelming odds, none approach that of the Confederacy.

If the worth of a people is to be estimated by the courage with which it resists encroachments upon its liberties—and this seems to be the test which General Terry applies to the Confederates—the South may challenge a comparison with all nations that ever existed upon the face of the earth. To use the expression of Mr. Joseph Segur—no friend as he took occasion to say to the Confederacy, “its courage was actually fabulous.” The most tremendous battles of modern times, were fought by the half-armed, half-starved, ragged, and often quadruply outnumbered sons of the South, and it was very seldom that they were ever beaten.—They were starved into submission at last. They fought as we heard a gallant veteran say, one to two, one to three, one to five—sometimes, one to ten—but never equal numbers. It is hard to conceive what pleasure the victor can find in detracting from the

merits of the vanquished. The chivalrous Knight of La Mancha tells us, that the champion who overthrows another in combat, falls heir to all his deeds. The victorious army is illustrious in proportion to the deeds of the army, which it overthrows in battle. The general is great, in proportion to the fame of the general he defeats. Wellington constantly spoke of Napoleon as the greatest of all generals, ancient or modern. “He fought the battle,” said he in a letter to his mother, written a few days after the battle of Waterloo, “with infinite valor, perseverance, and skill.” Doubtless he thought so; but let him have thought as he might, it would have been great folly to have written, or spoken, otherwise, since in praising Napoleon, he was exalting the greatness of his own name.

Let slander and detraction do their worst. The *true* history of the war will yet be written. “The Land we Love,” though overwhelmed by numbers, in a contest for all that she held sacred, will yet appear in her true colors. The character which that contest bestowed upon her, is such as her sons will glory to own. It is not surpassed by any that has been borne by the bravest and most renowned nations of ancient or modern times.

THE HAVERSACK.

IN order to develop "latent unionism" in us unfortunate rebels, our Northern brethren invented a triune shell, which, bursting at three different points in our wicked ranks, proclaimed with triple emphasis, "the union must and shall be preserved!" First, the outer shell, or envelop burst with a thundering explosion, and when we supposed the destruction was over, and our nerves were beginning to resume their tranquillity, the second of the series took up the refrain and sang of that love which could not bear to leave the "wayward sisters." Now we feel sure that the mischief is over; but it is just beginning, the inner shell of the three, filled with musket balls, breaks into fragments, and sends its unwelcome contents rattling over, around, and among us. Surely, our kinsmen across the Susquehanna have a strange way of showing their love for us—their unwillingness to part with us! We first became practically acquainted with this novel and interesting species of shell at Sharpsburg. It was really a charming sight, these successive explosions—when viewed at a respectable distance, and we involuntarily exclaimed, "how beautiful!" But in this, as in most cases, in war, "distance lent enchantment to the view." For on getting nearer, there was a sense of insecurity, which robbed the thing of half its beauty, and excited the apprehension that the bursting machine would never stop. An honest old Tar-heel in the famous sunken road, at right angles to the Sharpsburg pike, expressed the sentiment of the whole rebel army: "Well now, Yanks, that ain't fair to take three pops at wonst at a feller, what ain't doing nothing at all agin you. It's real mean and demoralizing, and I don't care ef you know that I say so."

This triple shell probably suggested to that amiable and interesting Body of Christians in Washington the idea of one prodigious joke enveloping three other humorous and sportive fancies of real sparkling wit. Their Preamble to the Reconstruction Bill playfully says that life and property are insecure at the South.—This is the outer envelop, the big shell of all, which astounded us beyond measure. Then came the first condition for restoration, the putting the control of the property of the South in the hands of the ignorant, the depraved and the landless, in order to make it secure! This is the second shell of the series, and shocked us more than the first. Next came the godly missionaries stirring up hatred and strife—a war of races in order to give security to life! This is the heart of the shell loaded with its deadly missiles to scatter destruction through the land.

Now we are entirely too loyal to say with the old Tar-heel that all this is mean, but we fully concur with him that it is demoral-

izing. It has broken the backbone of fun throughout the Confederacy, so-called. The old rebs, who used to send their tit-bits for the Haversack, have ceased their contributions, in sullen despair at the hopelessness of the attempt to furnish any thing one-tenth as rich and refreshing. One bold Lieut. General, who never quailed before the face of mortal man, had the hardihood to put a pun in competition with the matchless joke. But he failed utterly, completely, hopelessly.

We make this preamble by way of explaining how the great Preamble has deterred our soldier friends from sending their usual monthly contributions, and by way of appeal to them not to let us starve to death: Generous boys in grey! we know that you cannot send us any thing so delicate and so exquisitely flavored, but you can, at least, give something plain and substantial. Do not desert an old comrade in arms. It is unsoldierly as well as ungenerous.

The Southern ladies—may Heaven bless them!—are generous, and not easily frightened. Fanny Fielding, of Norfolk, sends the first loaf to the Haversack. We highly appreciate the generosity of the donor, though the gift itself wants the dainty richness of the Washington paté.

Chronicles of the Reign of Terror, in Norfolk, (commencing from the evacuation of the post by the Confederates, May, 1862,) present, in common with those of other "occupied cities," a grotesque mingling of indignation-moving, disgusting, and ludicrous scenes. An incident of the latter

class was narrated to me the other day, in the case of a certain Captain C. of the place. He appeared one morning, at the office of Major ———, Provost Marshal, known as a Bostonian, to answer some charge of misdemeanor in the running of a little coaster of which he was owner.

In the process of examination, this question arose from the Federal officer:

"Where were you born Captain C.?"

Now Captain C. is a man who holds his face, perhaps a little above the level, and looks you right in the eyes,—what was the meaning of a visible fall of countenance below the perpendicular, at this interrogation? Captain C. waived the point.

Some remark, a little foreign, was allowed to intervene, but the officer returned to the query:

"Where did you say you were born?"

"I never said," was the meek reply of the culprit.

"Then you *must* say!" was the rejoinder. The Yankee thought he had scented a secret, and every secret was "a masked battery," in those days.

"I don't see any use telling that,—I don't see what that's got to do with the craft."

"But, sir, you shall be punished for contempt of court if you do not answer such questions as are put."

"I'd rather you'd asked me any other question than that. It seems to me you're all trying everything to make little of —"

"Silence, sir!" was the interruption, "except to answer what

I ask you. I insist on knowing if you were born in Norfolk,—if not, where you were born.”

“I’m certainly ashamed to tell you where I was born, Major,” persisted Capt. C. “but,—but,”—and he cleared his throat as if to ensure against choking,—gave his head an extra tuck into his bosom,—dropped his eyes lower, then, as if by a desperate effort of resolve uttered—“I was born in Massachusetts, if you will make me own it!”

The effect on suppressed Confederates standing around, in the language of the newspapers, “may be better imagined than described.”

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Lieutenant —, 9th Virginia, Pickett’s division, tells with philosophic composure now, of his chagrin at an incident occurring on one occasion, of the hurried transfer of his command from Kinston to attack the enemy at Newbern.

He was a very young officer, and a great stickler for military etiquette in its most unmitigated form,—exactness in terms no exception.

The greater portion of the war (he finished off the last year of the contest in Fort Delaware) he was first in command of his company, and, patriotism aside, felt much pride in having his men perfectly drilled. Upon setting out on this march alluded to, one of the privates was seen leaving the ranks and racing back in the direction from whence they had just started. Lieutenant —, (acting captain) was engaged at the moment with some of his superior

officers, upon whom, of course, he would wish to leave a good impression of himself as a disciplinarian. Astonished to see this man going the wrong way, he shortly, sharply halted him: “Where are you going, sir?”

“No wheres, Lieutenant, be with you in a minnit,—just running back here after my wittles-bag, left behind!” And running and yelling—“whar’s my wittles-bag?” he left the lieutenant vanquished. “I never hear of a haversack now,” says the late so-called, “without remembering the incident of the wittles-bag.”

—
Following the example so bravely set by the Virginia lady, a gallant North Carolina Colonel has entered the lists against the great jokers at the Capital of “the best government the world ever saw.”

Many who were with the Army of Northern Virginia in its cantonments near Port Royal on the Rappahanock, during the winter of 1862–63, will remember “old Merriman,” will remember too his kindness to Confederate soldiers, and above all, his droll humor. He was an especial favorite with the officers, who were indebted to him for many a hearty laugh around the camp fires during the long winter evenings.—He was a singularly odd looking personage, of short stature and quite corpulent. He had a bullet head, a pair of thrilling black eyes, a bushy head of black hair, and was, with all, a great stutterer.—One evening several officers, the writer among the number, had met accidentally at the quarters of

Gen. H., whose brigade was encamped upon Merriman's farm, and were endeavoring, as best they might, to get through the evening, when Merriman made his appearance, seemingly in great wrath. Those who knew him well could, however, detect that peculiar twinkle of his eye which so unmistakably indicated fun.—Gen. H., to whom Merriman was at that time a comparative stranger, arose and greeted him with his usual courtesy, when the following dialogue began:

"Ge-ge-ge-gen-general, s-s-some of th-th-them de-de-dam rascals of yours be-be-been ste-ste-stealing another one of my ho-ho-hogs."

The General, who was a strict disciplinarian, replied with a flashing eye, "Mr. Merriman, I would be very much obliged to you if you would find out the thieves and report them to me—I assure you, sir, they shall be severely punished."

"How-ow-ow-ow de hell! I go-go-going t-t-t-to fi-fi-find them out?"

"Search the camp, sir; you will be very apt to find some traces of your hog about the quarters of the thieves. Have you made a search?"

"Ye-ye-ye-yes, I be-be-be-been looking about."

"Did you find anything?"

"Ye-ye-ye-yes, I fou-fou-fou-found the ho-hog's he-he-head ri-ri-right out he-he-here be-be-be-behind your tent."

There was a roar from the officers, a peculiar dry smile from the General, such as was denominated in the army a "dry grin,"

and "old Merriman" went off better satisfied with the laugh he had elicited, and the General's discomfiture than if he had been thrice paid for his hog.

Whilst the rest of Jackson's corps was fighting the terrible battle of Chancellorsville, Early's division held the old lines below Fredericksburg, the field of the battle of the 13th of December preceding. It engaged the enemy in the bloody combat upon the turnpike above Marye's Heights on the evening of the 4th of May, and drove them across the river with heavy loss. During the day Gen. Early, who wished to reconnoitre the enemy from a position not accessible on horseback, dismounted and went forward on foot. He had remained upon the line some time, when he espied a soldier approaching, who had in tow a fellow soldier from the Emerald Isle, whose unsteady step betokened, unmistakably, an excess of the "ardent." The two were making their way to the rear, Pat's destination evidently being the guard-house. Stringent orders were in force against bringing spirits into camp, and for weeks the Provost guards had been searching wagons and even trunks and valises on the train, for the contraband article. As Pat neared the irate General, whose genius and courage, by the way, were largely in excess of his good nature, the latter broke out: "Here's another one of Hayes' Irishmen drunk. It seems perfectly natural for a Confederate soldier to get drunk, especially if he happens to belong to the Louis-

iana brigade. I do not blame them so much, but I would like to find out the man that brought that spirits into camp. I would be willing to let this poor devil go unpunished."

Pat! though considerably in for it, was not too drunk to hear the General's last remark, as he was in the act of passing. Facing quickly about, he began: "Sure and was yer Honor saying that for the matter of me telling you where I got me whisky you would dhrive off this baste with his bag-onett at me coat tail, and let me go back to me rigiment in pace?"

"Yes, sir! that was what I said."

"Sure your Honor, and it's meself that will be after telling you, for I know that its not the like of your Honor that would desave a poor soldier."

"I will be as good as my word, sir."

"Well, your Honor, meself and Tim Reeves were coming from the ordnance train with cartridges for the boys, and as we came through the bushes fernint the hill, as the Devil, bad luck to him, would have it, I found your Honor's horse tied; and as I stopped to admire the beautiful crature, what should I see but the mouth of a bottle sticking out of your Honor's saddle-bags and Begorra! your Honor, there was niver a member of me father's family could stand the like of it, and I said, faith! and it's meself as will press the mather of a few thrinks, for I know his Honor will niver begrudge a drham to a poor soldier fighting for his country."

The joke was too much even for

the General's sternness, notwithstanding the loss of the whiskey, and breaking into one of his peculiar subdued laughs, he ordered Pat to be relieved and to begone.

Captain — whose geniality is widely known, and who has been much rallied by his many friends upon his excessive corpulency, tells the following good one upon himself. The Captain, after a term of service with a gallant North Carolina regiment, found his way to the Army of the West, whither he carried some honorable scars from the battle-fields of Virginia. It was during the retreat from Nashville, after Hood's disastrous repulse, that the incident occurred. It happened that the army had to cross a deep sluggish creek, upon a narrow bridge, and as the Captain's regiment, which was near the end of the column, approached the bridge, he saw two disconsolate looking cavalrymen sitting upon their horses, and waiting, as they had probably done for hours, for an opportunity to cross. As the Captain approached, one of them, a long, lank cadaverous specimen, called out to his companion: "Bill, I recon this must be about the last of 'em, for by golley, yonder comes the old Butt Cut."

H. C. J.

Our kind and obliging friend H. M. K., of Columbus, Georgia, to whom we are already indebted for some of our best tit-bits, is resolved not to abandon us, though he is well aware that he cannot compete with the great wits of

the best government the world d—d if I don't—as long—as you ever saw. keep—*this lick.*" They reached

God bless the "LAND WE their picket in safety, but they LOVE!" Poring over it, we again were "everlastingly" out of commune with the shadowy Past. breath.

Busy fancy groups around us old comrades—heroes they—the living and the dead. We are again with them, as when, by the lone flickering camp-fire, or the grim fireless bivouac, with pipe and story, we beguiled the anxious, weary hours.

Comrades of the "Lost Cause," we greet you, where'er you be.

After the battle of Shiloh, and while the army lay at Corinth, (no pun intended;) H. —, a gallant officer of the "Fifth Georgia," (we were a "web-foot" then) was out relieving pickets, and at that particular juncture had a detachment of about ten men. H. —, concluded to take a near cut, by crossing an open field that lay "between the lines;" when fairly out in open ground, to his great surprise, a squad of Yankee cavalry dashed out from the opposite side and were coming down on him like a "thousand of brick." H. —, was game and ordered his men to "get into line, and stand up to 'em;" while getting his "right wing" into position, the "left" wavered; while rallying the "left" the "right" gave away, and all hands made for the bushes."

'Twas nip and tuck with H. —, and our Alabama man who was behind all the rest. H. — still intent on fight—when he should reach cover jerked out between jumps; "Alabama—will—you—stay—with me?" Alabama making his best time—"Yes,—

— Selma, Alabama, gives the next incident:

On the night of the second day of July, 1863, Law's brigade, of Hood's division, was on picket at New Guilford, twenty-five miles from Gettysburg. We received orders, to march, at 1 o'clock; a. m., of the 3d July, and in a few minutes afterwards, were en route for the battle-field, which we reached about 2 o'clock, p. m., after a wet, tiresome march, took position on the right of the army, and with little more than a moment's rest, entered the charge which drove the enemy back on his last line. From the musketry and cannister which met us here, we gave back to a position, half-way down the mountain side, where we were but a little while, before night-fall. Silence then became oppressive, and all communications were made in whispers lest the Yankee pickets, firing at the noise, would kill some of our videttes, or our comrades, who were seeking to aid our wounded, that lay between the lines, and whose moans in the silent darkness were pitiful to hear.

Private Perry, of company E., 4th Alabama infantry, being, as he said, "on the lookout for something," and about a hundred and fifty yards in advance of our line, was accosted by one of a group of *three*, as he thought, Yankees, and inferred from their

addressing him as "Jim," and asking "where —— was," that they were waiting for two of their men, who were to return to them at that place. Comprehending the situation, he replied, "he's right down here—I'll go and get him." Returning to where he had just left Sergeant McKerning, of company C., of the same regiment, with a dying comrade, he stated the case to him and together, they returned to the waiting Yankees, who, unsuspectingly, permitted their guns to touch them before the thought occurred to them that "*these are Rebs!*" One of the *three* was a member of the 4th Alabama, whom they had captured in the dark, and whose visions of captivity ended in accompanying McKerning and Perry back to our lines, with the two "Feds" in tow.

It is well known, that our Northern brethren in the first years of the war, wore breast-plates under their coats so that while "saving the life of the nation" they might preserve their own. A great number of these breast-plates were found during the battles around Richmond, some were perforated with balls, others were not touched at all—the gallant owners thereof being killed by wounds *not* in the breast. We were a good deal amused at Cold Harbor by an Irishman's manner and remarks, who, after discovering a breast-plate on a slain officer in blue, was turning him over to ascertain the place of his wound, and observing that he had been struck a few inches below the small of the back,

Patrick exclaimed, "Poor fellow! he kivered the wrong place with the iron. I'm after believing that he didn't know where his heart was!"

The great warrior of Massachusetts, Maj. General Butler, U. S. A., recently visited Norfolk, Va., the former scene of some of his most gallant household and culinary exploits. The little boys welcomed him back to Norfolk with enthusiastic shouts of "Spoons forever!" The modest and retiring General, being somewhat overwhelmed by these noisy demonstrations, applied through a sort of under-strapper, or valet to one Henry Adams, an Irish hackman, for a ride in his hack. (Adams had been a member of Mahone's regiment, brigade, and division, through the successive degrees of promotion of his commander.)

Valet. I want your hack.

Adams. You can't get it.

Valet. Why not?

Adams. There isn't money enough in Norfolk to buy a ride for the Baist in *my* hack!

Valet. I'll take it any how.

Adams. (Taking off his coat.) Faith and if that's your game, its time to be taking off me coat.

Valet. Where do you belong, any how?

Adams. I am one of Billy Mahone's boys.

Exit valet, followed by the pride of New England.

The late lamented Gen. Daniel (than whom a braver or better officer never lived) used to relate an incident of Malvern Hill. An old officer, who was very deaf, was quietly leading his men down the

River road, when the Yankee gun-boats began to throw 100 pound shells among them, which the rebels called "lamp-posts." Not liking these Union arguments, the old gentleman led off into a thick wood and went himself into a deserted cabin and took a seat on a bench. Pretty soon, our Northern brethren opened their batteries on the woods, and the raw

troops, never before under fire, sought shelter behind twigs two inches thick, when the crowd kept them off from the trees. The storm of projectiles was frightful, and fragments of shells repeatedly struck the cabin without disturbing the tranquility of the imperishable officer. At length there was a lull in the firing, and the venerable man seemed to perceive that there was something unusual, for he came out of the cabin and peered curiously around. Was he noticing the torn and mutilated appearance of the forest? or was he shocked at the pitiful consternation of his half-frantic men?—Neither one! He took off his hat, turned his best ear towards Malvern Hill, put his hand behind it, and seemed to be listening attentively. At length he spoke in a sort of under tone, as if to himself, and in a puzzled sort of way: "I thought that I heard firing!"

This whole scene was brought vividly before us the other day, when a venerable friend remarked that he "feared the Military Bill would ruin the South!" 'Twas Malvern Hill over again. "I thought I heard firing!" Blessed then were the deaf, blessed now are the blind!

When Gen. Johnston's army was in winter quarters at Dalton, Georgia, an order was issued from Army Headquarters, allowing each soldier, who might bring in a recruit, a furlough. Many of the boys in grey availed themselves of this order to procure a furlough.

On one occasion when Cheat-ham's division was marching out to a grand review, they met a wagon, to which was attached six mules—five of them being white and one black. The soldiers, of course, always had something to say to every one they met, and they at once assailed the driver of the aforesaid wagon with, "Mister, why don't you get a white mule for your team?"

"Well," instantly replied the teamster, "I did have a white mule in my team, but he got a recruit and I give him a furlough."

EDITORIAL.

WE have a curious coincidence to relate. But why say curious coincidence rather than strange coincidence? This brings up the whole subject of alliteration, that is, "the repetition of the same letter at the beginning of two or more words immediately succeeding each other, or at short intervals." Thus the enemies of the late Major General Butler, U. S. A. call him Beast Butler, and Brute Butler, when the adjectives hoggish or swinish would express the same idea. But beast and brute are preferred, because they begin with the same letter as does the name of the illustrious soldier. The second in command at Petersburg, in a note to the writer of this, in reference to the explosion of the celebrated mine, spoke of the Federal officer in charge thereof as Burnside, the Blunderer. So, the disloyal Tennesseans call Brownlow, the Blasphemer. So, the distinguished Puritan divine, is called Beecher, the Buffoon, when his enemies might employ the words charlatan and mountebank to convey the same meaning. When the pious David Hunter marched so boldly up the Valley of Virginia, burning and plundering, with no opposition but from a handful of cavalry, he was Hunter, the hero. But when Early met him, with nearly equal force, and sent him wandering through the inhospitable mountains, the Virginia papers called him Hunter, the Hound, in allusion to this

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sneaking retreat. We very often hear an eminent iron-monger called Old Thad, the Thug.—Mullaly, of the *Metropolitan*, and Brick Pomeroy, often profanely and improperly call the Commander of District No. 3. Pope, the Pup,—a title, which the jocose Mr. Lincoln is said to have conferred on him, after the 2nd Marnassas. So in Copperhead prints we see McNeill, the Murderer, Sumner, the Sneak, and Wade, the Walrussian.

These illustrations show not merely that the great dignitaries of the United States have unfortunate names, but that the passion for alliteration is almost universal. 'Tis so natural too that even children use it unconsciously. Pope, the Poet, (not Mr. Lincoln's Pup) was very fond of alliteration. In the Universal Prayer, we have it in the third and fourth lines of the first verse:

Father of all in every age
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage and by sage
Jehovah, Jove or Lord.

So too in the celebrated line,
Up the high hill he heaves the huge
round stone.

In this line the letter h is the initial letter of four words.

An eminent critic attributes much of the smoothness and sweetness of Poe's poetry to his skillful employment of alliteration. But Poe is not peculiar in this matter. Churchill speaks of poets inclined as a class

Alliteration's artful aid to invoke.

This is not at all surprising, since alliteration is a resemblance between letters as rhyme is between sounds, it is natural that the poet should call the assistance of the eye as well as the ear to advance his art. Words with the same initial letter in general have some kinship of sound. Butler will not live in poetry as Butler the corked-up, but as Butler the bottled-up, though the former was the expression, we believe, used by General Grant. It is natural then that poets should employ this art: in fact all of reputation have used it. Thus in Gray's *elogy*

The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,

and

Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

Coleridge's most celebrated verse has alliteration in every line,

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree
Where Alph, the sacred river ran
Through caverns fathomless to man.
Down to a sunless sea

Open any passage of Dr. Young, at random, and you will find it full of alliteration, such as

Lorenzo! hear, pause, ponder and pronounce
Lorenzo! this black brotherhood renounce.

The advice is as sound as the poetry is good. Again, the Dr. says

Patrons of pleasure, posting into pain
Man makes the matchless image man admires
Oh! how portentous is prosperity! . . .
The man that blushes is not quite a brute
Our doom decreed demands a mournful scene.

Even the stately Milton does

not disdain to employ the alliterative art.

Adam addresses Eve after her transgression:

How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost!
Defaced, deflowered and now to death devote!

He describes old Sathanas as "the spirited, sly, snake." And, in fact, there is no lack of alliteration any where in the great English epic. And the same may be said of Shakspeare and all successful poets. 'Tis but a part of their art and all use it more or less.

The propensity to seek resemblances in letters is precisely the same as that which seeks resemblances in occurrences, as for instance, that the great events of a man's life, birth, marriage and death should occur on the same day. He, who feels an interest in the fact that John Adams and Thomas Jefferson died on the 4th of July, a day that they had both helped to make glorious, will most likely have a taste for alliteration. Thus Napoleon, who was fond of tracing out resemblances, regarded the anniversaries of Marengo and Austerlitz as peculiarly propitious days in his career.

Poetry gives resemblances between sounds, alliteration between letters, and curious coincidences between events; and the fondness for any one of these is pretty sure to be associated with a fondness for the other two. So we come back to the curious coincidence which we started out to relate.

In their loyal hunt after the

pictures of "the late lamented," the loyal officials have opened many of our letters containing checks and post-office orders, instead of the pictures aforesaid.—

At — in Alabama, lives the loyalest of the loyal band of brothers, and nothing in the shape of a greenback has ever been able to escape his vigilance. Knowing full well that it would never do to trust heavy hands with such a *light-fingered* operation as feeling a letter, he has always relied upon his nose to get the odor of the loyal currency. But some weeks ago, we sent the proof of a poem to the author at Greenville, Ala. To the outward touch, the proof-sheets felt exactly like loyal greenbacks, and our loyal friend, instead of applying his nose was satisfied with the feel and broke the letter open—to find a poem entitled, "Shot Thro' the Heart!"

Ah! there was a pang in that loyal breast! Ah! there was a shot through that loyal heart when proof-sheets were discovered instead of loyal greenbacks!

The curious coincidence consists in the resemblance between the title of the poem and the situation of the loyal P. M. when he discovered his mistake. Several weeks have passed away since that sad event and two letters have got safely by that dangerous point in Ala. What does it mean? Is that loyal and vigilant P. M. dead—"shot thro' the heart?" There is something wrong with him, else he would never have permitted those two letters to pass. *Requiescat in pace.* We will send proof-sheets to other points hoping for the same blessed results!

Col. John S. Mosby was hissed in the gold room in New York.— So say the newspapers. This is the first intimation that we had received that the great gold men of New York were interested in the sutler wagons upon which Mosby used to fall so mercilessly. The revelation is curious.

Gen. Sherman, in his St. Louis speech, said that the South would ever remember the rebellion with shame as well as sorrow. The General is right. We will ever remember, with shame, that a General, speaking the same language with ourselves, sent among us hordes of bummers to rival the deeds of Attila, the Hun. The General is right. That march to the sea will be remembered for ages with deep, burning shame, by all of generous natures throughout the whole breadth of the land.

John W. Forney, living right under the shadow of the Capitol of the best government the world ever saw, has caught some of the wit of our jocose rulers and has gotten up almost as nice a piece of pleasantry as the Congressional joke. He congratulates Georgia that she will soon take her place by the side of her sister Tennessee, enjoying all the blessings of the restored union. Now John W. Forney knows that there is no spot on the globe where there is less of happiness, peace and tranquility than in Tennessee. But Tennessee is in the Union under Radical domination and he hopes to wheedle Georgia into the same position. Witty Forney! Happy Georgia! Happy Tennessee!

The *Church Union* is a paper published in New York, avowedly with the design of bringing about a union between all denominations. No other proof need be given of the unchristian character of the paper, than the bare statement that it publishes a sermon from Beecher every week. We would suggest to our loyal contemporary a much simpler plan of Church Union than he proposes. We feel sure that all the Beecherites and heretics of every name in the loyal North will unite on a Confession of Faith, embracing but a single article, viz: hearty and true repentance of Southern sins. We think that this short creed would be entirely acceptable to the novel-writing, play-going Puritan preacher and his worshippers.

A loyal editor has no easy task in these sad days. We get twenty times more prose than we can publish, and at least fifty times more poetry than we can even read. But each contributor is angry when his piece does not appear in the first issue after its reception, and raps us soundly for our want of taste and discrimination. When an article has been published and we would fain hope that we were done with it forever, there will come another article correcting its errors. We published last winter a Report of a battle by one of our ablest Generals, which seemed to reflect upon a subordinate. The latter sent his correction, and we thought that we had fairly and honestly given the substance of it, but he was not satisfied, because we had

not used his own words. Then came a correction from General Pendleton, of Gen. Humphrey's Report, and we thought that we would do the right thing, by giving General P's. own language. But, in this, it seems, we were again in error. General P. wished us to make the correction after our own fashion. As Gen. P's. letter was not marked *private*, we supposed that the portion of it relating to Humphrey's Report, was for publication, and thought that we would not subject ourselves to a second censure, by attempting to give the substance of it. Moreover, it seemed to us that when a writer, in correcting a published article, reflects upon others, the writer, and not the editor, should be responsible for those reflections. We tried to act in good faith by all the parties concerned, and still think that we did right. We give Gen. P. the benefit of his second explanation:

GENERAL :—I was surprised, on looking over your issue for November, to find published an extract from my private note to yourself asking that an injurious mistake of Gen. Humphrey's in his account of 2nd Fredericksburg, might be corrected.

Will you oblige me by inserting in your next number this note of explanation?

The opinion expressed by me that the removal of the guns, of which Gen. Humphreys did not know, was an error, I intended only a quiet thought of my own, conveyed in the freedom of private communication. I had not the slightest idea of appearing as the public censor of my friend General Chilton, whom I esteem as a faithful officer and estimable gentleman.

Far less did I dream of publishing even a conditional disapproval of arrangements, that may have emanated from our honored and beloved General Lee, to whom, beside the reverence for his virtues, which I share with all the country, I am bound by ties of peculiar sacredness.

Perhaps I was not sufficiently guarded, in even privately and incidentally

expressing an opinion of error in such a case, without qualifying it as a conditional impression from my stand point.

Just as General Humphreys erred in censuring where he did not know the facts, I should be in fault to express, especially in print, any positive, far more an unfavorable judgment, from my limited field of observation, of movements directed by the almost unerring sagacity of the justly trusted commander, who had in view all the conditions of the occasion.

Yours, very truly,
W. N. PENDLETON.

There is not a man of soul in the South whatever may be his prejudices against Mr. Davis, who does not honor those brave and generous men of the North, Chas. O'Connor and Wm. B. Reed—the able counselors and faithful friends of the vicarious sufferer for the Southern people. At a time when the passions of the North were lashed into a frenzy of madness against Mr. Davis by the foul perjuries of suborned witnesses, these true men boldly confronted the wild prejudices of their section and dared to volunteer their services to defend the unfortunate prisoner, whom it had become the *fashion* to denounce and traduce. Courage and generosity always command the admiration of noble minds, but they become objects of reverence rather than of admiration, when exercised in a high and honorable cause. So these two men are honored and revered at the South (and we faintly hope at the North also) as few men have ever been.

Every heart capable of human emotion in our section will be pained at the sad intelligence that when the Hon. Wm. B. Reed, of Philadelphia, was looked for in Richmond at the expected trial of Mr. Davis in November, he was

hanging over the dying bed of his young and lovely wife (twenty years his junior,) and that he himself sorely needs a kindred sympathy, to that which he so freely bestowed on our illustrious sufferer.

Through a friend we have gained some interesting facts concerning the deceased, which prove her to have been a worthy consort of her noble husband.

Mrs. Mary L. Reed, the wife of the Hon. William B. Reed, died at her husband's residence, near Philadelphia, on the evening of the 15th November, after a few hours' illness. We depart from our usual rule to pay a sincere tribute to the memory of this lady. We write as Southern Journalists about a friend of the South. She was in the prime of life and of intelligence. Born in the North,—bred in the North, never, as we have understood, having seen the South or known Southern associations, surrounded too by friends and family of Northern affinities and prejudices, Mrs. Reed, from the beginning of the civil war to the end of her gentle life, was in close and earnest sympathy with us. In her husband's opinions, well known to every man and woman in the South, she shared, not with mere deference, but with earnest sincerity. She stood by him nobly and resolutely, and aided him to breast the storm which sectional prejudice aroused, and which, through some anomalous process we have never been able to comprehend, raged more fiercely in Philadelphia than any where else. She bore the seclu-

sion and privations her peculiar attitude entailed with calm and cheerful heroism. Too gentle to rejoice in bloody victories on either side, feeling sincere sympathy for her immediate neighbors, into whose homes came death and suffering, her's was the daily prayer that civil strife should cease and peace come back to us with mercy by its side. She lived to see peace but not mercy.— Never taking part in the gaudy charities which, in the form of Fairs and Bazaars, were the fashion in the Northern cities, it was her modest pleasure to minister to the wants of poor Confederate prisoners, to give to them what she could, from moderate means—and to ply for them, her busy needle. It was not much she could do—but it was gladly done. Mrs. Reed leaves two young children to mourn her loss. We may be permitted to hope they will emulate her gentle virtues and inherit the sentiments and opinions which have made us—poor sufferers of the South,—feel so kindly to both their parents.

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The Abolitionists have been telling us, for a half century, of the degradation and bestiality of the negro through the baneful influence of the oppression of slavery. But no sooner has slavery been abolished than these same philanthropists contend that the degraded, bestialized subject of it is fit to sit upon juries, to exercise the elective franchise, to take his seat in State or National Legislature, and to discharge all the high and responsible duties of intelli-

gent manhood. Now there is an inconsistency somewhere. Either the tales of cruelty and atrocity were not true, or the negro is in the degraded condition he was represented to be in. The Abolitionists were either liars before emancipation or they are knaves since. The negro is degraded or he is not degraded. If the former, it is wrong and wicked to clothe him with the privileges which should only belong to worth and intelligence. If the latter, then the thrilling tales of cruelty, which have been poured out from pulpit and press for half a century, have been deliberate falsehoods.

This is the present dilemma of the party of great moral ideas.— They have either to write themselves down as liars or fools. Impartial History will probably not be embarrassed by this difficulty and will rank them with both classes!

Some of the saints have sense enough to see the absurdity of their present position or the wickedness of their ante-war declarations. Gov. Morton of Indiana in a speech at Richmond (Indiana) has presented the subject with great force. He says:

“To say that such men, (negroes) and it is no fault of theirs, it is simply their misfortune, and the crime of this nation, to say that such men, just emerging from this slavery, are qualified for the exercise of political power is to make the strongest pro-slavery argument I ever heard. It is to pay the highest compliment to the institution of slavery.

“What has been our practice for many years? We have invariably

described slavery as degrading, both to the body and soul. We have described it as bringing human beings down to the level of the beasts of the field. We have described it as a crime depriving the slaves of intellectual and moral culture, and of all the gifts that God had made the most precious. If we shall now turn round and say that this institution has been a blessing to the negro, instead of a curse; that it has qualified him for the right of suffrage and the exercise of political power, *we shall stultify ourselves and give the lie to those declarations upon which we have gained political power.*"

It may be contended that the South has equally stultified herself by first denying the atrocities of slavery, and then refusing to the freedmen the right of suffrage. Not at all. The South, whether erroneously or not, has always maintained that the negro belonged to an inferior race, and justified slavery upon that ground. Her position, then, has been consistent throughout, while the present attitude of the Abolitionists is one of pitiable self-stultification.

But their position is ungenerous as well as inconsistent. While refusing negro suffrage to a handful of negroes at home, who could do no harm even with this privilege granted, they are forcing us to grant it to millions, who can upturn the whole face of society. That sound Democratic paper, the *Philadelphia Age* has presented this view with great force:

"As the Radicals still insist upon forcing negro suffrage on the

people of the South, it is well to look at the manner in which the proposition to confer the ballot on the negroes of certain States in the North has been received by white men. The figures are as follows:

	Against.	Fbr.	Majority Against.
Ohio.....	255,340	216,987	38,353
Kansas.....	16,114	7,591	8,523
Minnesota.....	28,759	27,461	1,298
New Jersey.....	67,463	51,114	16,354

"Now, this is the verdict of white men against granting the elective franchise to negroes in States where the latter could, by no possibility, make such a combination as to hold the balance of power, much less elect their own color to offices of honor, trust, or profit. The annexed table will show the proportion of whites and negroes in the four States named above:

	White males.	Negro males.
Ohio.....	1,171,729	13,442
Kansas.....	53,892	286
Minnesota.....	91,804	126
New Jersey.....	322,763	12,312

"If the people of Kansas, where there are but two hundred and eighty-six negroes, and those of Minnesota, where only one hundred and twenty-six negroes claim a residence, will not entrust these with the ballot, why should negroes be made voters in States where they can control the elections?"

There is one argument, however, in opposition to negro suffrage, to which the loyal North cannot be insensible. The three great, wealthy, and intelligent States of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, have repudiated negro suffrage by overwhelming majorities. These States in 1860 had a population of 9,126,361. In round numbers, it may be estimated at 10,000,000 to-day. These 10,000,000 will have but six Senators in the Congress of the United States.

It is now pretty evident that the 3,000,000 of negroes, in the ten Southern States, voting in solid phalanx under the control of the "Loyal Leagues," hold the balance of power and will either elect to the Senate of the United States persons of their own race and color, or the low, base and unprincipled whites, who, for selfish purposes, are coöperating with them. They will thus have supreme control over the appointment of twenty members of the United States Senate. Upon all matters, then, which come within the province of that Body—making treaties, confirming or rejecting Executive nominations, &c.,—the three millions of negroes will have a more potential voice than the ten millions of whites! The negroes standing in the ratio to the whites of 3 to 10 will outvote them in the ratio of 20 to 6! In the most important functions of the government, the vote of the Southern negro has 11-9 more value than that of the white man of New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio!!! It is an insult to the intelligence and the patriotism of these great States to believe that such a monstrous state of things can be tolerated for any great length of time.

The material argument, too, addresses itself to the loyal North. How can the country do without the great staples of the South?—Rice has ceased to be a Southern product. Sugar has fallen off to almost nothing. Cotton and tobacco will not be raised another season in sufficient quantities to pay the tax on land. The South

is repeating over again the history of Hayti and Jamaica. One shrewd Northern Journal, the New York *Herald*, is fully alive to the danger of the situation, and sees clearly that the Jacobins, in their mad scramble to perpetuate their power, are entailing ruin upon the North as well as the South. It says:

"As we are directed now by the radical element, we photograph upon our present institutions and on future history at least one-third of the picture of Hayti. In that unfortunate country, we have had nothing but a war of races since its discovery by Columbus. From the negro emperor Jacques I. in 1804, to the present ruler, Salnave, the Haytian part of the island has presented even a worse condition than that which is presented in the long years of wholesale Spanish murders which made its horrors a proverb. How rapidly the country marches to the primitive barbarism which is the delight of the negro race is best shown by the value of the exports just previous to the accession of Jacques I. compared with those of to-day. At that time they reached the large figure of \$27,828,000. To-day they are scarcely \$8,000,000.

But if Hayti exhibits a sorry argument for negro domination, what does Jamaica show? Since the island was given up to negro rule its march has been rapid from bad to worse, until to-day one of the finest and formerly one of the most productive of all the West India group lies but a wreck in negro hands."

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THE LAND WE LOVE.

No. IV.

FEBRUARY, 1868.

VOL. IV.

SKETCH OF THE 1ST KENTUCKY BRIGADE.

It was evident to the great man who commanded the department of the West, that he could not linger in Tennessee, he was doubtless able to successfully resist the force under General Buell which had now occupied Nashville, but it was well known that none of the force occupied in the reduction of Donelson had ascended the river. With unlimited supplies of water transportation, nothing was easier than for them to pass round the peninsula, and ascending the Tennessee River, land a force in his rear and place him in the same dilemma from which he had just so skillfully extracted his army. A retreat behind the Tennessee was inevitable and the strategical position he occupied at Murfreesboro opened to him three routes. He might pass over to the turnpike road, from Nashville, through Columbia and Pulaski, parallel with the railroad, and cross at Florence, or

throwing himself into the mountain passes of Eastern Tennessee, in their wild gorges and rugged ravines he might defy pursuit, and retreat upon Chattanooga. This however, would have been a virtual abandonment of the Mississippi and its valley. Still a third route was open. Due South from Murfreesboro, ran a road through a comparatively unfrequented country, passing directly through Huntsville to Decatur, on the Southern bank of the Tennessee River. While this route offered the advantage of a middle course between the two great lines of macadamized roads east and west of him, enabling him, in case of necessity, to pass over to either; it was not without objections. Lying, for the most part, through cultivated and deep bottoms, on the edge of Northern Alabama it rises abruptly to cross the great plateau thrown out from the Cumberland Mountains,

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here nearly a thousand feet above the surrounding country, and full forty miles in width, covered with dense forests of timber, yet barren and sterile in soil, and wholly destitute of supplies for either man or beast. Two weeks of unintermitting rain had softened the earth until the surface resembled a vast swamp, but along this route the Commander-in-Chief determined to pass, and after occupying a week in reorganizing his army, a cloud of cavalry, consisting of Morgan's Squadron, the 1st Kentucky Cavalry, the Texas Rangers, Wirt Adams', Scott's and Forrest's regiments were thrown out in the direction of the enemy, with orders, as they fell back, to burn the cotton and destroy the bridges; and the further retreat thus commenced.

History records no example of a retreat conducted with such success under such adverse circumstances. Rain continued to fall almost without intermission—it was spring—the season most unpropitious for transits over country roads, and the passage of such numbers of horses and wagons rendered the route literally a river of liquid mud. For miles at times the wagons would be submerged in ooze and mire up to the hubs of their wheels, while the saturated condition of the earth rendered comfortable encampments impossible. The ascent of the plateau, although only about two miles of distance, consumed a day for each brigade, and time was everything to men in their condition, yet steadily, earnestly, hopefully they toiled on until on the 10th of March the head

of the army had reached a point within three miles of Decatur, but with the Tennessee swollen far beyond its banks, flooding the country for miles in every direction, and sweeping with resistless force over the roads and fords.— Happily at this point the Memphis and Charleston railroad crossed the Tennessee, and as a precaution against its freshets the railroad company had constructed an embankment fifty feet in height and two miles in length on which were laid their rails—this embankment was still ten or twelve feet above the surrounding waters, and reached to the terminus of the bridge. Its narrow width of seven feet precluded the possibility of anything like orderly movement, but over it were passed the infantry and cavalry without cessation either day or night. The artillery and baggage wagons were placed on platform cars, and at a given signal the track was cleared while they were run to and over the bridge. Patience, perseverance and indomitable will finally accomplished the work, and on the 16th the Kentucky brigade, bringing up the rear of the army, marched through Decatur. A month had elapsed since the fall of Donelson, but the army was at last behind the Tennessee and all was not yet lost.— Still the danger was not yet over. The enemy commanded the river and might, by vigorous movements, prevent the junction of the army of central Kentucky with that of General Beauregard, which had fallen back from Columbus, in Kentucky, and was now endeavoring to unite with that un-

der General Johnston. In truth it seemed that if the enemy was prompt and vigorous in his movements, this would be impossible. The Memphis and Charleston railroad runs nearly due east and west, pursuing for ninety miles an almost parallel course with the Tennessee river, never diverging from it more than twenty miles and in many places approaching to within eight or ten. Numerous streams, which drain the country and empty into the main river were crossed by it, and on the margins of these streams are almost invariably found swamps requiring heavy trestle-work to support the rail. A little celerity on the part of the enemy might at any hour enable him to destroy a section of this trestle-work, and thus cut off the communication.— To transport the army by the country roads was impossible, the torrent-like rains which had impeded the progress of the army through Tennessee had continued to fall after the passage of the river. In many places the country was covered with sheets of water too deep to be forded, while the roads not thus submerged were impassable for horsemen. It was difficult for the various corps to pass far enough from Decatur to find encampments. Within a mile of the town might be counted scores of wagons on the various roads sunk to their beds in mire, and which the quagmire of oozing earth around them prevented the possibility of unloading. Hindman's brigade of Arkansas troops was thrown forward by rail to Courtland immediately. Crittenden was pushed beyond

him to Iuka, and on the 21st the Kentucky brigade, under General Breckenridge, was dispatched, with its field pieces, ammunition and baggage, to Burnsville within 15 miles of Corinth by cars, while the horses and wagons were sent to struggle through as best they could on the dirt roads.

The remainder of the army was gradually pushed on to Corinth, meeting there the army of Beauregard, and confidence and hope were once more restored. The danger of an immediate surprise was over, but the greatest vigilance was necessary to meet and prevent the enemy from landing in force, and by strength of numbers, accomplishing that which he had failed to do by celerity of movement. For several days his gunboats swept up and down the Tennessee River, shelling the banks and apparently seeking a favorable point to disembark from his transports. The little village of Eastport, situated some eight miles from Iuka, it was supposed, offered him peculiar advantages, and preparations were made to resist him by throwing up earth-works and placing in position two thirty-two pounders. He continued, however, to make feints, landing a few regiments at various points, but almost immediately withdrawing them; until information was received which convinced the Commander-in-Chief that the attack of the enemy would be on Corinth, where is located the junction of the Mobile and Ohio railroad, with the Charleston and Memphis railroad. Meantime, the greater portion of the division of General

Crittenden, composed of Statham's miles apart. To meet and crush brigade and Bowen's brigade this force, or cripple it before was sent forward, to Burnsville, General Buell, with his army, and ordered to report to General which was advancing through Breckinridge. Hindman's force Tennessee, could reinforce it, was the object of the Commander-in-Chief, preparatory to which, his now incorporated with, and formed part of the corps d'armée of army was re-organized and cast General Hardee. Scouts were into four divisions or corps. kept constantly reconnoitering The first, under General Bragg, the roads leading to the Tennessee consisted of 9,422 men. River; and vigorous efforts made The second, under General to bring the army to a high state Polk, numbered 4,855 men. of efficiency in discipline and The third corps was commanded by General Hardee, 15,524 men. equipment. The enemy, it was And the reserve, consisting of now known, had landed seven the Kentucky brigade, Statham's divisions of his army, amounting brigade, and Bowen's brigade, to about forty-two thousand men, amounted, according to the returns in the Adjutant General's at a point on the Tennessee River, office, on the night of April the near Pittsburg Landing, and was 5th, to 6,894 men, commanded by right encamped in position, his Brigadier General John C. Breckinridge. The cavalry amounted Lick Creek, the streams running nearly parallel to each other, four to three thousand.

"OUR LEFT."

From dawn to dark, they stood,
 That long midsummer's day!
 While, fierce and fast,
 The Battle-blast
 Swept rank on rank away!

From dawn to dark, they fought,—
 With legions swept and cleft!
 And still the wide,
 Black battle-tide
 Poured deadlier on "Our Left!"

They closed each ghastly gap!
 They dressed each shattered rank!
 THEY knew—how well!—
 That Freedom fell
 With that exhausted flank.

Oh! for a thousand MEN!
 Like these who melt away!
 And—down they came,
 With steel and flame!
Four thousand, to the fray!

They leaped the laggard train—
 The panting *steam* might stay—
 And down they came,
 With steel and flame—
 Four thousand to the fray!

Right through the blackest cloud
 Their lightning path they cleft!
 And Triumph came—
 With deathless FAME—
 To "Our" unconquered "Left!"

YE! of your Honor sure!—
 YE! of your "Cause" bereft!—
 Honor, WEEP the "Brave!"
 WHO died to save
 Your ALL—along our "LEFT."

THE LOST DISPATCH.

THE Historian must be conversant with his subject, patient in the investigation of facts, impartial in weighing conflicting statements, unprejudiced, dignified, and truthful. The lack of any one of these qualities is fatal. Hence it has happened that during the twenty-three hundred years since the "Father of History" wrote his nine books, there has only been found here and there a name deemed worthy to be dignified with the noble title of Historian. Hence it has happened that of the millions of histories poured upon the public in this long interval, only one, here and there, has come down to our time.

Nor is it difficult to see the cause of this failure.

The history of mankind has been little else than a history of the wars that have desolated countries and wasted human life. These could, of course, only be intelligibly described by those who understood military language and military movements. We could not expect one to write a treatise on jurisprudence, who was ignorant of the phraseology and the principles of law. We could not expect one to lecture on the proper treatment of disease, who had never studied chemistry, anatomy, physiology and their associated branches. We would be shocked at the presumption of him, who should attempt to proclaim the truths of the gospel without having studied the Bible. We

would laugh at him, who would attempt to write a description of a naval combat without even understanding nautical terms. At the close of the Mexican war, a distinguished authoress, who wished to write its history, held a consultation on the subject with an officer, who subsequently held a high rank in the Federal army. He said to her frankly, "Madam, I know not what obstacles genius may enable you to surmount. For my own part, I would not attempt to write a naval history without understanding the alphabet of naval science. You may be able to write a military history without understanding the alphabet of military science."

The world is not so complaisant, and it always expects that those, who *first* describe battles by land and sea, shall understand, at least, the nomenclature of war. The more *general* historian may abridge the details thus furnished and incorporate the abridgment with the social, religious, political and literary annals of the nation, whose history he is writing.— Thus Thucydides was a distinguished soldier. Xenophon had an important command in the memorable retreat of the "ten thousand." Cæsar, the historian, was also Cæsar, the greatest captain of his age. Sallust, the historian, was a member of the military family of Cæsar.

Even Gibbon was a profound student of military science, and was two years and a half in

military service. When we wish to read something valuable, touching the wars of Napoleon, we take up the history of General Jomini, the Napoleon au Tribunal de Cæsar, the Dispatches of Wellington, Napier's Peninsular War, &c.,—books written by military men, understanding the subject of which they treat. So for an account of a particular battle, as Waterloo, we may be entertained by the vivid description of the great French novelist, but we look for authentic facts to Gneisenau, Beamish, Jones, &c. Thus too, in our own first great rebellion, we rely upon the statements of the loyal Tarleton and the rebels Greene and Lee. As they wrote about what they saw with their own eyes, or knew of their own personal knowledge, we feel sure that their dates and events are correct, though a partisan coloring may be thrown around the latter. Therefore, their books have lived, and will live, while the sensational stories of mere book writers have perished long ago.

The general history of the second American rebellion must be a most difficult task, since three millions of men were called out on one side, and about half a million on the other. 'Tis a stupendous undertaking to comprehend fully fifty gigantic battles, and two hundred lesser combats of no little magnitude. The reports of regiments, brigades, divisions, corps and armies, must be read and digested, and how many thousands of these there will be! Next, the histories of each, and of all these bodies of

men must be read and digested. (At present, not one in a thousand has been written.) Next, the archives, of the respective Governments at war, must be carefully studied, that their policy may be understood in projecting certain campaigns, which culminated in certain great battles. It is plain that if this vast material was all gathered together and placed before the general historian, he would have a work of many years in collating, weighing, examining, rejecting and digesting. It is equally plain that if either the material is wanting, or the patient and intelligent investigation for years is wanting, the book may pay the historian, but it will never pay the reader.

If we wish the history of our Confederate struggle to be correctly written, we must encourage the writing of the histories of the smaller commands,—regiments, brigades, etc., etc. General Longstreet has made a move in the right direction in selecting a competent officer to write the history of his corps. Let each corps commander do the same thing. The writers so selected would exert themselves to draw out the histories of the subordinate commands, and would, at any rate, get all the official reports of the subordinate commanders in their respective corps. From the several corps histories in any one army, (as that of Northern Virginia) the historian for that army may gather his materials and write his book.—And from the histories of the several armies, the general historian may gather the materials for the history of the whole—combining

with the military, the civil and political annals of the period of war.

Should the proper interest in this subject be excited among our people, the corps historians might hope, in four or five years, to get the subordinate histories, from which their own could be compiled. This is all that we can expect in this generation. The general history must be the task of our descendants. Perhaps in a quarter of a century, when the passions and prejudices evoked by the war shall have subsided; some calm, dignified, impartial man of learning, industry and ability, may gather together the materials furnished in the manner suggested, and from them produce a truthful history of the great rebellion. The wisest statesman of the South has well said that this is not the age for the history of the Confederate struggle.

We suppose no one will question the correctness of the principles we have laid down, or deny that the qualities enumerated above are essential to the historian. But measured by this standard how immeasurably will all the war-books yet produced fall short! Most of them have been written by civilians ignorant of the first rudiments of military science, who never heard the whistle of a hostile shot, and to whom the strategy of a campaign and the tactics of the field are alike incomprehensible. One of these writers is a civilian, who exalts to the skies a certain division for its gallantry at Gettysburg and attributes the disaster there to the cowardice of a certain brigade,

and yet the cowardly brigade lost more men than the heroic division! Another writer, (a clergyman) in his biography of a noble partisan officer, has to describe the movements of Jackson's corps, in which there were many North Carolina soldiers. But the whole volume contains but one allusion to the brave soldiers from that State—"here the 21st N. C. regiment suffered heavily." At the very time this clergyman was composing his book at Winchester, Va., the Memorial Association of that city were inviting Gov. Vance of North Carolina to address them, and giving as a reason for their invitation that their Cemetery contained more graves of soldiers from North Carolina than from any other State—a fact which might be said of every burying ground in Virginia.—The wise reader will throw aside as worthless, books bearing the marks of prejudice and partiality, as well as of ignorance of the subject. What shall be said then of the historian, whose chief merit, it is claimed, consists in his prejudice and partiality? The "Old Guard" for November, under the editorial head, says of Mr. E. A. Pollard: "He is partial, prejudiced, dogmatic, determined—the *very man to write contemporaneous history.* He represents evidently the thoughts, hopes and passions of a particular set, and when the materials he gives are used by the future writer of history, there is no danger of their receiving more than their proper weight. *He does not in the least attempt to disguise his prejudice, or conceal his hatred.* His dislike of Jefferson

Davis is particularly plain. It is like part of his style. It crops out in every direction." (The italics in the extract are our own.)

This is certainly strange doctrine. Unfairness has never before been commended as an excellence in any writer, and surely least of all in the historian.— "Truth is in order to goodness" is a well-known maxim of Lord Bacon; and when the competency of the author is not in dispute, he is valued just in proportion to our belief in his honesty and truthfulness.

Mr. E. A. Pollard, though an ardent advocate of the war, was, we believe, never under fire, and we might question the ability of a man to describe *all* the battles of the four years' struggle, who was never a witness of *one*. But we do not propose to discuss his competency, and will confine ourselves to exposing his prejudices and his inaccuracies. It has been the desire of the Editor of this Magazine not to obtrude upon his readers the part he himself acted in the war, but as Mr. E. A. Pollard has made certain statements with reference to him, which are matters of general and not merely of personal interest, he thinks there is no violation of good taste in replying through his own columns. To prevent misapprehension, he will drop the Editorial *we* and speak in the first person.

Believing that life was too short to be wasted in reading a history of the war, a quarter of a century in advance of the time, when a truthful history could be written, I had not read a single line of the "Lost Cause," by Mr. E. A. Pol-

lard, and did not know until very recently, when my attention was called to it by a friend, that in speaking of a dispatch from Gen. Lee at Frederick, Maryland, addressed to me, which was lost by some one, he used the following language:

"A copy of the order directing the movement of the army from Frederick had been sent to D. H. Hill; and this vain and petulant officer, in a moment of passion, had thrown the paper on the ground. It was picked up by a Federal soldier, and McClellan thus strangely became possessed of the exact detail of his adversary's plan of operations."

I will make upon this extraordinary statement of Mr. E. A. Pollard three remarks.

First. The harsh epithets which he applies to me are unworthy of the dignity of the historian, and prove a prejudiced state of mind.

Second. If I petulantly threw down this order, I deserved not merely to be cashiered, but to be shot to death with musketry.— And it seems strange that Gen. Lee, who ought to have known the facts, as well as Mr. E. A. Pollard, never brought me to trial for it. 'Tis still stranger that Mr. Davis, nearly a year after the alleged occurrence, promoted me to a Lieutenant-Generality, and sent me to command a corps at Chickamauga.

Third. If Mr. E. A. Pollard cannot prove this statement by trustworthy eye-witnesses, who saw this petulant act of throwing down the dispatch, he could be convicted of slander in any respectable Court of Justice in

Christendom. *But there is not the shadow of truth in his charge, and he has therefore perpetrated a gross and unprovoked slander.*

General McClellan states that a dispatch, of General Lee, directed to me was found near Frederick, Maryland, and that he gained most important information from it. There can be no doubt then, that such a dispatch was lost.— But it is obviously unfair to assume that a paper with my name on the envelope was necessarily lost by me in person. Might it not have been lost in Gen. Lee's own office? Might it not have been dropped by his courier in carrying it to me? As the Adjutant is the keeper of all orders, might it not have been lost by my Adjutant? Who has the right to assume that the loss was through my own carelessness? Who, without evidence, can presume to charge me with throwing it down in a fit of passion? I challenge Mr. E. A. Pollard to produce a single witness, who saw the act.

There are some circumstances which will satisfy any unprejudiced mind that I am not responsible for the loss of the dispatch.

My division was the first to cross the Potomac, which it did at Cheek's ford, upon a verbal order, and with no knowledge whatever of the object of the expedition. We crossed one afternoon about 3 o'clock, and were engaged till the same hour the next day in destroying the Chesapeake & Ohio canal. I then learned that Gen. Jackson had crossed and wished to see me. After a rapid ride, I found him at the head of his

division examining a map held by Captain (afterwards Colonel) E. V. White, who still lives. He said, "You have been placed under my orders, I wish your division to join me, to-night, near Frederick." I returned and brought up my division that night. General J. was disabled the next morning by his horse falling back upon him, and I was put in charge of the corps. I rode forward and joined Captain White's scouts, and together, we crossed the bridge over the Monocacy, and went first to the telegraph office. For the next two or three days, we drew all our supplies and received all our orders through General Jackson. It seems to me very improbable then, that General Lee would send an order directly to me.— *Official etiquette required it to be sent through Jackson, and if the celebrated order of Sept. 9th (the one McClellan found) was not sent thus, it was in violation of usage. I have the certificate of my Adjutant (who is still living) Major J. W. Ratchford, that no order ever came to the division from General Lee. I have no recollection of any myself. But I have in my possession now (and it has been shown to many persons) a copy of this very lost order of Lee, which is in General Jackson's own handwriting. He did not trust it to be copied by his Adjutant, and with like care, I carried it in my pocket and did not trust it among my office papers. It was right and proper that I should have received this order from Jackson, and from no one else, and I have no recollection of getting one*

from General Lee's office direct. My Quarter-master, Major John D. Rogers, (now residing at Middleburg, Virginia,) writes to me that while at Frederick, he received all the orders in regard to his wagon train, supplies, &c., through Gen. Jackson's Quarter-master. It seems to me utterly incomprehensible that all orders should have come through the usual official channels, except this one, the most important of all.

There is a mystery about this order, at Frederick, which would seem to indicate that there was something wrong in the manner of transmitting it, or treachery in the persons carrying it. General R. H. Anderson commanded an independent division (unlike mine in that respect) and yet he received no copy of the celebrated order. He writes to me that he is perfectly sure of this, and Gen. Chilton (Chief-of-Staff to General Lee) is equally certain that the order was sent to all the Major Generals.

But without attempting to unravel the mystery, I will content myself with pronouncing the charge of Mr. E. A. Pollard to be wholly untrue. It will be difficult for that gentleman to explain *why I preserved with so much care, Jackson's copy of Lee's order, and threw away so contemptuously the order itself, coming directly from the Head-quarters of the Army.*

I first heard of the lost dispatch and the unkind comments made upon it by some pen-and-ink warriors, when I was on my way from the Department of North Carolina to defend Rich-

mond from the attacks of troops coming from Fortress Monroe to capture the Confederate Capital, during the absence of Lee's army in Pennsylvania. As part of Mr. E. A. Pollard's history was written during the war, it may be that while I was risking my life for the defence of Richmond he, secure in his office, was penning this most unjust and unprovoked slander.

I next heard of this aspersion upon me when I was at Chattanooga, just before the battle of Chickamauga. Fearing that there might be a stain upon my memory, if I fell in the approaching battle without some explanation of the mystery, I wrote home that the copy of Lee's order, which governed me in all I did while in Maryland, could be found among my papers, having been sent home by a private hand while we were encamped on the Opequon. It was found precisely as indicated. As my statement made after the battle was very generally copied, it seems strange to me that Mr. E. A. Pollard never saw it.

I will next examine the allegation that the loss of the dispatch was a serious damage to the Confederate cause. It will not be difficult to show that it was just the reverse. The celebrated order of Lee is in these words:

"The army will resume its march to-morrow, taking the Hagerstown road. Gen. Jackson's command will form the advance, and after passing Middletown, with such portion as he may select, take the route beyond Sharpsburg, cross the Potomac at the most convenient point, and by

Friday morning, take possession of the B. & O. R. R., capture such of the enemy as may be at Martinsburg, and intercept such as may attempt to escape from Harper's Ferry.

"General Longstreet's command will pursue the main road as far as Boonsboro, where he will halt with the reserve, supply and baggage trains of the army.

"General McLaws, with his own division and that of General R. H. Anderson, will follow Gen. Longstreet, on reaching Middletown, will take the route to Harper's Ferry, and by Friday morning, possess himself of the Maryland Heights, and endeavor to capture the enemy at Harper's Ferry and vicinity.

"General Walker, with his division, after accomplishing the object in which he is now engaged, will cross the Potomac at Cheek's Ford, ascend the right bank to Lovettsville, take possession of Loudoun Heights, if practicable, by Friday morning Key's Ford on his left, and the road between the end of the mountain and the Potomac on his right. He will, as far as practicable, co-operate with Gen. McLaws and General Jackson in intercepting the retreat of the enemy.

"General D. H. Hill's division will form the rear guard of the army, pursuing the same road taken by the main body. The reserve artillery, ordnance, and supply trains will precede General Hill.

"General Stuart will detach a squadron of cavalry to accompany the commands of Generals Long-

street, Jackson, and McLaws, and with the main body of the cavalry, will cover the route of the army, and bring up all stragglers that may have been left behind.

"The commands of Generals Jackson, McLaws, and Walker, after accomplishing the objects for which they have been detached, will join the main body of the Army at Boonsboro or Hagerstown.

"Each regiment on the march will habitually carry its axes in the regimental ordnance wagons for the use of the men at their encampments to procure wood, &c."

Now observe the cautious order does not give the composition and strength of our forces. It speaks of Jackson's "command" without naming the divisions of which it was composed. Thus, A. P. Hill, Early, and Starke,—division commanders—are not mentioned. So, likewise, it speaks of Longstreet's command, without naming Hood, Jones, or Evans (division commanders.) McClellan simply learned from it that Lee had divided his army, sending part to capture Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry, and leaving Longstreet and myself to guard the mountain passes, parks of artillery and wagon trains.

McClellan would have been the most inefficient of generals, could he not have gained that information in a friendly country from his own scouts and spies.

He tells us too, that he learned of the leaguer of Harper's Ferry by the roar of artillery some days before it fell. A staff officer of McClellan (Colonel Abert) informs

me that the firing was heard on the Catoctin (Harper's Ferry) before the Federal army left Frederick. McClellan's cavalry and scouts were surely active enough to inform him that a portion of Lee's army was *not* at Harper's Ferry, even if the country people (generally Union men) gave him no information. The important fact gained by finding Lee's order was, that Lee had divided his forces; in every other respect, the order mystified and deceived him. I have too much respect for McClellan's administrative ability, which was of the highest order, to believe that he could not have gained this *one* fact without Lee's order in his pocket. The merest blunderer, at the head of an army, could learn that much about his antagonist. Even Banks, or Butler, or poor Schenck could have organized cavalry and scouts to be efficient enough to discover that a portion of Lee's army was in front, while the roar of his cannon was heard far off towards Harper's Ferry.

Notice that Lee's order was calculated to deceive McClellan in two important particulars. 1st. It taught him to believe that Jackson would not go to Harper's Ferry. But that active officer, after the capture of Martinsburg, hastened to Harper's Ferry and took an important part in its reduction. 2nd. It taught him to believe that Longstreet was at Boonsboro, just at the foot of South Mountain, whereas he was at Hagerstown, 17 miles from South Mountain, when the battle began at the latter place, on the morning of the 14th September.

To this false information is doubtless due the salvation of the Southern army. Had the battle of Boonsboro (or South Mountain) been lost early on the morning of the 14th, our army would have been cut in two, the whole of our artillery and vast wagon trains (parked in the valley beyond Boonsboro) would have been lost. Probably the sun of the Confederacy would have set on that day. It is scarcely probable that we could have ever supplied the loss of such immense materials of war.

My division had been reduced by battle, marches, want of shoes, &c., from 22,000 to 5,000 men, and I had several miles of mountain passes to guard. McClellan had 80,000 well-armed, well-equipped and well-trained soldiers. He could have crushed my little *squad* in ten minutes, but for the caution inspired in him by the belief that Longstreet was there.— Lee's order deceived him, too, about Jackson's whereabouts, and doubtless the apprehension, that that ubiquitous partisan had returned from Martinsburg, as directed by Lee's order, and which he had time to do, made McClellan still more guarded in his approaches. Certain it is that my little handful repelled his attacks with ease until 3 P. M. At that hour, a Serg't. Major in one of Rodes' regiments (a Northern man by birth) deserted to the enemy and asked with astonishment why they were so cautious, as only a few thousands were holding the passes.— The attack upon us was now made with some vigor, but in the mean time Longstreet's troops had

come up, and though utterly exhausted by their forced march, they aided in maintaining the position till after night-fall. We then withdrew without losing a gun, a wagon or an ambulance.

Mr. E. A. Pollard is pleased to call the battle of Boonsboro the Thermopylæ of the war, and he pays a merited tribute to my gallant division. Nowhere in the war were such tremendous odds encountered. The few, who stood on that mountain top on that bright Sabbath morning, were the bravest of the brave, and the vast masses of the enemy sent no chill of terror to their hearts. Amazement at the feebleness of the assault of the immense hosts, and not fear, was the predominant emotion in their minds. But while even to this day, the recollection of their courage and devotion sends a thrill to my heart, candor compels me to say that they could not have resisted for ten minutes, the tremendous odds against them, had not the Federal Commander been paralyzed by the false impression derived from that very dispatch, the capture of which he deemed so important a prize.

In going to Harper's Ferry from Martinsburg instead of returning to Boonsboro, General Jackson acted on his own responsibility and in violation of Lee's order. McClellan, misled by that order, no doubt, thought Jackson at Boonsboro. His great caution then was due to the natural error, (into which he had been led by using the order as his guide,) that he was fighting Longstreet and Jackson, when he was only fighting

my small force. It was this error which saved Lee from destruction; and in the inscrutable Providence of God the loss of the dispatch prolonged the Confederate struggle for two more years.

I have shown, 1st, that the charge of Mr. E. A. Pollard of my having thrown down Lee's dispatch in a fit of passion is a gross slander: 2nd, that it was proper that Lee's order should have come to me through Jackson and that I have still in my possession Jackson's copy of that order: 3rd, that if Lee's order was sent to me directly, neither myself nor Staff know any thing about it: 4th, that the loss of the order was a benefit and not an injury to the Confederate arms. There are living witnesses, who can substantiate all my statements, while Mr. E. A. Pollard cannot produce a single person, who saw the act which he slanderously ascribes to me.

Men are notoriously bad judges of their own characters, and it is therefore useless for me to say that I think that my gentle accuser is mistaken in pronouncing me to be vain and petulant. But I must believe that the eminent historian himself has similar characteristics. It does seem to me that it savors somewhat of vanity for a penny-a-liner for the Richmond press to sit in judgment upon Confederate President, Cabinet, Congress and all the civil dignitaries of the land, and like Jove on Mount Olympus hurl his thunderbolts at them all. It does seem a little vain for a man, who never saw a single battle-field to attempt to describe so many hund-

reds of battles, and tell what were the errors in the conduct of them all. It looks very much like vanity for a man, who does not know the alphabet of military science, to criticise officers of every grade, from the Commanding General to the lowest subaltern. In fact, I think that it would be great presumption in Mr. E. A. Pollard to criticise the military career of one of Lee's corporals or drummer boys.

As for petulance, bless my life! it is amazing that Mr. E. A. Pollard can bring the charge against any one, when his book is nothing but one big mass of petulance against Mr. Davis and all others, who have incurred his petulant displeasure.

I have received a large number of letters from Southern officers, pronouncing Mr. E. A. Pollard's book to be a libel upon history. Among these writers, are the men the most honored at the South. One of them (a full General) has sent an elaborate and a crushing review of that blundering and prejudiced volume, which claims to be a history. I do not believe that a single respectable officer or soldier can be found, who will pronounce it accurate, reliable, and trust-worthy.

I will now show that Mr. E. A. Pollard is either too prejudiced or too inaccurate to be relied upon as a historian. I will confine myself to the battles in which I, myself, was engaged, because I know more of them than of any others, and because I wish to prove that he has shown a personal dislike to me, inconsistent with the grave character of the historian.

In referring to the battle of Seven Pines, Mr. E. A. Pollard says: "Through the thick woods, on marshy ground, in water in many places, two feet deep, Longstreet's regiments moved on, brushing off occasionally a cloud of skirmishers that disputed their passage. As they came upon the enemy's works, a sheet of fire blazed in their faces. It was sharp, rapid work. Some of the regiments crept through the low brush wood in front of the redoubt, and at a given signal from the flanking parties, made a rush for the guns, cleared them, and entering pell-mell into the earth-work, bayoneted all who opposed them." Where did Mr. E. A. Pollard stumble upon all this stuff? Longstreet did not have a single regiment engaged in capturing Casey's earth-works. They were carried by my division without any support whatever—the first instance in the war, so far as I know, of the storming of earth-works. The enemy attempted to retake his works, and Longstreet sent me R. H. Anderson's brigade, which behaved most nobly, and a few detached regiments, which were not engaged. That night, Longstreet sent up all his division, and next day (June 1st,) sent me also Huger's division. I thus had the immediate command of three divisions on that day, and received no orders from any source whatever. That night, we withdrew by Longstreet's order, because the attack on the Nine Mile road had failed, exposing thereby our flank and rear.

Rodes' brigade was the first to occupy Casey's intrenchments,

though he did not lose so many men as G. B. Anderson, or Garland. The flanking parties gave no signal, no guns were cleared, (a new term in military science!) and no Yankees were bayoneted. I am sorry to spoil Mr. E. A. Pollard's fancy sketch.

Four divisions were selected by General Lee to turn McClellan's right flank on the Chickahominy. They were commanded by Longstreet, Jackson, A. P. Hill and myself. McClellan cast all upon the chance of success at Gaines' Mill, and lost. It was this battle which hurled McClellan out of his intrenchments before Richmond, and drove him to the shelter of gun-boats, on the James river. Surely then no truthful account could be given of so important an action, which does not tell of the part played by each of the four attacking divisions. But Mr. E. A. Pollard does not mention my division at all in connection with this great fight! Was its role in the great drama so insignificant that the historian could pass it over in silence? I think not. The charge, which it made across an open field, a fourth of a mile wide, raked in flank by a battery, and torn in front by numerous batteries and thousands of rifles, was never surpassed in gallantry. The French Princes on McClellan's staff state that the Federal army was first broken on its right flank—just where my division attacked. Gen. Garland, one of my brigade commanders, in his official report thus speaks of the charge across the field. "The effect of our appearance at this opportune moment upon the

enemy's flank, cheering and charging, decided the fate of the day. The enemy broke and retreated." Gen. R. E. Lee, (who ought to be as good a judge as Mr. E. A. Pollard, as to who should be mentioned and who should not) thus alludes to this decisive charge.

"D. H. Hill charged across the open ground in his front, one of his regiments having first bravely carried a battery, whose fire enfiladed his flank. Gallantly supported by the troops on his right, who pressed forward with unfaltering resolution, he reached the crest of the ridge, and after a sanguinary struggle, broke the enemy's line, captured several of his batteries, and drove him in confusion toward the Chickahominy, until darkness rendered further pursuit impossible."—General Jackson, under whose eye my division fought, pays it a still more handsome tribute. If Mr. E. A. Pollard had not read Lee's and Jackson's reports, when he wrote his book, he failed to get that information, without which he should not have attempted to play the part of the historian. If he had read them, and omitted altogether to notice one of the four divisions engaged in the most important battle of the first three years of the war, he must have done so through a prejudice unworthy of the historian. He may take either horn of the dilemma. In the biographical sketch with which Mr. E. A. Pollard *honors* me, he charges me with attacking prematurely at Malvern Hill.—The truth is that I obeyed Lee's signal and advanced, but those on my right and left did not. Gen-

R. E. Lee ought to be as good a judge of my conduct as Mr. E. A. Pollard. In his report of Malvern Hill, Lee says:

"A general advance was to be made at a given signal. On the left, D. H. Hill pressed forward across the open field, and engaged the enemy gallantly, breaking and driving back his first line; but a simultaneous advance of the other troops not taking place, he found himself unable to maintain the ground he had gained against the overwhelming odds and numerous batteries of the enemy."

Who is right, Mr. E. A. Pollard in calling my attack premature, or Gen. R. E. Lee in saying that it was made at the appointed signal?

There is a very curious instance of Mr. E. A. Pollard's prejudice, in his account of the battle of Sharpsburg. Gen. Lee was pleased in his report of that battle to compliment some personal exertions of mine, at the most critical period of the fight. He says:

"The heavy masses of the enemy again moved forward, being opposed only by four pieces of artillery, supported by a few hundreds of men belonging to different brigades, rallied by Gen. D. H. Hill and other officers."

Mr. E. A. Pollard, in speaking of the same imminent crisis, says:

"The heavy masses of the enemy again moved forward, being opposed only by four pieces of artillery, supported by a few hundreds of men, belonging to different brigades."

Mr. E. A. Pollard copies Lee's report verbatim till he comes to the personal compliment and then

he flies off at a tangent! Well does the "Old Guard" say of Mr. E. A. Pollard: "He does not in the least attempt to disguise his prejudice or conceal his hatred!"

The most remarkable instance of Mr. E. A. Pollard's inaccuracy, through either ignorance or prejudice, is to be found in his account of the operations preceding the battle of Chickamauga and of the battle itself. I believe that this was the bloodiest battle of the war, and one of the greatest in modern history. I commanded one of the four corps engaged on the Confederate side. It was longer engaged and suffered more proportionally than the other three. It had for its Major Generals those noble heroes, John C. Breckinridge and Patrick R. Cleburne. Its Brigadiers, its Field and Company Officers, its rank and file were inferior to none in the world. The high reputation of its officers, the unblemished record of its soldiers, the glorious part taken by it in the action—all these entitled its Corps Commander to consideration enough to be correctly reported. But Mr. E. A. Pollard makes but two allusions to me and these are both egregious blunders. In speaking of an order from General Bragg to attack a detachment of the enemy in McLe More Cove, Mr. E. A. Pollard says:

"The attack was delayed; a day was lost, and with it the opportunity of crushing a column of the enemy; and, when Hindman, with whom Gen. D. H. Hill had contumaciously refused to co-operate, and who had therefore to await the junction of Buckner's, com-

mand, was at last ready to move, Thomas had discovered his error, retreated to the mountain passes, and thus rescued the Federal centre from the exposed position in McLe More Cove."

Now there is not one word of truth in the statement that I contumaciously refused to co-operate with General Hindman. General Bragg intended to surprise the enemy at daylight on the morning of the 10th of September, and designated Cleburne's division of my corps to co-operate with Hindman. I was aroused just before day on that morning by my Chief-of-Staff, Col. Archer Anderson, (now living in Richmond, Va.,) who showed me Bragg's order, and called my attention to the extraordinary fact that it had been four hours and three-quarters from the time of its issue, till its reaching me. I carried it to Gen. Cleburne, (whose division was ordered to move) and found him sick in bed. Two of his regiments were absent, the roads were heavily obstructed with timber in his front, cut down by our forces, and requiring hours to remove them. Some of his troops would have to march nine miles; some, thirteen miles; and others, fourteen miles to reach the point of junction with Hindman. He said to me, "as it is impossible to execute the order, it would be foolish to attempt it." I promptly notified Gen. Bragg of the state of things and he selected Buckner's division to take the place of Cleburne's, as Buckner was nearer to Hindman and had no obstacles to encounter. Bragg, in his order to Buckner says: "Gen. D. H.

Hill has found it impossible to carry out the part assigned to Cleburne's division." What Gen. Bragg calls *impossible*, Mr. E. A. Pollard calls *contumacious*. It would seem that General Bragg ought to be as good a judge of contumacy as Mr. E. A. Pollard, and he certainly was too strict a disciplinarian to let an infraction of orders go unpunished. When he wrote his official report of the battle of Chickamauga, his feelings toward me were not kind, but he was too just a man, even to insinuate any reflection upon my conduct.

Not content with putting this absurdity in one book, Mr. E. A. Pollard, repeats it in his "Lee and his Lieutenants," with the addition that on account of this McLe More Cove affair, I was relieved from duty with the Army of Tennessee! I did not know this *fact* before I saw it in Mr. E. A. Pollard's book, and doubtless it will surprise General Bragg as much as myself.

As General Hindman had been arrested, by General Bragg, for this McLe More Cove affair, and as there was a probability of misapprehension and misstatement, I applied to General Cleburne for a paper setting forth his recollection of my interview with him. I append his letter dated 15th October, 1863, a little more than a month after the occurrence, when his recollection was fresh on the subject.

"I remember very distinctly the morning of the 10th September last, on which you received orders to unite with Gen. Hindman at Davis' X Roads, and at-

tack the enemy at Stephen's Gap. On that morning, two of my brigades, less two regiments, were stationed at LaFayette, Georgia; the third was on Pigeon Mountain, holding Catlett's Gap, Dug Gap, and Blue Bird Gap. The two absent regiments were of Polk's brigade, had been holding the fords of the Tennessee River and had not yet rejoined from detachment. To have united my division (or rather the portion of it at La Fayette, and the Gaps,) at Dug Gap, would have taken several hours—in addition, my information from our cavalry was that Dug Gap was heavily obstructed with fallen timber, which it would take a considerable time to remove. Davis' X Roads, the point of junction with Hindman, was between nine and thirteen miles from LaFayette, and more than fourteen miles from Catlett's Gap, via LaFayette, the only practicable road then known to us. I learn from Colonel Archer Anderson, that the order for the movement was received by him at 4½ a. m., on the 10th ult., and the time specified in the order for the junction with Hindman at the Cross Roads was that same morning. With these facts before me, *I am convinced that Gen. Bragg's order could not have been carried out, and that the contingency existed which (under the terms of the order itself,) made it your duty to postpone the movement.*"

Gen. Cleburne's letter is now before me and I have given every word of it, *verbatim*, the italicising, however, is my own. It will be seen that he says that General Bragg's order could not be carried

out, and that under the circumstances, it became *my "duty to postpone the movement."* It is well known that Gen. Cleburne was a very rigid constructionist of orders, and that no man in the Confederate service, more strictly obeyed his orders to the very letter. But General Cleburne pronounced the non-compliance with the order a *duty*. Mr. E. A. Pollard calls it "contumacy!"—Whose opinion is the most valuable, that of the great soldier, who poured out his heart's blood for the Confederacy, or that of Mr. E. A. Pollard, who never saw a battle-field? On a question of military duty, and military etiquette, the opinion of Gen. Cleburne ought to be as valuable as that of Mr. E. A. Pollard.

The other allusion to myself by Mr. E. A. Pollard is an insinuation that the delay in attacking on the morning of the 20th September was due to me. If Mr. E. A. Pollard had read the official reports of Generals Bragg and Polk, he would have known that the insinuation was unjust. If he had not read them, he ought not to have attempted to write an account of the battle. But, although Mr. E. A. Pollard has been studious to avoid all reference to me (save in this unfair insinuation,) a comparison of his account of the battle with my official report of it will show that he has followed my report very closely and has gained many of his facts from it! I am constrained, therefore, to attribute his unfairness to malice and not to ignorance.

I will now close by a reference

to the sentiments of my corps towards myself. This may seem to savor of that vanity with which my gentle accuser charges me.— But as I have been silent on this subject for four years, the candid will attribute a reference to it now to the desire to repel slander and not to unworthy egotism.

The Major Generals of my command, Breckinridge and Cleburne, went to Mr. Davis and made an earnest appeal to him to retain me with the Army of Tennessee, and accompanied their request with flattering references to my services. After my connection had been severed with that Army, those two noble officers sent me, of their own motion, letters full of regret for my separation from the corps and of kind appreciation of my character as a soldier. And after my return to the east, the surviving Brigadiers of the corps sent me similar letters. Even Mr. E. A. Pollard cannot cast the suspicion of interested motives upon tributes paid under such circumstances. The writers had been with me in camp, on the march and on the battlefield, and it is reasonable to suppose that they could form as correct an opinion as Mr. E. A. Pollard in his snug office at Richmond “snuffing the battle from afar.”

It has given me no pleasure to expose the blunders, inaccuracies, prejudices and misrepresentations

of this burlesque upon history.— But having earnestly attempted to do my duty to my native country in the hour of her sore trial, I am not willing that my reputation should be blackened and my name made odious among my countrymen, through the malice and unfairness of one, who encountered no dangers, endured no hardships and suffered no privations for that “Lost Cause,” of which he so presumptuously claims to be the historian.

I am still less willing that the glorious services of as gallant a division and as gallant a corps as the sun ever shone upon, should be ignored, slurred over, or feebly reported because the commander of the division and corps is not in favor with the eminent historian!

The private soldier can gain no laurels to adorn his own brow.— He identifies himself with his regiment, his brigade, his division and his corps, and the reputation and glory of each become his own. A slight to the command is felt as keenly by the private as by the general officer: aye, more! for the officer has his individual distinction, which the private has not. A wrong to a corps, division, or lesser body of men, is a wrong to all the private soldiers thereof, and it is the more unpardonable when done through malignity towards the commander and in the sacred name of truth and history.

WE WILL WAIT.*

But ere we bound the victims to the altar,
 Or sacrificial fire above them flamed,
 We gave our love for one brief, glorious moment,
 The rights which trampled nature loudly claimed.

One wild embrace, one quick, convulsive pressure,
 Two souls united in one clinging kiss,
 Beneath the influence of whose blinding sweetness,
 Our spirits reeled in ecstasy of bliss.

I gave that kiss, my darling, thrilled with pity,
 And love and pain, well knowing while we live,
 That to your lonely, ever-yearning spirit
 That little kiss was all that I could give.

No words were uttered, for all words were useless;
 Our raptures ran beyond all human ken.
 Each fathomed to the plummet's utmost sounding,
 Through depths of feeling never reached till then.—

And never since—be sure of that, beloved!—
 The thought falls soft as dew on sun-scorched flowers—
 Whatever joys have been taken from us—
 Whatever blessings, this the best, is ours:

Each one to each was what no other had been,
 Nor ever could be. Each to each revealed
 The deepest mysteries of our complex natures,
 Henceforth from others thrice securely sealed.

Eyes gazed in eyes and read supernal secrets—
 Soul unto soul celestial knowledge brought;—
 We reached the utmost bound allotted mortals,
 And reveled in a realm past human thought.

All in one moment of material measuring,
 Though centuries of feeling filled its space.—
 That attribute of our grand Source was granted,
 That much in common with the ærial race!

* Concluded from page 242.

I broke the spell: 'All now is over, darling,'
 And you replied in hoarse and hollow tone:
 'All but the right of loving—that is ours!'
 'And Heaven!' I whispered. Then you stood alone.

Alone with your great sorrow!—God is gracious!—
 I trust His gentle Angels brought relief.
 I hid myself within my close locked chamber,
 And wrestled in a woman's weakness with my grief.

Then laid it in its grave—heaped stones upon it,
 Encased my features in pride's iron mask,
 Rang for my maid, and seeming just awakened,
 Impatient, bade her hasten to her task.

She did it well.—The mirror's polished surface
 Gave back a woman, men called wondrous fair,
 Decked in a robe of fashion's costly shaping,
 With diamonds glittering over breast and hair.

They gleamed and glowed with flashing scintillations
 Of crimson flame, so rare and highly prized;
 I looked upon them in their mocking splendor,
 And thought them tears by suffering crystallized!

Oh! what a theatre this hollow world is,
 And with what matchless skill we women play!—
 I joined my guests the very queen of pleasure,
 And led the revel gayest of the gay.

You found me centre of a brilliant circle,
 And told in courtly phrases brief and few,
 Your sudden summons and enforced departure,
 Then bowed, held out your hand, and said adieu.

Within your outstretched palm my fingers nestled,
 As light as snowflakes, for an instant's space.
 I said: '*Bon voyage*—we shall miss you greatly—
 Good bye, Lord Manfred,'—smiling in your face.

Smiles on the velvet lips so late your playmates—
 Smiles in the liquid eyes you called your stars—
 Bright, beaming smiles of one, who knew no sorrow,
 And all the while, beneath my bosom's bars,

My torn and tortured heart was moaning fiercely
Like some caged creature stung with lash and thong,
And as you vanished through the curtained doorway,
One struck the prelude of a promised song!

Sublime in strength, I sang the *Miserere*,
And singing, grasped my silk-draped side so tight,
Clutching and wringing with such cruel pressure,
That livid bruises stained its surface white.

Ere many days, by aid of cooling unguents,
The black bruise faded from the tender skin;
Long years have passed, but never balm, nor healing
Has soothed the blacker bruise, that lies within!

God loves us all, His weak, created children,
Helps us to seek the right and shun the wrong;—
Tempers earth's plow-shares into Heaven's falchions,
And out of suffering makes us grow so strong!

You went into the world and on Fame's temple
Engraved your name in letters deep and clear;
I did my duty and fulfilled my mission
With equal strength in woman's smaller sphere.

Each stands a conqueror in life's bitter battle;
The years fling laurels as Time speeds them on,
And none suspects that 'neath the glistening garland,
We wear an ever-pointed crown of thorn.

God knows it all! He with supreme compassion,
Will one day bid the constant torture cease,
And to our bound and sorely stricken spirits,
Will utter welcome mandate of release.

Oh! darling, then with seraph spring exultant,
Our souls with earth's transgressions all forgiven,
Shall claim each other and in endless union,
Prove the full meaning of what we call Heaven!"

ALBERT NYANZA.*

During the five years of the disastrous war, vainly waged by the slaveholding States of North America, for the establishment of their political rights, and the maintenance of their lawful possessions; that war in which all sympathy with the noble southern master, the benefactor of his inherited slaves, was lost in the mad desire for their emancipation which possessed the mistaken philanthropists of the free States and of Europe; a noble-minded, unprejudiced and enlightened Englishman, was engaged in exploring the centre of Africa; not for the interests of the black tribes, through which his difficult route was pursued, but for those of science, which filled him with a noble ambition, defying all obstacles, and leading to a triumphant success.

This noble Englishman, Samuel White Baker, the first successful explorer of the "Great Basin of the Nile," of whose existence we of the blockaded South knew nothing, returned successful from his stupendous and perilous INDIVIDUAL undertaking, in the same year that witnessed the utter failure of our *national*, stupendous and perilous undertaking, in which an unaided and blockaded people contended with the forces, the prejudices and the *ignorance* of the rest of the civilized world. The book, which he has since published, and which has at last reached our conquered and impoverished and disgracefully oppressed country of the late

Southern Confederacy, is full of interest to all classes of readers; but most especially so to those whose intimate relations with the transplanted African for so many generations, as master and slave, clothe those parts of the work (to which we confine the present notice,) treating more particularly of the character and habits and customs of the African in his native country and normal state, with an interest that can hardly be felt by any other class of readers.—

We propose to make a few extracts from this work for the benefit of those less fortunate than ourselves, who have not had access to it, and we hope thus to introduce it to that very limited number of readers among us, who can still afford to purchase an expensive book. It must be borne in mind that no Southern gentleman more thoroughly abhorred the slave trade and slave traders than does our Englishman, but this, while it adds weight to his opinions and inspires confidence in his representations, does not disqualify him for judging fairly of the negro character; and in treating of the effects of emancipation one is so startled with the correctness of his conclusions as to suppose, but from the recent date of the work, (1866,) that he must have had the benefit (?) of our own terrible experience. We may well apply to the sincerely zealous abolitionists of all countries who have consummated such a stupendous injury to the white race, the black race,

* Great Basin of the Nile, and Exploration of the Nile sources, by Samuel White Baker. London. Macmillan & Co. 1866. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

and the once teeming productive, now waste regions of our still beloved southern country, over which only the willow and the weeping cypress may now wave, the agonized exclamation, "Father! forgive them. They know not what they do."

Baker's expedition is one of perhaps unparalleled magnitude when we consider that it was undertaken by an unassisted individual, at his own cost and peril, with no other object than the advancement of geographical science. This success was the only reward he anticipated, and the Victoria medal, which was awarded to him during his absence, and before it was even known that his efforts had been more successful than those of his predecessors, fully satisfied his ambition. His only companion was his wife, who, he tells us in the beautiful preface to his narrative, "followed him, weary and footsore, through all his difficulties, led, not by choice, but by devotion;" and not the least interesting and beautiful passages of this narrative, are the unobtrusive words in which he so naturally, and as it were, involuntarily gives expression to his appreciation of her high womanly qualities. The dedication, the preface, and the introduction to the narrative are all worthy of the work they inaugurate, which in our confessedly incompetent judgment, we think perfect in its kind—free from all egotism, or tedium, or unnecessary detail, and full of sprightliness, spirit, good humor, graphic, yet unlabored description, justice and right feel-

ing. We feel impressed as we follow his simple narration of his difficulties, his dangers, his narrow escapes, his determined resolution, and fearless demeanor under the most appalling circumstances; that this man is a noble specimen of the highest type of the human race. The book is finely illustrated from drawings taken on the spot by this accomplished and all accomplishing explorer, but we must not allow our admiration of the man and what he has done to deprive our readers any longer of the promised extracts.

We will begin with the closing sentence of the introduction, and follow this by the opening of the first chapter:

"I offer to the world my narrative of many years of hardships and difficulties, happily not vainly spent in this great enterprise: should some unambitious spirits reflect, that the results are hardly worth the sacrifice of the best years of life thus devoted to exile and suffering, let them remember 'we are placed on earth for a certain period, to fulfill, according to our several conditions and degrees of mind, those duties by which the earth's history is carried on.'"

"In March, 1861, I commenced an expedition to discover the sources of the Nile, with the hope of meeting the East African expedition of Captains Speke and Grant, that had been sent by the English Government from the South, *via* Zanzibar, for that object. I had not the presumption to publish my intention, as the sources of the Nile had hitherto

defied all explorers, but I had inwardly determined to accomplish this difficult task, or to die in the attempt.

"From my youth I had been inured to hardships and endurance in wild sports in tropical climates, and when I gazed upon the map of Africa, I had a wild hope, mingled with humility, that, even as the insignificant worm bores through the hardest oak, I might, by perseverance, reach the heart of Africa."

The reader may see something of the man from these two sentences, and we must now beg him to imagine all the vast preparations for the ascent of the Nile completed, and our travelers fairly started on the voyage, with boats, beasts of burden, and such attendants as he could obtain, the description of one of whom we will take from his journal under date January 7th. "My black fellow, Richarn, whom I had appointed corporal will have to be reduced to the ranks; the animal is spoiled by sheer drink. Having been drunk every day in Khartoum, and now being separated from his liquor, he is plunged into a black melancholy. He sits upon the luggage like a sick rook, doing minstrelsy, playing the raba-ba, (guitar,) and smoking the whole day, unless asleep, which is half the time: He is sighing for the merissa (beer) pots of Egypt. *This man is an illustration of missionary success.* He was brought up from boyhood at the Austrian Mission, and he is a genuine specimen of the average results. He told me a few days ago that 'he was no longer a christian.'"

On the 23rd January our travelers reached the Austrian Mission station of St. Croix, and delivered a letter to the head of the establishment, Herr Moorlang, "who acknowledged with great feeling that the mission was absolutely useless among such savages: that he had worked with much zeal for many years, but that the natives were utterly impracticable. They were far below the brutes, as the latter show signs of affection to those who are kind to them, while the natives, on the contrary, are *utterly obtuse to all feelings of gratitude.* He describes the people as lying and deceitful to a superlative degree; *the more they receive the more they desire, but in return they will do nothing.* * * * *

"It is a pitiable sight to witness the self-sacrifice that many noble men have made in these frightful countries without any good results.—Near to the grave of Baron Harnier," (a Prussian nobleman who had perished while trying to save a native from the attack of a wounded buffalo, which native characteristically fled, leaving the Baron to his fate,) "are those of several members of the mission, who have left their bones in this horrid land, while not one convert has been made from the mission of St. Croix."

These extracts need no comment, though we feel sorely tempted to make some—no "Uncle Toms" there?

There was a pet monkey belonging to Mrs. Baker, attached to the expedition, named Wallady, which proved to be of some service in passing through a tribe of savages, who became rather trouble-

somely intent upon extracting articles of value from among the baggage. "The crowd now discovered an object of fresh interest, and a sudden rush was made to the monkey, which being of the red variety from Abyssinia, was quite unknown to them. The monkey being far more civilized than these naked savages, did not at all enjoy their society, and attacking the utterly unprotected calves of their legs, Wallady soon kept his admirers at a distance, and amused himself by making insulting grimaces which kept the crowd in a roar of laughter. I often found the monkey of great use in diverting the attention of the savages from myself.

* * * * He was so tame and affectionate to both of us that he was quite unhappy if out of sight of his mistress, but he frequently took rough liberties with the blacks, for whom he had so great an aversion and contempt, that he would have got into sad trouble at Exeter Hall. Wallady had no idea of a naked savage being 'a man and a brother.'"

He reaches the Latooka tribe, living in the more elevated country east of the Nile, and says of them: "Although the Latookas were far better than the other tribes that I had met, they were sufficiently annoying; they gave me no credit for real good will, but they attributed my forbearance to weakness. * * * * "Nothing is so heart-breaking as to be so thoroughly misunderstood, and the obtuseness of the savages was such that I could never make them understand the existence of good principles;—their one idea

was power;—force that could obtain all—the strong hand that could wrest from the weak. In disgust I frequently noted the feelings of the moment in my journal—a memorandum from which I copy as illustrative of the time.

"1863, 10th April, Latooka: I wish the black sympathizers in England could see Africa's inmost heart as I do, much of their sympathy would subside. Human nature, viewed in its crude state, as pictured among African savages, is quite on a level with that of the brute; and not to be compared with the noble character of the dog. There is neither gratitude, pity, love nor self-denial; no idea of duty; no religion: but covetousness, ingratitude, selfishness and cruelty. All are thieves; idle, envious and ready to *plunder and enslave* their weaker neighbors." "

We will conclude our extracts with one longer than any of the preceding, without fearing to weary our readers, who will be struck with the author's wonderfully just appreciation of the negro character, as we of the Southern States have had such ample opportunities of learning it. The good points enumerated had such a favorable field for development, under the admirable system of slavery that existed among us—a condition, we contend, absolutely necessary for the well-being of the negro—that of subjection to a superior race;—that it required the demoralizing effects of emancipation to acquaint us with those traits that we were before ignorant of—the vile features that two short years

of freedom, and of what our oppressors affect to consider *equality*, (bah!) have sufficed to develop so profusely.

"The black man is a curious anomaly, the good and bad points of human nature bursting forth without any arrangement, like the flowers and thorns of his own wilderness. A creature of impulse, seldom actuated by reflection, the black man astounds by his complete obtuseness, and as suddenly confounds you by an unexpected exhibition of sympathy. From a long experience with African savages, I think it is as absurd to condemn the negro *in toto*, as it is preposterous to compare his intellectual capacity with that of the white man. It is unfortunately the fashion of one party to uphold the negro as a superior being, while the other denies him the common powers of reason. So great a difference of opinion has ever existed upon the intrinsic value of the negro, that the very perplexity of the question is a proof *that he is altogether a distinct variety*. So long as it is generally considered that the negro and the white man are to be governed by the same laws, and guided by the same management, so long will the former remain a thorn in the side of every community to which he may unhappily belong. When the horse and the ass shall be found to match in double harness, the white man and the African black will pull together under the same régime. It is the grand error of equalizing that which is unequal, that has lowered the negro char-

acter, and made the black man a reproach.

"In his savage home, what is the African? Certainly bad, but not so bad as white men would (I believe) be under similar circumstances. He is acted upon by the bad passions inherent in human nature, but there is no exaggerated vice, such as is found in civilized countries. The strong take from the weak, one tribe fights the other—do not, perhaps we in Europe? These are legitimate acts of independent tribes, authorized by their chiefs. They mutually enslave each other—how long is it since America, and *we ourselves*, ceased to be slave-holders? He is callous and ungrateful—in Europe is there no ingratitude? He is cunning and a liar by nature—in Europe is all truth and sincerity? Why should not the black man be equal to the white? He is powerful in frame, why should he not be exalted in mind?

"In childhood I believe the negro to be in advance, in intellectual quickness, of the white child of a similar age, but the mind does not expand—it promises fruit but does not ripen; the negro man has grown in body, but has not advanced in intellect.

"The puppy of three months old is superior in intellect to the child of the same age, but the mind of the child expands, while that of the dog has arrived at its limit.—The chicken of the common fowl has sufficient power and instinct to run in search of food the moment it leaves the egg, while the young of the eagle lies helpless in its nest; but the young eagle out-

strips the chicken in course of time.

“The earth presents a wonderful example of variety in all classes of the human race, animal and vegetable kingdoms. People, beasts and plants belonging to distinct classes, exhibit special qualities and peculiarities. The existence of many hundred varieties of dogs cannot interfere with the fact that they belong to one genus: the greyhound, the pug, the bloodhound, pointer, poodle, mastiff, and toy-terrier, are all as entirely different in their peculiar instincts as are the varieties of the human race. The different fruits and flowers continue the example: the wild grapes of the forest are grapes, but although they belong to the same class, they are distinct from the luscious “muscatel;” and the wild dog-rose of the hedge, although of the same class, is inferior to the moss-rose of the garden.

“From fruits and flowers we may turn to insect life, and watch the air teeming with varieties of the same species, the thousands of butterflies and beetles, the many members of each class varying in instincts and peculiarities. Fishes, and even shell-fish all exhibit the same arrangement,—that every group is divided into varieties all differing from each other, and each distinguished by the same peculiar excellence or defect.

“In the great system of creation that divided races and subdivided them according to mysterious laws, apportioning special qualities to each, the varieties of the human race exhibit certain characters and qualifications which

adapt them to specific localities.

The natural character of those races will not alter with a change of locality, *but the instincts of each race will be developed in any country where they may be located.* Thus the English are as English in Australia, India and America as they are in England, and in every locality they exhibit the industry and energy of their native land: *even so the African will remain negro in all his natural instincts, although transplanted to other soils; and those natural instincts being a love of idleness and savagedom he will assuredly relapse into an idle and savage state, unless specially governed and forced to industry.*

“The history of the negro has proved the correctness of this theory! In no instance has he evinced other than a retrogression, when once freed from restraint. Like a horse without harness, he runs wild, but, if harnessed, no animal is more useful. Unfortunately, this is contrary to public opinion in England where the vox populi assumes the right of dictation on matters and men, in which it has had no experience. The English insist on their own weights and measures as the scales for human excellence, and it has been decreed by the multitude, inexperienced in the negro personally, that he has been a badly treated brother: that he is a worthy member of the human family, placed in an inferior position through the prejudice and ignorance of the white man, with whom he should be upon equality. The negro has been, and still is, thoroughly misunderstood. However severely we may condemn

the horrible system of slavery, the results of emancipation have proved that the negro does not appreciate the blessings of freedom, nor does he show the slightest feeling of gratitude to the hand that broke the rivets of his fetters. His narrow mind cannot embrace that feeling of pure philanthropy that first prompted England to declare herself against slavery, he only regards the anti-slavery movement as a proof of his own importance. In his limited horizon he is himself the important object, and as a sequence to his self-conceit, he imagines that the whole world is at issue concerning the *black man*. The negro therefore being the important question, must be an important person, and he conducts himself accordingly—he is far too great a man to work. Upon this point his natural character exhibits itself most determinedly. Accordingly, he resists any attempt at coercion; being free, his first impulse is to claim an equality with those whom he lately served, and to usurp a dignity with absurd pretensions, that must inevitably insure the disgust of the white community. Ill-will thus engendered, a hatred and jealousy is established between the two races, combined with the errors that, in such conditions, must arise on both sides. The final question remains. Why was the negro first introduced into our colonies—and to America?

“The *sun* is the great arbiter between the white and the black man. There are productions necessary to civilized countries, that can alone be cultivated in tropi-

cal climates, where the white man cannot live if exposed to labor in the sun. Thus such fertile countries as the West Indies and portions of America being without a native population, the negro was originally imported as a slave to fulfill the condition of a laborer. In his own country he was a wild savage, and enslaved his brother man; he thus became a victim to his own system; to the institution of slavery that is indigenous to the soil of Africa, and that has *not been taught to the African by the white man*, as is currently reported, but that has ever been the peculiar characteristic of African tribes.

“In his state of slavery the negro was compelled to work, and, through his labor, every country prospered where he had been introduced. He was suddenly freed; and from that moment he refused to work, and instead of being a useful member of society, he not only became a useless burden to the community, but a plotter and intriguer, imbued with a deadly hatred to the white man who had generously declared him free.

“Now, as the negro was originally imported as a laborer, but now refuses to labor, it is self-evident that he is a lamentable failure.—Either he must be compelled to work, by some stringent law against vagrancy, or those beautiful countries that prospered under the conditions of negro forced industry must yield to ruin, under negro freedom and idle independence. For an example of the results, look to St. Domingo!

“Under peculiar guidance, and

subject to a certain restraint, the negro may be an important and most useful being; but if treated as an Englishman, he will affect the vices but none of the virtues of civilization, and his natural good qualities will be lost in his attempt to become a 'white man.'"

The suggestiveness of these extracts is almost irresistible, and no reader can fail to contrast the condition, mental, moral and physical of the happy slave laborers of the Southern States, not only with the cruelly treated native slave of the native African, but with what we see every day in the laziness, squalor, vice and universal worthlessness of the freedmen, women and children around us.— As an old lady of the *ancien regime* is exclaiming while I write, "My Lord! how they do miss an overseer and a good master! Poor creatures! they are the most miserable, filthy wretches on the face of the earth, now that they are free!" Not even such bold and misinformed negrophilists as Mrs.

Harriet Beecher Stowe could dare to draw the fabulous character of an "Uncle Tom," either from the native African, granting him the benefits of missionary instruction, or from the emancipated negro of the Southern States; who, withdrawn from the influences that effected his advancement, has already become a nuisance to society. If possible anywhere, it would only be so under the humanizing and christianizing influences of slavery as it existed in the Southern States, where the Southern matron of religious principles honestly endeavored to instill the same into the well-fed, comfortably clad and properly cared for negroes of her family, to whom she acted under God, as a second Providence.

Would that some pen, as powerful as Mrs. Stowe's, could be used to picture truly in as well conceived a tale of fiction the condition of the "Uncle Toms" and their families *without* a cabin. More hearts would ache over the true than have ached over the false picture.

THE DINAH OF TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

WE have been amused lately, in looking over an unfamiliar, minor poem of Virgil, to find the negro of our day so truthfully and minutely delineated. It seems that the physical beauty of the blacks was very similar then to what it is now; and that the Romans used them for the same purpose as do the Radicals of our time,—to *kindle a fire*. We give the text, accompanying it with a close translation:

————— *Modo rustica carmina cantat*
Agristique suum solatur voce laborem.
Interdum clamat Cybalen: erat unica custos,
Afra genus, tota patriam testante figura,
Torta comam, labroque tumens, et fusca colorem;
Pectore lata, jacens mammis, compressor alvo,
Cruribus exilis, spatiosa prodiga planta;
Continuis rimis calcanea scissa rigebant.
Hanc vocat, atque arsura focus imponere ligna
Imperat, et flamma gelidos adolere liquores.

————— Thus he sings his rustic songs,
 And solaces his toils with clownish voice.
 Anon he calls aloud for Cybalé,
 His only servant: African by birth,
 Her figure to her country testifies:—
 Crisp hair—thick lips and duskiness of hue,—
 Broad bosom—flaccid breast and slab-like side,
 Sharp shins—wide, flatten'd foot and rugged heels,
 Gaping with constant cracks!—He summons her,
 And on the fire he bids her heap the wood,
 And heat the chilly waters with the flame.

UNIVERSAL EXPOSITION OF 1867.

[Correspondence of "The Land we Love."]

WE have alongside another complete factory, representative of an industry that has acquired an immense importance in France, viz: the preparation of Chocolate. As a drink, its use is almost universal, fairly rivaling that of coffee, and large quantities are consumed in the confection of candies. I do not know the number of factories engaged in its preparation into a marketable form, they are very numerous, but a single example with which I am acquainted, that of Menier & Co., (of whose magnificent factory, at *Noisy-le-sec*, I may some day give you a description) the gross of whose operations amounts to 15,000,000 francs, (say \$3,000,000) a year, will serve to give an idea of their importance. The machinery comprises both mills for grinding the cocoa and tables with revolving cylinders combined with scrapers, etc., for its trituration into a homogeneous paste, and a curious, and somewhat complicated machine for forming it into cakes, after which it is dried and enveloped.

The manufactory for the preparation and manufacture of caoutchouc is also complete, but not in operation, if I except a few persons engaged in the fabrication of india-rubber shoes, which is done by sticking together on a form the pieces of a proper shape.

In the show windows at the side we see a splendid collection of apparatus in Platina, chiefly

destined for the manufacture (concentration) of sulphuric acid, and which represents a very considerable value, there being one alembic of probably — gals. which costs \$14,000; we will however find in the English department an improvement on the present, and to which I will call attention.

Here on either side of the platform on which we promenade, are two hydraulic elevators, by which we can ascend in a few seconds, and without the slightest inconvenience, to the roof of this vast gallery, there to enjoy almost a bird's eye view of the vast park, and of the city of Paris. This elevator is the invention of Mr. Edoux, and appears to operate perfectly, its principle being that of a long piston equal in length to the height to be attained, working in a cylinder sunk in the ground, and carrying on its extremity a platform guided in its movements by four uprights.

We find in this neighborhood several new processes for making ice, especially with apparatus adapted to family use. One man presents a sort of cylinder on rockers, by which in introducing a refrigerating mixture (of salts and acids of low price,) you can make from 1 to 5 or 6 lbs. of ice in five or six minutes, at a cost of about 2½c. a lb. Another machine is so arranged, that by adapting a decanter of water to the extremity of a tube, and giv-

ing a few strokes of a pump which forms a part of the apparatus, the water is frozen in about three minutes, and at a less cost per pound, for the ice, than by the first process. These machines being small, and convenient, are suitable for domestic purposes, but for the manufacture of ice on a large scale, the machine par excellence is that invented by Mr. Carré, and which is installed in the park, where it manufactures several hundred pounds per day.

There is also a simple machine of which the idea is by no means new, for separating copper and iron filings. The mixture is allowed to fall on one side of a revolving cylinder, armed with magnets, which allows the copper to fall through, but retains the iron, which is swept off into a separate box, by a rotary brush placed on the opposite side of the cylinder.

We find exposed in this gallery some few agricultural instruments, although the special exhibition of everything appertaining to agriculture has been organized at Billancourt, an island in the Seine, a short distance above the Exposition. In this branch (agriculture) however, France is by no means the most advanced; the right of primogeniture having been abolished, her laws generally necessitate the division of the estate, which practice, after a few generations, has caused the lands to become excessively divided, so much so as to prevent the advantageous use of improved agricultural machinery (on account of the small capital engaged,) and consequently the proper development of this branch of the sci-

ence. Indeed it is only of late years that their agriculturalists would consent to learn its real principles, and even to-day they prefer to export their best manures, etc., to England and elsewhere, than to put them on their grounds. The government, through its corps of engineers, are making efforts to ameliorate this condition, to create prairies, and to amend the land by proper systems of drainage, both general and particular, and we see some of the fruits of these efforts in quite a large exhibition of draining apparatus, tubes, hollow bricks, etc., and the machinery for their manufacture.

We pass from these interesting specimens of an advancement in the most important branch of a nation's wealth, prosperity, and above all, independence to the evidence of her genius; we enter the Department of the Minister of Public Works, the exhibition of the achievements of the Engineers of the State. We are in the midst of drawings and models of all kinds, specimens of all sorts of building material, artificial stone, betons, bricks, etc. Models of bridges, both fixed and turning; of viaducts and aqueducts; of breakwaters and harbor works, executed on a vast scale at the ports of Marseilles and Brest; of the sewers of Paris, which are marvelous in their extent and execution; of Light-houses, of all systems, of which there are two full sized in the park; one with an oil and the other an electric light. On the gallery also we find several lanterns intended for light houses in course of construction,

with different systems for the rotation of the lenses and the production of eclipses.

In the midst of all this we find a comfortable little office, intended for the "Ingenieurs des Ponts et Chaussées" (government civil engineers) and for the members of the school of that name. It contains the publications made by the government for the use and advice of their engineers; amongst others the results of the experiments of M. Forestier (Ing. des P. et C.) up to the present, on the preservation of woods exposed in salt water, from the attacks of the *tarét*; a worm which is a terrible destroyer of sea port works executed in wood, and whose ravages it is of the highest interest to arrest. His experiments thus far have been crowned with success, and he has found that wood injected with 200 to 300 kilogrammes of creosote per cubic metre, by a process known as that of Mr. Burt, of England, is perfectly free from the attacks of this insect.

Leaving this exposition full of interest for the engineer we see around us the instruments of telegraphy, which, though of French manufacture, are mostly of American invention. The apparatus still preferred is that of Morse in which they continue to use the paper and that we have long since discarded, for the more rapid and convenient *sounder*. The printing apparatus of Hughes is beginning to be adopted and is altogether used on the city lines, on account of its convenience. The *pantelegraph* of Casselli, by which the dispatch is produced in the hand writing of the sender, also elicits much atten-

tion, but is not yet an invention sufficiently perfected to be put in regular practice; as the transmission of a small hand writing is almost impossible, a difficulty that will be readily understood on the following explanation:

The principle of this machine, the achievements of which might at first appear a little strange to some of my readers, is quite simple, and several systems to put it in execution have been proposed in past years. In the present, the dispatch is written on a sheet of tin foil with a non-conducting varnish, and is wound on a cylinder which is in connection with one of the poles of a galvanic battery. The other pole is attached to a style that is moved by a fine thread screw along the surface of the cylinder and parallel to its axis; consequently the circuit is always closed, that is, the current passes, except when a mark of the writing, by the revolution of the cylinder, intervenes. The receiving apparatus is exactly similar, except that on the cylinder is rolled a piece of paper, and on the slide in the place of the style alone, there is mounted an electro-magnet, the armature of which carries a style which passes through a bulb of glass containing ink, a small portion of which finds its way down to the point.—When the current passes, the electro-magnet attracts its armature, and consequently keeps the style from the paper; but when the current is interrupted by the writing, the armature is thrown back by a spring, and the style touching the paper leaves there a mark equal to the mark in var-

nish. It will be seen that it is very similar to the machine for copying engravings; with the disadvantage that as the writing is raised on the surface of the tin foil, the style in crossing several marks close together jumps from one to the other without touching the metal in the spaces between, and thus in the reproduction the letters appear blotted, and in a fine hand writing, are illegible.

In galvanic batteries for working these various apparatus, we find a large number, each offering certain advantages over the original batteries for obtaining a constant current with two liquids.—The best amongst those that I have examined is that invented by Mr. Delanché, which can be manufactured at 25 cents per cup, and possesses every requisite for telegraphy and other purposes.

In a large show case before us are exposed the models of the different classes of steam engines employed in the Imperial marine. These models, perfectly constructed, are in motion part of the day, and are of great interest to the mechanical engineers. By their exquisite workmanship and accurate execution their maker merited and obtained a gold medal. We have also alongside, the models of many of the vessels themselves, executed on a scale of 3 centimetres per metre; frigates, iron-clads, rams, etc., and one can study here, with ease and advantage, all the recent advances in naval architecture.

The models of naval constructions passed, it is the section of railroads, locomotives, cars, etc., that claims our attention. I know

that the reader will excuse me if I hesitate to enter into a detailed account of this exhibition of the improvements brought forward by different engineers, a recital of which would only be interesting to one of the profession; suffice it to say that they have exposed some locomotives which, for size, have certainly no rivals; though their beauty might be easily contested, as they are wanting in

harmony of proportion, and are usually heavy and ungraceful in appearance. The "Titan," for instance, an immense "tender locomotive," in which the smoke-stack is for some distance horizontal, has ten driving wheels, worked by four cylinders: a kind of construction that has necessitated some new and particular arrangements to permit of their turning curves of an ordinary radius. We have also many handsome specimens of passenger cars of the various classes, all on the European plan, that is divided into compartments, usually of 8 seats each, with lateral doors; and are generally constructed in sheet-iron—there are also several inventions for calling the guard in case a fellow traveler in the compartment should attempt a robbery.

Leaving these we enter the department of mines and metallurgy, a branch that has taken a grand development in France in the last few years.

We have before us the different apparatus for boring, sounding, for extraction, etc. Magnificent hoisting or pumping engines, the former with immense drums, destined to enroll those enormous cables with decreasing section,

that we noticed at the commencement of our promenade. There are also here the models of the machinery used in the preparation of coal for the locomotives. That used by them, at present, is made from the refuse coal and dust, obtained from the mine's coal yards, etc., agglomerated, and made into blocks, by a new invention, which has proved both profitable and useful, as making use of a product hitherto lost. Laminating cylinders, tubes for artesian wells, mine shafts, etc., among which we notice one in cast iron, some 12 feet in diameter, enormous cutting and punching machines, for boiler plate and other heavy work; steam engines, both stationary and portable; hydraulic motors; planing machines for both wood and iron; lathes of all kinds; circular and upright saws, among which one would not fail to remark the number of *endless saws* now employed, they are made by brazing together the ends of a thin band of steel, one edge of which is armed with teeth. It is strung on two pulleys placed vertically, the one above the other, to one of which motion is communicated, and in practised hands it is wonderful, the results that can be obtained from it, in the way of decorations for furniture.

There is on exhibition a marvel of this description, in the shape of a sort of triumphal arch, 4 feet or more in height, which by the intricacy and excessive richness of its design, defies description. The young workman by whom it was made, informed me that the different parts were put together just

as they came from the saw, without having been retouched, and that its construction had taken nearly two years. The jury in consideration of its merits and the peculiarity of its construction bestowed on it a gold medal.

At this point we take leave of the numerous inventions exposed in the French department, to view, with probably more interest, an exhibition of a kind that we find in but few other countries, and which is as strange to many as any of those curious machines that we have been passing. I speak of the fabrication by hand, exactly as it is practiced in France and elsewhere, of many articles of daily consumption, either as a necessity or luxury, generally the latter, for where necessity makes itself felt, we soon have iron fingers at work to place us beyond its reach. The numerous little industries by which thousands can earn their bread, have many of them a representative here, and the crowd that continually surrounds the railings of these miniature shops of the Faubourg St. Antoine, witnesses the interest that they excite, and this is as much so for the native as the stranger, for no one is so little acquainted with Paris as the Parisian.

The strangers who visit the great capital come to see, to study its monuments and devote at least a portion of their time to the examination of its curiosities, but the Parisian thinks, that like himself, they are always there, and can be seen at any time; in consequence, its monuments, like its manufactures, like everything

save the Bois de Boulogne, the Champs Elysées, and the Boulevards, are, to him, unknown.

But far better than satisfying the hungry curiosity of the visitors to the Exposition, is the striking example these manufacturers furnish to the political economists, of the truth and advantage of one of his great principles, viz: the division of labor, of the extraordinary skill arrived at by specializing, and the influence it has on trade.

The first of these little factories that attracts our attention is devoted to the manufacture of felt hats. Here, however, machinery has somewhat changed the old process, the fur previously prepared for the purpose, and weighed into portions sufficient to form a hat, is blown through a vertical slot on to a cone of copper placed just in front, this cone, pierced with holes, rests on a revolving table through the center of which is an aspirating tube by which a suction is created in the interior of the copper cone, and keeps the fur where it may fall on its surface. A workman with a small piece of board which he holds before the slot, regulates the direction of the hair, so as to fortify the weak places. The hair all blown, it is immediately covered by a copper cone similar to the first, and the whole is plunged into a caldron of boiling water, where it rests a moment, is withdrawn, debarassed of its copper casing, and handed to the workmen, who work it by rolling, etc., gently for a short time, and then wrapping it up in cloths, hand to the "fullers," who place it in

a machine where, by the aid of steam, and a rolling motion, it becomes, in a short time, perfectly felted and strong, but wonderfully diminished in size. There now remains to shape it, which is done by gradually stretching it over a form, from whence, after being dried, it goes to the finisher, who places it on a rapidly revolving table, and with sand paper and pumice stone, gives it a fine surface, and ends this part of its manufacture. By the busy fingers of the workmen, aided by the all-powerful sewing machine, the lining and binding is soon done, and it finds its way into commerce. Bought, worn out, and thrown away, the scraps are gathered and sold as manure, and in the end, probably, help to raise other rabbits, which go to make more hats.

Almost alongside is the miniature factory of shoes, as made by machinery; the cutting out is done by steel forms, worked in presses, special machines rapidly shape the uppers, and the sole is screwed on in a few moments by the aid of a machine which pierces the hole, cuts off a piece of wire from a coil placed above, cuts a screw thread on one end, and screws into the hole, and this, almost in an instant. The projecting ends of the screws are afterwards dressed off and the shoe finished.

A step further and we have before us the makers of combs, and articles in tortoise-shell, or horn, of fans, of artificial flowers, of morocco work, ivory, and imitation jewelry. Some one has remarked that man, when engaged

in almost any special industry, above all, it be but little known, is almost always, an object of interest to his fellow man, but when that man becomes woman, the interest is wonderfully increased, and so these little shops where the workers are nearly all women, never want for spectators to their handiwork.

Here is the manufactory of fans, with young artists busily employed in their decoration, and many taper fingers diligently plying over the frames on which the cloth or lace is stretched.— A shop adjoining has a whole bevy of the fair sex employed in the neat and tasteful work of making artificial flowers, which they do with great rapidity and rare perfection; so much so indeed, that at another point where there are some cases of their work exposed, persons have been known to touch and smell them in order to assure themselves that they were not natural. One of the most interesting of these model shops is that devoted to the fabrication of imitation jewelry; I mean the metallic parts; for the stones, I might almost say, each stone forms the object of a special industry. Here we find the metal rolled, cut out roughly, and stamped in presses of the most primitive construction; the pieces arranged, soldered or riveted by hand, and polished by girls with a little piece of wood, some rouge, and a burnisher, and yet they have many articles employing a part or all of the different operations, that are sold at from 10 to 30 cents a piece, that seems almost impossible, when one sees

their process of manufacture.

We find as a compleatory branch of this shop, two persons engaged in the manufacture of false pearls; one blowing the bulbs from tubes of a glass suitable for this purpose, and the other filling them with a paste made from the scale of a particular fish of the Mediterranean sea, which possesses the qualities necessary to produce the iris which distinguishes and forms the special beauty of the pearl.— So well indeed do some manufacturers succeed in these imitations, that they have exposed cases containing several rows of pearls, some real and others false, which they defy the visitors to distinguish.

The manufacture too of artificial coral has been carried to a rare perfection; the opal has, I believe, been perfectly imitated; that is the real and manufactured articles are the same chemically and otherwise; and in general the production of artificial gems employs to-day a very considerable capital and a number of workmen. Viewed from an economical point it is a question open to discussion, whether it is beneficial. That mankind and, above all, womankind has a weakness for personal ornaments, and will, generally speaking, make sacrifices to secure them, is a fact demonstrated by experience; hence these productions permit all, or nearly all classes to gratify this natural instinct; but in the case of the lower classes is it not at the expense of many comforts or ameliorations to their condition that the money thus expended would bring?

To the rich it would enable the

same enjoyment for a smaller capital thus idly invested; and since they have been brought to such perfection many ladies content themselves with the imitation without the world in general being any the wiser. There is, however, to this like to everything possessing but an apparent value, a natural repugnance.

At this point we see above, a large sign marked "Algeria," and we have finished our promenade in the French gallery of machines. I trust the reader will have pardoned me for this long account of wheels and engines; this "mechanical article." We have, on his account, but lightly touched on the contents of this gallery of wonders, which possesses for many an all-absorbing interest. In my next we will notice the French section of the park and then turn our attention to the study of the other and more pleasing departments.

RIGHT TO VOTE.

It was a glorious thing they said,—
 This freedom that they talked about,—
 This right to come and go, without
 Question, or beck, or bar, instead
 Of slavish cringing,—as they said.

I'm sure I have not found it so:
 I'd rather hear my master say—
 "We cannot spare you, Tom, to-day;
 Your work counts double, as you know."
 Ah, well—I own I liked it so!

Yes, I am free to straggle west,
 Or idle northward, if I choose:
 Who marks how many days I lose?
 Who praises when I do my best?
 Who cares to chide? Aye—east or west.

You talk of 'suffrage'—Did the vote
 I cast on Monday at the polls,
 Like any white man,—mend the holes
 Worn in my old plantation coat?
 I've got the suffering—*and* the vote.

My wife keeps crooning in my ear;
My ragged wild ones at my heels,
Rave of the merry cotton-fields,
And of the happy huskings' cheer;
And moan and murmuring fill my ear.

O, for one hour of the old days!
When all the 'quarters' came at night,
To gossip in our cabin bright,
And dance around the pine-knots' blaze,—
We'll never, never know such days!

Then all the cost and all the care
We left within our master's hand,
Without a wish to understand—;
Believing the division fair,—
Th' exemption, our's, and his,—the care.

No Christmas visions of brave clothes,
And dainties from 'the house' arise
To taunt my children's gaping eyes,
As shivering at the coming snows,
They cower beneath their tatter'd clothes.

Instead—I have *your* leave to vote!
Why, Sirs! my imps who've learned to write
Their nameless names in black and white,
Lack food and fire and shoe and coat:—
Give these—and *keep* your right to vote!

THE LAKE COUNTRY OF ENGLAND.

My way to the Lakes lay across the high region of Stainmoor, which, bald and sterile though it be, and often wrapt in fog, is forever irradiated with the sunshine of Sir Walter's genius, and has an enduring celebrity in those same songs of ladye-love and war which won for him the title of "the Aristosto of the North." Who does not remember bold Allen-a-Dale?

And the best of our nobles his bonnet
will veil
Who at Rerercross on St. Stanmore meets
Allen-a-Dale.

O the *désillusions* of modern civilization! The traveler now passes Rerercross in the express train, and if any of Allen's descendants remain in the neighborhood, they are probably engaged in some way in the service of the Company, as section superintendents or station-masters or brakemen. He meets ne'er a belted knight riding abroad with his retainers in search of a sirloin, no border baron looking out for a baron of beef. Secure roam the cattle on a thousand hills. The proper way to journey through this region would seem to be in the saddle, if not attended by a dozen moss troopers, at least well mounted, and in the company of two or three friends who know the land as Scott sings of it. But the express first-class is altogether more comfortable and expeditious, whatever incongruity with ancient associations it may suggest. The railway ascends by a heavy grade an elevation of more than two thousand feet above the sea-

level, from which the traveler looks down out of the carriage window upon a wide expanse of country, a view resembling the glorious landscape of lowland Virginia that used to be afforded the passengers to the White Sulphur Springs, when the trains passed over the summit of Rockfish Gap. Scattered homesteads and gleaming bits of water, broad woods and belts of green park and ample pastures with the shadows of passing clouds resting on them, here and there a far-off town or village with a vane blazing in the rays of the sun like a ball of fire, and a level horizon, very many miles away, encircling the sunlit panorama and melting into the tender purple of distance—such was what met my delighted gaze as from the highest point of the road I surveyed the northern part of Westmoreland spread out before me.—In two or three hours I should be on the extreme western limit of the shire, where Skiddaw and Helvellyn scarce broke the skyline of this Stainmoor view with their dim summits. At the foot of these mountains lay a region of exceeding loveliness which has another and scarcely less notable poetic commemoration in the verses of the Lake School. From Rokeby to Windermere *via* Stainmoor was like a change in the class of belles-lettres from Sir Walter to Wordsworth.

It was a little droll that halfway between these two points (and these two poets) we should

encounter in his own proper person the Poet Close. "The Poet Close!" I hear the reader exclaim, "Tennyson we know, and Tupper we know, but who is he?" Well, at Kirkby Stephen, where the train stops for refreshments, there appears upon the platform, and at the window of the carriage, with unkempt hair and his arm full of books which he offers for sale at the lamentably small price of three and sixpence a copy, a middle-aged man, who is the mimesinger and troubadour of the border, and who has achieved a success beyond that of such bards as Mr. Matthew Arnold, in having won the recognition of Ministers. Lord Palmerston was beguiled by the sweet song of the Poet Close into putting him upon the Pension List with the allowance of £100 per annum. Upon this comfortable annuity, the Poet Close might have hid himself among his native hills and written for posterity, but for envy and detraction. Some misguided persons, it seems, took it upon them to convince Her Majesty's Government that this pension had been ill-bestowed, and with such success that the same was speedily withdrawn, and now, instead of writing for posterity, Close writes only for the railway passengers. He strews the Express train with his hand-bills, and, like hoarse Fitzgerald, recites his verses in the refreshment-room. The hand-bills are adorned with the Royal arms, with the Prince of Wales, and the "Emperor of France" as supporters, and the array of royal, ducal, and episcopal personages who are mention-

ed as his admiring patrons is quite overpowering. The introduction again and again of the three-and-sixpence is something excessive. In the narrative of the poet's difficulties and triumphs, it comes with a sordid suggestion, like the business still kept up at the old stand, amid the monumental sorrow of the disconsolate widow of Père la Chaise. After the names of his patrons, the hand-bill announces "Poet Close's Third Volume, 3s. 6d. THE WISE MAN of Stainmoor, 50 engravings. Mr. Close has fought his way bravely amid Persecution, *up to the Throne!* Archbishop, Bishops, Earls, and Great Lords have smiled upon his last Work, the Royalty of England and Emperor of France—Crowned him with Honor! The Emperor of France, and Prince of Wales have thanked him for his last books. Posted for 48 stamps. Address, — Poet Close, Kirkby-Stephen." The Poet does not set forth in the hand-bill his greatest success in life, which is reserved for rhythmic treatment with more than Tupperian fervor. This is having secured, through the kind interest of the Hon. Col. Lowther, M. P., a scholarship in Christ's Hospital for his son! The Poem of "Our Blue Coat Boy," composed in memory of Col. Lowther's kindness *ad hoc*, while it evinces the warmth of the poet's gratitude, will serve—the concluding stanzas are enough—as a specimen of his style—

"May God reward the Colonel kind
Who gave us such a boon
Whose kindness got him in this school
At such an age so soon.

"Well may we love Col. Lowther's name
Long Life may he enjoy
Whose Patronage has crowned our Son,
Made him a Blue Coat Boy."

Let us hope that the young Christ's Hospitaller may make good use of his opportunities, and not be called upon to put the verses of his Sire into Latin pentameters. And for the Poet's Third Volume, 3s. 6d. may dukes on dukes come in the first class to Kirkby-Stephen to buy it, and monarchs continue to express their thankful appreciation of it, and all its successors.—*Vivat Regina* and no money returned!

Our railway journey, after descending from the Stainmoor high ground, was tedious, as it involved two changes of carriages and delays at junctions; the last junction at Kendal, where the cloth, known as the "Kendal Green," in which Falstaff's "three misbegotten knaves" were supposed to have been attired, was formerly manufactured.—Leaving this place, the train pursued a devious course through the hills for six miles, and came to rest in a station house, emerging from which, we saw directly before us, with the afternoon sunlight upon its placid surface, beautiful, tranquil Windermere.

The Lake was to me just what I expected to find it. It did not look like Lake George, or Lake Lucerne, or Loch Lomond, with whose aspects I was familiar. I could fancy it was wholly unlike the Lakes of Killarney, which I had never seen. Water in its distribution over the globe resembles the various forms of poetry. The brook and the rivulet are chansons—or lyrics—as

Tennyson has shown. The waterfall is an extravaganza or a hymn of awful praise; Lodore leaps and laughs like the verses Southey indited to it. Niagara rolls, and thunders like the *Dies Iræ*. The mighty river is an epic, moving around with a measured and majestic sweep to its catastrophe, the sea. A lake may be an idyl or an ode, Killarney we may suppose to be an Irish melody. But Windermere is a sonnet. It is a perfect poem within a small and definite compass. It is symmetrical in form and limited in extent. It fulfills, indeed, all the definitions of the sonnet, and has a continuous rhythm from beginning to end, with which the hills around it are in harmony. The exquisite finish and completeness of Wordsworth's sonnets can be fully understood only when one looks upon Windermere and remembers that they were written by its margin.

One comprehends also, in overlooking Windermere, Wordsworth's protest against the extension of the railway into this Lake Country. He could not regard the locomotive engine otherwise than as an intruder whose shriek was a painful dissonance in nature's unwritten, yet everflowing, and here almost vocalized, music. The late Edward Everett, in an eloquent speech at a Railway Jubilee in Boston, made a rejoinder to the Laureate's protest, in which he claimed for the locomotive that it was a servant of the Beautiful, inasmuch as it brought hundreds every year into intimate communion with Nature in her tenderest

and loveliest manifestations, where a solitary worshipper had been admitted before, thus widening the domain which that member of the æsthetic Trinity held over human hearts. But the locomotive does, indeed, seem out of place here, setting aside the point, which might fairly be made against Mr. Everett *en revanche*, that the neophytes in Nature's worship, whom the railway has brought to the Lakes are mostly insensible to her influence. The Beautiful with a big B does not powerfully effect the Compound Householder or Mr. and Mrs. Vox Populi from Bayswater, while the artist, the scholar, the man of contemplative mood, who fly from cities to woods and mountains for refreshment, see and feel in this lovely Lake region a repose which the clatter of the railway train should not be permitted to disturb. We cannot and should not hope wholly to arrest the utilitarian tendency of the age when it seems to involve a profanation of awe and beauty in exceptional localities, and it were as idle to lament the saw-mills at Niagara and the calico print works on Loch Lomond as to regret the soapsuds of the washerwomen of Geneva which discolor the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone. But utility does not demand the railway among the Lakes, the whole circuit of which can be made in a few days of moderate travel by the coach, and it may soothe the shade of Wordsworth that as yet Rydal Mount and Grasmere churchyard lie some miles distant from the iron highway.

It is pleasant to think that the

coach after all is likely to linger here for some time as the means of travel, and that the American in England will be enabled to see it here, if not in all its glory of scarlet panels and gold mountings, and striking *personnel* of beefy coachman and resplendent guard, yet, in shape and fashion substantially as in the days of the Georges when it reached its highest perfection of appointment and comfort. I am not going to describe the coach or to indulge in sentimental regrets over its disappearance. A good many travelers in England have told us that there are hawthorn hedges there, and cottages overrun with roses and honeysuckles, and that Birmingham is a great manufacturing city, and that London is visited by fogs, all which facts, together with the appearance and management of the old English mail coach, have come to be known pretty well by this time, and need not be repeated. Besides, are there not novelists and essayists out of number who have described the coach and sung its threnody? Does not the pleasing and corpulent apparition of Mr. Tony Weller rise up before us at the blare of the horn and the crack of the whip? At the rattle of the wheels can we not see Thackeray, *cetate* 12, running out of Charterhouse School with his companions to cheer the York mail as its brilliant coaches in rapid succession whirl down the Goswell Road?

There can be no question whatever about the pleasure of the journey on the top of the coach from Bowness to Keswick in fine

weather. The rate is about ten miles an hour, and there is not a rock or a rut to break the smooth motion of the vehicle, and the road is shaded by venerable trees, elms and willows, whose branches stretch high as a cathedral roof above you, or droop gracefully their swaying foliage to brush your cheek as you pass. Every turn of the road has its memories of the famous men and women who once dwelt here, and one seems to know it all beforehand, as if he were revisiting some familiar neighborhood, and can scarcely help fancying he ought to see some of those distinguished folk of literature, so little changed is the country around since they laid down the pen forever. Wordsworth and Coleridge ought to be walking along the edge of Grasmere, Southey should be riding out on his cob, that mighty athlete, John Wilson, should be striding over the hills, Lamb or De Quincy should be among your fellow-passengers, silent, shy, yet keenly observant of their neighbors, and losing no glimpse of beauty of all the shifting landscape from the beginning to the end of the journey.

The choice of a resting-place on the banks of Windermere is embarrassing, for each point of view seems loveliest of all, but perhaps the most convenient hotel for excursion purposes is the Low Wood Inn near the head of the lake, where I arrived at sunset of a glorious evening, when the whole *entourage* of wood and water, mountain and valley, gleamed, like the cohorts of Sennacherib, in purple and gold. The look out

across the lake is at all times enchanting. On the opposite shore a Liverpool merchant has been good enough to erect a large castellated mansion, most agreeably frowning and baronial in its appearance, which he calls "Castle Wray," and which serves imaginative tourists quite as well as a more ancient edifice in calling up associations of romantic interest and tragic horror of the brownest shade. Behind the inn and lifted high above it among the hills is the little perch of "Dove's Nest" which was once, during the summer, inhabited by Mrs. Hemans, and here that tuneful lady made herself very wretched in verse under the most creditable circumstances.

There seemed to me a far greater degree of reserve among the visitors at the Low Wood Inn than I had seen elsewhere at places of public resort in England. If at any moment a half dozen persons, who had no common acquaintance, found themselves together in the general sitting room, they instinctively arranged themselves as speedily as possible at the maximum of distance from each other, and if a like number of gentlemen, all strangers, *inter se*, met upon the piazza for a smoke, six boxes of Vesuvians would be successively produced, no one of the number being willing to ask any other one of the number for a light. It could not be because the facility of reaching the Lakes had brought all classes of people to Windermere, and therefore cautious guests were afraid of 'entertaining' strangers lest they might 'entertain' linen

drapers and 'casuals' unawares; for at Scarborough there was a much greater variety of social distinctions, and at Scarborough the fusion of the various elements was easily enough accomplished, at least for all purposes of croquet, pic-nic, or the dance. But on the Low Wood lawn, the balls and bats lay idle till the arrival of a party large enough and driving enough to make up a game, lonesome people went and came upon the same pedestrian excursions independently, and had Strauss or Lanner been there to play valse such as might drive a New York girl into the dance of St. Vitus, not a couple had moved to the delirious music.— One might have supposed that the company was drawn from the same social classes sufficiently to render a temporary intercourse innocuous and agreeable. But they did not coalesce, and the solitary visitor, like myself, was thrown altogether upon the *genius loci* for companionship.

There is nothing in which the national character is more strikingly shown in the English, than the becoming punctuality with which they go to church. It is at least doubtful whether at an American summer resort the larger number of the visitors would have attended divine service. Many of them would have preferred lolling about upon the corridors of the hotel, or in the surrounding pleasure grounds.— But our company at the Low Wood Inn turned out *en masse*, each with her or his prayer-book, and we all walked, at little distances apart, two miles, to Amble-

side, where a fine new church building, one of Gilbert Scott's handsomest rural Gothic structures, has quite recently been erected. The day was beautiful, the village is most picturesque, all things seemed to praise God, like Ruth among the corn, "with sweetest looks," and though we exchanged on the way home not a word concerning walk, or anthem, or sermon, I am confident there was no one but felt the better for the church-going, both as to the religious and physical exercise.

In the very midst of the Psalter, I found myself interested in a beautiful painted window near at hand, upon which, in antique letters, not instantly intelligible, was this inscription, "1853. In Memoriam Gulielmi Wordsworth, P. C. amatores et amici partim Angli partim Anglo-Americani." The poet was prefigured by the Psalmist, who, in the attitude of devotional rapture, was represented as singing to the harp in his strain of inspiration. There are, indeed, few poets as a memorial of whom the sublime idea of David would not seem an obvious incongruity, but the whole poet life of Wordsworth was a psalm, and the "Intimations of Immortality" will roll down through the ages with those imperishable, even though uninspired, Latin hymns, which we accept as next in majesty and fervor to the writings of the Psalmist himself.*

* The "partim Anglo-Americani" of this memorial inscription recalls most affectingly the image of that chaste scholar, and estimable gentleman, the late Professor Henry Reed, of Philadelphia, in whose premature death, by

The circuit of Windermere is little over twenty miles from Waterhead to Newby Bridge and back again, and is readily made in three hours with reasonable allowance of time for viewing the most interesting spots. The traveler feels very much as if he were making a voyage in Lilliput. He goes out to a very small pier and embarks upon a diminutive steamer which disturbs the mirror-like surface with insignificant ripples and leaves behind it a feeble momentary wake, and propelled as it were by half a pony power, glides softly and noiselessly among islets where Titania and her retinue would have been uncomfortably crowded, and past villages that look, from the deck, as if they had been made as Christmas presents for the children. Little yachts put out from little pleasure-houses on the shore and spread their little sails as in a fairy tale. Nature seems to have reduced herself, and the pictures she spreads before

the appalling disaster that befell the Steamer Arctic, in 1854, the literature of America sustained so grievous a loss. Professor Reed took a great, even an affectionate, interest in this tribute to Wordsworth, and invited the co-operation in the work of the poet's admirers and friends ("amatores et amici") in all parts of the country. At his instance, the writer of these sketches wrote, soliciting contributions, to several prominent literary men of the South, all of whom cheerfully acceded to the request, deeming it a privilege to pay their homage to the great philosophical poet of England. It was, therefore, not wholly as a stranger, that the writer regarded the graceful and beautiful memorial, which, alas! the most sympathetic and intelligent critic of Wordsworth's genius and poetry did not live to see erected.

the eye are like landscapes seen through an inverted telescope.

There are few traditions of Windermere that are out of keeping with its tranquil serenity and soothing beauty. The guide-book will tell you of a lawless cavalier of Charles' time who was besieged on one of these islands by a fierce Roundhead for eight months, and who, when the Puritan relinquished the leaguer and went his way, sallied forth in pursuit, and rode up the aisle of Kendal church, while the good people were at prayers, in the hope of carrying off his enemy, but, not finding him, rode down the aisle again, and, after attempting to get out at another door, struck his head violently against the low archway, and was fain to make his escape, leaving behind him his iron helmet which hangs in the aisle to this day.* But of all the memories of Windermere, its gayest and most brilliant is that of which Lockhart gives an account in his *Life of Sir Walter*, when Canning met Scott and Southey and Wordsworth and stalwart Christopher North at Storrs Hall, the mansion house of John Bolton, Esq., in those days, which the tourist sees on the lake's margin below Bowness. They had a magnificent regatta which was under the management of Wilson, whom Canning called "The Admiral of the Lake." "Perhaps," says Lockhart, "there were not fewer than fifty barges following in the Professor's radiant procession when it passed at the point of Storrs to admit into the place

* The incident is narrated in *Rokeby*.

of honor the vessel that carried kind and happy Mr. Bolton and his guests." Ah, happy Mr. Bolton, indeed! "The three bards of the Lakes," continues the biographer, "led the cheers that hailed Scott and Canning," but we need not pursue the narrative. The flags and steamers and gay dresses that enlivened the scene have long ago been eaten up by the moths, and the actors therein are dust. But the scene should be painted in the colors and with the accessories that Lockhart has supplied. As for the *Nox, Cœnumque* that followed, with Canning's wit and Sir Walter's stories and Christopher's abounding merriment, interspersed probably with poems of the two Laureates, "kind and happy Mr. Bolton" was not a Boswell, and we can only conjecture what such a night and such a supper must have been.

The walk from the Lake by way of Ambleside to Grasmere will richly reward the lover of the picturesque and the lover of English literature, which sentence, though it sounds exceedingly as if it were taken from Mr. Black's Picturesque Guide, is an original platitude nevertheless. Grasmere! the very name is poetry and brings up before us a cool, sequestered pond bordered by luxuriant turf and sprinkled with water lilies.—As seen from the hill, upon climbing which the pedestrian from Ambleside catches his first glimpse of it, Grasmere Lake looks like a shield of silver with an emerald, its single island, in its centre, which some Giant of the Mountains might have flung down

there long ago after battling with the Storm King. As compared with Windermere it is but a duck puddle in size, but all its ducks have been swans, for there at Allan Bank, in plain sight, lived Wordsworth, and after him De Quincey, and the little circuit of its waters was the familiar haunt of kindred spirits. Not far off, the house lies on the road from Ambleside, dwelt Dr. Arnold.—But the point of chief interest is beyond, a little way out of the small village of Grasmere, where in the Poet's Corner of the parish churchyard, Wordsworth and Hartley Coleridge lie buried in contiguous graves. A quieter spot cannot be found in the kingdom. It seems a more fitting resting-place for them than the aisle of a cathedral, there, where Mute Nature, who mourns her worshippers, may deck the sod with her perennial flowers, and keep over them her unceasing vigils. Two little girls were playing on the graves as I entered the enclosure, and quickly came up to sell me photographs of the spot, and to ask if I would care to see the monumental tablet erected to Wordsworth inside the church.—Upon my saying that I should, they ran off and presently returned with two ponderous keys which by an effort they lifted to the locks that secured the portal, and we passed into the building. A solemn stillness reigned under the ancient roof which the footfall upon the broken stone pavement and the thoughtless chirrup of the girls seemed rudely to disturb.—My little companions were wholly ignorant of the great men whose

memorial busts in bas-relief they exhibited, and reverence for the place had long ago with them been lost in familiarity and the thought of one and sixpence; but it seemed a pretty thing that children should show the pew where the poet had listened with child-like humility to the Morning Service (and to many a sermon that must have bored him,) and could he visit his own tomb under such guidance, he would probably write a pretty poem about it and hand down the little girls to posterity with the young damsels who dwelt among the untrodden ways beside the springs of Dove.

A longer and more fatiguing walk takes the tourist by way of the Langdale Pikes, across the body though not the summit of Scawfell, to the head of Wast Water.— The distance is twenty-two miles, and the path over the mountains very rugged, but it can be easily accomplished in a day, with an allowance of two hours for rest and luncheon. There is nothing here of the overpowering sublimity of the Alps, nor even of the lonely grandeur of some passes of the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies, but a certain majesty from hugeness of outline which is all the more impressive because of the contrast it affords to the miniature-like scale of Nature on the borders of the lakes below. The silence of these solitudes has also its peculiar effect upon the ear and the mind accustomed to the roar and rush of London. Upon this densely populated island, which has nearly reached its utmost limit of production and of inhabitants to the square mile, it seems strange

to pass in a few hours from crowded and bustling market-places to regions where, all around, the sheep clinging to the mountain-side and the eagle circling in the air alone represent animal life. True it is that the whole district of these lakes and mountains is extremely circumscribed and is closely surrounded by a teeming population of working men and women. There is more than one county in Virginia of larger area than Westmoreland and Cumberland taken together, and as the traveler stands upon some lesser summit of a range and looks down upon the barren fells and scars that bound the landscape, he knows that on the other side of that interposing hill there is the railway and the policeman, and that to-morrow morning, if he chuses, he may breakfast in Piccadilly. But for the moment he is alone with Nature as much as if he were traversing the Himalayahs or seeking the mighty Mumbo Jumbo in the Mountains of the Moon.

The idea of separation from society is not wholly dispelled when the pedestrian reaches the head of Wast Water, and there finds a primitive inn with accommodations for eight persons only, situated between lofty mountains, whose sides hem it in narrowly, and without another habitation in sight. But few of the visitors to the Lakes have hitherto found their way to this spot, which is the nearest stopping place for making the ascent of Scawfell Pike, but since the climbing of mountains has become fashionable through the

organized expeditions of the Alpine Club, it is likely that a much larger number will hereafter annually visit it, and that Mr. Ritson's humble house of entertainment will give place, ere long, to a modern hotel, where one may find the highest civilization in *potage a la Reine*, billiards, the bath, a telegraph station, Brighton Selzer and the *Times*.

Scawfell Pike is the loftiest of the English mountains, though its elevation is not so great as that of Snowdon, in Wales, or Ben Nevis, in Scotland, and these latter are not so high as Mount Mitchell, in North Carolina, Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, or the Peaks of Otter, in Virginia. But Scawfell, like the little hill behind the hotel at Llanrwst, as a Senior Wrangler once said, "is high enough for all practical purposes," that is to say, it is high enough to be very fatiguing in the ascent, to be very much wrapt in fog, and to be not wholly without peril to its climbers. Without the element of danger, the mountain would have no attraction for the young Englishman. If going up the Matterhorn could be made as safe as ascending to the ball of St. Paul's, it would be too spiritless an affair in his judgment to arouse the energies and engage the attention of a more or less rational being.

Our host, Mr. Ritson, who was a fine specimen of a native Cumbrian, gave us an account of a tragical finale to an excursion made only a few months before, by a youthful admirer of English mountain scenery. The young man had often ascended the Scaw-

fell in the summer months, but was ambitious of standing on its snow-clad summit in mid-winter. With this object, he started out from the Wastdalehead inn one clear cold day, of early February. He had been warned of the rashness of the adventure, but the very peril that attended it, sharpened the edge of his resolve. He never returned. Several days passed without apprehension on the part of our landlord, who doubted not that he had taken another direction after descending the mountain. But then receiving letters of inquiry concerning the traveler, who had not made his appearance to persons expecting him elsewhere, Mr. Ritson, with several other mountaineers, started in search of him. They tracked him by the prints of his snow-shoes for some distance up to the mountain, but, on coming to a precipitous spot, lost all trace of him whatever. As the descent of the steep was impracticable for the foot of man, a retriever dog was sent down, who soon testified, by his yelps and howls, to the horrible discovery he had made. On performing a wide circuit to the base of the precipice, the party found the body of the young man frozen and buried beneath a snow-drift, like the youth who bore the banner with the strange device—*Ex-celstior*. A similar incident to this, in which a Mr. Gough lost his life on Helvellyn, was commemorated by Sir Walter Scott in one of his most affecting ballads, and had the Lake poets not all passed away, it is likely that the victim of the Scawfell tragedy

would have been immortalized in song. As it is, his name only marks a page of the latest edition of the Guide-books as a warning against attempting to climb the Scawfell Pike in winter.

Though I did not, myself, pass over the most difficult portion of the path to the mountain-top, I can fancy the danger of going up in ordinary weather to be very greatly exaggerated by Mr. Black and the guides, for the day after reaching Wastwater, I pursued my pedestrian ramble ten miles over Black Sail and Scarf Gap, to Buttermere, and found the route, which is set down as being exceedingly difficult and insecure, sufficiently plain and practicable. It was full of glorious glimpses of the valleys below, and bold views of neighboring headlands, throwing their dark shadows far beyond their bases; Ennerdale Water lay in one direction, and Honister Crag in the other, the last extensive prospect being that which is afforded of Buttermere and Crummock Water from the summit of Scarf Gap just before commencing the descent.

The difference between these two small lakes is striking enough, the one tame and pastoral, the other poetically gloomy and savage. The names imply as much—Buttermere we should associate with geese and cows, and farmyards upon the bank, while Crummock Water has a rough discordant sound which suggests the sullen wild character of its scenery. Yet the two lakes are but a few hundred yards apart, and the traveler can please himself as to the sort of ramble he

prefers, by taking the right or the left hand path-way from the hotel, which lies between them. They are typical of the two very widely different classes that inhabited the region while the poets of the Lake School yet survived—the plain country-folk and the inspired singers. Hodge looked after the stock and the poultry, Messieurs the Bards watched the mountain and the cloud to interpret their shifting phases. It was of nature and the land around them as Goethe has said of the radiant goddess—

To some she is the goddess great,
(Wordsworth, Southey & Co.)

To some the milch cow of the field,
(Hodge for instance.)

Their wisdom is to calculate
What butter she will yield.

And now down through the vale of Newlands, on top of the coach and with exhilarating rapidity, *summa diligentia* indeed, we go to Keswick, with the greater portion of the road in sight all the way, and every moment obtaining a view of some new object of beauty or grandeur, until at last we are brought into the immediate presence of Skiddaw, stern yet lovely in its sternness, the parting sunlight like a crown upon its brow, and Derwentwater gleaming like a diamond at its feet.

Derwentwater is the sweetest of all the Lakes. If Windermere is a sonnet, Derwentwater is a tender love song, a quatrain sounded most musically. From whatever point of view you may regard it, the same completeness strikes you. Every clump of trees, every overhanging rock, every curving line of pebbly margin is

in Nature's happiest mood. The walk from Keswick to Lodore will reveal new beauties at every turn of the road, and the traveler will make his way back with the most charming photograph on his memory that has ever been painted there by the external world.

Lodore, as I have said already, is an extravaganza, a pretty freak of nature "in her wild and frolic hour of infancy," as Halleck has it, and probably cuts all the capers that Southey has so whimsically described in rhyme when it has water enough for the purpose, but it wanted water sadly on the occasion of my visit, as if the supply had come from some Cumberland Water Works Company, *Limited*, or as if the Giant of the Mountains had got tired of its babbling and called upon it to "dry up." There were photographic cards of it, however, at the hotel showing how the waters sometimes come dashing and plashing and roaring, and pouring, and darkling, and sparkling, and the omission was thus supplied for sixpence, though, when you come to think of it, you might see Lodore in this way at the London Stereoscopic Company's establishment, (*Limited*) in Regent Street, without going to Cumberland at all.

England gets its lead-pencils, or plumbago of which they are manufactured, from Keswick, which fact is worth making a pencil note of, and the quiet little town, the quietest of all little towns until the railway was carried through it, is grandly situated at the base of Skiddaw and close by Derwent-water, but its chief interest is the

souvenir of Robert Southey. Here for forty years he lived, and here he died, and was committed to the grave. A brief inscription on his tomb in the burial ground of Crossthwaite parish church tells the number of his days, and in the church itself there is a recumbent statue of him, on the stone beneath which are some tributary lines from the pen of Wordsworth who outlived him. But little mortuary panegyric is so happily worded or so well deserved. The poetry of Southey, apart from his lighter pieces, is almost as little read now, as Chaucer's. Few readers of miscellaneous English literature know, or care to know, how happily the days of Thalaba went by. But the memory of Southey is a precious inheritance. He was perhaps the noblest example of the literary character that his country has given to the world. His life, as Thackeray has well said, was "sublime in its simplicity, its energy, its honor, its affection." How bravely he toiled, how blamelessly he walked among his fellow-men, how he feared God and honored the king, (even when that king was the reprobate Fourth George,) how he adhered to his honest, if mistaken, convictions of social policy, and yet refused to be made a Baronet, how he kept the faith with his calling, regarding his muse ever as an exalted creature, "like Knowledge firm, like Virtue fair" —all this is part of the intellectual history of England. Such recollections make Greta Hall a shrine. In our day, when the profession of literature embraces so many who dwell in a Bohemia of debt,

drink and license, and when poetry has been degraded by men of great gifts to the service of a pagan sensualism, it is with something of reverence that we turn to this member of the ancient Priesthood, who kept his robes pure and his hands clean, and who raised authorship above the dignity of the Peerage.

Greta Hall stands a little way out of the village, "a comfortable house," says Charles Lamb, describing it and getting entangled with his metaphors, "enveloped on all sides by a net of mountains—great flourishing bears and monsters." It is not now shown to the public. As it contains few memorials of the Doctor, the pilgrim need not greatly regret his exclusion. The library has long ago been dispersed by the inevitable, the ruthless auctioneer—that library of which he himself said,—“here I possess the gathered treasures of time, the harvest of so many generations laid up in my garners, and when I go to the

window, there is the lake, and the circle of mountains, and the ilimitable sky.” What a possession and how profitably he used it!*

Keswick is the point at which tourists who have entered the Lake district at Windermere, ordinarily leave the Enchanted Land. It is fast losing the features of rusticity and seclusion it once wore. A great vulgar Railway Hotel looks down upon the town from a commanding hill, and seems to claim it for its own. But Skiddaw looks down from its airy height in grim majesty, as if it mocked railway and hotel alike, and seems to say, ‘let cockneys come, let trains rush by, but here I stand forever.’

—
* It will not perhaps be considered an impertinence in the writer of these sketches, to mention that some of the volumes of Southey's library—those “gathered treasures of time”—constituted a portion of his own library, which was totally destroyed in the memorable conflagration of Richmond, 3d April, 1865.

A PORTRAIT.

All beauteous things have lent their grace
To make the sweetness of her face.

The light of Autumn's richest dyes
Swims in the depths of her brown eyes,

And all its sunset's golden air
Is tangled in her waving hair.

The laden bee might stoop to sip
The rose's heart that stains her lip;

But, fainter flushed, her cheek and brow
Blush with the budding hawthorn's snow.

In the clear music of her voice
A thousand purling streams rejoice,

As sweet as when through summer hours
They babble of the brimming showers,

And down the happy vales are sent
The murmurs of their full content.

Like clouds that fleck the morning sky
She sweeps in airy fleetness by,

And who that sees but turns to bless
A vision of such loveliness.

It seems a glorious angel given
To woo our straying steps to heaven.

But O, I think, if e'er as wife
She wears the marriage ring of life,
And all her being, bright and good,
Rounds to a perfect womanhood;

In those blest Courts where she would move
The matchless minister of Love,

Beneath the purple of her throne
This earth and heaven would seem but one.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING*

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

"OH! Grandpa, Frank's exchanged!" The speaker was Miss Charley, who rushed into the parlor in which Colonel Preston was seated, reading attentively the Richmond *Examiner*.

"Bless my soul!—you don't say so, darling? How did you hear?"

"I went to the Hospital—Camille's I mean—to show Mandy the way, and when I was coming back, I met Col. Ould who told me he had good news for me, and then told me he had just received the Cartel and that Frank's name was on it. He is to leave for Signal Hill this afternoon, so we will have our poor Frank here to-night," and the girl's eyes filled up with tears of pure joy.

"I'll go down with Ould!" said the Colonel, "and bring the boy home. Have you told wife and Eliza?"

"Not yet, Sir; I thought I'd come to you first."

"Well, child, run, for the news is too good to keep to ourselves. Where's James?"

"Oh! on some of his many works of mercy and usefulness," was the reply. "Grand-pa the amount of good the Professor does to the cause and country is incalculable. No one knows of it but me, for he's as modest as he's brave. And although he was born in Scotland, and is thus exempt, he wanted to shoulder his

musket and go into the ranks, and it required all my influence to restrain him! Any one can fight, but not one in a thousand can do what the Professor does!" and the Professor's young love ran off to Mrs. Leigh, who had left her plantation and joined her father as a permanent member of the family.

Her joy at the news of the speedy prospect of seeing her son was extremely touching, tempered as it was by her gratitude to the Hand, which had unlocked the prison doors and restored to her the light of her existence.

"My boy! My precious child!" she exclaimed, "I will go to him, Charley. No one can receive him as his mother. Get me his new overcoat, honey, you know he is so particular in his dress, and he'll want to look nicely, just coming home, and his clothes may be a little rusty."

Charley helped as readily as her aunt could have desired, and between them and Mrs. Preston, everything that loving hearts could suggest to show their appreciation of the young soldier, was soon collected and placed in the carriage which was then at the door.

"Had'nt you better take a pillow, Eliza?" said Mrs. Preston, "and this carriage blanket. Frank may be tired and like to lie down."

"Scarcely!" replied his fond mother, "you know how energetic and full of life he is!"

* Continued from page 203.

"Take them anyhow, Eliza," said Mrs. Esten, entering at the moment, "and this bottle of brandy. If Frank does'nt need it, some of the poor fellows will, and it is best to have it."

"I wish the Professor was here to go," said Miss Charley's soft voice.

"He is here, Miss Charley," said the gentleman thus desired, "where is it you wish me to go?"

She explained rapidly and he at once offered to accompany the party.

"Come, Eliza, come on!" shouted the impatient Colonel from the pavement. "We'll be left to a dead certainty, and I promised Ould to be punctual."

"Plenty of time, Mrs. Leigh, do'nt agitate yourself, madam," said the Professor, as he assisted her to the carriage. "We can't start for an hour yet, but the Colonel's eagerness makes him a little impatient."

Miss Charley thought so, and was all the better pleased that the expedition was in the hands of one so wise and so cool as the Professor.

The carriage drove off, and in lieu of an old shoe, Miss Charley pitched one of her pretty Blockade slippers for good luck after the retreating vehicle. It stuck in the mud of Franklin Street, and cost Mandy and a pair of tongs some trouble before it was finally extricated.

Then Miss Preston, feeling unsettled, and averse to remaining in-doors, tied on her jaunty little hat and started for the Hospital, knowing she would be likely to meet Camille on her return home.

As she walked along the crowded streets, many an admiring glance was thrown upon her, and on passing the Spotswood Hotel, a gentleman who stood at the door, joined her, and removing his hat, disclosed the face of Mr. Fontaine. She gave him a cordial greeting, and he walked by her side, asking of every one but the one of whose welfare he was most desirous to be assured.

They were laughing in the high spirits which the thought of Frank's return had occasioned the young lady, and the pleasure which the gentleman felt in being near one who had been near Camille, when, on turning a corner, they saw the latter approaching them.

She was walking slowly and quietly along, holding in her hand the little basket, now empty, which she always took from home filled with such delicacies for the sick, as could be procured, and her large eyes were fixed thoughtfully on the ground. The folds of her soft grey dress draped her beautiful figure with the utmost grace, and a little hat of the same color, bound with scarlet, rested on her shining hair.

She was nearly up to the pair, who had stopped, before she knew of their presence, and when she heard the impassioned greeting of Mr. Fontaine, and saw his outstretched hand, she turned very white, and then flushed as red as the trimmings of her hat.

"This is indeed a surprise!" she said, bowing low, but not taking his hand. "Charley, are all at home well?"

"Yes, and all gone for Frank,

but Grand-ma, Mr. and Mrs. Esten and myself."

Camille was delighted at the intelligence, and the trio proceeded slowly homewards.

"Any news, Camille?" enquired Miss Charley. "You always get flying rumors at the hospitals."

"There is one this evening," was the reply. "A large number of wounded are expected to arrive at the Hospital some time to-night. All the force that can be obtained will be needed, and they have promised to send me word if the wounded really come."

Mr. Fontaine said nothing, but a skillful reader of one's thoughts would have discovered in the young gentleman's expression, a perfect willingness to change places with any of the said wounded, for the sake of being waited on by the beautiful young nurse.

They arrived at the door of the Colonel's residence, and appreciating the desire of the family to be alone, Mr. Fontaine requested permission to call the next day, and made a reluctant bow to his lovely companions.

Tea was delayed until the arrival of the travelers, and in the meantime the girls repaired to the chamber which they occupied together, and seating themselves on the floor in front of the glowing fire, prepared in regular girl fashion, for a good long talk.

"Mr. Fontaine is very handsome," said Miss Charley, "plunging the poker into a small mass of Richmond coal and causing it to send up a brilliant blaze, 'isn't he?'"

"Yes—no—I really never no-

ticed—he's very agreeable and well-bred," said Camille, rather absently.

"Yes, he is!" persisted her companion, still at work on the tempting lump of coal, "But do you know, Camille, it seems to me that all other men are only foils to show off the Professor? I don't say this because I love him," the young lady went on, while a glow not produced by the fire spread over her fair face, "for with me love, instead of being blind, is unusually clear-sighted, but he is the best, and the truest, and the sweetest that ever was!"

"And so handsome and refined," said Camille, heartily. "His face always reminds me of the heads you sometimes see on very fine cameos, and somehow, after I have been looking at it, I find myself thinking of grand old pictures of Saints and Martyrs in dim Cathedrals, or of the days of Chivalry and the old English Knights."

"Camille," said Charley, "I'll tell you a sort of a secret that you may see his noble air is a natural possession. The last steamer that came in brought letters which told him of a settlement of an old suit in Chancery—a sort of Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce affair—which is decided in his favor. Unlike its prototype, the costs have not swallowed the estate, which is a splendid one in Scotland, besides lots of good gold guineas in the Bank of England subject to his orders."

"I am truly glad, Charley," said Camille, "very glad."

"That isn't all, Camille; there is a title which goes with the estate, and he takes it by resum-

ing his mother's maiden name, Douglas, and he whom we call the Professor, may, if he choose, be saluted as Sir James Douglas."

"Sir James and Lady Douglas!" said Camille, laughing, "wouldn't it sound grandly?"

"Very," said the future Lady Douglas. "If ever the old family motto was applicable to any of its members, it is to him! 'Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!'" and the girl's voice pronounced the words as if she were kissing them.

"Charley," said Camille, in a low, choked voice, "do not love him too much—if you do you will be sure to lose him!"

Charley put her arms round Camille and drew her head down to her supporting shoulder.

"I think," she said softly, "Camille, we are all too prone to make idols of what we love and then of course we must be punished. I used to blame aunt Liza for idolizing Frank, but I did not know then that I was doing the same thing with respect to others, and now I pray every night and morning to be delivered from this my besetting sin!"

"I see so much misery at the hospitals," said Camille, "that I am warned of the danger of trusting treasures to earthly vessels. Poor fellows, they are all idols of somebody, and I often think how many women they are making cry for them. And, oh! Charley, such fortitude, such superhuman endurance! If they would only complain, I could bear better to see their sufferings! But not a word, not a groan, not a murmur, only an intense desire to be well enough to go back to

the army and Mars Robert, as they call him! Oh! Charley, there never were such men as our soldiers!"

"Never!" said Miss Preston, with emphatic earnestness. "Oh! there they come!" and she rushed through the passage down to the steps, with frantic haste, calling her grandmother and Mrs. Esten as she ran, and closely followed by Camille.

Charley was about to spring forward to the hall door when it was opened and the Professor and Dr. Truman, a surgeon well known to them all, entered, bearing between them an object which seemed more like a bundle of limp rags than a human being. As they approached the steps on which the ladies stood, the blanket wrapped round their burden dropped off and revealed that the pitiable subject of their care was all that remained of the gay, handsome, lighthearted Frank Leigh.

Could that pale, cadaverous creature, a mass of bones almost protruding through the skin, drawn over them like parchment, with eyes that looked up with the expression of a famished tiger, with limbs shrunken and withered like those of a very old man, with hair that lay in a rough matted mass on his head, and beard hanging in neglected luxuriance on his face, with hands and feet—those beautiful aristocratic hands and feet—dwindled and cramped with frost bites, with rags noisome in their filthiness and scarcely sufficing to conceal the skeleton form of their wearer, could this wreck of God's handi-

work, made by man's cruelty, be Frank, the cherished darling of the house?

"Frank, dear, dear Frank," said Miss Charley, as she sprang forward and threw her arms around the neck of the wretched youth, showering upon him a sister's caresses. "Frank, cheer up, you are at home now!"

He turned his glazed eyes upon her and a sort of recognition came over them, but he said nothing.

"Let him alone now my — Miss Charley," said the Professor tenderly, "he is not able to notice you yet."

"They have ruined my boy!" said Mrs. Leigh with a burst of bitterness; "their fiendish cruelty has destroyed his body and wrecked his mind. Oh! may a mother's curse—" A soft hand was laid on her lips, and Camille whispered, "'Vengeance is mine—I will repay, saith the Lord!—leave them to Him!"

"Wife, they've ruined our boy," said the colonel, with a great sob in his voice. "He didn't know me or his mother!"

"Please God, we will soon have him well," said the lady; "take him up to his room, Professor. Ben, go and assist in taking care of your young master. Please call me as soon as you are ready for me. Come, Eliza, come with me and compose yourself so as to nurse your child—you know the only way!" and folding her arm around her daughter, the stately and pious' mistress of Southside took the weeping mother away.

"Colonel, pour out a little brandy, please," said Dr. Tru-

man, "Leigh is fainting I fear."

The Colonel attempted to execute the request, but his hand trembled, and Camille, taking the bottle, poured out the requisite quantity and presented it to the young surgeon.

He attempted to pour it down the throat of the senseless Frank, but it gurgled up again, and then ran out of the corners of his pale, parched lips.

"Oh! is he dead?" asked Camille in a frightened whisper.

"No, not yet," said the surgeon gently, "but he is only a hair's breadth from it. Lift him up, Professor, please. You take his feet," he continued to Ben, "and go forward."

"Lor, Marster, I can't take Mas Frank up feet foremost, Sir," said Ben, recoiling.

"No matter now, Ben," said the Professor, "go on and be as careful as possible."

Slowly and silently the sad procession moved up the steps and into the room, which had been prepared by such loving hands, and laid down the wasted remains of the gallant boy on the pretty bed waiting to receive him.—Senseless and wretched, maimed and ruined, he lay as if dead, while his relations and friends stood around him in an agony of grief too deep for expression, and this was Frank Leigh's coming home!

The Professor bent down over him, and laying his hand on the pale forehead, repeated the inquiry which Camille had made.

"He still lives," said the surgeon, "and I see no danger of immediate death. His nervous

system is completely destroyed by the course of infernal cruelty he has received, and his physical one is in but little better condition. Care and nursing will do much for him, and fortunately for him, he can get both, and of the best kind."

Under the directions of the physician such measures were resorted to as soon removed all traces of outward neglect from the semi-conscious Frank, and when his mother and grandmother were summoned to his room, he looked somewhat like their old Frank in the exquisite neatness and elegance of his personal appearance. They took their stations at each side of his bed, and watched over him as tenderly as if he had been an infant.

"May I come in?" asked a soft voice at the door, and the Professor opening it, admitted Miss Charley. It was a peculiarity of that young lady always to be most bright and cheerful, when those she loved were saddest and most in need of her sustaining and animating services. Consequently, now that the elder part of the family was in a state of grief, which tended to paralyze their efforts and militate against Frank's recovery, Miss Preston came to the rescue with a gayety and lightness of spirit as well sustained as Uncle Jack's declaration of independence has been.

"I declare, Grandpa," she exclaimed to that gentleman who sat with his head buried in the blankets, at the foot of Frank's bed, "you all remind me of a party of owls or ravens! Here Frank is at home, alive, and with every

prospect of recovery, and you all show your gratitude and happiness by looking as if General Lee had been beaten or President Davis captured! Why, you haven't even brushed his hair, and he looks like the twin brother of a grizzly bear! I'll soon set that to rights. May I, Doctor Truman?"

"Certainly, Miss Preston—the more nursing and attention Capt. Leigh receives the faster he'll get well."

Miss Charley walked to the bureau, and taking the fanciful new comb and brush which his mother's fondness had provided, seated herself on the side of the bed, and by the aid of bay water, much brushing, and a still greater amount of gentleness and patience, succeeded in restoring Frank's luxurious locks to something of their old glossy brightness.

"Aunt Liza, give me a pair of scissors," she said, "I must take off enough of this ferocious moustache to at least let him eat soup in comparative comfort."

"Well, child," said her grandfather, unable to resist her bright influence, "I never expected to see you a barber!"

"I understand my trade sir, don't I?" she replied archly, "Just look how I have improved Frank. Let me alone and I'll have him his old self in less than a week; won't I, Mrs. Esten?"

The last remark was addressed to that lady who came into the room holding an open note.

"I have just received this," she said, "from the Chief Matron of the Hospital. The wounded have arrived, and she begs Camille to

come and assist her. She is most desirous to go, but as Mr. Esten is quite unwell, I am unwilling for her to go with the escort the matron sent."

"I will take her, Mrs. Esten," said the Professor, rising from the chair in which he had sunk, overcome with fatigue.

"Oh! Professor," said Charley, "you are too tired!"

"Not at all, Miss Charley, and only glad to be of some service to those who need it so much. I will go at once," he continued, and left the room.

As he reached the landing place of the now deserted passage, and was just descending the first step, his progress was pleasantly impeded by a pair of soft arms slipped like a noose round his neck, by some person just above him on the landing. Turning so as to equalize positions by bringing the attacking party on the same step with himself, he held it with a force that effectually detained it.

"Professor," said the reddest and sweetest of lips, "I love you so much!"

"Do you, my darling?" said the Professor, applying a styptic which sent the color of the lips up several degrees in brightness.

"You are so good—so good to me and all of us!" and a little hand stole into his.

"Strange, for a man to cherish his own, his very own? isn't it, my Charley?" he asked, ignoring, as was his custom, all self merit.

The appearance of Camille from the dining room, where she had been engaged in filling her basket

with such things as she thought would be needed, prevented further reply, and she and the Professor soon started off on their way to the Hospital, accompanied by Dr. Truman, who joined the party as a volunteer.

They walked rapidly, and before long, reached the Hospital, and pressing through the crowd which surrounded the ambulances, at its principal entrance, passed through a private door, and went on to the wards. A ghastly sight the latter presented, and one from which a woman might well have shrunk fainting away.

But there was no appearance of horror or weakness in the women who were standing by the low white cots, assisting the surgeons by every possible means that tender consideration could suggest, and cheering by every hopeful or kindly word, the agonies of the torn and mangled forms around them.

Camille laid off her hat and wrappings, and at once busied herself in her gentle duties, losing all consciousness of her own feelings in the absorbing interest she felt for others. She had stopped at a cot cut off from the rest of the ward by a sort of recess, and arranged it for the inmate who might be brought to it, with a care and nicety peculiar to all she did, and then passing to another, bent down to wipe the damp forehead of a youth, a mere child, who lay there.

The boy, a young South Carolinian, and the darling of some proud home, opened his soft brown eyes, and tried to thank her, but the blood gushed out of his mouth,

and placing his hand on his breast, he smiled feebly, and shook his head; divining his wishes, she raised the covering and saw under his uniform of tattered grey, a frightful wound, which had actually torn his breast to pieces, and from which the blood was welling with a rapidity that showed its life current would soon be dry. Taking her handkerchief, Camille pressed it into the gaping wound, and poured a little wine down the pale lips of him who lay so lamb-like in his anguish.

"Doctor, please come here," she exclaimed, "this is an urgent case."

"And a hopeless one!" muttered the surgeon. "He cannot live ten minutes. I am called to attend to an amputation and cannot stay," and he went on his round of duty.

Ten minutes between the boy and Eternity! He had heard the words of the physician; and he turned his large liquid eyes on Camille with a look of blank horror and yearning entreaty which almost made her frantic in the consciousness of her utter inability to save him.

"Ten minutes are all sufficient with God," she whispered, raising the curly head softly on her arm. "Have you learned to know your Saviour?"

A smile of surpassing sweetness passed over his face, and he raised his eyes upwards. "He is by you and will receive you to heaven where there is no pain," she said, in a voice as soft as his own sister could have used. "Shall I pray for you?" His eyes assented, and

kneeling down, she began the sublime words of the "Prayer for a sick person at the point of departure," in which the departing soul is commended to the hands of its "faithful Creator and most merciful Saviour."

The dying boy tried to fold his hands, and Camille placed them over his mangled breast as his mother had done when she first taught his baby lips to lisp "Our Father."

"That it may be presented pure and without spot before Thee!" prayed the girl. A slight sound arrested her, and looking into the fair young face beside her, she saw that the spirit which had animated it, was not in need of any earthly petition, but had passed to the immediate presence of the God who gave it!

She closed the soft eyes, drew up the white sheet over the face scarcely less white, and going to the sheltered and still unoccupied cot, buried her face in it to hide the tears which streamed from her lovely eyes.

They were still flowing when the sound of footsteps, which indicated that those who advanced bore a heavy burden, came along the ward, passed the cot of the dead boy and then stopped.

"All the cots are occupied," said a voice she recognized as Dr. Truman's, "and we must have one to place him on, or I cannot amputate his arm, and his life depends on its immediate removal. Call two of the nurses and let them take this poor fellow to another place. The dead must give place to the living."

Camille stepped out of her con-

cealment. "Lay the wounded man here," she said.

"Ah! Miss Esten," said the doctor, addressing her by the name he had instinctively applied to her, "I'm glad you're here. I want a cool and efficient woman to take care of Major La Fronde, whose life hangs by a thread, and is one well worth preserving."

For an instant there was the sound of a woman's voice in a sob of supreme anguish, and then almost before it had fallen on the air, it was hushed, and Camille, resolute and calm, replied:

"You can depend on me; what shall I do?"

"Bathe his forehead—he is insensible, and I trust he will remain so until I amputate his arm. He is the most gallant fellow!"

They had removed his coat, and laid him down on the bed, which Camille had so unconsciously prepared for him, and all had left him, the men to other duty, the surgeon to procure his instruments.

Camille hung over him in an ecstasy of love and anguish.— There he lay, her own, her life's idol, her wedded husband, whom she loved with a love that was more than life, for whose return to her she had never ceased to pray with untiring fervor, and for so long. Pale, senseless, a wound on his forehead, from which the dark blood dripped in a sluggish stream down on his beautiful face, his left arm shattered by a shell, and hanging, limp as the sleeve which held it, at his side, and death so near him that only a thread intervened—this was the answer to all her prayers—this

was the way in which Loui was restored to her.

She wiped away the blood from his clammy brow, and laid her cheek against it, while, with an agony of earnestness, in which the emotions and energies of centuries were condensed into a minute, she prayed — not that Loui might be spared, not that he might love her, not that she might be taken with him, but that God's will might be done to the uttermost, and she be imbued with requisite strength to bear what her Heavenly father might decree.

Oh! the sublime, the inexpressible comfort of prayer, of soaring with a single bound from earth to the golden throne of heaven, and pleading with God's almighty essence!

Prayer is the true Prometheus which scales the skies, and brings the glories of heaven into the immediate grasp of humanity, but unlike the efforts of the Titan, entails upon itself and its participants no penalty but blessings.

Camille proved its efficacy, and felt a strength spring up in her soul which lifted it above the quivering flesh, and imbued it with some of the attributes of its grand original source.

Dr. Truman returned alone, bearing under his arm a box whose contents Camille knew too well, and from which she had previously turned with a sickening horror.

"Miss Esten," said the surgeon, "are you equal to assisting at an amputation? I hope so, for owing to the great number of wounded, and the non arrival of some of

the ambulance corps, I actually will see that no man could exist cannot get one soul to help me, with such an appendage. Are and I require assistance here.— you ready?"

Can you be a heroine?" "Go on," she said, and her voice did not quiver.

"I can try to be a Christian," she said quietly. "Tell me exactly what to do and I will do it. But, Doctor, will he suffer much?" and a look of mortal agony came into her eyes.

"Scarcely anything, if he suffer at all, thanks to chloroform. You must hold this bottle to his nostrils and remove it or replace it as a movement of my head indicates. One nod to remove, two nods to replace." The surgeon nodded his head twice and Camille applied the bottle simultaneously.

With his scissors, the surgeon cut through the spowly sleeve of the shirt and fine merino one beneath, and slipping them over the beautiful clenched hand, exposed the full extent of the wound. It was a frightful one; the flesh was literally torn from the bone and in some places burned almost to a crisp, while the broken bones protruded in several places and the centre one was crushed to splinters in two places, one above and one below the elbow. Camille looked at it, closed her eyes, and then fastened them on the surgeon's face.

"Doctor," she said, as the surgeon tested the keenness of his knife on his forefinger, "is there no possibility of saving the arm? Can utter devotion to it on my part avail, if so, do not amputate it, but leave it to God and me!"

"It is impossible, Miss; gangrene would ensue in two hours, and La Fronde be dead in as many more. Look at the arm and you

will see that no man could exist with such an appendage. Are you ready?"

"Go on," she said, and her voice did not quiver.

No sound followed but the slight half audible passage of the knife through the lacerated flesh, until a fine and intolerably grating noise announced that the surgeon was sawing through the crushed and splintered bone. Loui groaned slightly, and in response to the two quick nods of the surgeon, Camille re-applied the chloroform.

A short interval and the once superb arm was severed from the body, the arteries were taken up, the stump carefully attended to, and Loui lay on his pillow in blessed unconsciousness of his great loss.

Camille drew the covering tenderly around him, and, as she did so, saw the severed arm lying with such mute eloquence before her. She stooped down and kissed the waxen hand, and two hot tears dropped from her eyes, and fell upon its marble surface.

"Too late to cry now, Miss Esten," said the surgeon cheerfully, desirous in his great admiration for the girl's heroic conduct, to relieve her as much as possible. "The worst is over, and La Fronde will soon be out of danger. You are a girl of a thousand, Miss Esten, and I shall tell La Fronde what you have been to him."

"I am not Miss Esten, doctor," she said, while a deep flush came to her pale face,— "I am married, and Major La Fronde is my husband!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

STEAM PLOUGHING.

FOWLER'S STEAM PLOUGH was patented some ten or more years ago in England and has gradually worked itself into public favor in that country until now it is there considered almost indispensable in the preparation of the soil for sowing and for the other heavy work of the farm. In addition to those in use by the occupiers of large farms there are a number of companies whose machines travel from farm to farm to do the work of those whose means do not justify the purchase of the machinery. These companies are making large profits, and the system on which they operate is quite applicable to this country. In July last I met a number of the managers of these companies at Bury St. Edmonds, England, at the British National Agricultural Show, and ascertained that in a majority of cases they had paid for their machinery out of the net profits of eighteen months work, and some of them of a single year.

During a somewhat lengthy sojourn in England I paid much attention to this subject, and in addition to the public exhibitions at agricultural fairs, &c., I saw steam ploughing going on upon many farms in different parts of Great Britain, and from my own observations became satisfied of its great success. Englishmen of all classes are chary of adopting new inventions until they have been thoroughly tested and approved, and of all classes of Englishmen, agriculturalists are the least prone

to ruin themselves by an indulgence in doubtful and expensive novelties. The uniform appreciation of Fowler's invention by this class of practical farmers therefore seemed to be of some value, so far as the question concerns England. If successful there, I know nothing in the nature of our soil, productions or the surface of our country that would argue unfavorably as to its success here.— On the contrary, I am satisfied there is no country in the world where steam can be more profitably applied to the cultivation of the soil than in this country, particularly in the great prairie States of the west, and upon such lands of the southern and middle States as have been in cultivation a sufficient length of time to be free of stumps and roots. At all events, I am about to make the experiment and have now *en route* for Decatur, Illinois, a complete set of Fowler's best apparatus in the neighborhood of which I design locating.

It is probably not known that the rapid progress made in Egypt in the production of cotton has, in no small degree, resulted from the extensive use of steam ploughs. The present enlightened ruler of that country early appreciated their value, and now has in use, on his own lands, two hundred and fifty of Fowler's tackle, with which he is making marvelous progress in enthroning King Cotton in the valley of the Nile.

These ploughs are also being

successfully introduced into India, Australia, New Zealand, and Asia Minor, besides most of the countries of Western Europe.— Sooner or later, I feel sure my countrymen will see their merits, and adopt them, but it is an unusual circumstance to find them, usually so much on the alert in matters of this kind, so slow to adopt steam cultivation. It is scarcely to be expected that steam will ever perform the marvels for agriculture that it has for navigation and locomotion upon land, but there is little doubt that it is destined to become an efficient and powerful agricultural agency, and to relieve the overtaxed horse and man of the hardest part of their task.

THE SYSTEM,

without going into minute details, consists of two engines placed on opposite sides of the field to be ploughed, and the plough, harrow, or cultivator as may be required, is drawn first by one and then by the other engine, across the field, at the speed of five or six miles an hour, by means of an iron wire rope wound upon a vertical drum placed under the boiler. While one engine is drawing the plough, the other is unwinding its rope, and taking up a position, so as to be opposite to the new "land." To economize time at the ends of the furrow, the plough is made double, so that while one set of ploughs is in the ground, the other set is in the air, and at the end of the furrow they reverse positions and return to the other side of the field without turning around.

A cheaper tackle of the same inventor, but not quite so effective, consists of a single engine, and an anchor placed on the opposite side of the field. Both the engine and anchor are furnished with vertical *clip* drums, around which an endless wire rope passes, but is not wound up on the drum as in the double engine plan. The "clips" on the drums prevent the slackening of the rope in the direction of the plough. The anchor, by means of an ingenious system of cog work, pulls itself up *pari passu* with the engine, by means of a rope carried forward and fastened to the ground by an iron claw.

The engines, by their locomotive power, move along the headlands, change position, or travel upon the ordinary roads, drawing all their implements with them, at the rate of three or four miles per hour.

ITS PERFORMANCES

depend upon many conditions, such as the nature and quality of the soil to be worked, the number of ploughs in the "gang," &c. In the first breaking of prairie land it is probable that not more than six furrows can be turned at once, but in old fields and friable soils, eight, or even ten furrows may be turned. The largest plough that has yet been tested, turns eight furrows. My largest turns but six. With the eight furrow plough, I have seen one acre and a half, per hour, accomplished during the twelve working hours, or eighteen acres per day. With the six and four furrow ploughs, of course, it

would be proportionately less.— With the nine tine cultivator, such as I use, I have seen four and a half acres “cultivated” in an hour. The average of four acres, an hour, could probably be kept up throughout the day. With my thirteen foot harrow, perhaps fifty or sixty acres a day might be accomplished. The harrow is sometimes attached to the plough, thus performing the two tasks by one pull of the engines.

The force required to work this tackle consists of two men to work the engines, one plough man and one man to drive the water-cart and fetch fuel. If a single engine is used, one man is required to see to the anchor, although that is not absolutely necessary, as the ploughman can do this.— One man, (a boy capable of half work will do) is employed to keep the wire rope from dragging over the ground, by placing and keeping it on “rope porters,” light three wheeled vehicles, with open pulleys for the rope to traverse. This hand, where labor is scarce, can be dispensed with, although it is best to employ him as the rope otherwise wears much more rapidly and there is necessarily more friction.

ITS COST

as compared to other modes of cultivation must determine the question of its success or failure,

as it must necessarily do of all inventions designed to increase production. In England and other countries where Fowler’s plough has been tested, it has been found to do the work cheaper than it can be done by the use of horses. That the work is done much more thoroughly and that the yield of the land is increased is also a known result of using steam.— For instance, sub-soiling by horse power is an extremely expensive operation, whereas with steam it is only necessary to turn a screw and your plough is set for any depth you may require, from one inch to eighteen inches.

Besides ploughing, “cultivating,” harrowing, &c., the engines, which are of the best materials and workmanship, when not required for the field, may be used for threshing, grinding, sawing, ginning or any of the purposes to which steam is ordinarily applied.

A double engine set, (14 horse power) complete in all its appointments of ploughs, harrows, cultivators, &c., landed at any of the Atlantic or Gulf ports, would cost about \$10,000 in gold; a single engine set of the same horse power, about \$6,500. These figures would vary somewhat with the number and description of the ploughs, cultivators, &c., required to suit the peculiarities of the soil and crops to be cultivated.

THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.

WHEN the records of the present century are penned by the Muse, who vaunts herself to be philosophy, teaching by experience, she will have no lack of the latter requisite. Her future pupils will find the record of this age teeming with startling political changes in nations; with mental and moral reforms that we class under the cant name of progress, and with wars whose novelty of origin and magnitude of conception are only equalled by their peculiar and romantic surroundings.

These last—whether waged in Central Europe, on the frozen wastes of the Crimea, the fertile plains of Italy, or the rugged table-lands of Abyssinia—will carry the thinker back to those strange convulsions of a half-civilized society that produced the Crusaders and their like; for more than one of them is founded on a theory, rather than a cause, and is tinctured with fanaticism—if fanaticism be the pursuit of an end regardless of means or of results.

Such is the English Expedition against Theodorus, “King of Kings, and Emperor of Abyssinia.”

It is not a war for capture of fresh territory, to punish him, or to reclaim the captives in his power, and procure them indemnity for long duration, so much as it is a war for an idea—British prestige in the east.

The expedition into an unex-

plored and difficult region, with water scarce and transportation almost impracticable; against a people of whose habits nothing is known, but that they are warlike and fierce—is an experiment at best. Whatever its results, we can but conceive that it will be costly in men, material and treasure. But whether it punish the insolent Ras, whether it release the prisoners, or whether it accomplish any of its ostensible objects—it will at least effect the main one. It will pay for itself in the future, and save many a life, and many an ugly complication in English policy by upholding the prestige of the English name in the East.

And the blow struck at Massowah will resound at Aden and in the heart of British India.—Scarcely four months since, the English Resident, at Aden, telegraphed that the Emperor Theodorus refused finally to give up his prisoners. Immediately an expedition was determined on, and already we hear of its landing at Massowah, and advancing inland, while the Ras has burned his entrenched position, and capital, at Debra Tabor, and retreated before it.

To appreciate the condition of Abyssinia and the consequent difficulties that will surround the expedition sent there, a glance at the position and early history of that country may be essential, before going into the details of the quarrel with England.

Abyssinia is a tract of mountains and table land lying in Eastern Africa, between Egypt and the Red Sea. Its area is some 300,000 square miles, between 7 deg. 40 minutes and 15 deg. 40 minutes N. Latitude and 35 deg. and 43 deg. E. Longitude, with an average elevation of between 8,000 and 9,000 feet above the sea. In this area, about twice and a half that of the British Islands, it is computed there are some three and a half millions of inhabitants, averaging some twelve souls to the square mile.

This estimate, however, like the computed area is in part matter of speculation; for the nomadic and often fierce character of some of the tribes renders access to them and their homes a matter of difficulty and danger.

This tract of table land is watered by two great rivers, the *Abai* (or *Bahr el Azrek*, Blue River,) and the *Tacazze*; the former being the eastern branch of the Nile and a source of much consideration to explorers and geographers.

There are besides numerous small water courses, at times overflowing and again dry; but these seem to run in groups and frequently for long distances, no water is found. Most of the water courses, too, run in deep and suddenly depressed valleys or canons.

The general climate of Abyssinia, like its principal products, resembles that of the temperate, rather than of the torrid zone.—Fearfully hot on the low slope trending from the table land towards the Red Sea, and also along

the line of the depressed water courses; cold and bleak in the higher mountain ranges—its general temperature on the table land is delicious, having a range between 45 deg. and 67 deg. of the thermometer.

Even with the little attention given to agriculture, amid their nomadic life, the Abyssinians have a surplus of grain, and dress products, and raise a quantity of cattle. They have also some skill in manufactures, making in their cities cloth of good quality, both from flax and cotton; tanning hides and fashioning metals. There is also a little silk, but it is made and worn only by the Mohammedan women. A few guns are made also by the Greek residents, but the natives know nothing of this branch of industry.

For a thorough knowledge of this subject, we have no use here. The commerce of the country is naturally limited, as it is all carried by caravans over a rough country to Massowah, the chief port, forty miles from the eastern boundary. The principal exports are tanned hides, ivory, some gold, slaves, both male and female, and horns of musk.

Since the steam navigation of the Red Sea, the inconsiderable commerce of Massowah has been sought both by the French and English with jealous persistence; and in this effort by the latter, were sown the first seeds of the present trouble.

Of the early history of Abyssinia, we know literally nothing certain.

The people themselves claim their country was founded by the

Jews, and that their first Emperor was a son of Solomon, and the Queen of Sheba.

It is also claimed that they are a mixed race of Ethiopians and Arabs—a deduction from an Arabic name, common among them, *Habesh*, signifying mixed people. Some of the tribes still call their country *Ityopayawan* (*Ethiopa*;) but from Tellez we get the native name, *Abezius*, Latinized into *Abassia*, *Abessinos*.

The general language of the country—the native tongue—is *Geez*, a mixture of Arabic and Ethiopian; but Arabic of the purest kind is spoken in almost all parts of the country.

Though there are three distinct types of race, the main bulk of the people is doubtless Caucasian. It is a great error to confound the Abyssinian with the Negro. The former are of medium size, but gracefully and lithely made, with straight noses, arched nostrils, and thin lips. Their eyes, too, are fine and intelligent, their complexions clear coffee color—or rather the color of *café-au-lait*—and with fine straight hair. In fact, there are no negroes in Abyssinia, except the slaves captured in war with the negro tribes west of them. The women, of this race, are both in face and form, far the most beautiful of all African people.

There is a second race, scarcely distinguishable from those just described, save by a slightly more aquiline nose, a more sluggish expression of eye, and a tendency to curly, or woolly hair. These characteristics belong principally to the tribes inhabiting the North

and North Eastern uplands of the Kingdom of Tigré. They are fierce and more inhospitable than the inhabitants of any other part of the country.

The third race are the Gallas, who constitute the mass of the population in the Southerly and South Western districts. Short, stout, and round bodied, they have snub noses and depressed features, with kinky hair and a likeness sufficiently close to the negro races to account for the popular error in that regard.—They are the Swiss of Abyssinia, and may be found in the wars of any of the tribes, fighting against each other for the chance of plunder.

With a conglomerate and half civilized race, nomadic in its traits, and almost cut off from communication with other people, it is easy to understand why Abyssinia has ever been in a state of anarchy and war, until the strong hand of Theodorus crushed it into something like a form of government.

The first reliable knowledge we have of the people is from the Portuguese Jesuits who went over from 1550 to 1640.

In the time of Constantine, the descendants of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba were converted to Christianity; and at the visit of the Jesuits they were nominally Coptic Christians with a Bishop, or *Abuna* appointed by the Patriarch of Alexandria. The Christian spirit, however, did not prevent constant wars between the lesser chiefs, or *Ras'* of each district who owned but nominal allegiance to the puppet of a

Emperor, set up by the strongest at one hour, only to be knocked down by his rival the next.—About the year 1500, a bold Filibuster named Mahomet Gragne—a Sultan of Adal, collected the freebooting tribes and conquered large tracts of country. His power became so formidable that the then Emperor sent to Portugal offering alliance to the King and submission to the Pope, if troops were sent to his aid. Four hundred soldiers with a quantity of arms and munitions of war were sent; the rebel Gragne was defeated and killed and comparative quiet was restored. But it seems the influence of the Mother Church kept Abyssinia in as great a ferment as it had ever been. The Foreign Priests got the ear of the Emperor, made him their perfect tool and governed the country. Had they been content with this they might to this day have been in full control; but they were not satisfied with the temporal power alone, but sought to overturn the tenets of the Coptish Church.—The people rose against this, and aided by the Coptish Priests, made so decided a show of resistance that, after a long struggle, the Emperor was obliged in 1632 to give way and expel the Foreign Priests.

Then ensued a state of anarchy, lawlessness and war—accompanied by more than the usual horrors of barbarous warfare—for more than a hundred years.

Amid all the disturbances the country finally drifted into three principal kingdoms—Shoa, Tigré and Amhara—each under an absolute monarch, or Ras, who gov-

erned his people and exacted revenue from them at his own will alone. The puppet Emperor was still the nominal head of the government; but he was made by and was a creature of the Ras of Gondar (the capital of Amhara) and had none of the power and little of the state of his supposed ancestor, Solomon. He had a bare pittance allowed him from the revenues wrested from the people by the independent chiefs; and on the slightest pretext was removed and a successor appointed to suit the pleasure of his savage Barons. To show the frequency of these changes, there were at one time nine persons living, who had worn the Abyssinian purple.

This was the state of things as described by Poncet—a French physician who went to cure the Emperor near the end of the 17th century—and by Bruce who visited the country some eighty years later.

The statements of these, as well as of other travelers, though correct in the main, must yet be taken *cum grano salis*; for the difficulty of transportation and safe conduct among savages constantly at war, necessarily prevented accuracy of detail.

Bruce, for instance, describes the people as plunged in the lowest depths of barbarism and addicted to licentiousness and debauchery. His well known story of the feasts, where a live bullock is driven to the door, huge slabs cut from his bleeding haunch and devoured to the music of the bel- lowing of the animal, needs verification. In time of war, soldiers

are said to drive a beef before them, cutting a slice each day and avoiding the arteries that the animal may not die; but even this is not well authenticated. Besides, our own Indians have been known to adopt this method when hard pressed on the war path. But that it is a national habit in time of peace is more than doubtful.

Licentiousness, especially among the higher classes, is declared common by all writers; and drunkenness is universal at the end of feasts.

But Salt—who denies the Bruce story—tells us that during a long residence at Chelicut, he was intimate with the Ras. This Prince had a court jester, musician, historian and artist—and was a patron of art and literature. In witness, Salt brought out manuscript books, and some not despicable drawings of native origin.

In pursuit of the commerce of Abyssinia for which, as before stated, it was vieing with the French—the English government, in 1841, sent a half military, half diplomatic mission to the Emperor. It availed little but to give a clearer idea of the unsettled and ungoverned condition of the country.

In 1848, Mr. Plowden was sent to Abyssinia as consul, was received by Ras Ali—Theodore's predecessor—and next year concluded a treaty with him. Mr. Plowden kept on good terms with the Emperor and managed to preserve a neutrality in the civil wars, so that, although a protégé of Ras Ali, he was not inimical to the "coming man," Theodorus.

Up to five years before his sudden elevation, the young man who was to become "King of Kings, and Emperor of Abyssinia," was utterly unknown. Under the name of Dejatz Kassai he was then sent by Ras Ali to take charge of some province of Senaar, but simply as the agent of the Queen Mother. Once established here, he rebelled against her authority; and by active electioneering among the Gallas, and wily diplomacy at Court, he succeeded in collecting a powerful party, at the same time, that he convinced Ras Ali of his friendly intentions. He had ability and cunning to pursue this course for three full years, when feeling strong enough, he threw off the mask and declared war against the Ras, marched against his fortified camp, and utterly defeated him.

Taking the place of the deposed king, Kassai directed his whole energy towards grasping supreme power, and so well did he succeed, that in 1855 he was crowned Emperor, at Gondar, by the hands of the Coptish Primate.

Promptly tightening the reins that chance and his own force of character had placed in his hands, Theodore—as the new Emperor called himself—soon reduced the country to something like order. He deprived the lesser chiefs of despotic power, abolished the trade in Christian slaves, and introduced a more decent style of dress and manners into his cities. So promising was the commencement of his rule that Consul Plowden wrote to the English government that an era of peace

and prosperity appeared to be dawning for Abyssinia.

But the new Emperor was a strange mixture. A wild fanatic, he believes himself a reappearance in the flesh of the Theodore, who was son of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, that he is a champion sent from heaven to drive the Turk from Jerusalem and seat himself on the throne of Solomon. His inflated vanity is equal to his zeal. In sober earnest he assumed the title of "King of Kings," and believes that no sovereign of the earth equals him in greatness. In short, he is a wild zealot grafted on a cruel and irresponsible tyrant; a sort of half-baked Mahomet, who would carry his religion by the sword. And he makes the ugly mistake of supposing that all opposed to him are opposed to religion—and treating them accordingly.

In short, Mr. Plowden's congratulations were so little founded that King Theodore soon proved more of a curse than a blessing. The half subdued tribes writhed under the strong hand, and once more a pretender to the throne, Tadela Gawala, by name—has drawn a party around him and made head against the "King of Kings." In view of the British invasion, it may be that this enemy of the king will gain power sufficient to overthrow him.

A moment's reflection will convince us that the stories, of the great power the Emperor can bring to oppose the English, are wild in the extreme. Some of these place his available fighting force at 300,000 men.

Even were the country perfect-

ly united under his control, and were he able to levy forces from the wild tribes of the North East and the South, it is hardly possible he could raise more than a fourth of that number. Taking the whole of the population at three and a half millions, this would give as large an aggregate as civilized nations, with all the machinery of conscription, are enabled to employ.

The other estimate gives nearly one soldier for every ten souls—a ratio never reached but once in the history of warfare. In 1864, when the immense pressure from without warned the Confederate leaders that *every* man must go to the front, the States of the South left their fields untilled and their firesides unguarded to send *one in ten of their white population* to battle for their liberties.

But this exhaustive effort—produced as it was by the inborn desire to die or be free, and directed by the most comprehensive details of muster and supply—drew forth exclamations of wondering admiration, even from the most thoroughly organized European governments.

Then, if with a divided and barbarous people, King Theodore's energy can put *one* man in the field for every fifty of his *immediate* subjects, it would be a remarkable result.

Abyssinia has ever been held in contempt by Egypt, even while that country was jealous and irritated at the forays upon her borders. These were constant, but inconsiderable, until Theodore's accession. Then the descendant of Solomon seriously

thought of conquest, and organized expeditions against his fat and flourishing neighbor.

These served to irritate—while they failed to alarm—said Pacha, who one day remarked to the American Envoy, in casual conversation—“some day I will send an expedition and crush this troublesome fellow.”

This feeling, rather than any real need for it, doubtless caused the offer of an Egyptian contingent of 10,000 men, we hear referred to.

Whatever the policy of the British government may be, in refusing any alien aid, there can be little doubt that such an auxiliary force, trained, equipped and acclimatized, would be of great service.

That it is not with the Bombay army seems pretty conclusive evidence that the offer—if ever made—was an offer only, not a substance.

Such in brief is the monarch and the country against which the English government has just sent its expedition.

Whatever the results that may accrue from it; whatever the time or losses it may claim, there is still an odor of romance around it that will keep the eyes of the civilized world strained towards Massowah till its close.

The immediate causes of the war are briefly these.

About '55, Theodore refused to allow Consul Plowden to remain in Abyssinia, but was finally persuaded to consent and proposed to send an embassy to England.—He therefore requested Consul Plowden to ask if it would be re-

ceived. Lord Clarendon approved of Mr. Plowden's course, and agreed to receive the embassy.—There seems to have been a hiatus in the negotiations for several years until Mr. Plowden's death in 1856. Theodore took a fierce revenge for the Consul's supposed murder by the Arabs, slaying the chief with his own hand and executing over a thousand of his followers.

Earl Russel then (1861) appointed Capt. Cameron Consul in Plowden's place, and wrote to the Emperor thanking him for his friendliness and assuring him of the good will of England. But Theodore had a great desire to secure that friendliness in more than words; and when Consul Cameron returned to England in '63, he bore a request from the King to know if his embassy would be received. This letter Earl Russel never answered; and Consul Cameron instead of returning to his consulate visited some Turkish tribes on the frontier. Meanwhile, he had quarreled with his secretary, M. Bardel, a Frenchman, who went into the King's service and plotted against England and her influence. Through him Theodore got exaggerated accounts of Cameron's indiscretions—doubtless great enough in truth—and of his attempts to stir up the Turks.

Therefore when Earl Russel wrote to Mr. Cameron, rebuking him for his conduct and ordering him to return to Gondar, the Emperor was much enraged. In addition to the visit to his Turkish enemies, Mr. Cameron came empty handed. He had no answer to the King's letter; so the latter,

with peculiar ideas of solving the difficulty, threw him into prison.

About the same time, he also imprisoned some twelve or fifteen other Europeans. Five of these latter, Messrs. Kerans, Flad, Rosenthal, Makeren and Sterne, he put in irons because, as he informed Mr. Rassaur later, "they had abused him;" and the rest he imprisoned because "they kept company with the latter."

Singular to say—although local efforts were made from Aden and Massowah—no formal effort was made by the British government to obtain the release of the prisoners until January, 1866.

For full two years the accredited consul of the British government, his secretary, three missionaries with their families and other persons claiming the protection of the British flag had been left in uncertain imprisonment in the hands of a half mad, and half barbarous zealot. Though this may, in part, be accounted for by the great difficulty of obtaining accurate information, it still shows a somewhat luke-warm state of feeling in the Downing street office.

At last, in January 1866, Mr. Hormudz Rassaur was sent with a small retinue to demand the release of the prisoners. Mr. Rassaur was a Turk, but an English subject, and had been once Acting Governor of Aden. He was probably the best person to send, but his mission was characterized by the error—and it was so declared by Colonel Mereweather, the Resident at Aden—of sending a small and unimposing embassy to a savage prince, whose ideas

would all be attracted by superficial display.

An imposing array of uniformed officials, hedged with ceremonial and representing to Theodore's imagination the reflection of the great power of the Western Queen might have been effectual.

Mr. Rassaur and his suite, he threw into prison.

He, however, released Mr. Flad—one of the imprisoned missionaries—and sent him with a letter to England.

In this letter, Theodore, while professing the warmest admiration for England and its great power, plainly shows his insatiable pride and vanity. He addresses the Queen as an equal—uses the most flowery Eastern language, and demands, rather than requests, that skilled artisans may be sent to him, "to give light to our eyes." Holding the representative of the great power he pretended to venerate in durance, and substantially demanding the skilled labor he needed for the manufacture of arms, as a hostage for him, Theodore plainly showed that he felt his perfect ability to compel any conditions he demanded.

Mr. Flad, on reaching England in the summer of 1866, plainly and truthfully stated the whole case, with all the complicated causes that led to it. He strongly urged the Foreign Office to accede to Theodore's demands, and stated his opinion, in somewhat oriental terms, "that it is desirable to finish with this man in peace."

Colonel Mereweather, the Resident at Aden, backed Mr. Flad's

views, declaring that, in his belief, a straight-forward acceptance of the Emperor's proposal was the surest means of releasing the prisoners.

With these lights, the British Foreign Office, in September 1866, engaged artisans to go to Abyssinia, expended some twenty thousand dollars in peace presents to the Emperor, allowed Mr. Flad to write him both would be promptly sent, and seemed in a straight road to peaceful settlement of the vexed question.

Still it could not deal with the half savage monarch, save in the beaten and intricate paths of civilized diplomacy. A halt in the negotiations occurred. The Ministry refused to allow the artisans and presents to enter Theodore's dominions until the captives were sent to Massowah.

Meanwhile, Theodore received Mr. Flad's letter, stating that artisans and presents were on their way, and that he (Mr. Flad) had promised the Queen, in the Emperor's name, that the prisoners would be liberated. The "King of Kings," in great glee, wrote to Mr. Rassaur: "As Solomon, my ancestor, fell at the feet of Hiram, so I, beneath God, fall at the feet of your Queen, and of her government, and of her friends. I wish you to get them (the skilled artisans) by way of Matemma, in order that they may teach us clever arts. When this is done, I shall make you glad, and send you away by the power of God!"

In reply, Mr. Rassaur wrote that by orders of the Queen, they

would be sent at once to Matemma.

This was in January 1867, and there seems little doubt — as the opinion of Col. Mereweather and Mr. Flad seems to confirm—that had the presents then gone on, Theodore would have held to his agreement. Diplomacy, however, obstructed the track, and the whole train of negotiations was thrown over.

From January to October, 1867, the presents and artisans were detained at Massowah, while useless efforts were made to get Theodore to send his prisoners there to meet them. What went on at his Court in this interval, we have little means of knowing, but it is believed he commenced a course of rigor and cruelty to his prisoners he had never before used. Vague reports got to the outer world of their removal from point to point, of their sufferings and of their execution, even. These were never confirmed and may never yet be cleared up.

It was in this interval, also, that Theodore wrote his famous letter to the Queen. Modestly stating that he was the greatest king, under God, as she was the greatest queen; that he had the divine mission to restore the true faith to the throne of Solomon, while she had the artisans and material to aid that great work—he gravely proposed to discard his favorite wife, and bind the fortunes of England and Abyssinia in a conjugal bond.

In the late summer and early fall of 1867, the English people began to tire of the diplomatic delays that had already cost three

years' liberty to some twenty English subjects, and might result in their butchery. Public opinion and the press drove the Ministry into action, and the expedition—which prompt action might most probably have saved,—was determined on.

Once inaugurated, no delay or circumlocution has hampered the policy of the War Office. Chief command of the expedition has been given to Sir Rob't Napier, an experienced and able Indian officer and now the Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay Presidency. An invading corps of 12,000 men—principally Indian troops supported by a small European contingent—was selected by him; all his arrangements were promptly seconded by the Home Government and we see him, by the 1st October, already landed and established on the enemy's territory.

Theodore has burnt his entrenched camp and capital at Debra Tabor and fled into the interior. But this amounts to little, as the instincts of his whole people are so thoroughly nomadic that the destruction of a town does not affect them at all.

Further than these bare facts, all is wild speculation.

We know the country is wild—almost a desert; that water is fearfully scarce along the table lands, and that transportation is therefore barely practicable. It is rational to suppose that the half-savage and illy trained mercenaries of Theodore would offer small resistance to the Bombay troops; but then the latter are chasing a mirage, and where one

man may fall in actual fight, we may calculate a loss of twenty from privation and disease.

Then, too, the country is in a state of open revolt to Theodore; his capital has been threatened by his insurgent rival, Gobezie, and it is possible that by this time the latter is a new "King of Kings," anointed by the Abuna. It is also possible that Theodore has, ere this, been driven by the invasion to murder his captives.

Supposing both these contingencies facts—in that case against whom does Sir Robert Napier's expedition proceed?

It is in reality what the London papers characterize it—"a leap in the dark." And it is a long and very doubtful leap into very Egyptian blackness.

The war is not a popular one at home. The English papers calculate that every prisoner liberated will cost from £100,000 to £500,000. The War Office demands two millions of pounds "for the expenses of the present financial year." This increased expenditure comes home to the breeches' pocket of every Briton in the shape of a tax of one penny in the pound, with a probable addendum of two pence next year.

John Bull does not object to taxation; but in this war he does not see his way clear. He accepts the "leap in the dark" theory, and he kicks thereat; while he does not see that great good is to result from this mode of maintaining "British prestige in the East." If the expedition carries on desultory warfare for years and exterminates King Theodore and his faction in the end, it only

does what native Ras' do for each other every year. If it desolates towns, it only does what the people themselves do in their usual course of nomadic life. If it finally conquers Abyssinia and establishes an African as well as an Indian empire—*cui bono?* A vast and unproductive tract, sparsely settled, and without ports, would be an acquisition impossible to retain.

So John Bull spasmodically clasps his breeches' pockets and objects to the expedition.

That it will give to future history a romantic episode; that it will illustrate its pages with fresh deeds of British heroism and chivalry, relieved by fresh blunders in the commissariat and the Home Offices; and that it will shorten the loaf of laboring Englishmen are foregone conclusions.

That it will accomplish either object—the release of the prisoners, or the upholding “British prestige in the East”—is a matter for the future.

THE HAVERSACK.

THERE was not much good feeling between the Southern cavalry and infantry; and many a rough joke was passed between them. As usual, on such occasions, the champions who boasted most loudly of the prowess of their respective arms, were those, who had few exploits of their own to extol. To make a striking, but not very savory comparison, the contest between the braggarts about the relative pluck of the two arms was not unlike the dispute between Butler and Bingham about honesty and patriotism.

So rude were these jokes, that a bold trooper would rather charge a line of “boys in blue” than ride alone along a line of “boys in grey.” The foot-soldier would be just as reluctant to trudge by, exposed to the jeers and taunts of a squadron of cavalry. An ex-

cavalry man, who had rather not have his name appear, gives us his experience:

We had, as you know, some of the vilest saddles on earth, and as a consequence, a very large number of sore-backed horses. These became too numerous to guard, and “a loose horse with a scab on his back” was a familiar sight to every soldier of every arm of the service. It was just when there was the greatest number of these loose horses running at large, that I had to pass by —’s brigade of infantry sitting on the ground at a rest. I nerved myself as well as I could to meet the annoyance. But, much to my surprise, no one seemed to notice me. I had to go very slowly to avoid knocking down the stacks of guns, but I had got half way down the line, and was congratu-

lating myself on my escape, when a voice from the head of the brigade sang out: "here comes a loose horse with a great big scab on his back!" My spurs got, somehow, into the flanks of my horse, there was a wild dash forward, and a big dash downward of divers and sundry stacks of guns, a roar in my ears, and the gauntlet was run.

Per contra, we get the retort of a trooper to a tormenting foot-soldier, which had a very quieting effect. Bill B. was supposed not to be very fond of war, having unfortunately taken sick just before every battle his regiment was engaged in, except a surprise fight which did not give him the usual time to report sick and get to the hospital. He was very talkative, however, about military matters and a severe critic upon military men: and doubtless according to the new standard for historic excellence, would have made an eloquent historian had he not spoiled all by being caught in one real fight. Now Bill B. was fond of taunting the cavalry with their love of spurs and running. A cavalry man passed our brigade one day, with an enormous pair of spurs. Bill stepped out to have some fun and he had it.

Bill B. Mister, dont it come quite nateral like for you to push them thar spurs into that 'ere hoss when you sees a Yankee?

Cavalry. (without turning his head.) Just as nateral as for a d—d fool to ask questions!

Exit Bill with heightened color and eyes on the ground.

We are indebted to W. F. A., 33d North Carolina regiment for the next seven anecdotes.

When our army was marching to meet the grand hero, who never saw the face of his foe, General —, when in the vicinity of Orange C. H., got separated from his Staff and couriers, and after riding some distance came to a high fence upon which was perched a dirty, ragged specimen of the so-called, kicking his heels and whistling to himself.

Man on horseback. Let down this fence.

Man on fence. Let it down yourself.

Man on horseback. Do you know who I am?

Man on fence. No, and I dont care a red.

Man on horseback. I'm Gen. —, commanding — division.

Man on fence. Thank you for the information. I'm Phil Arnold, Co. K, 9th Louisiana regiment, and if you want that fence let down, let it down yourself.

Lieutenant N —, of the 27th North Carolina regiment, is my authority for this. His company was from the mountains of Western North Carolina, and of course, very healthy and robust. About the third year of the war, an "ill-wind" from the Conscript Camp blew into this company a dirty, little, tallow-faced, post mortem looking fellow from Tar River. Post mortem created quite a sensation in camp, and was greeted on all sides with, "Mister, whar did you come from?" "Mister, who did dig you up?" "I say, Mister, up in the mountains, I

could go to a dozen grave-yards and dig up in every one of them, fifty better looking men nor you, but I would'nt do it. 'Tis a sin to rob a grave-yard. Mister, who robbed the grave-yard where you was buried?"

Captain A — of the 33d N. C. regiment, Lane's brigade, commanded a company from that county which furnished an "iron-clad oath-taking," Marshal for the Federal Courts of the State. It will not surprise any one, therefore, to hear that 22 out of 27 of his men deserted in a single night just before the surrender. The morning after this occurrence, an Irishman in the Yankee service mounted the breast-works just at daylight and began bawling.

"Captain A! Captain A! Captain A!" The 'very boldness of the thing kept him from being shot, by exciting a desire to know his object.

"What do you want with Capt. A?" asked some one in reply.

"Tell him, if he'll come over to our side, and take command of his company, we'll give him plenty of chaase and coffee."

Lieutenant H. 33d N. C., is my authority for the following:

As we were marching into Pennsylvania, in 1863, Gen. Lee happened to pass by, when the following conversation took place between two soldiers.

1st Soldier. There goes old Mars Robert with ten rations of sense. Well, everybody can't be great, and I would be satisfied with one ration.

2nd Soldier. Why, Tom, one

ration of sense would bust your head worse nor that old shell we dodged so from at Sharpsburg!

At the battle of the Wilderness, on the morning of the second day's fight, a portion of A. P. Hill's corps was forced to fall back in a very undignified hurry. A Brigadier General and a Lieutenant happened to be making excellent time in the same direction, the former on horse-back, and the latter on foot. It was nip and tuck for some minutes, but the undergrowth becoming thicker and thicker, the foot-man got ahead, and he made such a wide swath that the horse-man followed behind him. The balls were flying too thick around them to permit as free and pleasant an interchange of views and sentiments, as might have taken place under other circumstances. So soon, however, as a point was reached where the fire of our Northern brethren did not urge them so pressingly, the Lieutenant, who was a bit of a wag, turned and said to the Brigadier:

"General, how goes the fight?" The General, who was noted for his urbanity, raised his cap and courteously responded:

"We are driving them handsomely, Lieutenant, very handsomely, sir!"

While A. P. Hill's division was tearing up the B. and O. R. R. in the fall of 1862, Lane's brigade of that division was ordered further north than the other brigades,—in fact beyond Hedgesville—where a live reb was a curiosity. At this time, the Quartermasters had

not procured new clothing to take the place of the worn, tattered and ragged relics of the campaign into "My Maryland," and we were a set of ragamuffins—that's a fact. Tearing up rail-roads is not a very unpleasant business and we had enjoyed ourselves for about twenty-four hours, when Capt. K. of the 7th N. C. went to a house to get something cooked, and got into quite an interesting conversation with the good lady of the house.

Old Lady. You is an officer, isn't you?

Capt. K. Yes, madam, I am a captain in the 7th N. C. infantry.

Old Lady. (Triumphantly.)—Thar, now, Betsy Ann, I told you he was an officer. I kin tell an officer whenever I lays my two eyes on 'em. The officers, they has the seats of their breeches patched and the common soldiers, they doesn't!

On the night after the battle of "Jones' Farm," on the right of Petersburg, the troops that had been engaged, and driven the enemy back, were kept in line of battle, as the enemy still kept up a desultory fire; just enough to keep every one on the *qui vive* for a move forward. At this juncture, we heard some one riding rapidly toward our brigade, and every one was in expectancy.—We had no doubt it was the bearer of orders for us to move on the enemy. Every one was breathless. You could have almost heard a pin drop as the rider drew nearer and nearer. Soon we could see and recognize the rider, in the

partly and unmistakable personage of General —, who commanded a brigade in our division. Now we are convinced that we will have to encounter the enemy, for we had just heard that General — was in temporary command of the division. But hush! Let us hear what he has to say. At the very top of his voice, in a very excited manner, he shouts—"Where is Lane's brigade?"—(By a hundred voices.) "Here." "Where is — regiment?" Ans. "Here." "Where is Col. —?" Ans. "Here." (Just audible) "Colonel, have you got anything to drink?"

Memphis, Tennessee, gives an anecdote of one of Forrest's men:

As old Bedford was noted for his coolness and bravery, it may not be amiss to tell of the grit of his men:

The day of the capture of Fort Pillow, Forrest sent Nealy's brigade to make a feint upon Memphis. Arriving at Raleigh, nine miles from town, Lieut. W. was sent out with six men to reconnoitre. After leaving the command some five miles, we came across a squad of seventeen Yankees, killed their captain, and put them to rout. We were so "stuck up" by our victory, that we concluded that we would take the town, and we pushed on for that purpose. When we had got within about a mile and a half of town, we met a force of three hundred Yankee cavalry. Our Lieutenant having been taught the bluff game by old Bedford, determined to show a bold front, and make at least, the pretence

of a fight. We found on taking to our heels that there were some swift fellows behind us. In making a short bend in the road, the horse of A. McC. was shot and fell. McC. thought that his best plan would be to "play 'possum" and pretend that he was dead. The foremost Yankees passed by, shouting, "here's your damned rebel."

"You are a pack of liars," said McC. to himself.

One who was behind, in the chase, stopped, and got down, but whether to play Butler, or good Samaritan, I don't know. If the former, he got hot lead instead of cold spoons, for McC. shot him, seized his horse, and by making a wide circuit, succeeded in rejoining his comrades, who had given him up as lost.

A member of the celebrated Pegram battery, who is now residing in Memphis, Tenn., gives an incident in the history of a comrade.

Henry C. Thompson, the son of a well-known citizen of Petersburg, Va., was a jolly, brave, generous, kind-hearted lad of some eighteen summers. His wit, imperturbable good humor and high toned qualities made him *the* favorite of the company. His songs and jokes enlivened the march and the camp-fire. His favorite, among all the patriotic songs, with which he cheered the dreary march and the gloomy bivouac, was "My Maryland." He sang it as though the air and words inspired him with a deeper love for that noble and down-trodden State.

On the way to Sharpsburg, he asked permission of his captain to act as No. 1 at his piece. Elated with the success of his application, he sang "My Maryland" for many miles before reaching the battle-ground. The battery was thrown into a position to enflade an advancing column of Blue Coats, and terrible was the destruction it made. As the shells burst in their ranks, a stanza from the favorite song rose above the noise of the explosion. The Yankees seeing that the battery must be silenced at all hazards, concentrated many guns upon it from the opposite heights, and the fire became intolerable. Still Henry sang on lustily and cheerily "My Maryland!" The battery was at length ordered away. Henry then said to his captain, "I thank you for the privilege you have granted me. But, captain, 'run nigger, run, the patrol will catch you' seems to be a more popular air than 'My Maryland,' and I'll try my heels instead of my voice!" Poor Henry! he was killed at the blowing up of the mine at Petersburg in the summer of '64, when 22 of his comrades yielded up their lives for their country.

J. H. H.

We are indebted to our friend, Captain J. A. G., 27th N. C. regiment, for the next three anecdotes:

In November, 1862, Cooke's N. C. brigade, on the march to Fredericksburg, Virginia, passed by Hood's ever memorable Texas brigade, which was resting on the side of the road.

The cross fire of wit and rep-

artee, usual whenever two bodies of our troops met, ran high: neither party, however, getting much the advantage, till Major S. of the 46th North Carolina, whose ruddy face and aldermanic proportions might induce a casual observer to believe him a worshipper at the shrine of Bacchus, came riding along at the head of his regiment. A tall, ragged, bare-footed Texan stepping to the middle of the road just as he came up, eyed him a moment, and then sniffing the air two or three times, turned to his comrades and remarked. "Ah! boys, I'm ahead of you all now; a smell of that man is just as good as a drink at any time."

Among all the poor horses in the army of Northern Virginia, during the winter of 1864—5, few, if any, came nearer being literally skin and bones, than the one owned by the Adjutant of the 27th North Carolina regiment.— On one occasion, the Sergeant Major of this regiment, having to pass through the camp of Davis' Mississippi brigade, on this horse, was very much annoyed by the remarks made concerning both horse and rider. At last, when he had almost passed the last regiment, and was congratulating himself on being nearly out of their reach; one fellow rushed out of his tent, and called to him in a very earnest manner.

"Mister, mister, hold on a minute."

The Sergeant thinking, from the innocent look and earnest manner of the man, that he must have business with him, halted. The

fellow coming up, inquired very innocently:

"Are you going to the tannard?"

"No," replied the Sergeant, "why do you ask that?"

"Oh, nothing," said the soldier, "only, I was going to advise you to take the bones out of that hide before you get there, or they won't receive it."

In the latter part of October, 1864, Grant made one of his many movements to try and turn our right or extend his lines further, so as to compel us to lengthen out our line which was already very thin. Among the troops sent to oppose him, was Cooke's N. C. brigade, which had just received a lot of raw recruits a few days before, who had never yet heard the rattle of the musketry. When this brigade reached the place assigned it, the Yankee sharpshooters were within fifty or seventy-five yards of the works, safely ensconced behind trees, and made it quite unpleasant for any man to raise his head above the level of the works.

The General soon ordered out our sharpshooters to dislodge them. As they mounted the works and started forward, the raw recruits looked at them in perfect surprise.

Pretty soon one fellow, fresh from home, turned to another of the same sort and inquired—"Where in the world do you reckon those fellows were going?"

"Oh! I don't know," says the other, "without they are going to get round those Yanks and

drive them up so that we can catch 'em."

—
An officer of the 5th Texas, sends us from Kentucky, the two anecdotes below:

The gallant Captain F. of the 5th Texas infantry, was hit in the groin by a spent ball, at the battle of the Wilderness, while his boys were hotly engaged with the enemy, and so severe was the shock, that it brought the gallant Captain to the ground. Your correspondent was at the time, a courier to General Gregg, commanding the Texans, and very soon after the Captain's fall, was ordered, by General G., to direct the 5th Texas to fall back, as the enemy was overpowering us.—On reaching the 5th Texas, knowing Captain F. to be a senior officer, and acting field officer, I endeavored to find out from him at what point I could find the Lieutenant Colonel commanding. The Captain could give me no information, but immediately beset me with entreaties to allow him to have my horse, in order that he might get off the field, and avoid capture. Explaining to him that I had orders of importance, that needed dispatch, and that I could not give up my horse, I went down the line. The boys fell back immediately after, and when out of danger, and in reforming, lo and behold, whom should I see in all the vigor of activity, but the mortally wounded, or at least intended victim of Camp Chase, my friend Captain F.

"Halloo, Capt." says I—"I see you are not captured."

"No, Bob, by gar, I'll tell you

how it was. It was a spent ball that hit me, but it felt so much like a cannon ball, that I thought my leg was carried away—and I thought so strongly, that I laid there until the boys had fallen back a hundred yards, when seeing the Yanks coming, I concluded *just to try* my leg, and by gar, Bob, for four hundred yards, I run like a deer—and here I am."

—
A braver man than old D. C.—Texas never sent to the field.

—
The law, authorizing Quartermasters to impress articles actually indispensable, was often abused. This was so well-known that "pressing," in the common language of the soldiers, meant taking without leave, in other words, stealing.

During Gen. Lee's first invasion of Yankee territory, and especially when "the boys in grey" were marching through "My Maryland," the contact between our soldiers and the civilians along the line of march, gave occasion to many amusing anecdotes. One in particular will I favor the "Haversack" with. While "the boys" were passing through Hagerstown, Maryland, as was to be expected, they scattered no little in search of good rations and stores, at which to spend their evenings. Among those who were specially in need of a good article of Northern made cavalry boots, was a rebel Sambo, chief cook and head waiter of Capt. S.'s mess.—Entering a large dry goods establishment, where clerks and merchants were busy in selling off to a crowd of ragged rebs, Sambo called for "a par of ca-val-ry

boots." The merchant laid before his ebony customer a lot of fine cavalry boots, from which to select. Sambo suited himself and asked the price. "Ten dollars," responded the vendor. Diving down into a capacious pocket, Sambo brought to light a dirty and greasy roll of "promises to pay" by the Government so-called, very innocently laid down a ten dollar bill to the merchant.

"We don't take that kind of money here, it ain't current."

"Current? Boss," says Sambo, with rolling and wonder-struck eyes, "why, sar, dat am good in de Federcy—no body down dar 'fuses to hab it."

"Can't help it, it ain't good here," replied the resolute vendor.

Sambo eyed the man, then looked at his boots, then again at the man, then at his boots, and on a sudden, when merchant's eye was turned for a moment, he grabbed his ten dollar bill from the counter, slung the boots over his shoulder, and 'midst the roar and yells of the purchasing rebs, made fast strides for the door, with the exclamation, "*well, Boss, I press dese here boots!*"

Natchez, Mississippi, tells us what opinion the cavalry had of walking:

At General Gray's Head-quarters, in the Trans-Mississippi Department, during the year 1864, was an orderly who belonged to the 28th Louisiana infantry, and having been detailed as courier, at Brigade Head-quarters, was mounted and made to feel, very sensibly, the difference between a "Butter-milk Ranger," and a

"Web-foot," in point of comfort. One day, while a lot of his regimental acquaintances were to see him, they began to talk of what branch of the service each one would prefer, in case they had to "do it over again." One said he would like to be an artilleryman, another, a cavalryman, and another said he'd stick to the infantry.

"Well, boys," said our courier, with considerable warmth as though he meant what he said: "I wouldn't be Jeff Davis if there was walking in it." J. N. J.

Independence, Missouri, gives us a new version of an old story:

MORGAN FORAGING. — Some six miles from Batavia, a little town in Ohio, General Morgan's command passed a small house, whose master rejoiced in the possession of a flock of geese, headed by a sturdy old gander, of most dignified demeanor. The house stood near the road, and the wood pile lay immediately in front of the house beside the gate. As we passed, an old woman with specks on her head, and knitting in her hand, stood in the gateway, and the geese (most of them—including the gander) on one foot each among the chips of the wood pile, all gazing with stupid curiosity at the passing rebel soldiers.

Young L., of the Texans, had helped himself at the last town to some fishing hooks and lines (what was it a soldier wouldn't take?) with red corks—we've all seen them. Begging a few grains of corn from a comrade, he fastened one on a hook, and after throw-

ing the balance of the corn to them, he pitched this grain at the old gander, who gathered it up in hot haste. To wrap the line around the pommel of his saddle, stick spurs to his horse, and gallop gaily away, was the work of an instant. The gander followed with flopping wings, and a th—oo! th—oo!—ing expression of great indignation, and in turn, was followed by the laughter of the entire command, who saw the manœuvre. The old woman having her specks on her head, couldn't see the line, and (simple-minded creature!) took it into her head that L. was running from the gander. So, to allay his supposed fear, she rushed into the road, held her knitting high above her head, and increased the fun immensely by shouting,

“Don't run, mister! Don't run! He won't hurt you! He won't hurt you!”

But L. lost his gander; for the line gave way, and the old fellow, after having cleared seventy-five or more yards in less than a half dozen skips, rolled over among the tall grass by the roadside, and when we left him, he was flat on his back, his bill extended, a yard or so of the line protruding from his throat, a mild, but still indignant thoo!—thoo! could be heard, and his webbed feet slowly beat the air as clouds of dust settled upon, around, and about him, and the cruel remarks, gibes, jeers, and laughter of the passing soldiers, but added an additional ludicrousness to his already pitiable, but laughable condition. N. W.

NOTES ON THE MONTH.

Foreign Glimpses; Home Politics; Everyday Matters.

FOREIGN GLIMPSES.—European politics seem as much in a mud-dle as our own. The dark cloud that lowered on the horizon of Europe is temporarily dissipated by the prompt action of the French Emperor, its acceptance by Italy and its sullen endorsement by the Great Powers. The war would not merely have been one for boundaries—erasing old land marks in a re-distribution of the balance of power. The bitter elements of religion would have been mixed with those of policy and politics—adding a

glare of fanaticism to the smouldering fires of sectional hate.

The war would have been short, perhaps; it would have been sharp as decisive. For we could scarce expect the scenes of the “Seven Days' War”—a test of the needle-gun against smooth bores—re-enacted in a trial between the improved needle-gun and the *chasse-pot*.

The civilized world should raise a *Te Deum* that Europe was not drenched with a strife more terrible than the century has yet seen; that the plains of Rome

did not resound with a cannonade, the concussion of which would have shaken the remote thrones of the old world, while its echoes rumbled in the very heart of the American money market.

The decision of Napoleon, in sending French bayonets to prick the memory of Victor Emanuel—the very move deprecated as likely to precipitate war—has alone prevented it so far.

What result the postponement, and final refusal of a European Congress may have, it is hard to say; but the move towards strengthening the French army “as a surer means of preserving the peace of Europe;” and the strengthening the Roman contingent, by 20,000 men, looks like war. The recent changes of the Italian Ministry; the indignant notes of General Manabrea and the rumors of great commotion among the Italian people—who really don't care who governs them—mean little as to its final solution. But they all tend to show that the newly fledged Kingdom of Italy cannot walk in the straight-forward paths of Diplomacy, without support from the iron hand in the velvet glove that first placed it in the company of the Great Powers.

The rapidly failing health of the Pope may tend to solve the question. The very complications arising on his death would demand a vigorous policy from all Europe, where they cannot touch the present question.

LONDON filled two months earlier than usual, for the meeting of Parliament, demanded by the Fenian excitement, and the Abye-

sinian war: and the whirl of an ante-Christmas season was chronicled in our foreign files by *fetes* from Big-Wigs of one degree to Big-Wigs of another.

The Fenian executions at Manchester threatened terrible out-breaks. The three condemned, had a strong hold upon their people, and the strong influence brought to bear upon the Queen, and failing in pardon or reprieve, has made the hatred to the Government bitter and outspoken.—In England, it has kept a large regular force on the alert; and the bold—if ill considered and reckless—attempt to blow up Clerkenwell prison shows the necessity for them.

In Ireland, many a new volunteer to the Fenian ranks, and the huge funeral demonstrations in Cork and Dublin show how deep-seated is this feeling. And its echoes are grim and vengeful on this side, showing what the spirit would work, were not the power wanting.

The Abyssinian Expedition we consider important enough to consider at length, elsewhere in this number.

Among the most note-worthy points of the Session was the march of Democracy. Mr. D'Israeli's “Household Suffrage Bill,” and the strong language in which he defended it, was a huge stride towards Reform; and he has even cut in before John Bright, and taken the wind out of the sails of that ponderous vessel of Reform. Clear-headed and keen-sighted beyond his compeers, Mr. D'Israeli never ventilates a measure till the country is ripe for it; and his bold

championship of so sweeping a change, is the best proof of the need for it.

The vexed question of "Alabama" claims was again brought up, and the correspondence asked for, but we see little reason to believe the United States will be satisfied now any more than a year since. The Confederate Bondholders, too, have now high legal authority for believing their claims can be regarded as an offset in case of allowance of the claim.

It may be interesting to our readers to note that the Grecian Steamer, "*Bonboulina*," whose late explosion was fatal to some 40 out of 70 persons on board, was the well known Blockade runner, "Colonel Lamb." She was an old acquaintance of the Wilmington people, and had just been sold and armed for the Greek Government.

Parliament has just adjourned till the 15th of February, and the members have scattered in all directions for their Christmas country frolics; but grim visaged war and the very wrinkled front of the Fenians have not kept London from enjoying itself. The barring of Her Majesty's Theatre was a blow to the pleasure lovers. It was about the oldest and most fashionable London theatre; and Miss Kellogg—the American Prima-Donna—had just made so great a success there as to warrant the sorrow for the loss of the rest of her engagement.

PARIS is gay and brilliant on the surface, though she has somewhat quieted down since the Exposition. Thousands of strangers

linger after the great exodus; the meeting of the *Corps Legislatif* keeps them on the *qui vive*; the boulevards are full and the shops glitter. Paris is gay and brilliant superficially, but under the bright crust the political lava is seething and bubbling with a vigor that threatens to burst through. Telegrams and a well tutored French press tell us France is tranquil. The Emperor in his late speech congratulated himself, France and the world in general, on the perfect peace and good will to all men existing there. And yet the populace are in a state of almost open disaffection—are ready to don the red cap and sweep the broad avenues of "Strategic Paris" with a new *carmagnole*. Only the iron hand, prompt to direct the schemes of the subtle head, can wave back the storm muttering hoarse and near, and with a hundred thousand unemployed operatives clamoring for bread, such scenes as lately threatened open riot at the cemetery of Montmartre show how enclosing that firm grasp must be. In the country departments, the admirable distribution of the government officials, their patronage and a muzzled press secure a representation sufficient to make a majority in the *Corps Legislatif*; but it is a significant fact that Imperial Paris—with all the machinery that can be brought to bear—returns a city representation almost unanimous on the opposition.

If a greater King than the Nephew of his Uncle were to stiffen that iron hand, there is scarce a doubt that forty-eight hours would see the Napoleon family in

flight from Paris—three eager contestants grappling for the crown and the mad carnival of revolution in full height of frenzied revel.

PRUSSIA sits tranquil, but watchful, in the easy seat she has made herself. Suddenly raised—less by the needle-gun than by the astute aggression of Bismarck—from a second-rate power to perhaps the first in Europe, she hesitated long before throwing her new influence against the general conference of European Powers. Five years since had Napoleon invited the Kings to meet him in Congress, the Kings had not dared to refuse. To-day they coquet before they accept; some ask explanations, as Prussia did—and finally all decline. Until the last war there is little doubt the balance of power rested in France. There is still less now that it has gone over the frontier.

On the last day of the last month there was a large meeting at Berlin on the much vexed question of United States finances.—Of course it ran into political channels, when U. S. Minister Fay attacked Thad. Stevens, denounced him as a demagogue and repudiator, and denied that his views were those of the American people.

AUSTRIA, breathless and crippled after her fierce wrestle and violent fall, still lifts her voice in the chorus of the great. Representing a government, not a nationality, her sole influence lies in the necessity to Europe of keeping her intact. Partitioned and distributed among the other powers, her people could have no less

voice in the inspirations of their rulers;—their dismemberment would cause constant complications and endless wars. So Baron Von Beust goes for secret conference to England, flashes back to visit the French Emperor—and lo! Austria accepts the Conference! But the court circle of Vienna is little troubled with weightier matters than fêtes and fashion, and whirls along in that brilliant elegance that makes the city the rival of Paris. One of the oddest humors of their season is a secret society, sworn to wage war on ladies' trains, each member binds himself to tread upon each and every train he encounters in the street with sufficient force to tear it. If apologies are useless and the indignant lady demands legal damages, the society is responsible for the same.

IN ST. PETERSBURG, the Russian Bear is quietly sucking his paws and blinking in a red-eyed way at the rest of Europe. He is strengthening his internal resources, however; building railways, examining improvements in small arms and cannon, and improving his naval armament. A gentleman direct from Russia informs us that many Confederates are there employed, more than one of them doing well and standing high in the estimation of the government.

TURKEY, meanwhile, is in a lethargic state from which the rest of Europe does not care to wake her; being profoundly indifferent whether she smokes opium at home, or makes war on her Christian subjects in Crete.

EVERY DAY MATTERS.—But

while our Southern people are still saddened by memories of the past, and shadowed by the dark clouds of the future, the whole North has resounded with merry-makings and amusement.

Godly Boston, the holy hub whence the spokes of a far inferior universe radiate, has begun to replace sack-cloth with fine linen, dirt-secreting brown with purple, and in a measure to don the cap and bells, and take the initiatory steps of a merry *can-can*. Boston has ever been a fair smooth rind, with a very rotten core. She has ever covered with a thin layer of somewhat obtrusive virtue, a middle stratum of wild dissipation, and a substratum of bold debauchery; it was necessary to know her well to appreciate this. Of late years, the city of the Common has taken to even superficial frivolities. She has permitted her daughters to go out of their own houses and give crowed and gay balls at "Papanti's Hall;" she has even allowed them to dance the "German" thereat, and has taken a long and alterative dose of the "Black Crook!"

But it has been reserved for the last month to see the dignified and exemplary town go into a wild saturnalia of flunkeyism, and lick with super-spaniel servility, the foot that administered the soundest kicking to America and her "representative" society.

This is not the place to speak of Mr. Dickens, and his assaults on America. That they were in many instances bitterly true, and for that reason only the more libelous; that he chose the most flagrant cases of grossness and

absurdity that came under his view—we propose hereafter to show *in extenso*. But it is beyond doubt true, that a perfect howl of indignation rose from the nation still writhing under his cruel lash; and no where was the howl louder, or more prolonged—bigger with threats of future vengeance or breathing more sleepless vigilance against future in-roads of Cockney barbarians—than round the classic purlieus of Boston Common. The very shaft of Bunker Hill would have straightened into more indignant erectness had it been able.

Mr. Dickens arrived in Boston last month. At the first notice of his coming to this country, Boston was agitated to its very frog-pond. Its press, its citizens, and its representative publishing-house repudiated the base slander that Mr. Dickens *could* read first in any other city; and the hints of the New York press to that effect were proven equally false and malicious. Then came the news of the farewell dinner London gave her pet literary child.

Every course of that dinner was sniffed from afar by the dilated nostrils of our Athens. Every word over the wine was treasured up as the very myrrh of eloquence and spikenard of wisdom. Every crumb swept from that feast of reason was treasured as precious flavoring for an inflated batter of pudding of editorial, served up with the richest of flunkey sauce.

Glances at her journals, however, do not convince us that the march of morals is as rapid in New England as the march of pedestrianism. Murders, whiskey

riots, divorces and a black catalogue of nameless evils fill their columns, and lead us to suspect the increase of her spiritual has been in inverse ratio to that of her material wealth. She sends much sympathy and even a few dollars to Crete; she gives the South, in its dire need, homilies, tracts, many kicks and very few half pence. She sends missionaries abroad, who might advantageously work at home; and, closing her eyes to the abuses at her own door, cries aloud the exceeding sinfulness of the man opposite. She nevertheless makes some very good books and numberless indifferent shoes—both of which products penetrate into the South; and she manufactures Virgin "marms" for our miscegene schools and worthy Head-Centres

for the fetid lodges of our Loyal Leagues.

Occasionally we are reminded of the old days, before New England went mad over the negro and the greenback, by the silent fall of one of the old oaks, standing as landmarks of the past. The recent sudden death of Fitz Green Halleck, at Guilford, Conn., is another punctuation on that page of respectable letters that must soon reach its final period.

Hawthorne—genial, learned and true—lately went quietly to sleep. Now Halleck is laid beside him.

How few are left!

A welcome visitor wherever his works came, the poet has left many friends who never saw his face, and would quote his own simple lines commencing,

"Green grow the turf above thee!"

EDITORIAL.

The article on Steam Ploughing is from the pen of our old friend, Maj. General J. G. Walker, formerly of the Southern army. He is now living at Decatur, Illinois, and as the Agent of Fowler's celebrated plough is prepared to supply purchasers.

Hon. Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, is frequently called Bull Run Wilson. This does the Hon. gentleman great injustice. He had charge of the champagne, the pies and the fried chickens at Centreville. People got hurt at Bull Run, and it was his *mission*

(to use the cant phrase of the philanthropists) to send other men to Bull Run and to keep away himself. We have the best evidence that the Honorable Senator had as little acquaintance with a battle-field as had the Southern historians of the war, or even as had Maj. General Butler himself.

"One star differeth from another star in glory," says the great Apostle to the Gentiles. Of the myriads of luminaries in the stellar system, each differeth from all the rest in lustre, density, magnitude and all other properties,

which the telescope can detect, face is roughened by great and little and mathematics can demonstrate. swells, from "waves running mountains high" to the little wavelet "that dies along the shore." In the differences are more marked, because better known. Each planet differs from all others in its vast recesses, there is an innumerable variety of fish from the period of revolution, of rotation great whale to the little sardine, on axis, in distance from the sun, and yet amidst the billions and trillions that live, and sport, and in number of satellites, in specific gravity, shape, size, color, &c., die there, no two can be found &c. If we come to our own precisely equal in all respects, earth, no where can we find perfect equality and absolute sameness. even though of the same species.

So we see that there is no equality, no sameness, no perfect identity between any two objects in the heavens above, in the earth beneath or in the waters under the earth. In the animal kingdom, in the vegetable, in the mineral, each individual is perfectly distinct from all others on the globe. The wildest fanatic will not contend that there is physical equality in the human race or that even twin brothers could be found who had not a hundred points of difference; in height, weight, color of the hair, of the eyes, expression of countenance, size and shape of features, size and shape of fingers, of finger-nails, of limbs of body, of feet, of toes, &c., &c. The mental faculties and the moral qualities of these twins would be found to be still more diverse.—Where then can equality be found?

God's law of inequality is written upon air and earth and water, upon sand and rock, hill and plain, mountain and valley, river, lake and ocean; upon everything that lives, moves and has being. We find it in society, where social distinctions exist. We find it in the Church, where equality might be expected if on earth at all, but

Science refers to the level of the Ocean; and probably, the surface of the great deep affords the nearest example of the "dead level"—practical equality. But it is not there. The general configuration is spherical, and this is evident to the naked eye, even though its sur-

where Paul tells us that there are "first apostles, secondarily prophets, thirdly teachers, after that miracles, then gifts of healing, helps, governments, diversities of tongues." There is the same law of inequality in Heaven. John saw in his vision some with crowns and some without crowns, some seated on thrones and some not seated on thrones. The vast hosts of rejoicing spirits were divided, too, into three distinct classes, angels, elders, and living creatures. Our Saviour taught the same thing in the Parable of the Pounds where one is made ruler over ten cities and another over five. Paul speaks of thrones, dominions, principalities and powers. Peter speaks of angels, authorities and powers. There is no more equality in Heaven than there is on earth. The God of nature is the God of Heaven, and He delights in diversity.

Where then is equality? Mr. Wilson answers with a clap-trap phrase, "all men must be equal before the law." What superlative nonsense! Do all men pay equal taxes before the law? Are all men equally protected by the law? Do all men equally obey and respect the law? For what then are jails and court-houses and penitentiaries built? Why is it necessary to erect the gallows? Why are "reconstruction acts" necessary? Why have we one law for the loyal North and another for the rebel South? Why is there a tax upon Southern cotton and a bounty upon New-England fish? What is the meaning of a tax upon tobacco and a

ern manufacturer? Why are there bounties for the shipping interest of the East, while the broken levees of the West make a marsh and a wilderness of the finest sugar and cotton lands in the world? Where is this equality before the law or under the law? Does it exist there any more than in Nature? Ah, the right honorable gentleman simply means that the negro must be equal before the law to any malignant fanatic, in the right of voting for the party of hate and ruin.

If equality exists anywhere, it ought to be found among the "truly loyal" representatives of "the party of great moral ideas." Let us see whether it can be found there. Is any one in that Honorable Body 'equal' to the Hon. Mr. Wade in outlandish blasphemy? Is any one there 'equal' to the old Thug in black-hearted malignity? Is any one there 'equal' in ignorance to the Hon. Mr. Bingham? Is any one there 'equal' to Major General Butler, U. S. A., in an æsthetic taste for spoons. Is any one there 'equal' to Gen. Schenck in devising new methods of military reconnaissance? Will the Hon. Mr. Sumner contend that all wives are 'equal' in their devotion to their lords? Will the Hon. Mr. Wilson contend that all the spectators at Centreville retired at an 'equal' pace? Is there a single member of that honorable body of gentlemen, christians and scholars, 'equal' to the Hon. Mr. Ashley in persecuting zeal against the President? Will any one maintain that there ever existed a

party, which has been 'equal' to the party of great moral ideas in the blood it has poured out, in the treasure it has squandered, and in the devastation it has wrought? Some of this moral-idea party may modestly pretend that their kindred spirits, the Jacobins of France, did an 'equal' share of mischief in as short a time. But this self-sacrificing diffidence cannot be admitted. The ruin caused by the Jacobins was not so thorough, so sweeping, and so wide-spread.

So we see that the vaunted equality does not exist even among those who proclaim it.—At the risk, too, of being considered sectional, exclusive and boastful of Dixie, we proudly profess the belief that no Post-Office officials in the world are 'equal' to those in the Confederate States, so-called, in the expertness with which they can abstract currency from other people's letters. Don't call this a rebellious boast for Dixie. We are extolling now the loyal men thereof, the truly loyal, the unmistakable Simon Pures of the iron-clad oath, and therefore our vaunting is in itself an evidence of loyalty!

If there is any truth more evident to the thinking mind than another, it is that the moral universe, and the physical are under the same Governor—that the God of the bible is the God of nature. All the operations of nature are in harmony with revelation.—When, therefore, we could find no two spires of grass exactly equal, no two molecules of dust exactly equal, and no two atoms of water exactly equal, we might have known

a priori that the bible would give us the same lesson of inequality. And upon opening its sacred pages we learn, as we have seen, that there is no equality among holy men on earth, and none among angels and saints in heaven. We learn from the same inspired source, that there are orders and distinctions in hell itself. Satan is ruler there, and we doubt not, that the leaders of the party of great moral ideas will have important commands under him.—His besetting sin is pride, and not ingratitude, and we have a better opinion of him, than to think that he would neglect his best friends, and most useful and important allies.

Oh, ye hypocrites! prating about equality, when there is none even in your own den of thieves! Oh, ye Pharisees! imposing burdens upon the South, which ye will not touch with one of your loyal fingers! Oh, ye whited sepulchres! canting about equality before the law, when ye, yourselves have made the law unequal everywhere! How long will the land be polluted with your hypocrisy, your malignity, your knavery, and your stealing?

The friends of the Union and the Constitution say that the Radical rebels have no right to call themselves "the party of great moral ideas." This is a mistake, they have that right. Almost every newspaper that we open tells of the bestiality, bigamy, seduction and adultery practiced by some Reverend Radical Rascal, Kalloch or Howe or Dunbar.—So every mail brings us an ac-

count of peculation, fraud and stealing by some Radical employée of the government. It is plain then that the claim, of being "the party of great moral ideas," means simply that the ideas of these fellows are superior to the restraints of the Seventh and Eighth Commandments. If a thief or an adulterer can be found outside of this party, he ought to be sent to Barnum as a greater curiosity than the gorilla: or still better, he ought to be sent to the Freedmen's Bureau to be reconstructed.

We were fortunate enough to preserve the most of our military papers, and it is a poor compliment to our collection to say that it contains a hundred times as many authentic facts as can be found in the combined materials of the pen-and-ink warriors, who have inflicted so-called histories upon a patient and long suffering community. Still there are four facts which we do not possess, but which we hope that our Georgia friends will procure for us be-

fore the celebrated line of John R. Thompson is applicable a second time—

Abiit, evasit, erupit John Pope!

1st. We would like to know whether Maj. General Pope, U. S. A., took 10,000 or 20,000 prisoners from Beauregard on the retreat from Corinth. The statements are somewhat conflicting.

2d. We would like to know what the Major General above named said to these ten or twenty thousand prisoners, when he released them.

3rd. We would like to know whether the released rebs testified their gratitude for their release in words, or by giving their generous foe locks of their hair.

4th. We would like to know what Mr. Lincoln said to this generous officer, when he told his Excellency of the capture and magnanimous release.

As we are industriously gathering materials for the future historian, we hope that information may be furnished us on these important and highly interesting points.

THE LAND WE LOVE.

No. V.

MARCH, 1868.

VOL. IV.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CITY OF
COLUMBIA, S. C., ON THE NIGHT OF 17TH FEBRUARY, 1865?

Before entering on this inquiry, it may be as well to premise, that what I shall have to say, may be as much calculated to decide *who is not* responsible for this flagrant outrage, as to fix it specifically upon any one particular individual. Yet of this, each one may form his own judgment, after learning the facts as they were presented to my own personal observation. For as this outrage subjected thousands of innocent and helpless individuals to an incalculable amount of woe, want and suffering, so it will, in an equal degree, entail upon its perpetrators for all time to come, the odium and infamy which properly pertain to such deliberate and brutal inhumanity. I would not, therefore, for these reasons, be disposed to fix the blame upon any one, hastily, and without the most indubitable proofs.

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In the first place, I was not a little astounded to hear that the destruction of Columbia was chargeable to the acts or orders of General Wade Hampton, whilst in command of the Confederate forces here. Surely this charge could not have been seriously made, by any one who had any opportunities of knowing any thing of the state of things existing here at the time of that most unfortunate occurrence: for as sure as fate, it must have been well known to every man, woman and child, who had the misfortune to be present, that this was any thing but the truth. Indeed, I can scarcely bring myself to the belief that it is necessary to say one word in disproof of this charge. With those who have the happiness to know him, I am sure it would not; yet it may be, that those at a distance, whose minds may

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have been prejudiced against the cause in which he so distinguished himself, and for which he made such heavy sacrifices, may be disposed to credit it; and thus, through the management of those who would gladly shirk the odium attaching to the act, eagerly seize the opportunity of making him the scape-goat for the overwhelming sins of themselves.

I have known Gen. Hampton from his early boy-hood; have known the pious and excellent parents, under whose superintending care and guidance he was reared and trained—have marked the bright promise of his early manhood—and the later and fuller development of his maturer years, and can conscientiously say, that in everything which pertains to the character of a noble, high-toned Christian gentleman, discharging with modesty and eminent ability, all the duties of a citizen, both in his public and private relations, I have not known his superior. I can honestly repeat what was once said of him, by a gentleman, himself deeply versed in the knowledge of human nature, that, he is a gentleman, “without fear, and without reproach;”—and I hazard nothing in saying, that if some of those who spoke so flippantly and disparagingly of him, could know him, as he is known here; and could be brought face to face with him, he would not only challenge their respect, but their highest admiration: reluctant though it might be.

The citizens of Columbia, knowing and feeling they were defenceless, made up their minds to sub-

mit to their fate, and to do nothing calculated to provoke or exasperate the invading army, which was known to be overwhelming in number, and flushed with long and uninterrupted success. They knew that steps were being taken to surrender the city, and with its surrender, they received assurances of protection of themselves and their property.—

They supposed that the public buildings and public property might be destroyed at the discretion of the enemy. They, therefore, took such precautionary measures, as was in their power, to preserve their property and entitle themselves to protection. I, myself, a day or two before the entrance of the army into the city, removed a large part of my stock of drugs, &c., from my store, (which was in the building then used as a part of the Confederate Treasury, taking it for granted that that building would be destroyed:) to my residence on Plain Street. Thus, there was a general feeling of hope that they would not be materially molested. Some days before the entrance of the army, a good deal of cotton was rolled into the middle of the streets in different parts of the city, but for what purpose, I do not know, I presume, however, to be burned, upon the happening of some contingency. At, or about, 9 o'clock, a. m., on Friday, I was in the Main street not far from my house. The Mayor and Aldermen had just gone out in a carriage, under flag of truce, to surrender the city, and to ask assurances of the commanding officer of the observance of the

rules of civilized warfare, which were promptly and fully accorded, and the advance column of the Federal army entered the city, between 10 and 11 o'clock; certainly not earlier. When I left the street at 9 o'clock, the stores were all closed, and everything hushed and quiet; that death-like quiet and suspense which generally portends the happening of some much dreaded event. At what hour Gen. Sherman entered the city, I have no means of knowing, but suppose he did not enter it in advance of his army. In a short time after the army had come in, I saw all parts of the streets filled with United States soldiers, and upon inquiry what that meant, was told that a large part of the army had been furloughed, or dismissed, for thirty-six hours, "*to do as they pleased.*" This doing as they pleased, consisted in their entering houses, and possessing themselves of whatever valuables, such as watches, jewelry, plate, money, &c., as came in their way. And in all cases, particularly, when found in possession of old men and helpless women; when there was any hesitation or delay in the delivery, they did not hesitate to resort to any and all manner of violent and savage force and threats to accomplish their purposes. In numerous cases, not content with forcibly possessing themselves of these valuables, they would soil and destroy many costly and valuable articles which they could not carry off, such as pianos, portraits, paintings, &c.

This state of things continued, without any intermission, the

live long day, until about half past seven in the evening. It is proper to remark, that up to this hour, amid all the confusion, robberies, and what not, there had been no fires in the city; although a very strong wind had been blowing from due-west all day long, without intermission: at that hour, however, my attention was attracted in the direction of the new State Capitol, by the letting off of three rockets, red, white and blue, which were sent up in quick succession, from that locality. Immediately after, say in 15 minutes, alarms of fire on Assembly street, (which, as is well known, is the next street west of Richardson, or Main street, and running parallel with it in its whole length; being more than a mile:) were given; then another and another, in rapid succession; until the whole street, from one end to the other, was involved in flames. The wind blowing strongly in an easterly direction, soon spread the flames to the other and more populous and business parts of the city. The several Fire Engines, which have always been regarded as very effective, were promptly brought out; and in one or two instances, where they were permitted to direct their efforts to one particular locality, proved successful. One of the buildings was that of the Exchange Bank; but in less than an hour, the same building had been fired again; and the Firemen, discouraged by the persistent and successful efforts of the soldiery to destroy the Water Hose, by piercing it with their bayonets, and slashing with their swords, gave

up the contest: and the next day, the several engines which had been actually wrested from the Firemen, were found in distant and remote parts of the city, totally disabled and overturned. The wind continuing to blow heavily, the flames spread most rapidly; great sheets of flame sweeping from one side of Main street to the other, and where from any cause whatever, the flames did not embrace the main or principal buildings, the defect was quickly observed, and the remedy—fire in another place—promptly supplied. In numerous instances, the soldiers were seen to put fire to the interior of isolated buildings; being prepared with all the necessary means and appliances for that purpose.

Finding the flames rapidly approaching my house, and being very feeble and lame, as I had been for two or three years; and having no one to assist me, I gave up all as lost. Advanced in years, broken down in health, a family dependent upon me for support, and the prospect of having every thing which I possessed in the world swept from me in an hour or two, my condition and feelings can be better imagined than described.

Having sent my family away, a day or two only, before the surrender of the city, to protect them from outrages which we had too much reason to fear they might be subjected to; I had taken into my house for shelter and food, a poor and helpless French woman and her child, a boy of 12 years. She had with her some little matters of small value, con-

sisting of their clothing, a sewing machine and a crimping machine; on these she placed a high valuation, as well she might, if she could have saved them. I therefore devoted what little strength I had, more to save her effects than my own. It was manifest enough, however, that in the general destruction of everything in the city, that the question of food was paramount to all others: I succeeded in getting out of the house a small amount of provisions, and a small trunk containing my books of accounts, some valuable papers and a few shirts. These, by the aid of a wheel-barrow, I removed about fifty yards from my house, and left them in charge of the widow's little son, until I could return, and secure some most highly valued *souvenirs* of my family, which I had left.—Upon my return, however, and in entering the gate-way leading to the house, I saw a soldier rapidly descending the iron stair-way from the second story of the house: he passed me quickly into the street, and soon disappeared. On my approaching the basement door-way, I encountered some half dozen soldiers, one of whom, manifesting a good deal of excitement, demanded of me, who I was, and what I wanted; and whilst replying to him, he gave me a violent push, which threw me at full length on the brick pavement. I was stunned for a few seconds, but upon rising, found I was minus one of my teeth, had received a severe bruise on the side of my face, with one of my thumbs dislocated, and a severe cut on one of my hands, which

continued to bleed profusely all night. Whilst standing there, I saw distinctly the flames pouring down the stair-way, from the second story, to the basement of my house. Up to that time, the fire had not yet reached the house from any outside direction. It was, therefore, conclusive to my mind, that the soldier whom I met so rapidly hastening out of my house, but a few minutes before, had, by the aid of a candle which I had left burning on a table near the basement door, only 10 or 15 minutes before, ascended the interior stair-way, and after plundering the rooms, had set the house on fire, and was, when I met him, making his escape to repeat his demoniacal purposes in the adjoining tenements.

During the few minutes which occupied me in the foregoing not very pleasant episode, my attention was called to an incessant and most distracting noise, which, at first, I could not account for; but which I soon found proceeded from a bevy of soldiers, who had succeeded in saving from the flames immediately impending, the well stocked poultry house of my next neighbor. The poultry, which occupied the attention and care of some half dozen stout and brawny soldiers, seemed to have partaken of the general alarm; and judging from their out cries, were not pleased with the midnight disturbance.

Upon my return to look after the little I had succeeded in rescuing from the flames, although absent but a few moments, I quickly perceived that my trunk of books of account and papers, one

bag of flour, together with the bags containing a few shirts, were missing. The little boy left in charge of them told me, overwhelmed in tears, that three soldiers had come along and wrested them from him, despite his efforts and appeals to them to leave them. The fire approaching us rapidly, we were compelled to change our position, and this had to be repeated several times in the course of the night. But at every removal we found that there was less and less to remove. Sometimes, articles were taken with open violence, and then again by stealth. For myself, I was so completely overcome, by physical infirmity and prostration, and the scenes that were thus being enacted before me, that I had no heart to attempt any exertion of any kind, and I therefore stood by, as an almost unconcerned spectator of the diabolical, heartless conduct of those in whose power we had been placed. Even at this time, in attempting to recall these scenes, and the experience of that dreadful night to my mind, my heart sickens at the bare recollection; and I find myself quite incompetent to the task,—reminded, as I constantly am, of the destitute condition in which myself and family are placed.—But the French lady and her child, who had cast their lots with mine, seemed to appreciate their dependent situation to the fullest extent, and therefore exerted themselves to save what little we then had. But to her appeals, made on her knees, with uplifted and wringing hands and tears streaming from her eyes, to be spared, her child

and herself, from actual starvation, no attention was paid. She had the evidence in her hands that she was a destitute refugee, driven here from Charleston, to escape the dangers then impending over that city. But to what purpose? These appeals fell upon their stolid ears as if upon a block or a stone. In return she received the most abusive, obscene and profane curses; and to close the scene, one of them drew forth his bowie knife, and with a threat, seized the poor widow's last and only hope, and marched off with his ill-gotten booty. But there would be no end of these details, and I am sure I could never nerve myself up to a narration of one in a thousand—marked if possible, by even greater brutality and inhumanity.

During that long, sad and weary night, occupying (as we were obliged to do, to escape the flames, as were many others similarly situated,) different positions in the open street, we were accosted by squads of soldiers, in passing, with the most opprobrious and insulting language. It would neither be agreeable or profitable to repeat their remarks. The sum and substance of which was, that "we were now realizing what had long been in store for us. That the abominable heresy of the rebellion had its birth here, and here, it was determined, it should have its burial place. That the damned den of rebels in South Carolina had been plotting this thing for years, and that now they had determined to exterminate it, root and branch, even, if in doing so, every man, woman and child

had to be burned with the town." During these declarations, which were repeated many times throughout the night, and by as many different squads, they manifested a high degree of excitement, such as stamping their feet, striking their hands together, and gritting their teeth. Surely these demonstrations were a little out of place, and not in the highest degree magnanimous, when made before an auditory of feeble and sick old men, and helpless and alarmed women and children, who were then starving and without shelter, cold and homeless, without a place whereon to lay their exhausted and weary limbs. After moving from place to place, to avoid the constantly approaching flames, I finally took shelter in the portico of the new Baptist church, but finding that situation untenable from the smoke and flakes of fire from a large burning frame building, we were induced to seek the rear of the church, to escape these annoyances. Here I met my friend Dr. Wm. Reynolds, in company with a United States officer to whom Dr. R. introduced me. He was assisting the doctor to protect the Female Academy from the incendiary, and I am happy to say they were successful. The doctor learning my situation, with his characteristic kindness, invited me to his house, with what little I had saved. I most gladly accepted the invitation, but told him that having been ill for a long time, and lying out all night, I was completely exhausted; but in making the effort to remove something, too great for my little remaining strength, and being at

that moment completely overcome by the feelings consequent upon my utterly destitute and hopeless condition, I sunk almost unconsciously to the earth. Both gentlemen came to my side, and the officer, in assisting me, gave expression to the remark, "that in a proper discharge of his duty, in putting down the rebellion, he would go as far as any man, but to assist in a worse than savage warfare, such as this, he had no heart, and as far as he could avoid it, he would have no agency."

In contrast with the cruel and heartless treatment, which I was thus receiving, myself and family had, not many days before, been exerting ourselves, to the extent of our ability, in furnishing comforts of every kind to a young officer of the United States army in the military prison here, (of course under the supervision of the commanding officer of the post,) who had been robbed after his capture, and was, at the time, ill from a violent attack of rheumatism.— He was an entire stranger, and therefore had no special claim upon us. He has since then proven his worth by substantial acts, most deeply evidencing his gratitude. But I have only referred to this circumstance to show that whilst I was doing all I could to alleviate the sufferings of a man who had been an enemy, taken on our own soil, in arms against us, they were engaged in all manner of warfare, not only unknown and unrecognized, but condemned by all civilized nations, in subjecting me and my family to an amount of suffering and want scarcely conceivable, and to irremediable and

hopeless destitution, from which, short of a miracle, there does not seem to be the remotest chance of escape.

As I have said before, there had been no fires in the city, either of buildings or cotton, until after 7 o'clock, p. m., of the day of the surrender. On the morning of that day, say about 4 a. m., the depot of the South Carolina railroad was blown up, attended with an awful explosion and report. There was stored in the depot a large quantity of miscellaneous goods, as well as a considerable quantity of gun-powder. The depot had been a target the day before, for the shells of the enemy, drawn up on the heights, on the west bank of the river, directly opposite the city: and at an early hour on Thursday morning, the depot was abandoned by the railroad officers: and it, therefore, offered a fine opportunity for all who were so disposed, to pillage and rob it. Their visits were continued all day Thursday, and during the night, until 4 a. m., Friday morning: but at that hour their operations were suddenly brought to a close by some one of them venturing in too close proximity to the gun-powder with a torch, the fire came in contact with the powder, which, of course, instantaneously put an end to the pillage. The mangled remains of some 20 or 30, negroes and whites, were found among the ruins the next day. But there was no burning: simply an explosion.

On Sunday, the 19th of February, there were burned, United States soldiers superintending, probably 100 bales of cotton,

which had been rolled out from a building in the neighborhood of the Methodist Female College, on Plain street. The weather was calm, and the fire was confined to the cotton alone.

On the same day, Sunday, in walking around and about the ruins of my former residence, I observed more than half a dozen different squads of United States soldiers, busily engaged, with instruments adapted for the business, boring into the earth about and about, for buried treasure.— Amongst them were officers mounted, superintending these operations. This operation was new to me, and excited my curiosity. I did not observe that they had any success. They certainly had none on my premises.

From all the facts and circumstances which came under my own observation, I cannot possibly avoid the conclusion, that the destruction of Columbia, by fire, had been decided on, and the details and arrangements for that purpose, pre-arranged and fixed in a very systematic way; if not by the commanding officer, yet by the army. And it can scarcely be credited, that this purpose and determination, should not have been known to the inferior officers: and if to them, why was that information not communicated to the General in command: whose duty, I presume, if he had disapproved it, would have been, to have taken the steps necessary to have prevented it. He had a very large force, and that force was represented to have been under perfect discipline. Nothing easier, I should have supposed.

During the greater part of the day on Friday, I have been told, he was seen in various parts of the city; and it is to be presumed, must have observed how his soldiers were acting, and to what their behavior was tending. I have heard it said that the city was fired by some confined criminals, set at liberty from the jail, with some escaped prisoners, who had been harbored about the city. I think it likely that they may have assisted in doing it—but the declarations of numerous soldiers, who were about the streets of the city, left no doubt upon my mind, that the city had been doomed days and days before the army entered it.

As I said at first, every one who will give a dispassionate and impartial review of the facts here stated, can draw his own conclusions. Let them do so.

From the foregoing detail of facts, I feel authorized in endorsing General Hampton to the fullest extent, when he says, "that he gave no order that cotton should be fired; that not one bale was on fire when General Sherman's troops took possession of the city; that General Sherman positively promised protection to the city; and that in spite of this solemn promise, his soldiers had burned it to the ground, deliberately, systematically, and atrociously." And furthermore, that these asseverations of General Hampton can be substantiated by the testimony of a cloud of witnesses, embracing every person who was in the city at the time, and whose testimony would be worthy of credence.

Here, where General Hampton is so well known, he does not need the endorsement of any one, in reference to any of his acts; as evidence of which, is the fact that at the election for Governor of the State of South Carolina, in October, 1865, by general suffrage, notwithstanding his own efforts, and the efforts of his friends, to prevent it, the people had determined, as if by acclamation, to place him in the Gubernatorial Chair, and that too over the head of one of the ablest and most popular gentlemen in the State.— Notwithstanding all this he scarcely escaped being elected.

It will be admitted, I think, by every impartial person, that Gen. Hampton stands proudly and conscientiously erect; acquitted of any and all participation, either direct or indirect, in the destruction of Columbia, on the night of the 17th February, 1865.

I have felt much reluctance in being obliged to emerge from my seclusion and obscurity, to meddle with public matters; for insofar as I and mine are personally concerned, it can make no material difference as to the authorship of the great calamity under con-

sideration. My ruin is complete, irremediably and hopelessly so.— And all that I can now see in prospect, for the remaining years of my life, deeply embittered as it has been by the events of the past, is suffering, want and wretchedness. But I could not remain silent, when it was in my power, by a simple act of justice, as far as I could, to rescue the character of one whose name and antecedents are simply synonymous with every thing that is noble and generous, from the never ending odium and infamy of an act, which has entailed upon its thousands of unhappy and innocent subjects pain, sorrow and anguish, for the the balance of their lives, and probably their descendants for generations to come.

EDWARD SILL.

COLUMBIA, S. C., }
May 31, 1866. }

The writer or author of the above has personally appeared before me and makes oath that the statements in the above and foregoing pages are strictly true.— Sworn to and subscribed before me as above.

W. B. JOHNSTON,
Magistrate.

BEAUTY FOR ASHES.

*Isa. LXI. 3.**(To Miss M. D. L., during Illness.)*

BY A. J. REQUIER.

The rosy-smitten star of eve,
 Uprisen on the wasted day,
 Whose milder radiances retrieve
 The gorgeous pageant past away,
 Is not more lovely, shining there,
 For all its pale celestial bloom,
 Than thou art, lady strangely fair!
 Reclining in this curtained room.

Reclining lost in reverie!
 With something round thee which begets
 A likeness 'twixt the mood we see
 And those ethereal mignonettes
 Half-dipt in crystal;—something stirred
 By dusk and fragrance, finely blent
 With an ecstatic hope deferred
 And uncomplaining discontent.

Be not cast down, nor overbowed:
 These weary weeks of lonesome pain,
 Are but a fleeting summer cloud
 That soon will turn to silver rain;
 And leave thy sky as pure and clear,
 In spite of transient tears and sighs,
 As the rich sunlight on thy hair,
 Or that reflected from thine eyes.

For thee, within the future, glows
 A magic islet softly green
 Of perfect health and sweet repose,
 Enhanced by what shall intervene:
 A sacred rite—a halcyon spot—
 An ever-flowing votive shrine,—
 Where conquered Cupid cheers the cot,
 And sober Bacchus trains the vine.

ANCIENT ROMAN WIT.

C. Cæsar speaking in the *Forum* with animation, his adversary, Phillippus thought to disconcert him, by asking sneeringly: "Why does he bark?" (Comparing his discourse to the noise of a brute,) Cæsar, looking at him, instantly replied: "*Because I see a thief.*"

tum by his feebleness. Some years after, Fabius Maximus retook it: and this same officer being in his army, boasted that it was done by his aid. "Just so;" replied Maximus, "I should certainly not have retaken it, if you — had not lost it."

One of the Neros said of one of his slaves who was very roguish, ironically: "He is the only person in my house from whom there is nothing locked up."

When Metellus was Consul, and was making a levy of men for his army, C. Cæsar excused himself on the plea of bad eyes. Metellus was skeptical, and asked contemptuously: "Can't you see anything at all?" "Yes," said Cæsar, "I can see your villa from the Esquiline Gate." (This villa was a sore subject to Metellus, because it was the popular opinion, that he had not come fairly by it.)

Spurius Curvilius had received in battle an honorable wound, which lamed him for life. His mother observed that when he went on the street, he blushed with embarrassment at his own limping; when she said: "But go on, my son: every time you take a step, think of your gallantry."

The poet Ennius was much patronized by the family of the Scipios. Scipio Nasica went one day to his house; and the servant girl at the door told him that her master was "not at home."—Nasica knew that she had been instructed by her master to say so, and that he was within. A few days after, Ennius came to see Nasica, and when he asked for him at the door, Nasica himself called out: "I am not at home." "Why," said Ennius: "how is that? Don't I know your voice?" "What an unreasonable fellow you are," replied Nasica: "When your servant girl told me you were not at home, I believed her. But you don't believe me when I tell you so myself!"

Scipio Africanus, sitting down to a banquet, was attempting to adjust a garland on his head; but the band of flowers broke repeatedly. L. Varus said: "No wonder, for it is a great brow."

Crassus, the great lawyer, ridiculing the pomposity of Memmius, said: "Memmius feels himself so big, that when he comes to the *Forum*, passing under the triumphal arch of Fabius Maximus, he has to stoop his head." (This arch was, perhaps, fifty feet high.)

Salinator lost the city of Taren-

Egilius was a festive fellow, who had the reputation of being very effeminate, but unjustly.—

Q. Opimius, whose character had been reported to be very dissolute, said tauntingly: "My dear Miss Egilia, do take your distaff and wool along, and come to see me." "No; by Pollux," said Egilius, "I can't do it; I am afraid; my Mamma don't let me go near bad girls."

A very poor speaker made a strong effort, in the conclusion of his speech, to move the sympathy of his audience. As he sat down, he asked the eminent orator, Catulus, if he did not appear to have excited their compassion. "Very greatly, indeed," answered Catulus; "for I reckon there is nobody so hard-hearted as not to pity that speech of yours."

A very bad advocate had bawled himself hoarse in a speech for an accused man. Granius advised him to go home and drink a very cold honey-dram. "If I do that," said the lawyer, "I should

lose my voice." "Better lose that," said Granius, "than your client."

The Senate was discussing the management of the *ager publicus*, and many members complained grievously against a nobleman named Lucilius because his herds grazed the public lands. Appius, the elder, said, ironically: "Those are not Lucilius' herds; you must be mistaken; I reckon they are free, for they graze wherever they please."

A fellow of very mean ancestry, being angry with C. Lælius, exclaimed that he was unworthy of his forefathers. "By Hercules," answered Lælius, "that charge does not lie against you."

M. Lepidus was lying on the grass in the shade, looking at his friends who were vigorously engaged, in the open field, in their military exercises, when he said: "I wish lying here on the grass were exercise!"

EQUIPOISE.

A SONNET.

Just when we think we've fixed the golden mean,—
 The diamond point, on which to balance fair,
 Life and life's lofty issues,—weighing there,
 With fractional precision, close and keen,
 Thought, motive, word and deed,—there comes between,
 Some wayward circumstance, some jostling care,
 Some temper's fret, some mood's unwise despair,
 That mars the equilibrium, unforeseen,
 And spoils our nice adjustment!—Happy he,
 Whose soul's calm equipoise can know no jar,
 Because the unwavering hand that holds the scales,
 Is the same hand that weighed each steadfast star—
 Is the same hand that on the sacred tree,
 Bore for his sake, the anguish of the nails!

Lexington, Va.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN HERBERT KELLY.

THE young hero whose name years of age, where his scholastic
 adorns this page, was born at attainments and gentlemanly
 Carrolton, Pickens county, Ala- bearing won the admiration of
 bama, on the 31st day of March, all who were associated with him.
 1840. He was the son of Isham Within a few months of the ter-
 H. and Elizabeth Kelly. Being mination of his course at that
 orphaned at an early age, he be- institution, he resigned, at com-
 came the object of devoted care mand of his native State, report-
 and strict guardianship from his ed to our authorities, and was as-
 grand-mother, Mrs. Harriet H. signed to duty, at Fort Morgan,
 Hawthorne. under General Hardee, entering
 the service as 2nd Lieutenant A.
 Manliness of purpose, devoted- C. S., in the year 1861. In per-
 ness of attachments, and impul- sonal appearance, his figure was
 sive action were characteristics of slender, straight and graceful, his
 his boyhood, and precursors of face fair and smooth, delicate in
 his brilliant career in the cause of feature, with blue eyes and light
 Southern Independence. John hair. At that period, his manners
 Kelly entered West Point at 17

united the earnestness and enthusiasm of Southern manhood, with a charming modesty, well becoming his years. Lieutenant Kelly accompanied General Hardee to a new field of operations, in Missouri, as a member of his staff, where his gallantry and efficiency were soon rewarded by the command of an Arkansas battalion, with the rank of Major P. A. C. S. He served his country faithfully, in that position, until advanced to the rank of Colonel of the 8th Arkansas regiment, May 5th, 1862. At the battle of Shiloh, where the name of Albert Sidney Johnston was a trumpet blast of glory, this young and rising star was not unnoted, thousands followed his shining path, through suffering to renown. Perryville and Murfreesboro' added lustre to his name. While commanding the left of General Liddell, at Murfreesboro', he was conspicuous for coolness of judgment and intrepidity of action, until wounded and borne from the field. Incapacitated for duty at the time of his return to the army, but eager for the success of his country, only a short period elapsed before he again confronted her foes. On the day preceding the battle of Chickamauga, General Preston requested that he should be placed in command of one of his brigades. His appreciation of the talents and courage of Colonel Kelly was speedily evinced by the following:

“Chattanooga, Tennessee.

September 28th, 1863.

Your Excellency:

I recommend for promotion to

Your Excellency, Colonel John H. Kelly, of Alabama, for gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of Chickamauga. Colonel Kelly is a graduate of the Military Academy, at West Point,* and has distinguished himself at Shiloh, Perryville and Murfreesboro'. Before the recent battles, a division having been assigned to me by General Buckner, one of the brigades was found in need of an able officer, and I applied for, and obtained Colonel Kelly. On the last day of the battle of Chickamauga, it was necessary to assail a very strong position at the close of the battle. The task was assigned to my division.—Colonel Kelly's brigade had never been in any important action. He charged with it to the crest of a formidable hill, drove the enemy from it, took many prisoners and arms, and bivouacked in their tents on the most advanced point of our lines. Out of 852 effective men he lost in the space of an hour, 300 killed and wounded, and was never repulsed, but held his ground until new troops arrived and supported him. I respectfully urge upon Your Excellency's consideration the promotion of Colonel Kelly to the rank of Brigadier General. The brigade is composed of the 58th N. C., 5th Ky., 65th Ga., and 63d Va., regiments, and has an aggregate, present and absent, of 2,030. An aggregate present, for

* General Preston was in error. Gen. Kelly lacked but a few months of completing his course, when Alabama seceded.

duty now, of 1,109. I have the honor to remain,

Your Excellency's

Most obt' serv't,

WM. PRESTON,

Brig. Genl."

This communication was heartily endorsed by Generals Liddell and Cleburne as follows:

HD. QRS., LIDDELL'S BRIGADE,
CLEBURNE'S DIV., Army Tenn.,
Before Chattanooga, Tenn.

Sept. 30, 1863.

To the Honorable, the Secretary of War, Richmond, Va.

SIR: I am gratified in joining Brigadier General Preston in the recommendation of Col. John H. Kelly, of Ala., for promotion.— Col. Kelly has, until recently, commanded the 8th Arkansas regiment of my brigade. A few days previous to the battle of Chickamauga, at the request of Maj. General Buckner, he was placed in command of a brigade in his corps and took part in that action. At the battle of Perryville. Ky., on the 8th of October last, he behaved with great gallantry and contributed greatly to the repulse of the enemy, at the close of that action, capturing, with his own hands, Col. Gooding, commanding a brigade of the enemy. At Murfreesboro, he commanded my left, and behaved with his usual valor and coolness, until wounded and taken from the field about 2 o'clock, p. m., on the 31st of December. Educated at the U. S. Military Academy, his qualifications for command have been improved by experience, and his rigid attention to his duties during more than two years has

rendered him peculiarly fitted for the position for which he is recommended, viz: that of Brigadier General.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient servant.

ST-JOHN R. LIDDELL

Brig. Gen. P. A. C. S.

HD. QRS., CLEBURNE'S DIV.,
Missionary Ridge, Sept. 30, '63.

I heartily endorse all Gen. Liddell has said in favor of Col. Kelly. I know no better officer of his grade in the service, and I believe it is to the interest of the service that he should be immediately promoted to the rank of Brigadier General. He has served in my division for the last nine months.

P. R. CLEBURNE,

Maj. General.

The officers, in command of the regiments constituting the brigade, to which he was a pillar of strength and crowning adornment, tendered the following tribute to the boy hero of the hour:

"CAMP OF THE 3RD BRIGADE,
BUCKNER'S DIVISION,
Before Chattanooga, Tenn.,

Nov. 1, 1863.

GENERAL: As commanders of the regiments constituting this brigade we desire to express our appreciation of the ability displayed by you since we have been under your command. We particularly desire to convey to you our sincere thanks for the uniform courtesy that has characterized your intercourse with us. Trusting that in the new and perhaps more useful sphere to which you are called, success will ever attend your efforts, and that the promo-

tion you have so richly won will be but the precursor to future advancement, we remain, General, your sincere friends.

J. B. PALMER,
Col. 58th N. C. vol.,

R. H. MOORE,
Col. 65th Ga. vol.,

J. M. FRENCH,
Maj. comd'g. 63rd Va. reg't.,

H. HAWKINS,
Col. 5th Ky. reg't.

To Brig. Gen. John H. Kelly."

This youth in years and appearance but veteran in achievement, received his commission as Brigadier General before reaching the 22nd year of his age, a lofty attainment unparalleled in our history, which reflects credit upon the government so quick to discern and reward true genius and heroism. Upon receiving his commission, General Kelly was ordered to General Wheeler and there placed in command of a gallant brigade. His career was signalized by a rapid succession of splendid achievements which brooked no rivalry in the hearts of his men. The sacrifices of personal safety and comfort which were entailed upon the Southern soldier were met with cheerful composure, success was welcomed at any cost. The rudest private in the ranks honored and blest him as one who would have gladly shared the hardest toil and humblest resting-place—they loved him as a brother, and followed him as a master-spirit, alas, to death!

On the 20th of August commanding a brigade of Wheeler's cavalry, the blood of this young champion embalmed the

historic field of Franklin, Tennessee, where the red tide ebbed and flowed even unto the end! His bright face lit with the pride of noble purpose, his eye set forward with a dauntless will, filling men's souls with heroic endeavor, charging at the head of his column, onward and onward, unmindful of shot and flame, moving with the graceful ease of a young Arab across the plain, on and on into the jaws of Death, until he slaked his thirst in the silent river and sank down smiling upon a fairer shore!

A comrade in arms penned the subjoined information concerning his last moments to a bereaved brother:

"FRANKLIN, TENN,
Sept. 11, 1865.

Mr. Rollin H. Kelly, Dear Sir: I take a sad pleasure in giving you the information desired in reference to the death and burial of your noble and gallant brother, General Kelly. He fell leading the charge. The fatal bullet entered just below the right shoulder and ranging downward entered his right lung. Of course we were forced to leave him, but I am glad to be able to say that he was tenderly cared for as long as he lived after the fatal wound. He lived several days. He had the best medical attendance and nursing. Was very decently buried in a metallic coffin, purchased by the citizens of this place. New clothes were put upon him with the exception of his coat, it was thought best that he should be buried in the uniform coat he wore when he fell. Allow me to mourn with you for his loss. I honored him

as an officer and loved him as a brother. No braver soldier ever faced a foe—no truer gentleman ever walked the earth. He was buried in the private burial ground of Wm. H. Harrison, five miles from here, on the Columbia Pike.

Respectfully,
W. S. McLEMORE."

His remains were brought to Mobile, Alabama, and interred there March 18, 1866. The funeral services were performed in St. Francis Street Church by the Rev. Dr. Dorman, in a deeply impressive manner. A large concourse of citizens assembled with mourning friends to pay sad honors to the dead; he was laid down to rest in the bosom of his mother State, and recommended for promotion in the Grand Army of the Free. Oh, watchman tell us of

the night! Tell us who weep and pray in darkened homes by hearthstones where the shadows fall, that our loved ones sleep by the still waters of comfort under the shadow of living green. Lo! the bow of promise rests upon the grave and reaches unto the heavens. Let us go on our way saying: Here he slept, but has arisen, and in the freshness and vigor of eternal youth has gone before!

His country was the Lady of his dreams,
Her cross his knightly sign—
She died! And thus he lies—
A stately slender palm,
Felled down in tender blossoming
Across her grave!
Then with the early flush of Spring,
Let Southern maidens come,
With boughs of shining green
And clustered flowers.
Here cast I mine—
A sweet Magnolia bloom
Its white heart filled with tears!

"EXIT POMPEY."

W. SHAKESPEARE.

You havn't forgotten, when we were boys,
And the harvest fields were sweet,
The tricks we played in the Holly shade
With the heads of bearded wheat,

When we used to place the bristling base
A-sleeve in our idle play;
When, work as we might, the wheat went right
"Up"—and no other way!

Methinks mankind has a wooly pet
In a somewhat similar train,
That, with all the world a-tug at his tail,
Must—fatally—follow the grain!

And I hope the Lord of his special grace
 This law may soon deliver,
 That all the rogues who have wrought to place
 Poor old Pomp in such pitiful case,
 Shall stick to his tail forever.

MARY ASHBURTON.*

A TALE OF MARYLAND LIFE.

CHAPTER VIII.

I SAT one morning at the dining-room window, dragging my listless fingers through some needle-work, when suddenly,

"Whoa, wo," sounded close by me, and a horse's head appeared through the embowering jessamine, above which was that of a boy, stooping, to approach nearer to me.

"Is Mr. Ashburton in?" he asked.

"No," I replied, "he is in the field. If you want him, you will find him there."

"Thankee, miss. I think I see him."

So saying, he rode off in the direction indicated, and I resumed indifferently, my interrupted task.

Presently, father came in, all wet and dripping from the well where he had stopped to drink out of the bucket, on his way from the field.

"Go and get me a clean shirt, Mary," he said, "I must dress myself up quick, for Mr. Chauncey wants to see me directly."

"So the boy was from the Grove, father?"

"Yes, yes, child. Go quick."

"I went as he desired, wondering, by the way, what Mr. Chauncey wanted with father. To borrow money of him, perhaps—oh!—here I felt a sudden hope and pleasure lighting up my heart—perhaps it will be in father's power to help him in some way, to help Alfred through him.

Animated with this hope, I quickly brought him what he wanted. He dressed himself cleanly in homespun, washed the traces of toil from his sun-burnt face and hands, shaded his ruddy countenance under a great brimmed straw hat, and set off, on Billy, for the Grove.

I was in an agony of impatience before he did so. It seemed to me that he never would be ready, or the horse saddled and bridled for him to mount, and it was not until I saw him slowly jogging down the lane, and disappearing through the park gate, that I breathed a sigh of relief.

* Continued from page 227.

I watched him from the window, going along at his comfortable, middle-aged pace, so unconcerned as to where he was going,—at least it seemed so to me,—while I would have given the world to be going in his place, and have power to say, in tones of the warmest consolation and pity,

“Poor Alfred, I love you,—Though all the world forsake you, I only love you better in desolation, than in your time of prosperity. Let me but have the privilege of mourning with you; perhaps it will lighten your heavy burden to know that *one* shoulder is ready to lift it from you, and help you, poor, deserted one, to sustain your doom and early blight.” Sorrowfully, I worked on, dropping an occasional tear over the poor, pale face, the noble, heroic soul, slighted for a worldling’s shallow heart and pitiful, glittering dross. The world had left him, gone on its way, the bright sun shone on, the blue sky smiled as ever, wept its brilliant showers over the flower beds, while he was tempest-tost, wrecked in life and happiness—oh! most earnestly did I pray—not in soul also.

Mother came in with many surmises as to the nature of the summons to the Grove.

“I’ll bet he wants money,” she said, at last, and in no pleased tone, for mother was a close, managing woman, and, though not stingy, was almost too much alive to the value of money.—“I don’t know about your father’s lending it—and *there* at least. I don’t see how they could return it, and he’d never see it again.”

“Mother, you would’nt refuse?”

My tone confused her and she replied in justification of herself, as she shook out her work. “Well, I don’t see why he can’t borrow it of somebody else. There’s no reason why *we* should be losers by him; we’re nothing to him. Why did’nt he take care of property when he had it, and not come now troubling other people?”

“Oh! mother! I cannot bear to hear you talk so. Suppose you were in trouble,—”

“They would’nt have helped me,” she interrupted.

“We know nothing about that. But we know he *is*, and I should love to help him.”

“*You!* oh! you. You never had much common sense.” How many excuse their meanness, their low, earthly natures, under that term — common sense, and when the loftier, unselfish nature of others, rebukes by example their own meanness, how common it is to hear them call it “lack of common sense.” A very good sense it is, giving a just balance and use to the other senses,—and keeping them in place so nicely adjusted, that the whole move in harmony, but when it restrains generous, noble impulses, and is used as a cloak for selfishness, I can’t say that I admire a preponderancy of it in the character.

“I can’t help it, mother, and if it keeps me from helping those in trouble, I don’t want it.”

“I’m as ready to help as anybody, but I say again, they are nothing to us, or we to them, and, as proud as they have been, I

don't see why we should be the losers."

A sensation that I did not like to experience towards her, came over me then. I looked away from her in order to forget the impression, and let the feeling pass away.

"I feel sorry for them," mother said, relentingly, "and would do what I could, but to lend money where there's no prospect of getting it again is a foolish piece of business. In any other way, I'll do what I can, and be very glad to help them. I've been thinking all along that if we could only manage to send them something nice, maybe they'd eat it."

It almost made me smile, such an idea of sympathy and kindness for the haughty Chaunceys, but it relieved me of that feeling towards mother, and made me natural to her again.

Looking towards the window, I saw father coming back rapidly, galloping up the lane, a most unusual thing for him, who was so sparing of Billy's lungs and his own.

He alighted at the gate, gave the horse to one of the boys to be taken to the stable, and then came to the house. He did not enter the room where I sat, but proceeded to the kitchen at a slower pace as if meditating about something. It was baking day and mother was busily engaged taking some loaves from the oven when father joined her. He called and she replied that she would come directly. Upon which he intimated to her that his business would admit of no delay and that he *must* speak with her im-

mediately. At that, she came out wiping the flour from her hands on her check apron, her face flushed to the hue of a coal of fire from the oven she had been stooping over.

He said something low. They walked away together, disappearing around the corner of the house that jutted just to my view, preventing my seeing them further. I felt a deep anxiety to know the subject of all this mystery, what my father's business had been there, how he had found the unfortunate ones he had just left. What *was* it that he was telling mother?

They remained a long time in conversation. I heard them in the parlor conversing in a low tone. Sometimes their voices were raised a little as if by excitement, then it cautiously dropped again, still retaining the earnest tone as if something of great importance was under discussion.

I wondered and wondered, becoming nervously impatient for the interview to cease, that I might learn from one or both of them its cause. I could scarcely breathe, and started at every sound.

At last the parlor door was hastily opened, I heard my mother's quick step crossing the passage to the dining-room, then the door behind me was opened.

"Mary," she said, with equal rapidity, "Go to the parlor, your father wants to speak with you there."

"With *me*, mother?" I grasped the back of my chair for support. "What can he want with me?"

"Why, child, how frightened you look. It's nothing to alarm, let me assure you. Don't be afraid. It's something he wants to speak to you about—some—" here she hesitated and looked away from me, "some business."

Mother had a queer look which I could not interpret, but a little reassured, I arose, still trembling in every limb, and as reluctant to enter the room to be closeted with my father about the mysterious business as if I had been a prisoner doomed to torture.

"Go along, Mary, your father is waiting," and mother gave me a slight push.

I obeyed and entered the room where father was—mother shutting the door after me, then going away herself to my additional discomfort. I clasped my hands to quiet my heart's nervous, expectant beatings, and waited painfully for his communication.

I remember where he stood, my plain old father. He had opened one of the back windows of the parlor, letting in a stream of sunlight between the shutters, glancing across the dark, sober carpet, over the home-made rug with its great roses and strawberry vines, burying itself in the asparagus blossoms that radiated from the scarlet flower-pot on the hearth, and dissipating the damp, earthly smell that ground rooms in old country houses, where they are seldom used, almost always possess.

He had his back to me, and with one knee on a high-backed, antiquated chair, decorated with a silk patch-work cushion of my manufacture, with head extended

out of the window, in the golden aperture he had made between the shutters, he was giving orders to one of the men servants who had paused to listen to him with some implement of husbandry on his shoulder.

That made me feel more natural, but completing his directions, he brought the shutters to carefully, bowed them and put the window down, giving the room its usual dark aspect, then turned around and spoke to me at once.

"A great piece of business I've been on this morning, Mary."

"Have you, father?"

"Well, to make you understand all at once, I'll tell you the whole story. That boy was from the Grove. You know I went there, wondering what Chauncey could want with me. Well, when I got there, a servant who seemed to be waiting for me, took me up to a darkened room, and there among the books and papers, before a desk, sat Mr. Chauncey. He arose, took me by the hand, and treated me with wonderful politeness, while I was so staggered by the change in him, that I could scarcely speak. His head was as white as a sheet, his face scarred with wrinkles, his hand trembling as if he had the palsy. I felt mighty sorry for him, and did my best to show it. To make a long story short, after some preliminaries he said in a short, quick way, 'Mr. Ashburton, my affairs are much involved at present, I want you to help me out of my difficulties!'"

"'Me, sir! How can I help you? Anything reasonable that lies in

my power, I'm willing to do for you.'"

"'Something *does* lie in your power. My perplexities are great,' (thinks I he's a going to borrow money of me, and, though I felt sorry for him, was wondering how I could get out of it, for I had'nt much notion of my hard earnings going to him who could'nt pay, but was willing to go as far as I could.)

"'You think I wish to borrow money?' he said, looking at me very hard. 'Not that, for it would be useless to borrow money that I could never repay, and which would not go a tithe towards discharging my liabilities. My plan is this. You know how my son has been treated by that gilded worldling. Since then he is nothing, has given up everything, is incapable of helping me or himself; in short, I am afraid that this most unfortunate love affair is either killing or maddening him. Till he learned her baseness he was the noblest son in the world. It breaks my heart, Mr. Ashburton; it breaks my heart, sir, to see him thus. How to save him, and redeem our fortunes, has been the theme of agonizing thought since the false creature jilted him so heartlessly. Had she not murdered him,' here his eye flashed and he clinched his hand, 'yes I say, *murdered* him, he would have done wonders yet, for with his versatility of talent, he could have accomplished anything. We had made our arrangements, he brightening me up by his hopeful assurance, and smiling bravely, my poor boy, over the loss of property, bidding

me look around and see how others made their fortunes, and why not he, with youth and health and energy, till my despondency was lightened and I began to look on things more cheerfully, though not as he did, when—I cannot trust myself to repeat her name, or her intriguing rascal of a father—so cast him off like a worn out garment, my brave, handsome, talented boy.'"

"Here he used language, cursing them bitterly, which I won't shock you by repeating."

"'Since then you know what he is, while his poor old father'—here he shook a tear from his eye—'is broken-hearted until he can find out some relief for him of some kind.'"

"'I am truly sorry, sir, but how can I help you?'"

"'I will tell you, Mr. Ashburton, I will tell you. My son, you know, being no longer engaged, is free. Well, I thought that by his union with some one else he might be restored, some lovable, domestic woman who would try to draw him from his sorrows and give him something to live for once more. Now I come to the point, a most delicate one, and which naught but parental affection, a last dying resource would prompt me to. You have a daughter, sir—' My God! Mary, are you fainting or dead?'"

He rushed to me and would have taken me out, but commanding myself with an agonized interest to hear the rest, I begged him, as if my life depended upon it, to tell me all.

"His plan was," resumed my father, briefly condensing his

statement, "to marry his son to my daughter, obtain for your dowry certain money vested in a portion of the estate which I would buy for you, keeping the creditors off on my security, while the rest might be redeemed in time by economy and good management. He has noticed you, he says, Mary, and of all the girls he has seen here, he thinks you the most likely to save his son.— Then he told me he heard say I intended leaving the butt end of my estate to you, for I thought the boys might take care of themselves. It is true, for I have ever held it as my opinion that to give boys sound principles and a good education, it's best to let them make their own way in the world, than to spend their father's hard earnings in wasteful extravagance. The girls are more helpless, so I had made up my mind that you should get double share of what I own."

"What did you say, father? Did you agree to this—bargain?"

"Bargain, Mary! Why call it that way, child?" he answered fretfully. "I told him I was willing provided you were, and the young man didn't object."

"What did he say about his son?"

"Well, he seemed a little chary about him. All he said was that he would bring him to see you to-morrow."

"To-morrow—" again I grasped the chair and could hardly keep from falling.

"You musn't be afraid, daughter," he said kindly. "To tell the truth, my child, I don't altogether like it. You would be allied

to a proud family, and you have always seemed more fitted for such company than for us plain folks. I don't urge it on you. I leave it to yourself to do as you please. If you don't want this thing, say so, and I'll tell him at once. He asked me if your affections had been otherwise engaged. I told him no, that you turned the cold shoulder on the young men about here. At the same time, Mary, remember what you are about. I'll see that you have a pretty property and you'll have a handsome husband."

I grew deadly pale, I felt it, and drew back, while he laughed as if to reassure us both. Under his kindness I could see that my poor father's ambition prompted him secretly to urge my consent to—such a design.

I had not thought as yet, I felt hardly to be awake or alive. Was I dreaming? a union proposed between me and Alfred!—a union! if only in name—but a chance to be ever near him. What exquisite bliss! But he—I felt humiliated to the dust, sold as a piece of goods and chattel—could I submit to it?

"Well, well, I can't expect your answer yet awhile, startled as you are. You can think on't."

"But Alfred, father! what will be his feelings, dragged into this bargain, and I am only sold?"

"No, my daughter, don't take that view of it," my father sat down and scratched his head with a perplexed air, "the young man may prove more willing than you may think. You don't suppose that at his years he's a going to mourn forever over that jilting

jade. That's all a pack of romantic nonsense about broken hearts and loving but once. I know I courted one or two before your mother, and it didn't kill me when they said no. I only took up my hat and walked out, leaving them to go their own road as I would mine. He'll come round in time, depend on't, and he'd be more than mortal if he didn't love such a gentle, good thing as you. Don't fear, you'll win him to you. Then as to yourself, you can do as you please. All I have to say about it is, that I hand you over a handsome dowry the day you're married; you can make a man of your husband, redeem the estate by the management your mother has taught you, live there as the proudest in the land, and hold your head up as high as Mrs. Anybody. So saying, I've said all."

He closed the door after him noisily, but I opened it immediately and ran up breathless to my room, my feet scarcely touching the steps. Throwing myself down on my face I tried to think, but reason was lost.

I proposed as a wife to Alfred Chauncey! I who had loved him all my life, I who had endured anguish, jealousy, torture, despair, the bitterness of death for him,—who had closed my heart over as with a mound, and had said to it—henceforth be dead, feel no more, pain no more; let it be as if it never had been, for the skeleton of love lies there,—it is a desert of Sahara—the well-springs of the valley of Beulah can water it no more. Dead to all save a life-long duty, to win eternity,

there to feel not—and repose to come.

I had said this, and thought myself almost stony in despair. Ah! a fleshly, living heart pulsated there yet. It throbbed and beat till it seemed almost to burst. I,—Alfred Chauncey's wife—to bear *his* name, be mistress of *his* house, care for *his* household!—ah! ever care for him!—consult his tastes, study his wishes, put my varied woman's knowledge into practice for increasing his comfort! softening his sorrow? A thousand future possibilities flashed across my mind. What might I not do for him, and by patient love, what might I not accomplish? I pressed my burning face against the spread;—what extremity of happiness!—what depth of humiliation!

In the midst of this exquisite dream of happiness, a sudden jar, a sensation of wounded dignity and pride that made me almost say,—I *will* not be thus bartered, and I arose and paced the room. The two fathers plotting together over a scheme that might bring additional wretchedness upon the head of one of the parties concerned. It was meant for the best;—what could the poor old father do? could he see his child thus withering away before his eyes, and attempt nothing for him? It was the only thing he could resort to, and could I blame him for it? But with regard to Alfred—my face burnt as with coals of fire, when I thought of my name being proposed to him, how he would, most likely, spurn the proposition, and turn from me with loathing,—how his father's

entreaties and tears of agony would work upon him, perhaps, to give a consent wrung from the torture of despair.

I thought thus, till I had nearly resolved in the bitterness of pride to reject the proposition, as I felt he had done, to spurn it likewise where I was not loved and sought as any other woman. But immediately after this resolution, when I would have gone to my father and told him of my rejection, came the agony of separation from him forever, and he was at once a thousand-fold dearer in the danger of losing him altogether. Oh! no, the prize was too near, the dearly, long loved one, to let it slip from me forever. No, no, I could not let him go. How strange! could I believe it true?

Thus one moment in a delirium of transport, the next humiliated to the dust, exulting in the prospect of being ever near him to cheer and console and perform a thousand daily duties that the hand of love could do better than any other; remembering with shame how I was wooed, not by a tender lover, but a despairing father urging on a reluctant son; starting and crimsoning with shame as the true aspect of the events that had just transpired presented themselves; pride urging me to return a dignified refusal, then starting as the thought flashed over me of what I was about to do. Reject him! Oh! no, I could not.

As to the way I was wooed, what mattered it? I had never dreamed in my wildest imaginations of being wooed at all by him. He had been as a star to me. To

be brought near him was sufficient happiness for one who had felt herself at such an immense distance. To be with—*him*.

When I rejoined the family, my mother looked at me anxiously as if expecting to learn the result of my meditations from my countenance. When we were alone she hesitatingly repeated the arguments my father had used, to which I maintained an impenetrable silence, indeed their way of arguing the matter, to me so sacred, was more than I could bear.

“Well, you’ll have him, Mary?” she said at last, gathering boldness from her vexation at my reserve, and impatiently pushing something away as a relief to her embarrassment.

“Mother, please don’t,” I broke forth in torture at her want of delicacy. “Indeed, indeed, I cannot answer you now. I am sorely tried.”

“Well,” she said in a low tone, looking ashamed, “it’s natural I should take an interest in it, being your mother.”

“I know, dear mother,” I answered, “but indeed this evening I cannot talk about a subject of so much delicacy.”

“He comes to-morrow,” she glanced at me furtively.

So soon! *he* coming to see *me* and about such a matter! I grew so nervous and agitated at the thought that I wished now the time was days and weeks off. So near the time was—a night, a few hours of the next day, then he would be there with his broken heart, his sorrow-stricken countenance, with his father, to ask me to be his wife. The ceremony

of the church might bind us, the word of the priest be pronounced over us, but I felt that he would be as far from me as ever—till—oh! sweet hope!—the patient love and forbearance, of years it might be, would work upon him to regard his lowly hand-maiden with some favor.

That night was a long, sleepless one, and the early dawn found me stretched feverish with burning lips and a parched tongue.

Starting from my bed, I went out to cool my brow in the morning air and paced the garden walk, my trembling, nervous feet scarcely pressing the sod as I walked, my whole frame so jarred that excitement alone gave me strength for such exertion.

A fresh April shower had wet the peach blossoms, and they shook their glistening pearls over me as I brushed under their branches. The violets blended their delicate perfume with the daffodils and cowslips, greeting me with their usual morning incense, the striped iris peeped forth from the borders of the lilac buds reddened and swelled as if about to burst into all their loveliness.

I had risen so often to work among them before the sun was above the horizon, and their faces seemed so familiar.

Was I going to leave them? and with whom? With Alfred? impossible! it must be a dream of yesterday. I pressed my forehead with my hands.

He would come soon, they told me. What would he say? Would he show that he hated me? and how would I answer? Could I tell him that I had loved him all

these long years, and that as he had suffered, so had I, that we would console one another? Yes, when he spoke to me I would have courage to justify myself at least, if I accepted their offer. Surely I could do it then.

To relieve my nervousness and prevent all opportunity for thought, I went into the house and busied myself about some of my former duties until mother appeared, when she chided me for so doing, considering it my duty as prospective member of the aristocracy, to act the lady even then. She took the broom from my hand, but I begged her with feverish eagerness, in mercy to me, to let me have it, let me do something or I should die. She looked me in the face, seemed startled at its expression, and yielded it silently.

The time passed, I know not how. As the hour approached I grew so nervous as to start convulsively at every sound. The noise of wheels almost made me faint; while my heart beat till I was suffocated. I could scarcely stand it, and, much as I dreaded the approaching interview, was in an agony for it to be over.

Mother wished me to attire myself in my best, but I made my dress as plain as possible in perfect consonance with surrounding circumstances; a dove-colored dress without a single ornament being all I wore, loathing, as I did, the vulgarity of tricking myself out in finery on such an occasion as that.

The morning wore on. I had dressed myself, and busied myself here and there for relief from

that miserable, nervous agitation, and yet they had not come.

At first I had avoided the front windows, as the sight of the coming carriage would have driven me from the house, but as time passed I looked anxiously myself, longing for relief from this torture. It did not do to think of the nature of the interview I would have to pass through, for that almost crazed me.

"Sister, please mend my jacket. I tore it just now up the tree and mother said she'd whip me if I did it again," pleaded one of my little brothers in a piteous tone.

A jagged piece of work it was, and required some thought as well as occupation of the hands. My nervous fingers accomplished it somehow, often sticking the needle in them and doing the work wrong, while he waited patiently by me, fat, chubby little fellow, for release from my hold.

I had almost completed it, was putting the last stitch, when the child, who was getting tired, cried out.

"A carriage, sister. The Grove carriage and two gentlemen in it."

Suddenly sick and almost fainting I would have run away and hid myself anywhere—anywhere, not to encounter their eyes.—I would have rushed from the house, hurried myself in the woods, if my trembling limbs could have borne me."

"Come, Mary, the gentlemen are here," said mother, nervous also now, "you must go down."

"Oh! mother! I can't." I buried my head like a frightened bird in my pillow.

"Pshaw! child! behave your-

self like a lady. Be equal to any of them. See, you're tumbling your hair all up, and there isn't time to fix it. Come now, pass the brush over your hair.—There, that's all right."

Like a patient about to undergo some painful physical operation that must be done, yet dreading its commencement, but for whom the best plan is to dash through it at once and so anticipate its end, I permitted her to lead me, not daring to think, scarcely to breathe as I went down the steps. Had I paused at the parlor door, I should never have entered, but mother opened it broadly and there I suddenly confronted them, wishing the floor would mercifully open and swallow me; trembling in every limb, alternately paling and flushing as I felt the blood flowing backwards and forwards.

I saw no one, for my eyes were fixed upon the floor, except one sweeping glance that told me who was there, gave me a glimpse of a pale face, bearing the traces of suffering in the early imprinted lines, the eyes cast down with moody indifference, that had not even looked up as I, the intended bride, entered.

The elder gentleman perceived my suffering at once, and came forward to speak to me, where I stood. He took my hand with graceful kindness, pressed it to his lips, then led me towards his son.

"Miss Ashburton, my son," he said, with my hand still in his, a fatherly protection in his manner.

The young gentleman started, looked around from the window, out of which he was absently

gazing, arose from his seat, took the hand his father held towards him, scarcely touching it with his own, which was icy as death, and bowed coldly, distantly at the same time.

This was chilling, and I wished myself anywhere, rather than there. His expression of misery touched me deeply, but I was sensibly alive to the embarrassment of my own position, a most awkward one.

Mr. Chauncey was evidently determined to relieve us as much as possible; so after leading me to a seat not far from Alfred, he conversed with my father in a tone of assumed cheerfulness.

“By the by, Mr. Ashburton,

I'd like to see that brag field of yours.”

“It's quite near, sir. Will you walk that way? We can soon get there.”

They went out noisily, relieving us as much as possible from embarrassment, slamming the door after them, treading heavily in the passage, to give an ordinary, every day sound to these matters of such delicacy, where we two young people were thrown together so purposely.

I wanted to run too, and could have burst into tears as I felt my helplessness, falling so readily into their previously planned arrangements.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

“Tear down the flaunting lie,
Half-mast the starry flag,
Insult no sunny sky,
With *hate's polluted rag!*
Destroy it, ye who can;
Deep sink it in the waves,
It bears a fellow man
To groan with fellow slaves.”

[Horace Greeley.]

RODES' BRIGADE AT SEVEN PINES.

THE recent work of E. A. Pollard, of Virginia, entitled the "Lost Cause," and which has obtained so extensive a circulation in the Southern States, is manifestly sadly deficient in many of the elements which constitute a truthful and reliable history. If he had seen proper to have procured facts and incidents at the hands of trust-worthy and intelligent subordinate officers and privates, it is probable that he would have been more successful in avoiding the many glaring errors which are so palpable in his work. The "Lost Cause" will, doubtless, bring a handsome profit, pecuniarily, to the author, but such a book, evidently compiled principally from the hastily gotten up, and inaccurate accounts of newspaper correspondents, and editors, cannot but be deservedly short-lived, and scarcely worth the paper used in its publication. It is not my purpose to enter into an extended criticism, or analysis, of its characteristics, nor even to attempt to point out the numerous discrepancies which are so apparent in this extravagant and partial history. If I did not prefer even that some abler pen should perform this delicate, and yet, necessary task, space would forbid it. He has manifested, throughout the entire work, a disposition to give great and undue prominence to officers and men from his own State, over those of other Southern States. With his censure and abuse of the great

head of our late Confederacy, we can have no sympathy, and we are positively indignant at the ascription to Virginia valor of nearly every victory by the army of Northern Virginia. The Virginians did their duty nobly and well, but the Carolinians, Georgians, Alabamians, and, indeed, troops from all the Confederate States, heroically shared with them their dangers and sufferings, and participated in their glorious successes.

Mr. Pollard states in his book, (so-called history,) that at the battle of Seven Pines, near Richmond, Virginia, on the 31st of May, 1862, the Virginia brigades of Pickett and Pryor bore the brunt of the engagement, and totally ignores the fact that Anderson's and Garland's North Carolina; Colquitt's and Thomas' Georgia, and Rodes', Law's, and Wilcox's Alabama brigades, also, took part in the glories and dangers of that never to be forgotten day. The writer of this article, (at that time an officer in the 12th Alabama regiment, of Rodes' brigade, D. H. Hill's division,) was present at the battle of Seven Pines, and can testify to his brigade's "acting well its part" in that battle, though Mr. Pollard did not see fit to make mention of it. Despite the swindling trumpery displayed in the "Lost Cause," the truth will prevail, and justice will be meted out to those who deserve it. I propose, as accurately and as briefly as possible, to

give an account of the part taken in the battle of Seven Pines by Rodes' brigade, consisting of the 5th, 6th, and 12th Alabama regiments, the 12th Mississippi, and 26th Virginia battalion. On the morning of the 31st of May, 1862, Brigadier General (afterwards Major General) Rodes, one of the most gallant and accomplished officers of the Virginia Army, was ordered by Major General D. H. Hill, commanding division, to attack the enemy at Seven Pines, where General Casey's Headquarters were located. The 6th Ala., under Col., since Lieut. Gen. J. B. Gordon, was deployed as skirmishers, and the 12th Ala., Colonel R. T. Jones, 5th Ala., Colonel C. C. Pegues, 12th Miss., Colonel Taylor, and 26th Va., battalion followed in line of battle. Soon after the battle commenced the whole brigade, amidst a perfect hail of iron, moved directly upon the strong fortifications and camp of Seven Pines proper, and in a very short time the works were in our possession, and the camp, with all its equipage and stores, at our mercy. The brigade crossed the works immediately in front of the twelve Napoleon guns captured on that day, and the writer had in his hands documents, official and private, belonging to General Casey, who was in immediate command at that point. This engagement was a fatal one to many gallant and promising officers and men of the brigade. Many a noble heart that in the morning beat high with hope, and exulted in the prospect of meeting the hated foe, before sunset was stilled by death. Gen.

R. E. Rodes was wounded. Col. R. T. Jones, senior colonel of the 12th Alabama, a graduate of West Point, and one of the most unflinching and thorough disciplinarians and excellent officers in the army, was killed after the works were taken. Gen. Hill, in a brief congratulatory address to the 12th Alabama, a few days after, fitly spoke of him as a "glorious Colonel." The 12th lost many other gallant officers, among them, Capt. R. H. Keeling, of Tuskegee, Ala., a graduate of V. M. Institute, and classmate of Generals Rodes, Mahone and Colston. His death was a loss not only to his splendid company, but to the entire country. Capt. Darwin and Lieutenants Ryan and Hammond were also killed, and Captains Nicholson, Tucker and Davis (all since dead,) were severely wounded. Of 408 men carried into action, fifty-one (one out of eight) were left dead on the field, and one hundred and fifty-four were wounded, over half of our regiment being placed *hors du combat*.

Lieut. Col. Willingham and Maj. Nesmith, of the 6th Ala., and nine Captains out of twelve were killed out right, besides numbers of other officers and over one hundred men of that regiment.—Senior Captain Bell was killed and forty-four of his men killed or wounded. Capt. Aug. Flournoy a brave youth of 19 years, also fell, and his company was terribly cut up.

In the 12th Ala., one company, (H.) lost eleven men, and another (B.) nine men killed in a space of twenty steps.

The 5th Ala. had its Lt. Col., Hall, wounded and Adjutant killed, and lost many of its bravest and best officers and men.

The 12th Miss., and 26th Va., also acted nobly and suffered heavily.

Perhaps if Mr. Pollard had been aware of the casualties above mentioned, he might have been induced to mention that Rodes'

brigade, afterwards known as "Battle's Alabama brigade," shared with his favorite Virginia brigades the dangers and glories of the bloody battle of Seven Pines. Will he be more faithful and impartial in a future edition of his history? It is to be hoped so.

ROBERT E. PARK.
Tuskegee, Ala.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND JEFFERSON DAVIS—A COMPARISON.

Lincoln and Davis were the chieftains of contending principles and communities. The first was the head of the Federalistic element, the other of State Sovereign Democracy. By the power of numbers, the one triumphed and the other fell, so far as principles may be said to fall by the defeat of armies. The one was an unsettled, shifting, vulgar, rollicking man—the other serious, grave, dignified, and determined. The one was a plebeian by nature—the other a nobleman. As between these contestants as men, the rise and fall of armies have done little else than to bring them out into stronger contrast. The triumphant party is now dead—he fills the grave of an unwept tyrant, and will be execrated the more as the wheels of time roll on, fanning the chaff from the wheat. Lincoln cared nothing for the triumph of principle—he was satisfied with the din and clash of the hour.—And so, at the sacrifice of princi-

ple and the nation's honor in a hundred ways, he triumphed over his opponent. What are the results secured by that bloody triumph? What questions are settled? The States are further from union now than ever—the people are bound under a monstrous load of oppressions and tyrannies, and are at last, and not unexpectedly, cursing the being whose triumph was their ruin! How stands his opponent? Bowed with the sorrows of his people, he may still stand erect over the grave of his dead foe, and exclaim, "Shake not your gory locks at me;" "Thou did'st it!" Had Jefferson Davis sacrificed those principles upon which his people went into the struggle, the arrogant North, and not the South, would be the stricken land. Had Jefferson Davis departed from his determined "defensive warfare"—had he enlisted the slaves of the South in his armies under the flag of emancipation in

1862, the North would have been a smoking slaughterpen! But the banner of his people had been thrown to the breeze, and under its waving folds he and his people fell together in a Spartan embrace! History will yet vindicate the truth, and Jefferson Davis, the statesman, scholar and hero, will outlive a hundred Lincolns on those pages of his country's history, where are enrolled the names of the peerless and true, the noble and self-sacrificing!

[*Sentinel-on-the-Border.*]

FLORENCE.

When first her eyes fell on mine own,
 With all their magic light,
 It seemed as if all earth had grown
 More beautiful and bright;
 My soul felt all the thrilling bliss
 That can from loved eyes gleam,
 As sweet as love's first tender kiss
 In youth's romantic dream.

Oh! but to see her queen like form;
 Her smile from Beauty's lips,
 They're like the sun-shine aft the storm
 That down the rain-bow dips;
 They glow like morning's russet light
 Which tells the coming day,
 And fill the soul with visions bright
 That will not pass away.

Sweeter than guzla or guitar,
 Or music of the rill,
 Her voice like melody afar
 Can all my senses thrill;
 I've felt the magic of its tone,
 The witchery of its spell,
 Until all other thoughts have flown
 Save those that love her well.

J. AUGUSTINE SIGNAIGO.

SKETCH OF THE 1ST KENTUCKY BRIGADE.

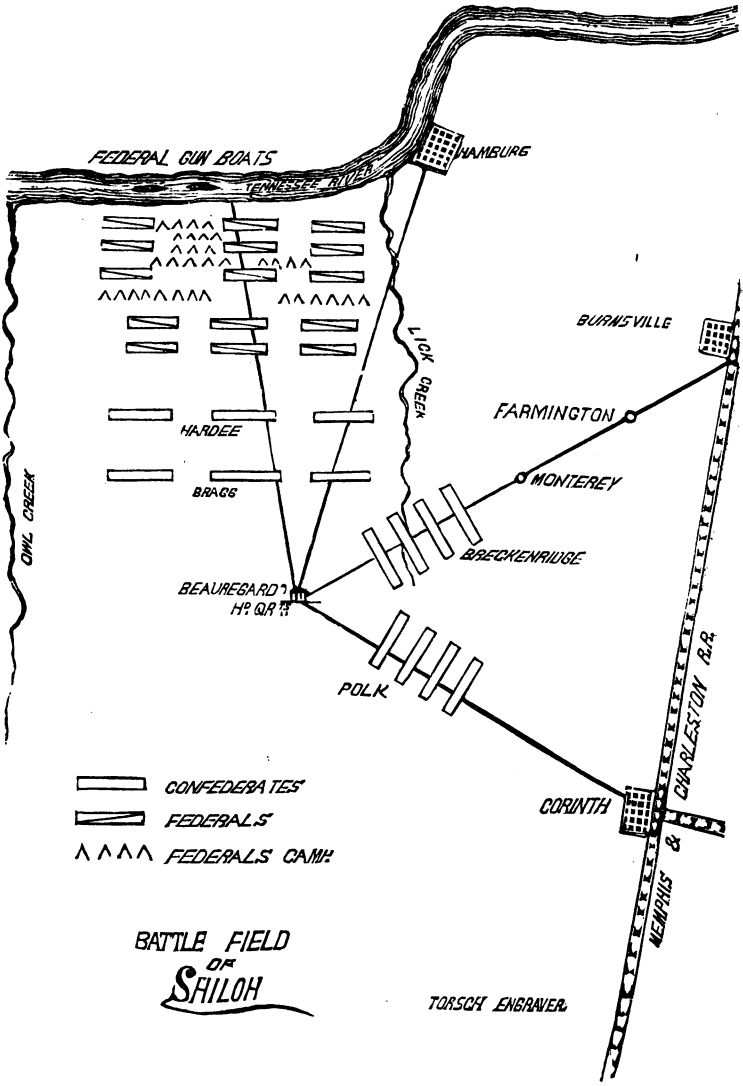
Two roads, the one from Corinth, the other from Burnsville, lead to Pittsburg landing, they unite on a ridge four miles from the river, and thence the road, gradually descending along slope, leads to the Tennessee, along a spur of the hilly range with lateral slopes to Lick creek on the one side and Owl creek on the other, the whole tongue of land between these streams is densely wooded with unbroken forests, and as it approaches within a mile of the river is covered, in addition, with a thick mass of undergrowth sweeping to its banks. On this unfavorable ground the battle was to be fought. On the morning of April the 4th, at 3 o'clock, a. m., the reserve corps marched from Burnsville by way of Farmington and Monterey expecting to reach the point of junction of the two roads that night, a heavy rain storm, however, obstructed its progress as well as that of the other divisions of the army, and it was not until the night of the 5th of April that it reached the junction. Rations had been provided for three days, but no tents and no baggage were taken—the want of which added greatly to the discomfort of the commands, and rendered many unfit for duty. The delay and the tired condition of the troops on the night of the 5th caused a difference of opinion to prevail at the Council of war as to the propriety of attacking, but General Johnston determined to proceed.




The other divisions had, on the night of the 5th, reached the positions assigned them and were posted thus, the third corps formed the first line of battle, its right resting on Lick creek and its left on Owl creek, and bivouacked in order of battle within half a mile of the enemy, who seems to have been unconscious of the blow about to be struck. In rear of that, the first corps, under General Bragg, bivouacked in order of battle a quarter of a mile distant. The second corps, under General Polk, was massed in column of brigades on the road from Corinth, immediately in rear of the junction with the Monterey road, and had orders to move up and form in line of battle so soon as the troops in advance had moved on sufficiently, while the reserve corps, under General Breckinridge, was massed in column of brigades on the Monterey road with orders to move when General Polk's corps had passed, and hold itself subject to the contingencies of the day. At 5 a. m., on the morning of April 6th, General Hardee drove in the pickets of the enemy, and the terrible battle of Shiloh commenced. Steadily and irresistibly he swept on, driving the enemy before him until the camps were reached, where the resistance became most desperate. The second line of battle, under General Bragg, had by this time been brought up and intermingled with the first line, and the central advanced camp of the enemy was

abandoned by him only, however, that he might make the more stubborn resistance behind it and in front of the others. Observing an attempt of the enemy to flank on the extreme left, General Beauregard sent orders to detach the Kentucky brigade, and send it to that point. This was done—the command now devolving upon Col. Robt. P. Trabue, Colonel of the 4th Kentucky and senior Colonel of the brigade. During the whole of that bloody day, from 9 o'clock when it became engaged, it maintained the reputation of its native State, and slowly but surely pushed back the force opposed to it; it never gave way or was broken, though terribly cut to pieces; it never charged that it did not break the ranks of the army, and it was found when the action closed in the evening after ten hours of continuous fighting in the front rank of the army. It will be necessary to refer more particularly, to its movements as we progress. Owing to the dense mass of the undergrowth the troops were brought in close proximity to each other, and the firing was consequently destructive, murderous and deadly.

Two o'clock had arrived, the whole army was, and had been engaged for hours, with the exception of Bowen's and Statham's brigades, of the reserve corps.—The enemy had been driven through, and from half of his camps, but refused to give back further, giving way on his right and left wings, he had massed his force heavily in the centre, and poured an almost unintermitting

hail of fire, murderous beyond description, from his covert of trees and bushes, when General Breckinridge was ordered up to break his line. Having been most of the day in observation on the Hamburg road, marching in column of regiments, the reserve was now moved by the left flank, until opposite the point of attack, rapidly deployed, in line of battle, Statham's brigade forming the right, and Bowen's the left. The long slope of the ridge was here abruptly broken by a succession of small hills or undulations of about fifty feet in height, dividing the rolling country from the river bottom, and behind the crest of the last of these, the enemy was concealed: opposite them, at the distance of seventy-five yards, was another long swell or hillock, the summit of which it was necessary to attain, in order to open fire, and to this elevation, the reserve moved, in order of battle, at a double-quick. In an instant, the opposing height was one sheet of flame. Battle's Tennessee regiment, on the extreme right, gallantly maintained itself, pushing forward under a withering fire, and establishing itself well in advance. Little's Tennessee regiment, next to it, delivered its fire at random and inefficiently, became disordered, and retired, in confusion down the slope; three times it was rallied by its Lieut. Colonel, assisted by Colonel T. T. Hawkins, Aid-de-Camp to Gen. Breckinridge, and by the Adjutant General, and carried up the slope only to be as often repulsed, and driven back: the regiment of the enemy opposed to it, in the in-



-  CONFEDERATES
-  FEDERAL'S
-  FEDERAL'S CAMP

BATTLE FIELD
OF
SHILOH

TORSCH ENGRAVER.

tervals, directing an oblique fire upon Battle's regiment, now contending against overwhelming odds. The crisis of the contest had come, there were no more reserves, and General Breckinridge determined to charge, calling his staff around him, he communicated to them his intentions, and remarked that he, with them, would lead it. They were all Kentuckians, and although it was not their privilege to fight that day with the Kentucky brigade, they were yet men who knew how to die bravely among strangers, and some, at least, would live to do justice to the rest. The Commander-in-Chief, General Albert Sydney Johnston, rode up at this juncture, and learning the contemplated movement, determined to accompany it, placing himself on the left of Little's regiment, his commanding figure in full uniform, conspicuous to every eye, he waited the signal. Gen. Breckinridge disposing his staff along the line, rode to the right of the same regiment, and with a wild shout, which rose high above the din of battle, on swept the line through a storm of fire, over the hill, across the intervening ravine, and up the slope occupied by the enemy. Nothing could withstand it. The enemy broke and fled for half a mile, hotly pursued, until he reached the shelter of his batteries; well did the Kentuckians sustain that day their honor, and their fame. Of the little band of officers who started on that forlorn hope, but one was unscathed, the gallant Breckinridge himself.— Colonel Hawkins was wounded in the face, Captain Allen's leg was

torn to pieces by a shell; the horses of the fearless boy, Cabell Breckinridge, and of the Adjutant General were killed under them, and General Johnston was lifted, dying, from his saddle. It may well be doubted whether the success, brilliant as it was, decisive as it was, compensated for the loss of the great Captain.

Few men have moved upon the stage of public life who have been the peers of Albert Sidney Johnston. Tall and commanding in person, of gentle and winning address, he was the most unassuming of men, yet his mind was cast in nature's largest mould, possessed of that high and serene courage which no reverses or trials could overcome, patient in difficulties, earnest in effort, firm in purpose, he had been invested by the President with the powers of a Pro-Consul. His sway extended from the Alleghanies to the Western confines of Texas. Supervising the movements of five separate armies, in countries hundreds of miles apart, his capacious mind embraced the details of all, while exercising almost unlimited authority over four millions of people, no stain of personal or selfish ambition rests upon his noble character. The nation and the army felt that there was always hope while Sidney Johnston lived, and yet his death was not without a grand and crowning triumph.— Well he knew the battle must be won, fully as well he knew to win the battle, that charge must be successful. The last vision which fell upon his glazing sight was the flying ranks of the enemy,

the last sound which struck upon his ears, now sealing in death, was the exultant shouts of his army, telling him that the field was won, which he believed, secured the triumph of the cause for which he offered up his life.

—Pure and lofty had been the great soldier's life
Grand and worthy even of himself was his death.

The general repulse of the enemy had now thrown the reserve on the extreme right of the Confederate line, far on the left might be heard the musketry of the Kentucky brigade and the roar of its artillery as it pushed its columns forward; it was fighting its way to its gallant General and the hour was drawing near when they were to meet in the pride of glorious success. General Bragg, observing that behind the right flank of the enemy dense masses of troops were massed, from which reserves were drawn to sustain his line, concentrated the fire of his batteries, loaded with spherical case, and shell upon them; the effect was magical; the right of the enemy broke and fled, the centre followed, then the left wing; and charging along the whole line the Confederate army swept through the camps of the enemy, capturing three thousand prisoners and driving the Federal force cowering beneath the shelter of the iron-clad gun boats, and then and there, in the full fruition of success, the Kentucky brigade and its General met for the first time during that bloody day since their separation in the morning, both covered with glory, both proud of and gratified with each other.

The terrible day of reckoning so long and so patiently waited for had come at last, and as they strode over the field of blood their pathway to vengeance had been lit by the gleam of bayonets and the lurid glare of the cannon's flash. The greatest conflict which as yet had taken place between the sections had been won by the scorned and despised "Southern mob." For fifteen hours they steadily drove before them the finest army of the Federal Government. Superior in numbers, in discipline, in arms and equipments, the army of Grant had lost its camps, its baggage, provisions and supplies, and the panic-stricken remnant of it huddled cowering under the banks of the Tennessee, only protected from total annihilation by the gun boats lying in the stream, a disorganized and terror-stricken mob, while its dead and wounded lay in thousands for miles behind the Confederate army. By some fatal misapprehension of those in authority, which it is useless now to discuss, the full fruits of the victory were not gathered. The Confederate army paused when it had only to stretch forth its hands and grasp as prisoners of war the whole hostile force. Night fell quickly over the scene of carnage and the tired heroes, worn out with the long and harassing march of the preceding days, and the fifteen hours of mortal combat, sank, by regiments and brigades, upon the blood-soaked earth, amid the dead and dying, to sleep—a sleep so deep and profound that not even the groans of the wounded or the deep boom of

the heavy guns of the enemy, which were fired during the whole night, could break or disturb it. No record exists of a contest between such numbers of men in a country so densely wooded and in a space so confined. Brilliant generalship General Johnston undoubtedly displayed in surprising the enemy, and in the skill with which he handled raw troops, hurling mass after mass upon the enemy and beating him in detail, but there was neither room nor opportunity for strategy or manœuvre—it was a death grapple of man to man—stern and deadly combat in which the men of the South maintained their long and proud preëminence.

During the night, Gen. Buell with a fresh army of twenty-five thousand men, nearly as large as the Confederate army originally was, came up, hastily crossed the river, and threw himself in front of the army defeated on the 6th. The Confederate army in the meantime, after despoiling the Federal camps, had been withdrawn beyond them and formed anew in order of battle. Skirmishing commenced at 6 o'clock, a. m., but the engagement did not become general until 9 o'clock, a. m., from which time, until 2 p. m., the Northern armies were again as on the day before steadily driven back through its camps, and forced towards the river. A heavy and continuous rain had commenced falling at midnight, after the battle of the 6th, and continued until near daylight, the effect of this upon men, wearied and exhausted, as was the Southern army, was terrible. The

wounded, who had fallen late in the evening, and near the enemy's lines, could not be recovered, they were, consequently, exposed during the entire night, and endured sufferings of the most agonizing character. It was impossible too, in the darkness and confusion, to reform the lines for a night bivouack with that accuracy desirable, in such critical circumstances, and the proximity of the abandoned camps of the enemy afforded a temptation to straggling which, in too many cases, proved irresistible, and as was seen during the battle of the next day, demoralized many corps, and impaired the efficiency to a great extent of the army, and it may, with truth, be said, led to the loss of the second day's battle. So great indeed had been the diminution of the ranks, by death, wounds, and straggling, that at no time during the contest of the 7th, was General Beauregard enabled to bring more than fifteen thousand effective men to hand in battle. The army of the enemy under General Grant had been totally defeated, and had only escaped complete rout and annihilation by its inability to cross the Tennessee river, and the protection of the gun-boats; thousands had been slain, thousands wounded, thousands captured, and thousands demoralized, but in a force so large as it originally was (estimated by its own officers at forty-two thousand men) there were, of course, large masses capable of effective service on Monday; to these was to be added the force of Buell of 25,000 fresh troops, and it may be safely

estimated, that, notwithstanding the reverse of Sunday, and the immense loss of the enemy on that day, he took the field on Monday with quite forty thousand combatants, or nearly three times the Southern force. The leaders of the Confederate army were fully advised of the re-inforcement, and of the peril which threatened the Confederate army in a second conduct, in its exhausted condition, but they deemed it necessary to cripple this force before withdrawing from the field.

The Kentucky brigade which had preserved to a great extent its organization, and discipline, was again stationed upon the extreme left. Its battery of artillery, commanded by Capt. Byrne, (Cobb's battery having on Sunday, been destroyed in battle,) was engaged for three hours with two batteries of the enemy, firing during the duel, more than one thousand cartridges, and finally silenced both. The infantry drawn up in order of battle, as a support to the battery, stood enthusiastic spectators of the tremendous cannonade, and, although frequently suffering severely from the grape of the enemy, more than once broke spontaneously into a shout of encouragement and admiration at the gallant manner in which Byrne handled his guns. The enemy hurled charge after charge of infantry against it, but unsuccessfully. The fifth regiment of infantry, commanded by Col. Thos. H. Hunt, charged in turn routing the opposing force, but with some loss to its force, losing many valuable officers.—

Colonel Robert Trabue, of the 4th Kentucky regiment, as senior Colonel of the brigade, commanded it on this, as on the preceding day, with conspicuous gallantry, and marked soldiery ability.

But there is a limit to human endurance. The battle of the 7th was fought by Gen. Beauregard, with but fifteen thousand men, exhausted by the struggle of the preceding day, he had received no reinforcements, and he determined, at 2 o'clock. p. m., to withdraw. In good order, and with the precision of a parade, division after division was withdrawn.—General Breckinridge, with his own brigade and Statham's brigade, bringing up the rear, and bivouacking at the summit of the ridge, during the night, within sight of the enemy's lines. A soaking rain fell all night upon the wearied troops of the rear guard while the rest of the army slowly made its way to Corinth.

Many of the noblest of the sons of Kentucky had fallen, but conspicuous in position and character were two men, who in the same discharge, in the same regiment, and within a few feet of each other, fell mortally wounded.

George W. Johnson, of Scott county, Kentucky, had passed more than forty years of his life in the peaceful pursuits of agriculture. Singularly modest and retiring in demeanor, he had seemed to scorn the turmoil of public life and the undignified contest for public place. The soul of honor and high integrity, he was respected by all who came in contact with him; earnest and sincere in purpose, his course in

all things was open, to a proverb; cultivated in mind, he was a profound thinker if not an active participator in national politics.— Early in the history of secession he had arrived at the conclusion that the separation was final, and with all the earnestness of his straight-forward nature he had urged that Kentucky should share the fate and cast her fortunes with the South. When it was evident that the Legislature of Kentucky had sold and bartered her honor to the Federal Government, he promptly abandoned home and its tranquil enjoyments to cast his lot with those of his countrymen, who were gathering at Bowling Green to resist the attempt at coercion, and yet in an act of revolution, the strong reverence of the man for law, order, and regular government manifested itself. Mainly and almost wholly to his efforts is due the formation of the Provisional Government of Kentucky, of which he was elected the head; and when the army retreated from Kentucky, gathering his Council around him, he accompanied it in all its vicissitudes and movements. On Sunday, during the battle of Shiloh he served as a volunteer Aid-de-Camp to the commanding officer of the Kentucky brigade until his horse was killed under him, when seizing a musket he took his place in the ranks of the 4th regiment and fought on foot during the remainder of the day. Monday morning found him in the same humble position, assuming all the duties and sharing all the dangers of a simple private in the ranks. At eleven o'clock he

fell shot through the body, remaining alone and unaided on the field while the army fell back, and during the long and inclement night which succeeded; he was found on the morning of Tuesday by the enemy, and died in his camp. None who knew him can doubt that through the long hours of that day of agony, and the silent stillness of that night of suffering and pain, his great heart was consoled by the conviction of the swift coming independence of his country.

Thos. B. Monroe had early entered public life, his firmness of character, depth of information, and brilliancy of talent indicated him as a leader of men in the first hours of his manhood. Called before he was thirty years of age to the Secretaryship of State, he had zealously and determinedly advocated the secession of the State, disappointed as were thousands of others, at her luke-warmness, he had resigned the Secretaryship, and making his way through the lines of the Federal army, to Bowling Green, had been appointed Major of the 4th Kentucky regiment; the promise of his military career equalled that of his civil life. A few weeks only was necessary to place him high in the estimation of the senior officers of the army, and to win for him the unbounded confidence of his men. He fell, mortally wounded, within a few feet of Governor Johnson, and died on the field of battle, bequeathing his sword to his infant son, and with the last breath, requesting he might be told, "his father had died in defence of his

honor, and the rights of his country.”

The morning of the 8th of April was consumed in falling back to the junction of the Corinth and Burnsville roads, where Gen. Breckinridge stubbornly took his stand, with his force bivouacking in the open air, sinking often to their boot tops in mud, drenched nightly with the rain, he and they obstinately refused to move an inch until the wounded in the hospitals were removed. Again and again the enemy sent out strong columns to dislodge him, sometimes these were charged by the cavalry, under Forrest and Adams, and driven back in disorder, losing many prisoners.— Sometimes over-awed by his firm and dauntless front, they retired without attacking; for five days he thus held his position, his whole force subsisting on rations of damaged bread and raw pork. When he did move, every wounded man had been sent forward, the army was safe in its lines at Corinth. On the 13th of April, he marched at the head of his band of heroes, wasted now to spectres, haggard with hunger and suffering, into Corinth. He had won for himself throughout that entire army, the reputation of a skillful General, a brave and courageous captain, and had now the ardent love and devotion of strangers as well as friends, and was the idol of the Reserve. At Corinth, he received the just reward of his high and soldierly conduct, the commission of a Major-General, and passed to the command, permanently, of a division. Here appropriately ends

the history of these troops as a brigade; they served throughout the war in other brigades and divisions, but no longer continued to act as one organization.

The cause of Southern independence has gone down in blood. These men and their compeers had elected to try their cause in the tribunal of last resort, the forum of battle; the verdict has been rendered against them; there is no expectation or perhaps wish for further appeal. Hanson fell mortally wounded at Murfreesboro, Helm died at Chickamauga, Thompson was slain on the very spot of his birth and his infancy in Kentucky, to which he had returned after three stormy years of absence. Buckner surrendered his sword last of all the commanders of the South in the extreme western confines of the Confederacy, and only when the advancing wave of Federal conquest after sweeping across the face of the continent had borne to his very feet the wreck of the nation whose soldier he deemed himself. Breckinridge in exile with saddened eyes strives through the mists of the great lakes of the north to catch some glimpse of the land he loved so fervently and served so faithfully. Of their less distinguished comrades, hundreds are lying all along the route of the sad retreat from Bowling Green, consigned to unconsecrated earth, their requiem the sighs of their sorrowing comrades. Many are resting by the lonely banks of the Tennessee and beneath the deep shadows of the tropical foliage of Baton Rouge. They will sleep none the less tranquilly in their quiet and

unmarked graves because the dear land, for whose deliverance they fought so long and so well, is ground by the heel of centralized power. Some survive, their mutilated forms monuments of a heroism, which would have illustrated the days of Bayard or of Coeur de Lion. The memory of neither the living nor the dead "will be rendered infamous" until the peoples of the earth have ceased to honor manliness of spirit, freedom of thought and heroism of deeds. Embued with the loftiest sentiments which ever animated the bosoms of men, they went forth to poverty, to exile, to suffering, to battle and to death for what they believed to be the maintenance of constitutional liberty and free government.

Selfish ambitions and personal aspirations had no abiding place in their world. Men bore the firelock and served as subalterns, who could, with brilliant genius, have wielded the baton of Generals. Among them, but one ambition existed, who should most

faithfully serve, who should most steadfastly die. Kentucky has no cause to blush for them, the principles they upheld had been taught them on her soil, they are embalmed in the archives of her Legislatures, enunciated in manifestos of her Conventions. Wayward though she may deem these children in the assertion of her rights, they are still her sons. Not now, perhaps, but in the fulness of coming time, the proud old mother will, with an eager zeal, gather these her offspring, to rest in the only fitting place, her honored bosom. Not now, perhaps, but in the coming time, on that monument which she has erected at her Capital to those who have in the past, and will in the future, serve her, she will inscribe their names, and write beneath them, "these, too, were my children, and died in what they believed was the defence of my honor." We, who saw the gallant dead shrouded in their gory cerements, await with calm confidence the coming of that time.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF EMINENT MEN—EXTRACTS FROM

MY DIARY.

MARCH, 1836.—Was very much entertained by a dispute between Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Preston on *imagination*, originating in the broad meaning Judge Harper had given it in his oration before the South Carolina Literary Society, who illustrates his meaning by asserting that it was Newton's imagination that awakened his attention to the wherefore of the falling of the apple.

Mr. P. agreed with Judge Harper. Mr. C. thought a wider meaning was given to the word than was right, at any rate than was usually accepted.

Messrs. Preston, Pickens, Clay and Calhoun dined with us. Mr. Pickens told Mr. Calhoun that he understood Mr. Webster was to speak on Monday upon the constitutionality of receiving petitions on abolition, when he was to annihilate Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Watkins Leigh. Mr. Calhoun replied with a somewhat chafed air, that he would be glad to meet him, that he defied mortal ingenuity to prove that right; that he rather supposed Mr. W. was going to speak only on the propriety of abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia. Mr. Preston said he had no doubt that would be the point on which Mr. Webster's speech would mainly turn, and that it was a more questionable point than the other.

Friday 13th, 1837.—Mr. Preston spoke to-day on the Expunging bill, in his highest manner.—

I understand it was a dignified and solemn speech, and when he alluded to his fallen Virginia and his own State, there was a mournful swell and pathos about it that thrilled to every heart.

Mr. Calhoun also spoke for about 15 minutes—solemnly addressed the Senate and concluded by saying, "The gentlemen who vote for the Expunging resolution violate the Constitution—violate their oaths, and they know it."

Monday 16th January.—This day Col. Benton completed his triumph over the Constitution of his country.

The Expunging was perpetrated last night, and well did the night hours befit such a deed of darkness. Mr. Preston says they marched to this dirty deed thro' a blaze of eloquence. Mr. Crittenden, Mr. Clay, Mr. Calhoun, all spoke nobly, and Mr. Webster closed the scene by reading an earnest protest on the part of his colleague and himself against such unhallowed proceedings.

Extract of a letter, September 10th, 1849.—I do not perceive that Mr. Preston has fallen off at all in interest or in elocution, but is very interesting, as much so as ever he was, only not dealing quite as much in those flashes of wit and merriment that he was once wont to do. * * * * He told me that on one occasion he had to defend a man accused of murder. The day before the court he was traveling all day,

and while traveling recollected the similarity between this case and that of Milo. That night he turned to this celebrated speech of Cicero, committed to memory three pages, and next day spoke it as a part of his argument. The accused in both instances were of notoriously bad character, and the slayer, (Cicero contended) had a right to presume would be attacked as soon as an encounter occurred, and therefore the killing was an act of self defence. The defence was successful. Mr. Preston certainly played Cicero that time.

The above letter was written to impress on the mind of the young gentleman to whom it was addressed, the necessity of keeping up his knowledge of his classics whilst engaged in his profession.

Mr. Preston often wrote down passing thoughts and suggestions for the young gentlemen immediately under his charge, whilst President of the South Carolina College. The following, I presume, is one of them. It has neither date nor address, but there are marks upon it that indicate the period and occasion.

"The preliminary qualities of a true gentleman are piety, faith, honor, courage, courtesy, generosity, politeness. To these appertain naturally and incidentally the minor morals *les petites mœurs*, gracefulness, affability, deference.

"He should have many of those qualities which we imply in the word *chivalry*—a Christian form of character hardly known to Pagan antiquity, not known in heathenness.

"The gentleman should be with-

out fear and without reproach.—He should be entitled to bear Bayard's shield and motto, and have more purity of life than Bayard.

"Sir Philip Sidney is the nearest approach to the *beau idéal*. In antiquity, Hector, as delineated by Homer, is the nearest approach of fictitious characters.

"Don Quixotte, divested of his insanity, is a high example. One laughs at the Don, but all love and honor him, and those things in his character which make us love and honor him are those which make the gentleman. The laughter springs from a most artistic exaggeration of fine qualities, in themselves amiable and admirable. No one would have ventured to laugh at him to his face. Such would have encountered a jeopardy. The presence of madness never subdued him into meanness, a quality of vice and cowardice, two things the most foreign from the nature of a gentleman.

"In the perfection of his character, I would have him well born, that is, of gentle blood and of the breeding conformable to it. He should have done something conspicuous in arts or arms.

"It was very gentleman-like in Sir Philip when the water was brought to him, wounded, to pass it to the wounded soldier who needed it more.

"It was an act of the same nature, though less in degree, when Bentiago gave his horse to the King to effect his escape from the field of battle. Sir Philip's was the higher act, because the soldier was of poor and humble condition,

and therefore the humanity was pure and unalloyed; in the case of Bentiago there was loyalty, and a deference to rank. Sidney's simple words, as he passed the untasted cup from his own lips towards the wounded soldier, 'thy necessity is greater than mine,' tell a nobler tale than the pomp of the Spanish verse as given by Lockhart."

For several years before his death, Mr. Preston was a member of the Episcopal Church. He was an humble, sincere Christian, constantly regretting he did not *feel* more, and his earnest prayer was, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief." Not long before his death this darkness of mind was wonderfully removed. Turning to an esteemed and loved friend and minister, he said, "dear brother M. I hear the gate of heaven opening—it does not alarm me, I have no fear of death.

All my trust—all my hope is in the merits of my blessed Saviour, Jesus Christ." At another time, he said, "I trust in the goodness and mercy of my Heavenly Father, whose wings of love are now over me." When still nearer his end, "I see my blessed Saviour smiling more and more upon me. There is not the shadow of a doubt—not a cloud upon my mind. There is no dimming veil between me and Him." And afterwards, "How could I doubt this glorious truth, the witness of the Spirit. Oh! it is true, it is true. It is a blessed reality, this doctrine of full assurance."

Mr. Preston died on the — day of May, 1860, at the house of his brother, Gen. John S. Preston, in Columbia, S. C., surrounded by some of his dearest relatives and friends, and was followed to the grave by an immense concourse of mourning fellow-citizens.

LESPEDEZA STRIATA, OR JAPAN CLOVER, THE NEW FORAGE

PLANT OF THE SOUTH.

THE migration of plants from one country to another, has long attracted the attention of botanists and farmers. The subject possesses an interest to the naturalist, apart from the mere introduction of a valuable addition to agriculture, or of a noxious weed, as it tends to illustrate the aptitude of some plants, to overcome obstacles which others are too feeble to do,—a potency in constitutional vigor to resist unfavorable conditions, and to adapt themselves to the changeable vicissitudes of seasons, of climate, and of soil in new situations. The Geographical distribution of plants over the earth, has a significance which throws light upon the great study of Nature, and every addition to our knowledge tends to elucidate the subject.

We have now a large number of plants in this country which have been introduced from abroad, many from the Northern parts of Europe, with which we have most frequent communication, some from Western, and some from Eastern Asia. These plants have become perfectly naturalized, and exhibit as much (and in some cases, more) vigor and hardiness, than the natives, whose places they usurp. Of the more common and well-known kinds, may be mentioned, the *Sheep bur* or *Cockle bur*, that pest to wool growers,—the *Ox eye Daisy*, the *Wild Camomile*—*Plantain*—*Mul-*

len—*Jamestown weed*—three or four species of *Dock*, of which the *Field Sorrel* (*Rumex acetosella*) is well known in all old fields,—*Bermuda* or *Jointed grass*—*Nut grass*,—*Black seed grass*,—*Crow-foot grass*,—and the *Dutch*, or *Goose-foot grass*. These are all foreign importations, and exhibit a prepotency over the native vegetation that gives them a universal diffusion.

We have also given to Europe, some of our plants which have found there a congenial home. *The Horse weed* or *Butter weed*, (*Erigeron Canadense*) so common all over the United States, in pastures and fallow lands, has reached and pervaded Europe;—and a slender aquatic found here in our sluggish streams (*Anacharis Canadensis*) has got over into England, and in such abundance as to impede navigation in their canals.

There are some plants which show so strong a disposition to follow man in his peregrinations, that they may well be called “domesticated,” springing up without invitation, wherever he makes his home, and following him in all his migrations. The common *Plantain* (*Plantago Major*,) and called by the Aborigines, from this fact, “White man’s foot”—the *Dandelion*—*Lamb’s quarter*—*Mullen*, and some others are well known examples.

The subject of our present

notice, *Lespedeza Striata*, is one of these foreign plants, which has found a congenial home here in our Southern States, and is spreading all over the country. Of its foreign origin there can be no doubt whatever.

1st. It has all the habits of an exotic and lately introduced plant, being confined to road-sides and settlements, and not found in the deep uncleared forests.

2nd. It was unknown to the earlier botanists of this country. No notice or mention of it is made by Bartram, or Pursh, Michaux, Nuttall, Walter, Elliott, McBride and others; and neither Darby nor Chapman in their late works on the Flora of the Southern States make any allusion to it. It was not seen by any botanist previous to eighteen and twenty years ago.

3rd. It is exactly the plant described by Thunberg in his "Flora Japonica" (1784) as *Hedysarum striatum*,—and afterwards by Hooker and Arnott in "Botany of Beechey's voyage" as *Lespedeza striata*, from collections made in China and Japan. We have a specimen from Hong Kong which is identical with the South Carolina plant.

When and how it was introduced;—and the cause of its rapid and universal propagation within the past few years are questions not so easily solved.

As stated above, it was certainly unknown to the earlier botanists. Dr. Bachman who botanized through the low country of South Carolina and around Charleston, and also received specimens of plants from all quarters

of the United States, as late as 20 or 25 years ago, never saw it and never received it from others. The writer of this found specimens about the year 1849 or 1850, at the 10 mile spring on the State road near Charleston, and also in the parish of St. John's, Berkeley, 40 miles above. About 1851, he received specimens from Fairfield District. Mr. Wm. Summer, of Pomaria, Lexington District, in a letter, states that "it appeared here some eighteen years since, and spread rapidly over our pastures."

Col. R. J. Gage, of Union District, an accurate observer and prominent agriculturalist, says in a letter—"I have noticed this foreigner for ten or fifteen years, confined for a long time to road-sides and drains. The seeds seem to have a knack of following up a cow trail or wagon track, often some distance into the woods."—Professor Darby found it about ten years ago at Altoona, Ga.; and Dr. Mettner, of Macon, Ga., collected it seven years ago, in the streets of that city where it was then growing abundantly.

We can thus trace it back some eighteen or twenty years,—about which time, or not long before, it was probably introduced. If, as we suppose, it came from Eastern Asia, it must of course have been first brought in through our sea ports, Charleston, Savannah, or Mobile. Its present range, as far as we have been able to ascertain, is as far north as Lincoln and Mecklenburg counties in North Carolina,—all throughout South Carolina and Georgia, and as far west as Alabama. Prob-

ably it extends to or across the Mississippi.

All who have noticed this plant speak of its rapid propagation and increase within the last six or eight years, and say that it was not in such quantity as to attract attention previous to that time. Its rapid increase and almost simultaneous appearance over a large extent of country, are points not so readily explained.

It is a leguminous plant, and fruits very abundantly, the seeds ripening in October. The very small, orbicular flattened and pointed pods or legumes, contain each a single seed, black, oblong, hard and about the size of a bird shot or mustard seed. Its introduction from China or Japan is easily enough accounted for, as we have commercial intercourse with these countries, and seed are brought over in a variety of ways. Its rapid propagation through the Southern States may be attributed to several causes, any or all of which may have aided its dissemination. Plants of a hardy nature, which mature fruit abundantly, and find a climate and soil suitable to their condition, are capable of great increase. We have examples of these in the so-called "domesticated plants" which follow civilized man wherever he goes,—in the Alpine plants, peculiar to high mountain ranges; and in the saline plants, which frequent the salt springs in the interior of a country.—Nature is very bountiful and provides in the great abundance of seeds, a means of locomotion for plants, which enables them to increase and multiply. When

these seeds find a congenial home, their increase is truly astonishing. If the seeds of this plant, like many others, pass through animals undigested, and with the vitality uninjured, they may be carried about by hogs and cows, and even birds may extend them over wide areas. Railroads and common roads, ramifying in all directions, would aid in their diffusion. Heavy rains washing them away from the surface, streams and rivers would all aid in scattering and conveying them to distant points. It is probable that army operations during the four years' war, have had a good deal to do with its rapid increase. The movements of troops, especially of cavalry,—the collection and distribution of beef cattle over large tracts of country,—the supplies of produce for the army, in grain, fodder, wool, &c., would be a means of disseminating it in all directions. All these causes have probably aided. The importation and general use of Guano is another source from which we may find a solution of the problem. It would be a very probable and obvious means of spreading this plant, if we knew it was growing on any of the Guano islands. As yet we have no proof of this, but it may very well have extended to some of the Pacific isles by trading vessels coming from the East.

Of its value to the country as a pasturing plant, and for enriching the soil when turned under by the plough, we have ample testimony from all quarters. Since its introduction to the public,

first made through the Augusta Agricultural Club, last summer, the newspapers have teemed with notices of its good qualities; and numerous private letters have been received, all giving most favorable opinions. We must be content to bring forward only a few of these favorable opinions in a condensed form.

In a letter to the writer, Mr. Wm. Summer, of Pomaria, says: "Sheep and cattle fatten upon it, and sheep have subsisted nearly all the winter where it grew among the pine thickets. My cattle this season were as fat upon it as upon the best Pea fields, indeed I have never had my Devon cattle in better condition for exhibition at our State Fairs than I have had them upon pastures of this plant. It appeared about the same time at Mt. Bethel, in Newberry District, and Mr. James Caldwell there says that it renovates old lands when turned under. It is admirable for preserving lands from washing, and I think it can be used to drive out the Nut grass if the ground was well set with it."

Col. Gage, of Union, writes:—"Coming in just at this time (October) luxuriantly, when nearly all the native grasses are dying out, it answers a good purpose.—I find some fields that have been under fence, uncultivated for two years, covered with a most luxuriant coat, and the cattle feed upon it voraciously, but it does not fill the milk pail like the true clover."

On the other hand, we hear from other farmers, that their dairies were never so good before

the *Lespedeza* made its appearance.

Mr. J. W. Watts, of Laurens District, says of it in the *Laurensville Herald*—

"I regard it as one of the greatest blessings that could be sent us, for now every one in this country has fat cattle and sheep the whole summer, instead of the poor, half-starved animals that were to be met everywhere before the introduction of this plant.—We have in this vicinity dense pine thickets, with a solid mass of green herbage, where no other grass would grow. It has no respect for shade—grows on hill and valley; the bottoms of gullies are filled so densely that they can't wash any more. All kinds of stock are fond of it, and I believe it will sustain a greater amount of grazing than any grass I have ever known.

"Some persons think this plant, which we will call by the name suggested by 'H. W. R.,' Japan Clover, injures horses. This may be true. I think, in some localities, and in wet seasons, it salivates them; but I think in dry weather and high places, that such is not the case, or at least not to so great an extent. I think our stock of all kinds do well on it. The cows are as fat as stall-fed animals; the same may be said of the Merinoes. I hope to see it overrun the old fields all over our land, which it bids fair to do in a very few years; if so we will have the best grazing country on earth. It has all the good qualities, and none of the bad ones, of the Bermuda Grass.—While it will stand any amount of

tramping by stock in the pasture, it can't resist the plow and hoe, to which the Bermuda bids defiance."

From the prairie lands of Alabama we have the following testimony from the *Tuskegee News*:

"Horses, cows, sheep, goats, hogs—every thing that eats grass, are delighted with and fatten upon it. We believe it to be the greatest blessing in the form of a grass ever bestowed upon the South."

The *Augusta Chronicle & Sentinel* says—"We have lately conversed with a planter from Morgan county, who informs us that it has been cut for hay this summer in that county, and that it made a large yield, which all kinds of stock seems to be fond of.— We learn that a large planter in Columbia county has made his crop of cotton and corn this year upon the *Lespedeza* alone, without feeding on corn or fodder."

Our experience with this new plant is of course too limited as yet to authorize us in endorsing all the extravagant praise which has been called forth. From the testimony, thus far universally favorable, we are inclined to believe it will prove a God-send to our poor exhausted lands, which have always wanted a hardy, vigorous grass or clover like the re-

gion of country further north.— Our long, hot and dry summers have been fatal to all the grasses and clovers which flourish so well in a cooler and more humid climate. We have seen this plant growing on poor, dry, sandy soils and in wet ditches, doing always best in damp, rich soils, where it attains a height of 2 to 2½ feet. On light soils, it is more prostrate, and forms a beautiful green carpet over the surface. On a late ride over the North Eastern Railroad, we saw it first on the Railroad wharf in Charleston, directly exposed to the salt spray,— thence all along the road side for thirty miles up, very luxuriant in the side ditches and low places, but growing also on the poor denuded surfaces from which the soil had been taken for the embankments. It was sharing the "situation" with some few of the more hardy natives, and seemed to be more "at home" there than any of them. We saw a most excellent hay made of it in October, of which horses, mules and cows eat heartily, retaining its leaves and preserving a fine green color. On good soils it would be fit for pasturage early in the summer, and flourish until the beginning of November, thus furnishing an inexhaustible pasturage for all grazing animals.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING*

LOVE'S SUBSTANCE.

CAMILLE did not leave the hospital that night, which was passed in an agonized vigil over the unconscious form of her new found treasure, and the kind Professor shared her anxious watch.

She had told him, who was the sufferer on whom she had concentrated her efforts, and her desire that, if possible, the fact of her identity might be concealed, so that she might nurse him as, "I know no one else will," she concluded, with a soft sigh.

The gentle Professor understood at once the full force of her desire to remain unknown, lest her husband might again subject her to the pain of a separation, and readily promised to arrange matters as she wished. A word of caution to Dr. Truman effected the object, and Camille, installed regularly as Loui's nurse, had nothing to fear in the way of discovery, except from Loui himself, when he should have recovered from his present unconsciousness sufficiently to notice surrounding objects. That time came, though not until, in the ravings of a delirium induced by the fever of his wound, Loui had given the beautiful creature, who hung over him, an insight into his heart, which was a triumphant assertion, that the confidence with which she had clung to him was not misplaced. In the long hours in which he lay tossing his beautiful form about as he writhed in

pain, there fell from his parched lips, now in single words, now in disjointed sentences, the story of his life, and Camille heard, with a joy no words can express, the blissful assurance that from the time at which he thought the blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico had engulfed her, she had held a place in Loui's thoughts, which no other woman had ever obtained. Had she wanted additional proof, it would have been found in the miniature which Dr. Truman had found on Loui's breast, its golden case indented by the bullet which, but for the protection it afforded, would have entered the heart of him who wore it. With a pleased smile and a gallant remark, that her husband might well bear always about him the pictured resemblance of such a face, the Surgeon handed the miniature to Camille, who looked at its battered surface with a gratitude amounting to enthusiasm.

She needed no proof however, more than Loui's words; she had always reposed a confidence in him as perfect as it was apparently undeserved, and she had cherished, until it became a certainty, a hope that at some day, and in some manner, he would be restored to her, and give her a love equal to her own.

He had returned to the full possession of his senses now, though he was in a condition of such extreme weakness, that it was essential to his safety that he

* Continued from page 329.

should be kept in a state of perfect quiet and freedom from excitement.

So the hours went by, and Loui was in utter ignorance that the soft hand which touched his forehead so tenderly, wore the ring which attested that its possessor was his wedded wife. When he had grown stronger, the secret was still retained, for an inflammation of his eyes, the effect of dust and smoke from the fiery battery which he had charged, had progressed to such an extent that an attack of ophthalmia impended with almost certainty, and Loui's beautiful eyes were hidden under the thick bandages with which Dr. Truman had covered them.

An entire revulsion of feeling had taken place in the family of Esten and the Prestons, to which Camille had related the impression under which Loui had acted with regard to her, and the household, influenced by her trusting devotion to her husband, learned to look on him with favorable eyes, first for her sake, and then, as they began to know something of him, for his own. Her Aunt and Mrs. Preston often shared her labor of love in Loui's behalf, but it was usually at the times when she had yielded to their almost commands, and gone home to the rest she needed so much, and Loui blinded, and taking but slight notice of what was transpiring, supposed them some of the many kind ladies who came, on their work of indiscriminate mercy, to the hospital wards.

He was not so apathetic with regard to his regular nurse, whose

light step he soon learned to recognize, and whose sweet voice, or soft touch could calm him when his pain and weariness were at their worst. These feelings deepened as his strength increased, and very soon his world was made up of the space bounded by the narrow limits of the recess in which his cot stood, and tenanted by the woman who nursed him. A natural desire to know something of one who was so much to him, induced him one morning, as she sat by him bathing his forehead, after she had submitted his shining hair to the process which Miss Charley had found so improving to Frank, to ask what her name was.

"My name?" she asked, while the handkerchief dipped in cologne was stopped in its passage over his hot forehead. "My name? They have given me here that of the Rose. My other—"

"Let me call you by that," he said, "for it suits you exactly."

He recurred to the subject, however, later in the day, when she had left him to permit the assistant surgeon to attend to the dressing of his arm, and inquired her name of him.

"She's a Miss Preston," said that officer, a young man lately come to Richmond, and who, having seen Camille and Charley much together, had very naturally confounded the two girls, "Granddaughter of Col. Preston of James River, and I think the prettiest young lady in Richmond. Such eyes I never did see!"

Thenceforth the eyes so eulogized became inseparably associated with the pair that had been

fixed so long in Loui's heart, and the union was a soothing and most agreeable one.

Frank Leigh verified the prediction of his pretty cousin by getting well so rapidly that before long that bright eyed despot threatened to remove him to Elmira, or some other equally agreeable resort, if he persisted in making his mother and Mrs. Esten exhaust themselves and the Confederate larder of the household, in their attempts to satisfy his ever craving appetite.

"Frank!" she exclaimed one day as she set down on his bed a waiter on which a broiled chicken, a hot roll, the inevitable slice of ham, without which no Virginia plate is considered filled, and a cup of rich creamy chocolate, "I declare you will produce a famine. Don't you know we're all starving in Dixie? and don't you know that our individual cupboard is very much in the condition of Old Mother Hubbard's and will be entirely so if you persevere in your effort? Get up, sir, and eat your lunch this instant on pain of having to devour twice the amount on the waiter."

Captain Leigh needed no such threat, but applied himself at once to the good cheer thus forced on him.

"Charley," he said, with a piece of chicken protruding rather inelegantly from his mouth, while he held the portion from which it had just been removed, in his thin white fingers, "I say, Charley, it seems to me I shall never get enough to eat, if I devote my whole life to the business! Oh! Charley, when a fellow has been

starved, I tell you!"— and the piece of chicken went down with a gulp.

"Never mind that now, Frank, except to make the food taste all the better," was the lively reply, though tears stood in her bright eyes. "Ungallant creature, are you going to eat all the chicken up, and it laid and hatched to order too?" she continued, taking up the carving knife.

"No, I'll try to spare you a pinion," was the merry reply, and Miss Preston applied herself to the dish forthwith.

The pair caused much amusement to Mrs. Leigh and the colonel, who, entering the room not long after, found the contents of the waiter represented by empty articles of crockery, and the young people engaged in the intellectual operation of pulling with all their skill, at the merry thought of the vanished chicken. Miss Charley gained the desired piece of this bone of contention, and jumping up on a high chair duly deposited it on the ledge above the door, thereby intimating that, according to the decrees of fate, the first unmarried masculine who should enter the room would be the man intended for her future lord and master, and entitled, by right of his future position, to claim a kiss then and there from his prospective bride. Great was the merriment of all the party, and greater was Miss Charley's confusion when in about half an hour the Professor walked in, surprised at the mirth which greeted his entry, and somewhat curious as to its cause. His confusion almost equalled Charley's when the mat-

ter was explained by the laughing Frank, but reaching the bit of bone from its resting place, he put it in his vest pocket with a look, which said much as to the use to which he would apply it on a less public occasion.

"Colonel," he said, "an old friend of ours reached Richmond to-day, and was trying to get a corner at the Spotswood when I left him to come and tell you. Dr. Mason, sir."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Colonel, bounding up. "Give me my hat and cane, Charley. I'll go after him at once. Corner at the Spotswood indeed!—he shall corner himself here. Have'n't we room, wife?" to that lady who had come in after the Professor.

"Plenty, and if we had'n't, we'd make it!" was the smiling reply. "The Doctor will be more than welcome for himself, and then it will be a comfort to have him here to attend to Frank—how are you now, darling?"

"Well, but very hungry and tired of being here when I want to be in the front!" said the invalid. "Oh! how I will fight when I get the chance!"

"Hush, child!" said his mother. "Those are not the feelings for a sick bed."

"I shall bring Mason right round, my dear," said the Colonel, as he walked off.

"Charley, my dear," said her grandmother, "I wish you'd see that Mandy has fixed the room, next to mine, properly; I shall give that to Dr. Mason, and Professor, if you are tired of

Frank, you can share the room with the Doctor."

The Professor declined leaving Frank, and Mrs. Preston continued, as Charley left the room.

"I have had the front room arranged with some of the furniture we brought, and that suite, which Mrs. Baker sent for us to take care of, and really it is so handsome and comfortable, it reminds one of home. It is ready for Major LaFronde whenever he is ready to come."

"That will not be for sometime yet," said Mrs. Esten, "I saw Dr. Truman at the hospital just now, and he says the Major is still in a very precarious state. Mr. Esten is there now, as I do not like to have Camille stay so much alone."

"I will relieve him after a while," said the Professor.—"Anything that can be done for one so lovely as Miss Camille, is a positive pleasure."

"Dear child," said her aunt tenderly, "I trust the brightest part of her life is before her."

It was very bright just then, and but for the apprehensions caused by the condition of Loui's eyesight, would have been all sunshine.

If ceaseless attention and thorough nursing could avail anything, there would have been no need to fear for his perfect recovery, for, with a devotion which was beautiful to behold, did she concentrate upon him every energy of her brave heart.

If she ministered to his material wants with such fidelity, she was even more sedulous in her ministrations for his spiritual necessi-

ties. With the modest and reverential manner which she always used in speaking of sacred things, she had introduced the subject of religion, leading his thoughts to its vital importance, and winning his confidence to such a degree, that he who had been the proudest and most reticent of men, did not hesitate to pour out the most secret thoughts of his heart, with the unreserve of a little child.

In this way she learned more of his inner-life and real nature, in a few weeks, than years of ordinary intercourse could have afforded. The better she knew him, the better she loved him, and viewed as he now was, under the influence of her pure and holy teachings, and the chastening effects of his severe physical sufferings, the feelings of interest and admiration which he had always excited in all who saw him, were intensified and converted to a cordial affection.

The Professor became warmly attached to him, and so did Col. Preston, who often escorted Camille to the hospital, and passed an hour by Loui's cot, cheering the sick man with his cheerful, sanguine spirits, and forming, as Loui said playfully, the connecting link between himself and the outside world.

"Defeat, Sir! final subjugation!" exclaimed the old gentleman during an evening visit, unbuttoning his overcoat of genuine homespun, and replying to an intimation on the part of Dr. Truman that such an event was not impossible. "Sir, the man who entertains such an opinion is a traitor, and ought to be hanged higher than Haman!"

"Well, Colonel, I don't entertain such an opinion, so please take the noose off my neck; I only said that the occupation of Columbia, by Sherman, and the destruction of the Charlotte depot, with the immense amount of Quarter-master and Commissary stores burned in it, were sufficient to make men very serious, that's all."

"We'll conquer, Sir!" was the assured reply, "despite Sherman and all other devils, and as for provisions, if we can't keep up the war any other way, we'll draw lots and eat up each other!"

"I think we, who are drawn, may repeat Sydney Smith's celebrated toast to the young Missionary under similar circumstances, and at least wish our devourers may find us very 'indigestible!'" said Camille, laughingly, as she came up with a glass of jelly.—"Take your physic," she continued, in the same playful tone, to Loui, raising his head as she spoke and placing a spoonful of the sparkling compound between his handsome lips. He seemed to feel the process a pleasant one in all respects, and his entire dependence on the delicate girl who hung over him was very touching.

She was indeed eyes and arms to the blinded, crippled man, and had become quite as essential to his comfort and happiness, merging her very existence in his, and praying for him with even more fervor than did Mary Franklin, who, in her splendid home, sat solitary in feeling, and finding her only approximation to happiness

in thoughts and prayers for the absent and beloved Loui.

Mr. Franklin had determined to leave Louisville on the evacuation of the State by the Confederate forces, and his wife and daughter began, with joyful hearts, to make their preparations to accompany him, when he received a private letter from General Breckinridge requesting him to remain in Kentucky, and urging the various reasons why his doing so would conduce to the advantage of the Confederacy.

Ever desirous to effect this object, and placing implicit trust in the wisdom of the noble gentleman who advised the measure, he remained at home and carried out faithfully the desires of the distinguished Secretary of War.

To Mary his resolve was a death blow, and it required all her steadfastness in the pursuance of Christian duty to prevent her sinking into a sort of apathetic indifference to everything, deprived as she now was even of the possibility of ever hearing from him, who was the light and brightness of her life.

The arrival of Mademoiselle and her domestication in the family, was a source of great but quiet enjoyment to Mary, not only in affording an object for the constant display of her gentle offices of kindness, but by forming a medium through which she could always remain, as it were, in connection with Loui. The old lady had suffered terribly from the treatment she had received at the hands of the enemy, and her subsequent discomforts, and stood sorely in need of kindness and at-

tention, and she received both, and of the tenderest kind, while Mary never tired of hearing her speak of her beloved nephew, whom she loved, if possible, more than ever. Not with the old proud feeling, however—that was gone with many another quality which had disfigured her former character. As she had said to Camille, she was greatly softened, and she blessed the hand that had struck only to save. Leaning on Mary, she came with the humility of a little child to her Saviour, and learned from his blessed words, lessons which made her wise unto salvation.

She and Mrs. Franklin were seated one bright morning not long after the fall of Columbia, discussing the usual topic of the war, and then gliding by a natural transition to Loui and his welfare.

“I think, Mademoiselle,” said Mrs. Franklin, “that Loui—for so I learned to call him—is the most fascinating man I ever saw. I don’t wonder that the girls should have found him so attractive, but I do wonder that he has never married.”

“Never married, my dear lady. The law permits a man but one wife, and Loui married that one four years ago!”

“Married! Loui LaFronde married!” and Mrs. Franklin sat as pale as marble, and with an expression of utter horror on her handsome face.

“Yes; to his cousin, and only relative beside myself, Camille LaFronde a mere child, whom I had brought up, I should say, who brought up herself in our chateau.”

"Where is she, where has she been all this long time? Why were they separated?" asked Mrs. Franklin, with breathless rapidity.

"Oh! it is a sad story," replied Mademoiselle, "and one of which my nephew likes to speak never. The child loved him to distraction, yet, when they were on their bridal voyage to France, left the steamer on which they had taken passage as she lay at New Orleans, and fled to her relatives in Virginia. Such rash and inexplicable conduct so enraged my nephew that he has never spoken of the unhappy child since, save in a letter to me, in which he announced her loss as if she was dead, and commanded me, as I value his love, never more to mention her name. It is very sad—two young lives blighted, and I greatly fear I was instrumental, inasmuch as I brought about the marriage."

"The conduct of your nephew is now explained," said Mrs. Franklin, exulting even in this complete blasting of her hopes, that want of appreciation of her daughter was not the result of an indifference on the part of Loui, and with the innate justice of her large heart, giving him all the credit he deserved, "yet who would have thought Loui La-Fronde a married man!"

Neither lady heard a low, dull sound which crept into the room; had they been able to follow it to its source, they would have discovered Mary in a small room, communicating with that in which they sat, lying lifeless upon the floor. The sudden and utter

demolition of her long cherished hopes was too much for the delicate girl, and she had fallen in an unconsciousness which, in her case, was a blessing. The agony of conviction came back with renewed force, when, after a long while, she opened her languid eyes, and was recalled, by the strangeness of her position, to its origin. Slowly she crawled to her chamber, and bolting her door, sank down on her bed in a semi-senseless state, of which the one predominant feeling of intolerable pain was that Loui was lost to her forever.

Her loss was Camille's gain, and their relative positions were completely reversed, for Loui, lost to all but the strange, new delight which possessed him, centered every thought and emotion on the lovely being he called his Rose, and who did indeed fill his life with an inexpressible fragrance and glory. He was well enough now to sit propped up on his pillows for an hour or two every day, and his returning appetite consumed much of the time of the busy little hands which fed him with a dexterity, that he declared made the task of eating by proxy perfectly delightful. Dr. Truman had examined his eyes and announced the joyful fact that, though still too weak to permit the bandage to be taken off, all danger of loss of sight was removed, and Camille's brilliant eyes had become as useless for all visual purposes as Loui's, with the tears which blinded them as she raised them in silent adoration to Him who had vouchsafed so inestimable a blessing.

The Doctor was not disappointed in his expectations, for each day confirmed his assertion, and at last he promised that on the next day the bandages might be removed and Loui permanently restored to light and the enjoyment it would bring.

It passed rather slowly to the impatient pair who waited for the going down of the sun, the surgeon having decided that the dimness of the wintry twilight was best adapted to the exercise of Loui's recovered faculty, and Camille, as she sat in the bright afternoon by Loui's bed, began to be sensible of a fear and dread for which language had no words when she thought that in a short time the sweet life she had been living was at its end, and her future fate hung trembling on the unknown effect the discovery of who she was, might have upon her husband.

At last he broke it by saying, as he felt for her hand and took it within his: "In a short time I shall be well enough to return to my command, and this life which is so happy to me must end. I wish it could endure forever, and would willingly lie here, blind and crippled, to prolong it. When I was first brought here, I was ready to curse God and die;—now, thanks to your teachings, I can look up to Him and dare to call Him Father. What you have been and are to me, He alone knows! I wonder to myself sometimes lying here in the dark, if you are not an Angel, He has sent, and if, when I open my eyes, you will not spread a pair of

shining wings and go back to your native home!"

"I am only a weak woman," she said, with a sort of sob in her voice, "but I will never leave you—while you need me at least."

"Ah! that is it!" he exclaimed sadly; "while I am a poor helpless wretch, you will minister to my every want—when I am physically well, you will leave me, though my mental being starves for your presence and perishes without it. I must and will tell you now, what I had determined never to reveal till this ruined arm should grow to its former proportions! I would not wrong you by asking you to accept my love, but I tell you that I love you with a power and a passion, that are drawn from the very depths of my being."

"Did you ever love any one else?" came in faint accents from Camille's trembling lips.

"No and yes;" he said, "but to explain, I must beg you to listen to a part of my life's history, and learn that I have been married!"

"Have been?"—she gasped.

"Yes, to one who loved me, but whom I did not love. I lost her," he continued, shivering from head to foot, "and I felt in some part her murderer! I had deemed her an uninformed, ordinary girl. I found, when it became necessary to open her trunks, palpable evidences that she possessed a mind of remarkable power and brilliancy, and a heart that would have infallibly won mine, had she been spared to win it. What I have suffered and endured since I discovered all I had

lost in her death, and the pure, tender love, which I instinctively felt I should never again receive from mortal woman, none but my own heart can know—and out of my sorrow and softened memories, there arose a spirit shape which I fashioned into the likeness of Camille, and which, until I came here, was the absorbing idea of my mind, and the one object of my love.

“And now?” she said timidly.

“Now—ah! the ideal has been superseded by the glorious real—I did love her memory—I do love you!”

“Tell me more explicitly of your wife’s loss,” she said, as she buried her face on the bed lest even his bandaged eyes should see the rapture which blazed in it.

As briefly as possible, for mention of the matter was to Loui as a touch on a fresh wound, he related every detail attending the disappearance of Camille, and then lay half overcome by the painful retrospect.

“Have you ever thought,” she said slowly, “that you may have been mistaken in your suppositions of your wife’s death? May she not, smarting at the discovery that you did not love her, have determined to rid you of her presence by returning to her friends?”

The hand which held Camille’s grasped it with a force which attested the powerful emotion of its owner, and she went on. “A young girl was known to make her way alone and without baggage or money from New Orleans to Virginia—she came half dead to her uncle, Mr. Esten—she has been with him ever since, and her

name is Camille La Fronde!” His cold fingers closed still more tightly on hers, and she could feel his entire frame quiver, but he said nothing.

“Are you glad or grieved?” she asked, in so low a tone that although her lips almost brushed his ear, he could scarcely hear it.

“Mon Dieu!” he exclaimed, almost fiercely, throwing up his one arm violently and speaking rapidly in his native French, “had you asked me two months ago I would have blessed you for very joy at her living. Now it is too late. I love you—you, you—only you!—

Oh! it is too late! let me die!”

“Loui!” she cried, in an agony of feeling as her head sank on his bosom. “Loui, live for me—my own Loui—I am Camille!”

He started up like one revived by some stupendous miracle, and tearing the bandage from his eyes, gazed down on her with a look of supernal love. “Heavens how beautiful!” he murmured, and clasping his arm around her exquisite form, he drew her to him and pressed his lips to hers with a force that was almost cruel. “My own, my very own!” he said, in a tone of intense rapture. “My little girl wife, my own little darling, come back to me!” and again his lips sought hers.

Her bright head had been lying on his bosom, with a crowd of blushes passing over her beautiful face, and her lovely eyes tightly closed under their white lids; now she opened them and gazed half languidly, but with a look that photographed her very soul, into the enraptured orbs

which shone above her. Loui started in inexpressible ecstasy.

"My darling," he said, "those are the same eyes which looked at me as I left the steamer, and which I have loved from that moment!"

The glorious starry eyes went into eclipse again, under the expression which she saw in Loui's, and she hid her face on his shoulder.

"My sweetest, my darling," he whispered, "don't tremble so—there, there, look at me—let me see my eyes again, and try to realize that my bliss is real."

She lifted her head from its hiding place, though it hung on her stately neck like some fair bended flower, and stole him a sweet, shy glance from out of her long lashes.

"Loui," she said gaily, "who told you to take off that bandage? Hold your head down, Sir, and let me put it back, or I'll go for the Doctor!"

"Tyrvanized over already!" he laughed, as he held up his handsome head to receive the obnoxious covering, "it's a shame to hide my eyes, for I have just found what a luxury they are, and in return, I shall exact an unlimited amount of —" A soft white hand was laid on his lips, and a pair of sweet lips whispered, "Oh! Loui please stop—Dr. Truman is coming."

Loui stopped, and the genial Doctor came up and took the chair Camille placed at the side of the cot.

"How is our patient?" he asked of his assistant.

"Very refractory!" was the

laughing reply. "Removed the bandage from his eyes without permission, and attempted to resist authority when it was ordered back."

"Well," said the accused, "I was justified, Doctor—I wanted to look at my wife—don't you consider the provocation sufficient excuse for the offence?"

"That I do!" said the Surgeon, emphatically, "and so will every jury you can produce in Christendom, provided you introduce the 'provocation' in Court! Now let me look at your eyes."

A careful examination followed, and the Surgeon said cheerfully, "All right—you needn't replace the bandage to-night, nor at any time, unless he is subjected to a strong light. The only care necessary now, is to prevent inflammation of the lids which would spoil his good looks."

"That would be a pity, wouldn't it?" asked the patient saucily. "I say, Doctor," he continued, "when can I get my discharge? I am well enough to be off the sick list, and out of the hospital. I must go back to my command, for every available man is wanted now."

"Wait until I say you are available, LaFronde," said the Doctor curtly. "Let Mars alone for the present in the service of a more agreeable divinity. As for leaving the hospital, you can go to-morrow, and I'm glad to send you on account of this young lady here, who has been mewed up in this sick room atmosphere quite long enough."

The next day was an eventful one in Colonel Preston's house-

hold. Frank sat up for the first time in his comfortable chamber, which had become the general place of rendezvous of the entire family, and late in the evening, Camille, happiest and proudest of women, brought Loui home and introduced him to the circle which was waiting to receive him as one of its most cherished members.

Loui captured, in his own accustomed style, all the hearts he had not already won, and Miss Charley, who had once expressed her desire to pinch Camille's husband, now expatiated enthusiastically upon his perfections, physical and mental.

"I declare, Camille," said that young lady, as the two stood together in their pretty room, Camille engaged in collecting

sundry articles pertaining to a personal toilette, "your husband is perfectly charming, and I don't wonder that you love him so much!"

"Of course," said Camille, blushing brightly, "I think Loui simply perfection," and she held up her beautiful lips, which were instantly met by those of Miss Charley.

"Good night, Camille," she said. "Oh! how I shall miss you! To think of having to return to solitude and unmitigated Mandy. I'll be so lonesome!"

"You will not have to be lonesome very long, Charley," said Mrs. Camille, and now it was Miss Preston's pretty face that flushed like a rose.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MR. DICKENS' READINGS.

THE wide range of modern fiction has no name more universally known and more deservedly popular than that of Charles Dickens.

Wherever the English language is spoken—from the remote towns of Australia and the Cape to the log hut of our western prairies—his sharp, clear-toned photographs from actual life have made it a household word.

And this result is due—as it only could be due—not to the peculiar, quaint humor, to the roaring fun or to the dramatic, and sometimes sensational, effects of his best known works; but to that deep vein of humanism that we find ever underlying these.

It is generally agreed that humor, condensed, original and often bizarre, is the great characteristic of Charles Dickens. In effect this is true. In the writings of no one else do we find that all pervading essence of fun, that irresistible drollery that lends its magic to almost every turn of thought, to a sober truth or a bitter sarcasm—that induces a very name with mirth-provoking power. No other fingers press so cunningly the delicate notes of laughter—those minor keys of feeling—and bring the perception into that condition when a sudden and masterly use of the thorough base of truth may be the more effective.

Humor alone; even such humor as is his alone—could never have raised an English writer to the

third if not the second place in modern fiction. There can be little doubt that, save Thackeray and Bulwer, he is the first British novelist of the century, in ability as well as popularity. More widely known than either, it would still demand something more than the graphic and quaint use of his wonderful pencil;—something more appealing than admirable caricature of every-day character to raise him to equality with the caustic, analytic dissections of the former, or with the polished, beautiful—if sometimes overstrained—conceptions of the latter.

And this something is the substratum of humanism, underlying and cropping through, ever and again, the softer formation of fun, humor and pathos imposed upon it.

For Charles Dickens is the Apostle of homely truth—of real and human nature.

Drawing his text from the plain book of every-day life—sometimes from its very darkest pages—he preaches in strong and comprehensible language the gospel of that truth which appeals to the strong common sense of the masses; of that truth which alone comes home to them to be analyzed, desiccated—used.

In America, perhaps even more than among his own compatriots, Mr. Dickens is known and appreciated.

That much addressed personage, the General Reader, is found universally among us: while in the

older civilizations his aspirations are repressed by tradition and circumstance, and his practice cramped to a routine from which he may not depart.

In America the wonderfully distributed machinery of cheap publications — comparatively little known over the water—no less than the morbid craving among us for independence and mental equality, put the writings of all great Englishmen in the hands of thousands who cannot afford to buy a book of which the copy-right has been purchased—not stolen.

For the last twenty years any American who read at all would have felt it a reproach not to have been familiar with at least the general style and tone of the great master of character-fiction. A little before this he had shot from obscurity into fame; his name was in the mouths of all men, and his books — although the gigantic system of brain-theft was then in its infancy—had crossed the water by hundreds. But more than this, Mr. Dickens had been to America.

He had been received with some hospitality and a vast deal of flunkeyism. Literary tuft-hunters, illiterate rich men, in short all the goodly company of the snobs—fell down before him and kissed his feet.

A man like him naturally sees a vast deal more than was visible to ordinary eyesight. In his American trip in '42, Mr. Dickens saw a vast deal that was good, a great deal that was comic and not a little that was despicable in the varied classes of Americans he met.

The result was two books—“American Notes,” bearing directly upon the manners, habits, and future of our people; and “Martin Chuzzlewit,” part of which is given to a similar, but lighter, sketch.

They were received with howls of dismay and rage. Those who had before been the wildest partisans of their author, were first struck dumb, then vied with each other in voluble vituperation.

No books ever written produced, half the outcry and indignation these called up. The choicest vocabularies of abuse were showered upon their author: he was denounced in unmeasured terms for falsehood, prejudice, and for the blackest ingratitude.

He was declared despicable—beneath contempt: and then—his books sold by tens of thousands. But the few people who kept their tempers, and who were candid enough to look from Mr. Dickens' impartial stand-point, saw nothing very horrible in either book! Mr. Dickens came to America as an observer, and preceded by a reputation for a wonderfully acute sense of the ridiculous. It was natural that he should put into type, for sale, any thoughts on America, as he did thoughts on every other subject, and with this strong light, the Americans went deliberately to work to make him think as peculiarly of them as possible.

Following the bias they gave him, he chose some of the most ridiculous—a few of the meanest specimens of character that came under his observation. These he grouped together—broadened in

outline, and colored highly with the most ludicrous tints. He made a very funny, and not an entirely untrue, book. It was not a flattering likeness, but it was still a likeness, while yet a broad caricature.

It certainly was not magnanimous conduct in Mr. Dickens to hold up to public derision abroad, the petty absurdities that thrust themselves so persistently under his nose. It were not generous nobility of soul to permit the licking of a spaniel and then scourge him for undue familiarity.

But, Mr. Dickens, like all men who write for both money and fame, desired to make a telling and saleable book, and by exploiting this new field, he accomplished his purpose fully.

Gradually the howls of indignation over the "Notes" sunk into silence; then the groans ceased likewise, and finally the majority of American readers began to believe what the candid few had all along thought—that the books were not flattering, not generous or evenly just; but that they were very funny and not very malicious.

Parallel passages would only show that where an odd custom was ridiculed, a really solid quality was recorded; and there may be some doubt if under the laughter and the sneers there is not as much of praise as blame.

But the books served to send the name of "Boz" into the most remote corners of the land; and hands that first stretched out to seize his works with raging spite, continued their grasp with calmness, then with amusement, and

finally with undeniable admiration. Hence Sam Weller, Micawber, Quilp, Betsey Trotwood, Swiveller, Bella Wilfer and Bradley Headstone have acquired an individuality of their own;—a solid, palpable personality that removes them far away from the world of fiction and puts them on the footing of the every-day intimate whose umbrella we take and for whom we lay an extra plate at table.

For the American reader loves to terrify himself with the bugaboo of sensation in all he reads, but still his inner nature, like Mrs. Skewton; "pines for nature"—however far his path may be removed from "China shepherdesses."

And the American reader found under the laughter, the jeers and and the bitterness—found under all these and yet not of them, the true essence of all that comes from this marvelous pen.

Suddenly the news came that Mr. Dickens was coming to America!

Grasping the sudden boon of a new item, six hundred and five editors nibbled fresh quills and sighed with joy. Six hundred and five paragraphs appeared almost simultaneously, each one assigning a different reason for the visit. He was coming for his health; one lung was gone; no, he had dropsy; phaw! he was going to write a story of Central Park for Bonner. One keen gentleman hinted gloomily it was not disconnected with Alabama claims; "Fudge!" cried another, "he's coming to invest in 5-20s!" But not one dreamed

of hinting that he was coming to mind his own business.

Perhaps that was only right; for they knew him since '42.

At last it was definitely settled that he was coming to gratify American admirers with a series of those unique readings that had so delighted his own countrymen. There was but one expression and that of unqualified delight from the people; and there were but few instances, even in the press, where the time-mellowed, if not forgotten, bitterness of the "Notes" and "Chuzzlewit" was well-shaken, much diluted with twaddle and administered to the public in daily doses.

They were of little effect, however. Whatever cause our people have to hate Mr. Dickens; however little reason they may have to forgive him, they surely have practiced a charity that is beyond commendation.

New York and Boston vied with each other in claiming the first roar of the lion. But finally it was settled that the dwellers at and near the Hub were to be thus far blessed. Expectation all over the country rose to tiptoe and peered into the future with vague speculation as to what he was like and how he would do it.

Then the news of the farewell dinner came. We heard how some of the mightiest of England's men of letters had assembled to bid him God-speed! How his greatest living rival had spoken eloquent and manly words of feeling adieu; how enthusiasm had brimmed over into almost bathos.

Expectation being already on

tiptoe could rise no higher; but she threw up her bonnet, so to speak, and yelled the traditional three-times-three-and-a-tiger with great unctiousness in echo to the telegram.

Then came the thrilling moment for the sale of tickets at Boston!

Ticknor and Fields were ready for the fray!

Midnight came:—cold, foggy, marrow-piercing as only midnight in Boston can come. Just on the vibration of the twelfth stroke, a man was seen to pause before the cradle of American Literature.—He looked up eagerly—longingly at the brown house as if he would pierce its centre and magnetize out the best tickets of the front bench.

He was a sharp visaged man, with eye-glass and umbrella.—Moreover, he wore a long tailed dress-coat under a short overcoat, and his feet glided in a pair of solid "Arctics."

He paused. He rubbed his hands; he sighed the sigh pleasurable. Happy man! He was in time!

Suddenly appeared to him a female—a masculine female.

Brown of skirt and stout of foot, she flourished a bulky cotton umbrella—with a flourish that seemed to say with a nasal twang, Lo! I am here!

Then the crowd came. There were more sharp visaged men with "Arctics;" more masculine females, more, or less, brown of skirt—more, if not less, determined in port. They came by twos, by threes, by scores.

Boston assembled before Mr.

Field's doors. By 2 a. m. Boston arranged itself in a queue and aided by such refreshing ditties as "Old John Brown"—and by the presence of a police force—waited until 7 a. m. in deep adoration of the great, good man she had come to worship.

It is a notable fact that there was not one murmur of "American Notes;" not one whisper of "Chuzzlewit" down that long line. The man who had uttered such untimely word would have been expelled with ignominy, as a disturber of the public peace. And yet, from nowhere did such bitter, unforgiving maledictions on the head of Dickens come, as from the classic precincts of the "Common;" nowhere were louder and deeper vows of vengeance for his "snobbish ingratitude."

At last seven came and with it the opening of the ticket office.—Then even police could scarce repress the ardor of the worshippers: and, as the fortunate first come was first served with tickets, and bore his trophies down the blue-nosed, shivering line, cheers rent the foggy welkin at the pluck and stamina that had achieved success in the great and good cause!

All the tickets were sold before half the crowd was satisfied: and then came the news that *the steamer* was in sight. Straight from ticket-office to wharf, moved that solid mass of Boston humanity; and the "coming man" only escaped an ovation by landing at an unexpected point in the bay, and fleeing to the shelter of the Parker House in a cab.

Did a solid town ever make a more absurd display. Verily are

we a unique people! Nor do the Chinese sound their gongs more loud!

Mr. Dickens read in Boston.

He was listened to by crowded, cultivated, and doubtless, appreciative audiences. He was, doubtless, rated at his true value—as an artist. But as a man! He would have been toadied, teased, and Cambridge *ad nauseam*, had he not, in self-defence, refused to move from the quiet and secluded path he had chosen.

It was too bad! Here had the Modern Athens pocketed its wrath, its criticism, and its self-respect to prostrate its neck before the Juggernaut—and lo! the Juggernaut refused to trouble itself to roll on. Jenkins wrote with a pitiful moan:—"He will not have a public dinner!—He won't even dine with a friend!—And, after a quiet tea each evening he goes early to bed"!!!

Business, society, music, The Great Organ—the very Sun of Literature itself stood still!—during this red-lettered era in the life of Boston. The Athenians breathed, ate, drank, dreamt of Dickens!

Outside of him, like the knife-grinder—"Story, God bless you! they had none to tell, Sir!"

When Mr. Dickens came to New York, it was natural to expect her more cosmopolitan tone and her excess of sensations would leave a more unbiassed judgment of his powers as a reader. The difficulties created by the bad arrangement of his agent, made an unpleasant impression in the beginning. The tickets for the readings were allowed to get into

the hands of speculators, who held them at prices sufficiently enhanced to drive away many of the author's most real and warm admirers.

It was gross mismanagement, if nothing worse, in Mr. Dolby to allow sharpers to get the choice seats by scores, at two dollars, and hold them at twenty: but it was a very pleasant sensation to stand at the door of the hall and see these keen gentry, on sundry occasions, forced to sell out at ridiculously low prices.

New York, too, was already prepared in the way of comic lecturers and readers; for this season she had been infested with them, of all ages, countries, and sexes. And it was a great test of the strong personal hold Mr. Dickens had upon the American people, that they were willing to give up every other entertainment, and submit to be swindled for the sake of hearing him.

Among the mass meetings of lecturers, old and young, grave and gay, who paved his way, were specimens of his fellow-countrymen.

"Mr. Arthur Sketchley" was the first in the field. Many Americans knew him favorably as a contributor to the *London Fun*, from which journal his rather humorous sketches of an English Mrs. Partington—whom he christened, "Mrs. Brown"—had been copied into our papers.

This Cockney lady, he transported to America, and introduced to his audience. But her troubles were purely English troubles, and her dialect purely Cockney dialect; so, although

Mr. Sketchley, otherwise Rose, is a florid, pleasant, and very English gentleman, and evidently has much fun in him, he rather failed to impart it to his hearers.

With the rarest exceptions people who set out to specially amuse, fall below their own and their auditors' standard. All professionally funny lecturers seem to protest earnestly against being as funny as they can; and to drearily declare "if fun were as plenty as blackberries, they would'nt be funny on compulsion."

So it is with "Mr. Arthur Sketchley." His lectures aim solely to amuse. They are occasionally odd and laughter-moving, with many a dreary hiatus. He is neither so quaintly humorous as Dr. Bagby, nor so broadly ridiculous as Artemus Ward:—and funny lecturing is one of the few paths in which one does *not* go safest in the middle.

The Hon. Mrs. Theresa Yelverton had also consented to give readings in New York, as she is now doing in the South. Privately requested by Bennett, *pere*, to read in public from her private correspondence, she declined—through the same confidential medium, viz:—two columns of the *Herald*—but agreed to read certain poems, such as "Locksley Hall," and "Sheridan's Ride." This she did in a fashion to convince us she was not a Mrs. Siddons, nor yet a Fanny Kemble.

Mrs. Yelverton may be a much injured lady; the sympathy of our people, North and South, may be due to her wronged womanhood: but, in the matter of public readings, beyond a peradven-

ture, she sins far more than she is sinned against.

In his New York readings, Mr. Dickens had neither of these draw-backs.

He was not a funny lecturer; and the *Herald* was very far from taking his part.

His sole mission was to introduce to their American friends such of his brain children as had by their force of character already made a reputation away from home. He appeared in the double character of parent and stage manager and proposed "to show them, not as known to others, but as known only to their maker."

The very great difficulty of this must be obvious when we reflect that, in most instances, to do it he had to unmake impressions which were already formed and which, even if erroneous, had become fixed.

That he generally failed to accomplish his task in no manner detracts from the very great merit of the effort.

The very great peculiarity of Mr. Dickens' characters is their every-day naturalness. Even when odd and eccentric far beyond any people we know, still they have an oddness and eccentricity that *might* very readily belong to any living man.

There is nothing we cannot account for in Sairy Gamp, in Swiveller, in Micawber, or in Sir Leicester Dedlock. Even Quilp, while improbable, is not unnatural. But this strength belongs more specially to his earlier works: and in the latter ones we see, or think we do, sometimes a com-

bination of opposites in the same character.

The Boffins and Mr. Venus we leave with an unsatisfied feeling that they are not friends of ours. They are strained in their oddity as in their goodness, and we leave them with a sense that they may leave us. In *Obenreizer*, too, we mark that clashing of opposites that renders him a nonentity the moment the Christmas story is done: and *Madame Dor* has that *oneness* of eccentricity that goes far to mar some even of the earlier creations.

But when, in the earlier works we meet a new face, it has a nature, a solid entity about it that convinces us it is an old acquaintance with a new name and new surroundings. We are taken by the hand and led through troubles and pleasures with which we honestly sympathize; and at the end we take leave with *Au revoir!* not *Adieu!*

Ever thereafter where memory summons up that character it rises in the palpable substance of a real friend; and we love, pity, respect or despise the earlier characters of Dickens' works with just the same sincerity we do those who have pleased, or aided, or injured us in life.

In meeting these people, too, every one forms his own estimate of them, both as to the person and as to character. If I choose to conceive my Sam Weller as two inches taller than yours, he is just that much taller in reality to me. If, as we talk together, I clasp *Bella Wilfer's* hand in mine and find it slim and taper and soft, why should you tell me your

Bella's digits are chubby and blunt.

Every illusion spoiled is a sensibility shocked.

When, therefore, Mr. Dickens reads to one thousand people and fails to present one thousand Sam Wellers, or Bella Wilfers,—varying, it may be, infinitesimally, but still varying somewhat—Mr. Dickens must in some sort fail to please.

It is safe to say that no one ever yet saw a fully satisfying representative of Hamlet, Mercutio, or Ariel. These creations are familiar to our minds' eye from an ideal we have involuntarily made; an ideal we would find it difficult to describe in language, but which is still as perceptible to the inner sense as if photographed upon it. However great may be the artist who attempts to give us his ideal, he is sure in some small degree to shock our preconception and to leave an unsatisfied feeling that something is still wanting.

In a somewhat more material way we form our ideal of the less aetherealized characters of Mr. Dickens: and because they are more human and more consonant with our own natures than the others, the conception of them is even clearer, more palpable and stronger in detail. Each one of the people we meet in Dickensland is one great, salient characteristic, relieved and displayed by a surrounding of lesser ones that in no way detracts from it. This faggot of attributes is the character; and the shell that contains it we form to suit ourselves.

Were Mr. Dickens the greatest of actors, the best of readers, and

the most perfect of mimes, in one person, he could not but fail to jar these prejudices in his hearers; unless indeed in each one of them the hidden springs of thought worked in just the same grooves, with just the same direction, and from just the same motors.

Asked not long since by a clever lady for an analysis of one of his characters, Mr. Dickens replied:

“Madam, an author never dreams of any character of his as known to you.”

In the critical sense of that term, Mr. Dickens is not a great reader.

His voice is not naturally sweet and sympathetic; and, whether from its over-use, or from advance of years, it is now husky and dry.

To those who remember the marvellously sweet, wonderfully educated, and thoroughly magnetic organ of Fanny Kemble:—that voice which shocked us one second with the gross growling of Caliban, held us bound the next by the solemn dignity of Prospero and then lulled us into a delicious trance with the perfect music of Ariel's songs; that voice in which the very Romeo of our fancy pleads—our ideal Timon rails, and the very Puck himself chuckles and shakes with frolic laughter—to such, the first ten words of Charles Dickens send a cold shiver of disappointment.

The hearer begins to speculate as to what has made his great fame, as a reader; imperceptibly he warms, and the hearer warms with him; he is quaint, broadly, humorous, frank, generous, tender; he revels in a carnival of

screaming fun — then suddenly melts into the softest pathos.

His hearer is spell-bound, led to the end, and sits a moment like a very Oliver, involuntarily "asking for more."

Then the inquiry comes— "what is it?"

He certainly has not a good voice; the Sam Weller he shows us is not the Sam Weller we know; and — oh, gracious! he is 'nt handsome!

Mr. Dickens in person, is not tall, lithe, and somewhat too spare for good proportion. The analytical eye at once discovers, however, a springiness and elasticity of muscle that—as much as his florid skin—shows a high physical condition. For despite the immense brain-labor, so wearing and long continued, despite his hard struggles in early life, and his domestic ones in later, years still set lightly on his head, and his frequent walk from Gads-hill to the Strand—a clear sweep of thirty miles, which he does in a morning without fatigue—would break down many a younger man.

This well-conditioned and muscular body, Mr. Dickens delights to dress in a caressing style. He heaps upon it the daintiest and most expensive clothes—not always chosen with a perfect accord with the years that he seems to refuse to acknowledge. In fact, the huge lappels, the broad braids, tight pants and very swell gloves in which he indulges, leave the great novelist somewhat open to the charge of being an "old beau." And when he inserts a small bouquet in the broad lappel,

he but adds an exclamation mark to the expression.

Dressed then in the highest fashion of full dress, Mr. Dickens seats himself at the small table and turns his face slowly to his audience.

It is a very marked face, full of strong will, seamed with thought, and perhaps with repressed passion; but with a steady and controlled expression habitual to it.

But it is not a handsome face, nor yet an aristocratic one. But for the high and rather massive forehead—broadening at the temples and receding somewhat in the centre—and the quick, restless fire in the eye under the bushy brow—the features might be heavy. And the slope of the jaw,—half displayed, half hidden by the white goatee and moustache, might indicate severity and cruelty but for the mobile lips—quick to the most sensitive curves of humor or the gentlest touches of pathos.

No. Mr. Dickens is not handsome; but there is a self-dependence and power in the face that does away with the little fopperies of dressing the beard and training the somewhat scanty hair into "beau-catcher" curls over the brow.

One has hardly time to take in these details.

He hardly nods to his audience, plunges at once into his subject and sends the chill of disappointment to its very centre.

He is not what we thought: he is even ordinary. After the sonorous, rounded periods of Vandenhoff—the fairy music of

Fanny Kemble—Mr. Dickens is no reader!

Even while this thought flashes through the crowd, some well-known character is introduced. Be it Pickwick, the Marchioness, or Bob Sawyer, the reader throws himself into the character and *acts* it perfectly. He does not read—in fact the whole performance is rather recitation than reading—but he talks, thinks, moves, laughs and grimaces just as Pickwick, or Bob Sawyer, or the Marchioness would do—or as he thinks they would do—under the circumstances.

Fanny Kemble changes utterly at every change of person; but she changes only by the wonderful modulations of her matchless voice. There is no gesture—no movement of figure or face.

Mr. Dickens is the perfect opposite. He regularly acts the character he personates. He seems to try and swell into Tony Weller, to shrivel into the Marchioness, or to wriggle into Jingle. He not only attempts to act as they would in their places, but to look as they would while so acting.

This last is the weak point of his effort. He is an admirable actor—an almost perfect mime. But no human face can attempt to represent in rapid succession a bloated old visage, a pinched, dried set of features, and the tender devotion of young womanhood—and fail to degenerate into ineffective grimace.

Turn away your head and listen to Mr. Dickens. The reading is very good, in spite of the voice: the characterization—though per-

haps at variance with your own—is most admirable; and the rapid and complete change from the touching to the droll—from almost painful pathos to irresistible fun—is really marvellous.

You feel that the master-spirit is there: that you put your hands in his and are led behind the scenes of that great life-drama you have before only seen from the front. At his bidding the scenery rolls back, the bare machinery of thought stands displayed; the actors are actors no more, but men and women like us, who laugh and love and sin—who are happy or miserable as they make themselves so.

The curtain falls—the lights are out, and we have come to the front again; but we bring with us an insight into stage mysteries, new and thought-producing. We have seen the puppets so familiar to us, but we have seen them by a new light; have been taught the secret of the springs and pulleys that put them in motion; and have seen them worked by the great master-hand that made them.

If, on closer inspection, they do not seem exactly what we supposed them; if their motions are more stiff, or their grooves of action differ from the ones we made for them;—we at least know what they were meant to do. And we can tell how far that mission was accomplished.

One great point of Mr. Dickens' writings is that he is always the stage manager.

He makes his characters, drills them, dresses them and puts them on the stage. He lets them talk

and act to a certain point—but when a great idea is to be evolved, he steps from behind the curtain, motions them to silence, and talks in his own proper person to the immense audience. And he talks with the effect noted in the commencement of this article. But if that talk is effective in the broken pauses of the characters who are acting for us, it is easy to comprehend it must be tenfold more so, when the stage manager sweeps away the puppets and becomes, in himself, actors, play, machinery and foot-lights.

Such are the “readings” of Mr. Dickens, if readings they can be called.

They are wonderful combinations of reading, mimicry, acting and animal magnetism—especially of the latter.

For there are some far better readers; there are many more exact mimics; there are thousands of better actors: but the electric genius of the man fuses all these into a magnetic amalgam that once touched cannot be let go until the battery stops working.

There is something indescribable; a subtle essence of sympathy that can only be felt, not described, that puts him *en rapport* with the most antagonistic spirits and makes them his, while the spell is upon them.

Of Mr. Dickens' pecuniary success it is useless to speak. In any city in America where there is money to spend for amusement, his tickets will sell faster than they can be offered for sale.

Of his artistic success there is equally little doubt, if we look at

him not only as a reader, but as an exponent of character.

Still his path has not been strewn altogether with roses. He is said to be a peculiarly vain man and to possess the pleasing belief that Perfection, like Charity, begins at home.

The American press is hardly competent testimony in this regard; but granting it true, he could even then scarcely fail to be sickened and disgusted by the crawling, loathsome flattery with which the far greater proportion of our journals have slathered him. Even those pleasant spoken people who call Mr. Dickens “a vulgar snob,” must grant him to be at least a very sensible specimen of snobbery. And as such the filthy flattery with which he is bespattered must turn sour to him.

Then an interference with his religious belief or with his domestic associations—be they what they may—can hardly be justifiable in a discussion of his merits. So long as there is a strong moral tendency and an inferred religious tone in all that Mr. Dickens writes, the constant charge of atheism must fall to the ground.

With his family troubles and his personal relations in the privacy of his personal life, the critic of the public man has nothing to do.

Only the most vulgar and low bred pruriency could warrant a prying through the key-hole of a door not opened to the public.

Who can complain if a new edition of the “Notes” shall out-Chuzzlewit Chuzzlewit?

What honest man can fail to

believe that such exhibitions as that at Boston, are fair targets for the sharpest-feathered arrows of ridicule.

The abuse of Mr. Dickens, while not very harmful is much more natural; for, in the rare instances it occurs, it is plainly the twinge from an old grudge, or the smart from a new rebuff.

Indifferent to both alike, the serene Dolby continues to pocket the incoming greenbacks; while his chief continues to read his own works as if he never read anything else connected with his name. And he doubtless treasures up small memories of the delicate way in which we praise men—of the summary style in which we crush them, in this year of grace, '68.

There was much self-gratulation in the New York press, before Mr. Dickens came, because he would see us a changed people; would find us farther advanced in mind, morals, and manners than when he was here in days when Old Trinity was central, and "Bleecker street" was far "up-town."

As a people we have expanded very much, beyond a doubt; but many quiet ones look forward with much curiosity to the inevitable book upon the America of to-day.

Mr. Dickens, besides being a reader, a writer, and a mimic, is a profound analyst of character. Will he penetrate the whirl, the bluster, the off-hand bluntness of the American of to-day. Will he probe through all the unhealthy tissue, to a healthy fibre that gives a promise of permanent cure

when this active sloughing is done?

Will he so enjoy his visit to Washington and the hospitalities of the manly and gifted Senator from Massachusetts, as to declare unwise and false a prophecy he made in '42?

That prophecy, far-seeing and deep, has been much quoted—much villified, and much ridiculed. It runs as follows:—

"Year by year the tone of public feeling will sink lower down: year by year the Congress and the Senate must become of less account before all decent men; year by year the memory of the fathers of the Revolution must be outraged more and more by the bad life of their degenerate child!"

Is there one man in America, outside of the disreputable hangers on of the Arch-Anarchs at the Capitol, who will deny the plain, if bitter truth, to-day, of those words spoken in 1842!

Is there one act of that mob of law-breakers—panting for the *carmagnole* and the red cap—which will deny that Charles Dickens had the forecast of a seer when he penned them?

Or will any one go to-day to those great marts where greenbacks are God, and fancy stocks the only Bibles; and then not endorse—or amplify, if language can—what Charles Dickens said in 1842:—

"Men were weighed by their dollars; measurers gauged by their dollars; life was auctioneered, appraised, put up and knocked down for its dollars.

"The next respectable thing to dollars was any venture having

their attainment for its end. The more of that worthless ballast, honor and fair dealing, which any man cast over-board from the ship of his good name and good intent, the more ample storage room he had for dollars. Make commerce one huge lie and mighty theft; deface the banner of the nation for an idle rag; pollute it star by star, and cut out stripe by stripe—as from the arm of a degraded soldier!

“Do anything for dollars!—What is a flag to them!”

THE HAVERSACK.

AT the beginning of the rebellion against Abolition rule, all Confederate Generals of every grade received precisely the same pay, viz: three hundred and one dollars (\$301) per month. Many were the discussions held and many were the conjectures as to the precise meaning of the odd dollar, when the popular idea was hit by the witicism of a South Carolina soldier: “The three hundred dollars are to pay for what the Generals make us do and the one dollar is for what they do themselves!”

We regret that the Fetisch Convention at Charleston did not fix their *per diem* at eleven dollars and one-eleventh of a cent. It would have served to keep alive the recollection of the *jeu d’esprit* upon Confederate salaries.

A lady at Winchester, Va., sends us a couple of anecdotes over the signature of Mignonne. Our rule is to have the name in full or reject the communication. But as our fair young friend expects to change her name, a *nom de plume* in her case is admissible.

When certain expected addresses have made the lady’s address permanent, we hope to hear from her again. She says: Thinking it strange that the Haversack is not better supplied with anecdotes from the valley of Virginia, so rich in incidents of soldier life, I send the following as an experiment:

It was well-known throughout the Army that Jackson’s favorite and first-love was the 1st Brigade, better known as the “Stonewall” brigade. It was always “put in” where the enemy was most stubborn and hardest to break, as broken he was sure to be eventually. The morning after the battle of Port Republic, when the boys were worn out with hard marching and harder fighting and were resting on their arms, Chaplain — dashed up.

“What news?” cried out many eager voices, “where are the Yankees?”

“With Old Nick, I hope,” piously replied the chaplain.

“Well I don’t,” feelingly replied one of the jaded boys, “for

if old Stonewall knew that they were there, he would send the 1st brigade after them!"

We girls of the Valley did not believe implicitly in the trite maxim that "beauty when unadorned, is adorned the most," and we made strenuous efforts to save our prettiest dresses and ornaments from the fingers of "the restorers of the Union," so that we might appear in our bravest attire when our soldiers came along. And we were equally careful to wear our ugliest and plainest clothes when the Yanks held the town. This rule was not confined to the ladies, but extended to the few men left behind. A gentleman, who wished to do justice to our soldiers who had just driven the Yanks out of town, put on a new white suit, which had just run the blockade. He rode along a line of Confederates, displaying his store clothes to the best advantage. But the boys thinking that he ought to be in the army, not only daubed him all over with mud, but applied to him some very uncomplimentary remarks.

"If you don't take care, my sweet youth, you'll get your clothes muddy." "Who's your washer-woman?" "How much do you ax for that are shroud of yourn?" "Mister, what makes you have mud on your Sunday clothes?"

All these and many more taunts our hero bore most *manfully*, until a long, lank, lean specimen of the so-called from the late State of Alabama, stepped up and said, "you d—d white-coated, white-livered exempt, when did you die?"

Miss Mignonette's anecdote of the Stonewall brigade, recalls one, which we know to be authentic. The enemy was reported to be just ahead, and Gen. J. rode up to his favorite command with a bright smile upon his face. The boys were in no smiling humor however, they were hungry and tired, and the proposal of a hard "set-to," upon empty stomachs was not very cheering. The General saw the gloom, and hoped to dispel it by good news.

"Well boys," said he, "I'll let you lead off again. I'm going to give you the post of honor once more."

"Thank you kindly, General," said a hungry fellow, "we have had honor enough, we would rather have a little bread and meat just now!"

—
One of our gallant Tar-heels sends us, from Fayetteville, N. C., the next two anecdotes:

The anecdote in your May number, of the applicant for a Lieutenancy, who, if he could not stand an examination, was at least willing to stand a fight with the Examining Board, "reminds me of a little anecdote" of an officer in the North Carolina regiment of which I was a member.

A Lieutenant of the regiment (who, at home, followed the trade of a tanner) was, by the Colonel, deemed incompetent, brought before the Examining Board, and found to be totally unfit for the position. Talking the matter over afterwards, with some of his friends, he remarked.

"Well, mebby, I don't know

how to drill a company, don't understand tactics, regulations and sich, but you orter jest see me take the har off of a hide."

Some time during the year 1863, I think, the good people of Fayetteville were apprehensive of a raid from the party of Yankees who came to Warsaw and burnt the depot and other buildings at that place.

I was home on furlough at that time and well remember the excitement; agitated crowds of the citizens could be seen on every street corner, discussing the probability of their coming this far, the best means of preventing it, &c., &c.

I remember the plan suggested by an old gentleman in one of the crowds, it was:

"I think we had better go up to the 'Observer' office, have a lot, say 100 or 200 hand-bills struck off, and send them all through the country in the direction of Warsaw, warning the Yankees *that if they come here they come at the peril of their lives.*"

W. T. T.

The heroic soldier friend, who stopped his courtship for two whole days to read back numbers of the Haversack, did not find the interruption fatal to his claims, for the name of one of our lady subscribers has been transferred with considerable alteration from South Carolina to Newnan, Georgia, and is now entered Mrs. T. A box of bridal cake by Express directed to the Haversack assures us that our friend is "right side up with care." The anecdotes be-

low show too that he has not forgotten the Haversack, as too many happy bridegrooms are prone to do.

While Ferguson's Mississippians (and a rare set they were) were passing through Unionville South Carolina, *en route* for the Tar River country, they passed, in winding through the streets of the village, the dwelling of that hospitable gentleman, that pure patriot, that learned lawyer and spotless jurist, Judge —. The distinguished Judge is said, withal, to be the finest looking man in the State. But nor hospitality, nor learning, nor patriotism, nor purity of ermine, nor stately demeanor could save him from the jeers of the "boys in grey." The Judge stood in the porch of his elegant mansion surrounded by a crowd of lady friends. A cadaverous swamper from the jungles of Yazoo swamps cried out,

"Aint you ashamed, old man, with your white har, to be sparking young gals in public?"

A bilious specimen of chills and fever shouted, "that gal with the red head is mine."

Another yelled, "that blue-eyed one is the gal for me." A fourth, "curly-head belongs to me." A fifth stopped and staring at the handsome and dignified Judge, said, "Bill, ain't that old feller got a round, pooty face like a dorg?"

The Judge retired, so did the ladies!

During our campaign under Joe Johnston, in North Carolina, in the last days of the dear Confederacy, some funny things oc-

curred, and but for the hearty smiles, the boys took at them, we certainly would have gone up some time before we did. We were marching one day by quite a respectable looking house, in the porch of which was the family, and with them quite a bevy of young ladies, doubtless, looking with admiration at the ruddy faced, handsome young Georgians. As they were just opposite the house, Pat C. of company K. yelled out to Nick A., "have you fed them horses, Nick, my boy?"

"Yes" screamed Nick in reply.

"What did you feed them on?" continued Pat.

"Pine tags," answered Nick.

"That's a good boy," said Pat, commendingly. "Now you may go down to that 'simmon tree in the lane, and get your breakfast, then you can go to burning tar, and when you come home to dinner, I'll give you some rosum to chaw."

Did the North Carolinians think that all this was meant as an insinuation upon the staple productions of the State? I don't know, but old gentleman and old lady, their sons and daughters, and the strangers within their gates, all disappeared instanter.

To use an expression of one of our wags, when Gen. Bragg was *cyphering* around about the vicinity of the Chickamauga battle ground, he was more than ordinarily peremptory that the commanders of the "creetur companies" should give him "repeated and exact information of the enemy's movements." So in-

credulous was he of information, in general, that Pegram, the accomplished, the generous, the good, the gallant, the lamented, took it upon himself to play scout one time for the unbelieving General.

So one Friday night, the night of the first day of the fight, he took the 6th Georgia, the last of the six Georgia regiments composing his brigade—and, by the way, one of the best in the army — and crossing the Chickamauga, at Alexander's bridge, made for the enemy's out-posts, intending, as he thought, to capture some of his *videttes* and bring them to the General to dissect for himself. The night was very dark, and in addition to the darkness, the smoke of the day's engagement drifted along the earth, rendering it still more difficult to pursue anything like a straight forward course. In about an hour from the time he set forth, General Pegram found himself, and regiment in column, right between the 104th and 109th Indiana infantry, arms stacked and rolled in their blankets for the night. Just in front of him, and at the farther end of the space between the two rows of stacked arms, a faint light glimmered, serving more to reveal the darkness than dispel it. From this approached a man on horseback, and when he got in a few paces of the General, he asked in a rather short, authoritative tone, "What cavalry is that?" The General comprehended his situation at once, and saw that he must resort to stratagem. So he said to the man, in a firm, yet rather sub-

dued voice, "how dare you address your superior in such a manner, sir?" and rode up to him. The fellow attempted to apologize, but before he could, General P. held a repeater before his bewildered orbs, and whispered in his terror-stricken ears, "I am the rebel Gen. Pegram, if you speak, you are a dead man?" Then giving orders to the captains, through the adjutant, to keep profound silence, and reverse their order of march, he moved the whole command, plus the orderly of the 104th Indiana, back into camp.

The coughing of a man, the accidental discharge of a gun, the neighing of a horse, or the most trivial noise would have caused the death of probably one-third, and the capture of the remainder of the regiment.

The General said afterwards he never knew how he got by the enemy's out-posts, going or returning, unless he passed through some unguarded place in the line.

J. W. T.

The two anecdotes below come from W. H., Covington, Kentucky:

The 2nd Kentucky cavalry had not assumed the large proportions it afterwards attained, when Col. J. H. Morgan made his famous raid into Kentucky, during the month of July, 1862. After a severely contested struggle, we succeeded in capturing Cynthiana, it was here that we found that elegant piece of artillery, and those fat, slick horses belonging to the Cincinnati Fire Department. After the fight was over,

in my rounds, attending the wounded the surgeon had not seen, I was overtaken by Major Wash Morgan, as brave a man as ever drew a blade, and one, whose sympathies were ever with the bereaved and unfortunate. As we rode up street, we were startled by the wailings of a female, whose father had been killed whilst defending the town. Oh, you cruel men! you cruel men! you have killed my father, you have killed my father! Major Wash thought to console her, and drawing from his pocket a huge roll of Confederate bills, asked her if she wished money? She refused the proffered consolation, and still bitterly bemoaned the loss of her parent. When thinking that possibly it was sympathy she needed, he exclaimed. "D——n it, my father's dead too!"

The next day Paris was ours without a fight, the county seat of Bourbon county, famous for its pretty women, fat cattle and good whisky. Amongst the spoils was found a car well laden with the best brands of liquors. These were duly seized and appropriated by our fat commissary for *Staff purposes*. Quite a number of the advance guard were on provost duty during our stay, and succeeded, unknown to the commissary, in storing away a few bottles of the sparkling beverage in the hidden recesses of their haversacks—already abundantly supplied with quantities of cake, bread and fried chicken by the kind ladies of the town and vicinity.

We left this place rather hastily,

and at noon next day found ourselves at Winchester. The advance were stationed at the forks of the road, that the good Union people might not be posted as to our intended march. Whilst the Colonel and Staff were luxuriating upon the bounties of "Uncle Abe," the guard were seated upon the curb-stones sipping the sparkling wine from new tin cups, and eating their luncheon—much to the distaste of many of the good people—telling them at the same time that this was a regular Confederate ration. They found out differently after awhile.

A few days after this, on our march from Crab Orchard, to Somerset, I was appointed by Lieutenant R. as commissary for the advance guard, and much to our satisfaction, found quantities of cakes, butter-milk, and *pies and things*, which were freely given us, when we represented ourselves as Wolford's (Federal) cavalry, in search of Morgan.—When we came to unravel the mystery of so much cookery in this poor section of country, we discovered that a pic-nic was to be given to Wolford's command the next day, and that we were so fortunate as to have forestalled them in the provisioning of *our party*.

Mrs. E. H. sends us from Little Rock, Ark., the following:

I have been very much interested in *THE LAND WE LOVE*, and especially in the *Haversack*. So I send you a small contribution from the "Trans-Mississippi Department:"

There were a great many knowing ones here during the war, who thought they knew more of military tactics than military men. When General H. commanded here, these knowing ones gave him the singular cognomen of *Granny H.* One day while out a short distance from the post he stopped with his Staff at a country house to dine. During the repast the old lady, who was rather talkative, after making numerous inquiries concerning the army and officers, the General and Staff being entire strangers to her, startled them by asking, "and what is *Granny H.* doing." The General suspended his knife and fork, looked for an instant at the questioner, and quietly remarked, "Well madame, he is trying to eat his dinner at present." The effect can be imagined.

My little four year old nephew got off a good thing. He walked into the parlor one Sunday morning with a new suit of Kentucky blue jeans on. One of the Federal officers setting near the fire hailed him with "Halloo my little soldier boy," "yes," said Charlie, "I'm a soldier boy, but I ain't a Yank."

The children were so impressed with the idea of stealing connected with the Federal soldiery that they were constantly dreading them. I was walking out with my little five year old boy one evening when a company of soldiers came marching by in the direction of our house. Willie came quietly up to my side and whispered very earnestly, "Mamma, let's go home quick or those sol-

diers will *steal* Uncle Charlie's clothes!"

A South Carolina Chaplain furnishes the next incidents.

In the summer of '63, our brigade was ordered to Mississippi.—After leaving Jackson, we had a wearisome march to Big Black, but spite of dust, thirst and heat, the soldiers would cheer up when told that they were approaching a town or village. They expected to see the ladies out with their little flags, hear their words of encouragement and receive little delicacies from their fair hands, which our homeopathic haversacks did not contain. One dreadfully hot day it was announced that the town of B. was just ahead, and the drooping spirits of the fainting men seemed to revive.—After going a mile or so, we came to some straggling houses. I happened to be with some Texas soldiers, when one of them asked a little boy, the only person visible, how far it was to B.

"This is B.," said the solitary inhabitant in great astonishment.

"Well," replied Texas, "if I ever get home, I'll buy me a town, if it costs me five dollars."

My next is the counterpart of Longstreet's "Wave Offering."—We were in camp in the good old North State, where lightwood was plentiful and we could read by our camp fire. One night as we were all seated around the bright light, our Surgeon read to us from a Richmond paper, in which a Confederate Congressman compared a certain measure to making "bricks without straw."—

The Surgeon was apparently not well versed in the Scriptures, at least in the history of Moses, for he paused as if puzzled, and repeated, "bricks without straw, bricks without straw. Why didn't the fool say bricks without mud?" A gentle smile at the Doctor's Biblical learning passed round the circle.

In February '64, our regiment was ordered to Florida. As the train was slowly moving up to the Depot at Valdosta, Georgia, a regiment of cavalry encamped there came rushing around to see the infantry. Our quartermaster sergeant inquired if there was any fighting below. "Yes," replied they, "fighting like hell—you'll catch the devil when you get there."

"I feared as much," quietly answered the sergeant, "as soon as I saw the usual sign, the cavalry in the rear!"

At the time the enemy was advancing on Reams' Station in Virginia, there was a deep snow and the roads were almost impassable. The horses of the cavalry were in miserable plight. One man came along on the remains of what had once been a pony, with bones protruding and skin hanging loose. The rider wore an enormous pair of Mexican spurs, but spite of his vigorous applications, the poor animal stuck in the mud and could not extricate itself. "Halloo," shouted the infantry, "take your horse up on your spurs and shake the mud off him. He'll get along well enough then."

We had as the caterer of our mess a German Jew. He was sent out one morning to buy cucumbers. He came back with a basket full of old fellows, yellow as gold. When asked about them, he said, "Yaw, tey is coot. Te plack nigger wants to sell mit me te green ones, put py tam I tells him I wants te ripe!"

The day of the battle of Boonsboro, when the division of Gen. D. H. Hill so gallantly defended the pass in the mountain, our brigade, attached to Longstreet's command, arrived at the scene of action about 4 P. M. The Yankee shells were bursting furiously around, and the whole mountain seemed to be swarming with their troops climbing the rugged heights. We met a family retreating, whose peace and quiet had been disturbed. The father was carrying a little child in his arms and was leading off in the retreat. The mother was holding on to the coat-tail of her liege lord and *protector*. With the bursting of each shell, she uttered a scream, and urged her file-leader to a quicker pace. I have seen many terrified countenances but none equal to those of the husband and wife.— Thus does ruthless war break in upon the most quiet and inoffensive people.

A. A. J.

Columbia, Tennessee, gives the next anecdote:

A private in our company, a knight of the shears, and a mere mite of a man, but true grit in a fight, had noticed, and perhaps felt, in his own case, the de-

moralizing influence of war. One day, he gravely remarked,

"I'll tell you what, boys, if this war goes on much longer, another Devil will have to be appointed. This old fellow can't attend to all the business that will be on hand." W. J. M.

We would remark editorially, that if this appointment ever became necessary, it must have been during the "March to the Sea."

R. McC., of Lexington, Kentucky, sends us the next two anecdotes; the first, at the expense of the Southern boys, and the other, a hit at the "defenders of the Union."

A paroled Federal officer, stopping at one of our hotels, got into a conversation with one of our boys, as to the cause of the greater mortality among the Federal, than among the Confederate troops. "We are better marksmen," said Johnny Reb, "and fighting the battles of freedom, it was to be expected that we would be more earnest, and fire with more coolness and precision."

"Well," drawled Brother Johnathan, "I accounted for it differently. You rebs were so slick with grease and dirt, that our balls glanced off without hurting you!"

The morning after the arrival of Gen. Kirby Smith, in Lexington, Kentucky, Sept. 1862, two of our fashionable Union girls were standing in a porch, looking at the ragged boys strolling around. One of the young ladies turned up her pretty nose, and said

"how dirty and nasty those rebels look, not nice and clean like our 'boys in blue.'" One of the party, thus sneeringly alluded to, over-hearing the remark, as it was intended that he should, took off his old slouch hat, and making a Chesterfieldian bow, said, "pray excuse our rags, ladies, we came to Kentucky this time to *kill hogs*, and of course, put on our greasy clothes. Our next visit will be a courting expedition, and then we will have on store clothes and biled shirts."

One of the most faithful and efficient of the many excellent chaplains in the Army of Tennessee, sends us the anecdote below:

I was chaplain in Bate's brigade, which was for some time on duty at Cumberland Gap. There we lost the much loved and truly lamented Zollicoffer, whose temperate, firm and wise administration in East Tennessee was winning over many disaffected hearts to our cause. The Colonel commanding our regiment had been the Cashier of a Bank, which had suspended payment with a large number of notes in circulation.—Our soldiers thought it but fair game to pass off uncurrent notes among the disloyal. Some even went so far as to write home for "wild cat money," as these notes were called. A good deal of

counterfeit and uncurrent money was passed off among the illiterate people of East Tennessee, East Kentucky and Southern Virginia, and the soldiers tried to justify these practices to their own consciences by the claim that they were in the service of their country, and that the hucksters asked exorbitant prices for fruit, vegetables and farm products. The most stringent orders were published against frauds upon the country people, and officers were on the alert to catch offenders.—

One day a soldier was caught in the very act of passing an uncurrent note on the Bank of which his Colonel had been the Cashier. He was brought under guard before the former Bank officer, now commanding the regiment. "So, sir," roared out the irritated Colonel, "You have been passing unsound money. How dare you commit such an act of rascality in violation of orders?"

The soldier assumed a very indignant air and answered: "Who brings such a lying charge against me? I passed a Bank note with the name of my own Colonel upon it. One of my first duties as a soldier is to respect every paper with the honored name on it of the head of my regiment!"

P. S. He was not punished.

Cherokee, Ala. S. M. C.

EDITORIAL.

WE would call special attention to the article, "Rodes' Brigade at Seven Pines." The four brigades which captured the enemy's earthworks, camps, and guns, are not mentioned at all by Mr. E. A. Pollard, while he extols two other brigades, which had nothing whatever to do with their capture, and were not even engaged on the great day of the fight. We feel confident that we can mention six regiments, which *each* lost more in killed and wounded than *the two glorified brigades combined!* This is history with a vengeance! Such blunders are the more unpardonable, as the field of Seven Pines was but a few miles from Richmond, and the great historian might, after the fight, have gained authentic facts with but little personal trouble. In that event, we would have had the gratification of knowing that the eminent war-historian had seen one battle field!

Mr. E. A. Pollard says of that battle, that it was "really of no consequence." So it may have seemed to him in his quiet office, at Richmond. But it wore a very different aspect to the attacking division, though its gallantry has been wholly ignored by the eminent historian. G. B. Anderson carried into action 1,865 men, and had 866 killed and wounded. Garland carried in 2,065 men, and lost 740. Rodes carried in 2,511 men, and lost 1,110. These were the three brigades directly engaged in the attack. Rains'

brigade, though belonging to the attacking division, and behaving gallantly, was, from its position, less exposed. It is proper to state that Rodes does not give a list of casualties in his Report, and we quote from memory, but feel sure that we do not overestimate it, and think it perfectly exact. Mr. E. A. Pollard estimates the Confederate loss, in this action, "really of no consequence," at four thousand. If he is correct, (and how can so distinguished an authority be in error?) then the three brigades suffered more than two-thirds the entire Confederate loss. We had, altogether, on the field, at one time or another, not less than 40,000 men. The 6,441 men in these brigades, sustaining thus over two-thirds the whole loss, ought to have received some little notice from the eminent historian, but not one word is said about them!

In one sense, every Confederate victory was "really of no consequence," since the great object—Southern independence—was not attained. But the memory of heroic daring will live forever, and will be embalmed for all time in the minds and hearts of the whole American people. And on no field of the war was superior, aye, we believe, on no one was equal, heroism shown to that of the three brigades unnamed by the great historian of the war.—Veterans from them, who fought from Richmond to Appomatox, have told us that they saw no

such desperate fighting elsewhere. Think of regiments moving forward without a pause, when all their Field officers and half of the rank and file had been struck down. Think of companies charging steadily onward with all their officers and four-fifths of their men *hors du combat*. One company of the 6th Ala. lost (if our memory is not at fault) 23 in killed and wounded out of 26 engaged. When their Colonel (the heroic Gordon) told the three survivors to withdraw, they were loading and firing with all the coolness of a parade day.

Such achievements, coldly viewed from a safe room in Richmond, may have appeared to be "really of no consequence." But Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi will talk of them for generations and generations, with ever increasing pride and enthusiasm.

During the trial of Wirz, the Radical press, to show the mildness, humanity and tenderness of the Federal Government to Confederate prisoners, stated that out of 5,025 prisoners at Elmira, N. Y., there had been but six deaths in three months. The *Elmira Gazette*, however, corrected this small error and showed that there had been 1,310; one out of every four imprisoned! We had supposed that "the party of great moral ideas" was more addicted to stealing than to any other vice, but it seems that falsehood and slander are very dear to them also.

We have all heard of the dex-

trous fingers of Maj. Gen. Butler, U. S. A., but many of us were surprised at his appearing in the character of a wit in his recent speech in Richmond, Virginia. The Sherman-Shellbarger joke has tempted many an aspiring man to an effort to produce something equally rich and racy. But all in vain! The time, place and imposing circumstances are all wanting. Just imagine the guardians of society, the great, good and wise men of the nation solemnly declaring that property is insecure at the South, and must be made secure by putting it into the hands of non-property holders for safe keeping; that life is insecure at the South and therefore the ignorant, the vicious, the vilest of mankind must have the issues of life and death under their control! We pity the man, who is vain enough to think that he can get up a bit of fun, which is one-thousandth part as *piquant* as this precious *morceau*. The hero of Fort Fisher and Dutch Gap was conceited enough in his Richmond speech to attempt a rivalry of the great wits at Washington. He told his negro audience on that occasion that he had seen many of them at the front! If they were at the front, the General must been there also, for Burnside had use for his own "powerful field-glass." Maj. Gen. Butler, U. S. A., at the front!! We must admit that it is capital, superb, refreshing, but Great Warrior! it is immeasurably short of the Congressional joke! Don't be discouraged, however, it took many months to perfect you in spoon culture. Patience, persistence,

perseverance, pertinaciousness may yet make you a formidable rival to Sherman and Shellbarger.

But when the General leaves the domain of pleasantry, and professes to deal with facts, we cannot endorse him so cordially. There are three statements from which we must beg leave to dissent. First, in regard to the gallantry of the colored troops. The official figures do not justify any very extravagant eulogy upon the courage of "the man and brother." We learn that 169,654 were mustered into service, and that out of this number, 1,514 fell in action, that is, about 1 for every 112. Two brigades of D. H. Hill's division lost, in killed and wounded, more men in a single action (Seven Pines) than these 169,564 colored troops lost in killed during two years! The colored loss was almost wholly confined to four points, viz: The Mine at Petersburg, Olustee, Fort Wagner and Fort Pillow. All the world knows that they did not fight at the first place, rushing forward with the cry, "remember Fort Pillow, no quarters to rebels," they expected a pleasant job of butchery. But when flanking batteries were opened upon them, they became utterly demoralized, huddled together helplessly, neither fighting nor surrendering, and were massacred, until the generous Mahone ordered the slaughter to stop. General Colquitt told the writer of this, that, at Olustee, they were driven forward by white troops from behind, and then fired helplessly into the air—poor victims of Abolition sympathy—

afraid to advance, and afraid to fly, lest they should be murdered by their friends! The unfortunate creatures were also driven forward, at Wagner, by troops from behind, to be slaughtered in the same manner. We do not care to enter upon the Fort Pillow discussion. We believe, however, that Forrest acted there with his usual strict regard to the rules of warfare. But no one has ever attributed the negro loss to their gallantry.

Major General Butler, U. S. A. is, probably, not the best judge in the world, of what constitutes true courage. But with the figures so overwhelming against him, even his front of brass must have felt a slight tinge of shame when the false tongue uttered the tribute to the heroism of the colored troops.

The second point of dissent is in regard to the humanity of these same soldiers. Oh! man of many spoons and forks! did you suppose that the world was ignorant that the colored troops advanced upon the Mine, at Petersburg, with the cry upon their lips, "no quarters to rebels?" And did you suppose that it was not known that this gentle battle-cry was a suggestion from your own philanthropic mouth, just after you had gulped down that huge draught of French brandy, from that elegant goblet upon which the name of Mr. ———, of Norfolk, Virginia, was imperfectly erased? Be not so forgetful, oh, valiant hero, else the world will think that you picked up *brass* alone, in your great moral-idea raids upon rebel *silver*.

We are constrained to differ from the Massachusetts warrior in a third particular. He told the negroes in the same speech, that the only reason that they had produced no warriors, statesmen, poets, scholars, and divines, was that "they had not had a chance." We are not willing to believe that a distinguished member of the American Congress does not know that there is such a country as Africa, and that the negroes in the Southern States were brought over from that country in New-England ships. Nor are we willing to believe that he is ignorant of the fact, that the late slaves of the South, are infinitely above their ancestors in intelligence and civilization. What superior "chance" had Assyria, Persia, Greece, and Rome, over Africa, to grow rich, powerful, and great? Why was Egypt once renowned for her learning, while Congo, Guinea, and Ashantee, have always been shrouded in ignorance and darkness? Would it not have been more truthful in the warrior and statesman to have told his negro brethren that Africa had "had no chance," because the African lacked brain, energy, manliness, and fixedness of purpose? Would it not have been more truthful in him to have told them how the Southern tyrants had taken them up in their heathenism, and degradation, had taught them the worship of the true God, and had so elevated them as to make them fit (according to his own views) to revise State Constitutions, formed by the wisdom of such men as Madison, Marshall, Tazewell, and Macon?

The Southern country has not been as sickly in twenty years as it has been in the last few months. The whole atmosphere seems to be poisoned by the horrible effluvia from the Conventions at Atlanta, Montgomery, Richmond, &c., of negroes, negro-traders and loyal thieves. Had these Fetich Meetings been held in the summer, a dreadful pestilence would have spread over the whole land.

In these sad days of repudiation, bankruptcy and general ruin, when landless negroes and old nullifiers dressed up in the star-spangled banner have control of life and property in our oppressed section, we are trying to preserve our integrity notwithstanding these untoward circumstances, and we do honestly endeavor to pay our debts to the best of our ability. Sometimes we are a little slow, but in all such cases, are willing to pay interest as well as principal. We frankly acknowledge remissness in settling up an old score with the *Turf, Field and Farm*, of New York. But better late than never.

That paper sought an exchange with us and we cordially responded to the courtesy. We were, therefore, surprised at a sneering notice in it of our November number. Special exception is taken to an incident furnished by Col. Osborne, of the late 4th N. C. regiment, of the capture, by some ladies near Shepherdstown, Va., of a detachment of Federal soldiers. The incident was strictly true and can be easily authenticated, and that too without reflecting upon the courage of the captured

party. If our critic is not as ignorant of war as a Southern war-historian, he would have known that defeated and demoralized men can be chased and taken by one-tenth their numbers. We have seen with our own eyes a squad of half a dozen ragged fellows bring in half a regiment of prisoners. And, doubtless, the same thing was often witnessed by the other side. We saw with our own eyes two men of the Rifle Regiment (there was but one in those days) pursuing several thousand Mexicans from Chapultepec to the Garita de Belen.— They were fully a mile in advance of the American army, and might readily have been killed or cut off. But the panic-struck Mexicans were intent only upon flight. If our critic had had any experience in war, or any knowledge in human nature, he would have known that such an incident as that related by Col. O. was by no means unusual. It is not the power of the captors which is feared, but the power of which they constitute a part. Thus, to use a loathsome illustration, is there not many a County in the South at the nod and beck of some little foice of the Freedmen's Bureau? Does the whole county fear the contemptible cur? Not at all.— But defeated and subjugated, the people submit to their canine ruler as the type and representative of their conquerors. In like manner, the party yielding to their lady captors at Shepherdstown did not fear them of course, but they feared the countrymen of those ladies, who had just defeated them. All this is clearly set forth in the anecdote, and we hardly know whether to ascribe disingenuousness or stupidity to the critic of the *Turf, Field and Farm*. He thinks that it is time to stop the braggadocio about "one Southern whipping six cowardly Yankees." So think we. Many hundreds yet live who know of the strenuous efforts we made, the first year of the war, to undeceive our troops in regard to the prowess of their antagonists. In a speech delivered to the troops on the Peninsula (which was copied in the Richmond Dispatch and other papers) we warned them that they would have brave men to fight, and mentioned by name, some we knew, such men as Stone, Clitz, Phelps, Bomford, Buell, &c., &c. Still, we have no reason to blush for our war record. We fought more than six to one, and generally inflicted heavier blows than we received. Although the loyal North had the aid of more than half a million of fighting men from our own borders, and from Foreign shores, we would have triumphed, but for some capital blunders.

Had the fire-eaters, who could each "whip half a dozen cowardly Yankees," gone into the army, we might have planted our flag upon Boston Common. But some of them became fighting editors, and were constantly cursing West Point officers for instructing their men to cover themselves with earth-works.— "The bare bosoms of freemen should alone be exposed to the missiles of the hated Yankees." So wrote these brave men in their editorial sanctums. Others got

into the Nitre and Mining Bureau, dead fly causeth the ointment of the apothecary to stink, so a silly fellow, scribbling about matters which he don't understand, may injure your really valuable paper.

Had this vast army joined us, of men breathing out threatening and slaughter against the "hated Yankee," we could have tramped all over the loyal North, and might have even dragged out, from his concealment in some dark cellar, the critic of the *Turf, Field and Farm!*

Our critic has lived, however, not merely to show his ignorance of military matters, but also his utter want of taste in poetry. In one sweeping sentence, he pronounces the poems in the November number to be "trash." That number contained three poems, which poets of reputation have pronounced to be rare gems, viz: "Sonnet," "Little Giffen," and "The Devil's Delight." To our certain knowledge, the last has been copied by the papers in twenty States, beginning with New York city, and ending in California. Prentice, of the *Louisville Journal*, who ought to be as good a judge of poetry as the critic of the *Turf, Field and Farm*, copied it with a handsome tribute to its beauty and power.

Our critic has kindly volunteered a piece of advice to the Editor of this Magazine, and in the same friendly spirit, we would volunteer a piece of advice to the Editor of the *Turf, Field and Farm*; Try to get a critic to "do up" your literary notices, who has a little less sensitiveness, and a vast deal more sense. As the

The mention of the extensive circulation of the poem, "The Devil's Delight," brings to mind the fact that it was transferred to the columns of a Philadelphia paper, without giving credit to this Magazine, and with the blunder of ascribing its authorship to the pen of a distinguished scholar of Baltimore. In like manner, the poem Dixie, published by us in October 1866, has been widely accredited to the *Wilmington (Delaware) Gazette*. It is almost impossible to be too particular in these matters. A Southern paper, which seems, by its very title, to claim to be the exponent of Southern chivalry, copied, without credit, from this Magazine, the account of the duel between Jackson and Dickerson. The *Sentinel-on-the-Border* and the *St. Paul's Pioneer* copied it also, but with the appropriate acknowledgment. A large and pretentious volume, of 851 pages, was issued last year, which, besides many facts taken from this Magazine, contains whole pages, *verbatim et literatim*, without so much as saying, "by your leave!"

The Philadelphia *Age* pronounces Hon. Mr. Covode the most infamous man of "the party of great moral ideas." We are inclined to think that Mrs. Sumner would select a different man, and

we have faith in the discriminating judgment of that lady.

The statement of Dr. Sill in regard to the burning of Columbia is but one of many similar documents that we have received on the same subject. The most conclusive of all the papers which we have seen is that of the Rev. Dr. L. P. O'Connell, of the Catholic Church, who was an eye-witness to the whole dreadful scenes during that fearful period of terror and destruction.

The denial of Gen. Sherman of all connection with the burning of Columbia has always seemed very strange to us, when it is well-known that he boasted in Savannah of his intention "to handle South Carolina without gloves," when he burned so many thousands of private residences, so many villages and hamlets before and after reaching Columbia, and when his own chosen biographer, Maj. Nicholls, glories in the fact that the march was marked by the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night. We never could understand what was the particular sacredness of the Capital of "the hot-bed of secession," which could have decided the humane officer to deal with it more tenderly than with other parts of the State. But the strangest part of the whole business is that Gen. Sherman's own troops should have thought that they burned the City, while he himself thought that Hampton did it.—All along their desolating march they told with exultant glee of their prowess in destroying Columbia. At Richmond, Va., they

made the same boast, so too at Louisville, Ky., and so they boast of it to-day at their own fire-sides. There are hundreds living now in Columbia, who saw Federal soldiers, in broad day light, smearing houses with turpentine and then lighting the turpentine with matches. Federal officers of every grade were riding about the City while these things were going on. General Sherman himself in the streets and yet entirely ignorant of what was going on. If this be true, truth may well be called stranger than fiction. For no writer of romance ever wrote any thing so incredible!

We have received the Prospectus of Richardson & Co., the Publishers of the Southern University Series and other valuable books.

Our old friend, Lieut. General J. B. Gordon, is Vice-President of the Company.

The Legislatures of Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi have recommended the books of this Company to their respective States. The Faculty of almost every Southern University and College have cordially endorsed them, and so have the principal scholars of the South.

The Publishers have only favored our office with a single volume, the admirable Arithmetic of Prof. C. S. Venable. But our feeble approval is not needed, when so many thousands more competent to judge have expressed their approbation.

Loyal editors have their joyous days even in Dixie, as well as

their days of sadness. The glad days are those in which no poetry comes to the office. Well do we remember two such days in our two years of editorial life: the one in July, 1866, the other in May, 1867. They were bright and beautiful days, and all nature seemed to sympathize with our happiness. We did not allow the dread of the morrow, with its inevitable cargo of rhymes to interfere with the ecstatic bliss of the present moment; and never was the enjoyment fuller and more perfect of the fond lover who had just heard the soft whispered confession of mutual love, than was ours during those two memorable days.

But it is not always thus with the loyal editor. Fat, puffy letters are laid upon the table. He picks them up hastily, muttering to himself, "a good haul of greenbacks to-day. The Post-Office Department is relaxing its vigilance, or the officials have bad colds, and cant smell the fragrance of the loyal currency." Then he tears off the envelopes eagerly, and finds in the first letter, "Ode to the Moon:" in the second: "Lines to Sarah Ann:" in the third: "Monody on the death of my favorite tom-tit," &c. Alas! for human expectations. Our greenbacks dissolve into moon-shine, and the officials did not have bad colds after all. Would that they were sometimes afflicted thus, but they never are!

We are not mental philosophers enough to know the mysterious connection between philanthropy and fat offices, between benevo-

lence and greenbacks. But certain it is, that most of the good and pious men, who came South on errands of mercy, connected with the Freedmen's Bureau, and other generous institutions, do manage to get into positions where money is to be handled. It may be that the noble impulses in "the great heart of humanity" of each of these holy men can only reach their maximum flow, when the fingers playfully entwine the pictures of "the late lamented." We earnestly desire information upon this curious subject.

Some of our friends object to our calling the Southern soldiers "rebels." That name being associated in our mind with recollections of John Hancock, Samuel Adams, John Adams, Ben Franklin, Joseph Reed and other eminent men of the "loyal North," and with similar reverence for Geo. Washington, Henry Laurens, Edward Rutledge, Wm. Hooper, Joseph Hewes, George Walton and Button Gwinnett, from this unfortunate section, we were inclined to look upon it with great honor and respect. But times have changed, and since the party of hate and ruin has rebelled against the President, the Supreme Court and the Constitution, we think that it is high time to "make treason odious," and we are now desirous to drop the word "rebel," as a designation of our noble soldiery.

The lines which we quote from Horace Greeley on page 388 prove that he was an arrant rebel before his party came into power; he is a fierce rebel now, and he will

be much fiercer after the Presidential election. Wendell Phillips, Beecher, Cheever, Banks, Ashley, Covode, and the whole swarm of malignants will revive their old denunciations of the "compact with death and covenant with hell," "hate's polluted rag," "the emblem of infamy and oppression." They will once more shout, "let the Union slide."— Why should they be patriots any longer when bereft of the power of stealing from the public Treasury? With these men of "great moral ideas," loyalty means an eager, intense, all-consuming desire to get hold of other people's money, mixed up with a hatred of their Southern brethren so vast in its proportions that the malignant fiends of the Pit of Darkness cannot understand it.

In our honest effort to enlighten the ignorance of Hon. Mr. Bingham, who places the Irish upon the same intellectual platform with the negro, we made an important omission. Three of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were native Irishmen, viz: Geo. Thornton, of New Hampshire, and Jas. Smith and George Taylor, of Pennsylvania. All three delegates from the loyal North. There were no sneers then against the Irish. There were none during the rebellion, when their services were needed. But it does not take the party of great moral ideas a long time to revive their old "know-nothing" proclivities. Mr. Bingham was cut out by nature to belong to that order.

Charles Carroll of Carrollton

was of Irish descent. Thos. Lynch, a signer from South Carolina, was also of Irish descent, so was Edward Rutledge. The more distinguished brother, John, of the latter was, at one time, Chief Justice of the United States.

During the "Davis despotism" in Dixie, there was not a single newspaper suppressed, though some of them were disloyal to the Confederate Government; not an Editor was arrested, though not a few indulged in personal abuse of Mr. Davis. Things seem to have been managed somewhat differently, under the mild and paternal administration of the "great martyr of liberty."

We copy the extract below from our esteemed contemporary, the *Metropolitan and Record* of New York:

"When that canting knave, Edward M. Stanton, was Secretary of War, we have seen editors of New York journals marched down Broadway at mid-day, with manacles on their wrists, driven like cattle to the pens of Fort Lafayette. We have known others, by arbitrary "orders" from the same authority, dragged from their beds at dead of night, and without a word of explanation as to the charges against them, hurried off to the same loathsome receptacle. Nay, more, we have known other editors to receive warnings from police superintendents even, as to what they should and should not print; and not only that, but what they should and should not place upon their news bulletins. The writer

of this on one occasion remembers being waited upon by a superservicable understrapper of the War Department to order off the "bulletin" a piece of intelligence he had just received from a perfectly authentic source, of great interest to the public. We declined, and asked him by what authority he made so impudent a demand.

He drew from his greasy pocket a long strip of telegraphic paper, containing these words:

"By order of Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War."

John R. Winston, Esq., of Leaksville, N. C., is engaged on a book which is to contain *some* of the atrocities of the war. We say *some*, because a library could not contain all. He invites sufferers everywhere to send him authentic facts.

We have received from Mr. Winston an admirable sketch of the 45th North Carolina regiment. We are heartily rejoiced to see efforts of this kind. The so-

called histories put forth, are merely compilations from the ignorant, partial and sensational letters of army correspondents. In this way it has happened, that the individuals and commands which have been the most bedaubed with praise, have been precisely those which deserved the least. North Carolina lost, by far, more soldiers in battle than any Southern State. But she has, as yet, received but little credit for the heroism of her sons. The truth can only be known through regimental, brigade, division and corps histories.

The future historian, who will carefully digest this immense material, will do a valuable work for truth and for justice. We, therefore, repeat that we hail with pleasure such enterprises as the history of Longstreet's corps, by Gen. E. P. Alexander, of the Kentucky brigade, by Gen. Geo. B. Hodge, and of the 45th North Carolina, by John R. Winston, Esq.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE OLD CAPITOL AND ITS INMATES, By a Lady who enjoyed the hospitalities of the Government for a season. E. J. Hale & Sons, 16 Murray Street, New York.

This deeply interesting book has peculiar claims upon us, both on account of the author and publisher. The writer, we learn, is the sister of a distinguished Southern General, and her book shows that she is gifted and accomplished.

But we acknowledge that we feel a more special interest in the Publisher, our venerable friend, Mr. Hale, one of the best and purest men in our noble State, who, from a condition of affluence, was burned out and ruined in his old age by the zealous efforts of General Sherman to restore the Union.

We give below some specimens of the style of this most fascinating book:

"A disappointment was in store for me—the Judge Advocate was not there. The room was crowded with men and women, all having an anxious, distressed expression of countenance. Among the persons, I recognized a former acquaintance, who told me

she had come a great distance to try and procure the release of her brother-in-law, who was dying of consumption in the Old Capitol. He was a Confederate soldier, whose campaigns were now ended, and whose one longing was to die at home. An old man with snow-white hair, which hung down on his shoulders, also attracted my attention, as he walked up and down the room. Seeing I was looking at him, he approached and said in an excited tone:

"Madam, I hope you have no one you love confined yonder," pointing toward the prison building.

"Yes, sir; I have two very dear relations."

"Then, God pity you, and help them;" saying which he, continued his walk for a few moments, then stopped again and said: "Madam, I have a daughter there, a school-girl, hardly in her teens, an only child, and her mother dead. I have been here day after day, trying to see my darling, and every day been refused admittance." The tears rolled down his cheeks, and wiping them off, he added: "Excuse me, madam; I am an old man, with but little of life before me, and my lot is a hard one."

THE LAND WE LOVE.

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VOL. IV.

BRIGADIER GENERAL STEPHEN ELLIOTT, C. S. A.

GEN. STEPHEN ELLIOTT, the earliest days, a passionate love for subject of this brief sketch, was all sports connected with the born, October 26th, 1830, at Beau water. His uncle, the Hon. Wil- fort, South Carolina. His father, liam Elliott, who has given so in- the Rev. Stephen Elliott, was a viting a picture of Southern minister of the Episcopal Church. amusements, in his pleasant vol- To the duties of this high station, ume, "Carolina Sports," was the he united those of a humane and very prince of fishermen, and the generous master, and for many love of that sport was one of the years, devoted himself to the task most striking characteristics of of preaching to the negroes, on his family. Almost from child- his own, and the neighboring hood, Stephen Elliott was famed plantations, in a church, built by for his rare prowess as a fisherman, himself, on his own property. He and none among the water-loving married, early in life, Anne denizens of Beaufort, could equal Habersham, and their union was him in the management of a boat, blessed with five sons and two or out-strip him in a swimming daughters, the eldest of whom race. His bold, hardy, and ad- was Stephen. venturous spirit gained for him a

Essentially a child of the sea,— leader's place among his youthful for his summers were passed in companions; his practical sense, Beaufort, and his winters on his ready wit, and coolness in the father's plantation, upon Paris hour of danger, commanded their Island, one of those fair homes so respect; while his mirth, genial peculiar to the sea-coast of temper, and kindly heart, won Carolina,—he evinced, from his their love. His delight in music

was intense, and his performance on the violin was remarkable for its wild and spirit-stirring music.

In 1846, he went to Harvard University, and thence to the South Carolina College, where he graduated with credit, in 1850. On his return to Beaufort, he settled upon a plantation on Paris Island, where he pursued the culture of Sea Island cotton, with marked success.

In December, 1854, he married Charlotte, daughter of his fellow-townsmen, Henry M. Stuart, Esq., and niece of that brilliant meteor, who, for a brief space, dazzled with his genius, the circle in which he moved, and who first raised the Charleston *Mercury* to its world-wide fame. I allude to the gifted John A. Stuart.

In 1859, General Elliott was elected to the Legislature, of South Carolina, which position he continued to occupy until his death.

At length, dark clouds gathered over the horizon of the "Sunny South." Insult, wrong, and oppression had been borne by her gallant sons in the hope that peaceable measures might prove sufficient to preserve their rights and homes inviolate; but it was not so to be. The election of an abolition President was the signal for every Southern sword to leap from its scabbard, and every Southern voice to echo the cry of their renowned countryman, "Give me liberty, or give me death!"

The first to rise and bid her sons prepare for battle, was the proud Palmetto State, and none more eagerly responded to her

summons than the thriving young planter of Paris Island.

About two years previously, he had been elected Captain of the Beaufort Volunteer Artillery, a company which had existed since the year 1792, and which numbered amongst its members nearly all of the young men of Beaufort. At the head of this gallant band, Captain Elliott began his military career by erecting and manning an earth-work about two miles from his native town. He remained there until he was ordered to Bay Point, for the purpose of building a fort to assist in the defence of the harbor of Port Royal.

During the summer of 1861, he remained at this fort, which received the name of Fort Beauregard, in honor of Charleston's gallant defender. At length, on the 3rd of November, the powerful fleet of the United States appeared in sight, and on the morning of the 5th, the firing commenced. There was but little effected upon that day, however, and the next proving too windy, the battle did not take place until Thursday, the 7th. Soon after sunrise, the attack was opened, and for many hours the brave men, who garrisoned the forts on Bay Point and Hilton Head, were exposed to a rapid and fearful fire. Steadily, unflinchingly, Captain Elliott and his gallant soldiers stood to their posts, doing all that brave men could for the defence of what they held most dear. They knew that on every breeze, the sound of that terrible discharge was borne to the strained and listening ears of their wives, mothers and children, wringing their hearts with

agony. Ere long, too, they saw the impossibility of effectual resistance, and knew that their happy homes, the dear old town, the fort, which they had built, and were so bravely defending, all—all must soon be the prize of the triumphant invaders. By mid-day, the struggle was over and the sad retreat commenced.

At the moment of evacuating the Island, Captain Elliott and his gallant men paused to bid a last farewell to the trusty companions of that conflict, the two brass four pound pieces, which had been captured from the British in the Revolutionary war, and presented by General Lafayette to the Beaufort Artillery, and which they had regarded with so much pride and affection. For one brief moment, the young leader's strong heart, which had quailed not in the hour of danger, failed him, and his face was hidden in his hands; then, in a voice low and broken, the command for departure was given, and slowly and sadly the scene of their first battle was deserted.

And now, for nearly two years, Captain Elliott, remaining in command of the Beaufort Artillery, occupied an important position on the line of inner defence, which had been arranged by Gen. Lee, during his brief period of command in South Carolina. For most of that time his company was stationed at Pocotaligo, the nearest position to Port Royal Island.

The same fearless spirit and indomitable energy, which rendered Captain Elliott the swiftest and hardiest swimmer, the boldest and

most successful fisherman among so many bold and hardy companions; which gave him, at the age of twenty-eight, a place in the Legislature of his native State; and which had already made him one of the most thriving of the planters around Beaufort, now showed itself in his frequent and dangerous expeditions into the deserted country. To his men, he was not only their military commander, but the chosen and beloved leader, who was at once their dauntless comrade in the hour of peril; their gay-hearted and mirthful companion in the tedious inaction of camp; their friend, their admiration, and their pride. What wonder that they followed him, gladly and fearlessly, deeming it a privileged position to be one of the men in the Captain's boat?

During the time that Captain Elliott was stationed in the neighborhood of Pocotaligo, was fought the battle of Yemassee, or, as it is often called, the second battle of Pocotaligo, in which he took a conspicuous part. Few battles of the war reflected more honor upon those engaged, than did this conflict, which lasted seven hours, and in which the Confederates were in proportion of, at the least, one to eight. The commander in this engagement was Colonel,—soon afterwards General—, William S. Walker, a gallant and courteous officer, who received, from this victory, the name of "Live Oak Walker," and between whom, and Gen. Elliott, existed the warmest esteem and friendship. Alike noble representatives of Southern chivalry,

courage and patriotism, it could scarcely have been otherwise.

Those years at Pocotaligo brought to Captain Elliott a terrible bereavement, in the death of his eldest child, a noble boy of seven years, who bore his name. He was a gentle, loving little fellow, the pride and darling of his father, who loved to make him, from a very early age, his constant companion. But an All-wise Ruler saw the dark future; saw the young father called to Heavenly mansions, and bore his precious darling thither, to await his coming, safe from the dangers, snares and temptations, to which a boy is so peculiarly exposed without a father's guardian care. The trial was one of bitter anguish, but truly it was in love that the blow was struck, and the hand that chastened was not slow in blessing. Ere many months had passed, the stricken father found consolation in a Saviour's love, and the brave Southern soldier openly proclaimed himself a soldier of the Cross. Captain Elliott was confirmed, during the summer of 1862, in Camden, S. C., by the venerable Bishop of that State.

In the fall of 1863, Captain, now Major Elliott, was chosen by Gen. Beauregard to take the command of Fort Sumter. On the 4th of September, he entered the fort and commenced that arduous and gallant vigil, which lasted for nine long months. Scarcely had he taken the command, when General Gilmore's demand for the surrender of the fort was made. General Beauregard's bold and dignified refusal was followed by

the memorable night of the 9th of September, "in which thirty launches, supported by a portion of the naval force, attacked the fort, and were signally repulsed, leaving one hundred and thirteen prisoners in the hands of the garrison."

Week after week the terrible bombardment continued, but the brave defenders still held their post. The skill, coolness and energy of Major Elliott were unrivaled; and he had able and efficient co-workers. To those brave men, the South, Carolina, and above all, Charleston owe a boundless debt of gratitude, and their fame is second to none in the annals of our gallant struggle.

For his conduct at Fort Sumter, Major Elliott was rapidly promoted, and, as a Brigadier General, joined the army of Virginia, in the lines near Petersburg. Soon after his arrival, a portion of his brigade was destroyed by the springing of the famous mine, which was fraught with such loss to our troops. He was engaged in the brilliant and bloody repulse which followed, and received a dangerous and painful wound in the shoulder, resulting in the paralysis of his left arm. When he was able to resume his duties, he was ordered back to South Carolina, as commander of the forces on James Island. There he remained until Charleston was evacuated, when he joined the army under General Johnston, and was engaged in the battle at Bentonville, where he was again severely injured. He was obliged to obtain a furlough and return to his native State, which he

reached just before the final surrender of the Confederate armies.

In September, 1865, General Elliott returned to Beaufort, and occupying a small fishing hut on the island of Bay Point, where he had begun his brief, but glorious, military career, he removed his family thither, and supported them by the proceeds of his own labor as a fisherman. He was unanimously reelected to the Legislature, in the fall of 1865, and for the last time, assisted in the Councils of his beloved State.

At length, having received an appointment as superintendent of transportation on the South Carolina railroad, he removed with his family to Aiken. His wounds and the exposure to which he had subsequently been subjected, had preyed upon the once powerful constitution, and when, ere he had become settled in his new home, disease attacked his exhausted frame, he fell a speedy victim to the destroyer. But for him, the sting had been taken from death, and he left to his grief-stricken mourners the blessed testimony, "I am safe in Jesus."—Verily, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord: even so saith the spirit; for they rest from their labors."

Gen. Elliott had requested to be buried beside his mother, in the Episcopal church-yard at Beaufort. His honored remains were carried to the proud old city, which had been the scene of his brightest glory; and there his obsequies were performed, within St. Michael's ancient walls. From thence, they bore old Beaufort's youthful hero back to the desola-

ted home of his boyhood. For the first time since the 3rd of Nov. 1861, the venerable church was opened to receive a little band of thirty weeping mourners, all that had yet returned to their desecrated home, of the once happy flock who worshipped beneath that roof. And now they came, with sad and weary hearts, to lay their heroic dead in his last earthly resting-place, among those loved ones, who had been mercifully taken, ere the storm-cloud had burst, in its relentless fury, over their beloved country. To most of that sorrowing group he was united by the ties of kindred and of friendship; to all he was the hero who had so nobly battled for their liberty, and who was the pride of every Beaufort heart. The neglected graveyard, the dismantled and desecrated church, the absent faces, and that little band of mourners—ah, it was a sad picture of our stricken land! Yet God had given unto this people a priceless blessing, in the presence of their beloved and venerated pastor, who had for more than forty years broken for them the precious Bread of Life. Slowly the hymn arose—and oh, how sadly those bereaved hearts missed the well-known voice of him now passed to the footstool of the Great White Throne. With broken voices his old companions sang,

"Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Thro' their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels their fears;
And, forever from their eyes,
God shall wipe away their tears."

I can close this brief record of

one, whom all Southerners, but more peculiarly those, like him, children of old Beaufort, delight to honor, with no more fitting tribute to his memory, than the following Resolution passed by his colleagues in the Legislature:

“*Resolved*, That this House esteems it a high, though melancholy, privilege to render to the memory of General Stephen Elliott, lately one of its members, every testimony of reverential and affectionate respect in its power; for in him the State mourns one of her bravest soldiers—a faithful, true-hearted and devoted son; and this House a beloved, respected and useful member, who, with unselfish zeal, brought all the en-

ergies of a clear head, a brave heart, a strong will and untiring industry into the service of his country, and added to these sterling virtues all the gentler qualities, which endear men to their kind. Tender and loving in all the domestic relations; warm and sincere in friendship; frank and truthful to all who approached him; and with an earnest, practical, loving faith in his Saviour—he lived and died the model of a Christian hero, and has left behind him a bright example, which we recommend to our children’s children, and a memory which, we trust, will never die, while the State cherishes her old love for purity, worth and courage.”

* * * * *

Methinks I see, on Sumter’s ramparts high,
The youthful chieftain stand. His eagle eye
Looks forth to where, across the pathless tide,
The invading vessels of the foemen ride.
That steadfast gaze, that calm, determined brow,
The pressure close of those firm lips, all show
The leader’s fixed resolve and dauntless heart.

A brief space thus,—and then the firm lips part,
And o’er his features breaks a smile so bright,
So joyous; even as the light
Breaks forth all glorious on some winter’s day,
When storms have long obscured the sun’s warm ray.
What called that smile? Was it the heaving main,
Which bore him back to scenes of home again?
Saw he, once more, his bark bound o’er the tide?
Heard he the boat-song echoing far and wide?
To that brave hand, which wielded now the sword,
Did there return the pressure of the cord,
So swiftly gliding forth to yield full play
To you great fish, the prize of all the day?

Did his fair island home rise to his view,
And memory all the sunny past renew?

The joyous smile has faded; in its place,
A shade of sadness rests on that proud face.
Perchance, before his spirit opens clear,
For one brief moment, all the future drear.
He sees his once strong arm of power bereft;
He sees the brave old Fort to foemen left;
He sees his country, conquered, bleeding, bound,
Her starry banner trailing on the ground;
Her freedom lost; her mighty struggle vain.

A moment,—and the smile returns again.
Calm, clear and steadfast; as though, to his view,
The end of all, for him, was opened too.
His grand defence of Sumter; all the fame,
Which circles, like a halo, round his name;
A few brief months of labor and of toil,
Passed near his home, now the invader's spoil;
And then, the rest—the everlasting peace,
Where strife can enter not, and sorrows cease:
The golden gates unclosed to welcome in
The youthful, war-worn patriot, freed from sin,
Still uttering his last triumphant word,
“Safe!—I am safe, in Jesus Christ, my Lord.”

THE STATE OF FRANKLIN.

THE Revolt of the Western counties of North Carolina in 1784—the formation of the State of Franklin—the existence of that anomalous political organization for four years, and its final absorption by the parent State in 1788 are all remarkable events.—And yet they are so little known to history and so imperfectly understood by historical readers generally, as to have nearly faded from the view of modern observers, and by many are referred to, only as the obscure revelations of tradition.

And yet these events are not only as we have here designated them, remarkable in themselves, but they present to posterity invaluable lessons—lessons of wisdom to the statesmen and rulers of the present day—lessons of patriotism, of humanity, of forbearance both to the politicians and people of the country, which cannot be too sedulously taught to, and inculcated upon, the citizens of the United States in the existing crisis of public affairs. We can not too much respect or too highly revere the noble magnanimity and parental affection exercised by North Carolina to her revolted western citizens while attempting the dismemberment of her territory and the disintegration of the old State. Nor can we, on the other hand, too much admire the self-sacrificing and dutiful spirit of the revolted people themselves—their subordination to law, to justice, to right, to

quietude and peace under the exhibition of apparent neglect, injustice and misrule. No where else has been manifested by any people, a truer love of country, or so little tendency to radicalism or the prostration of all law. Their conduct in this respect cannot be too much commended or imitated.

ORIGIN AND CAUSE OF THE REVOLT OF 1784.—The American Revolution was terminated by an acknowledgment on the part of Great Britain, of the independence of each of the thirteen States—heretofore colonies of her own, and which had, one by one, thrown off its allegiance to the parent government, and revolted from its authority. The transition from a State of provincial vassalage and colonial dependence, to self-government, was sudden, but in some of the States, almost imperceptible. The change from a monarchy to a republic, brought with it, here and there over the country, a little of the spirit of insubordination, but to a much more limited extent than under existing circumstances, might have been expected. The boundary between liberty and licentiousness has at no time, and in no place, been better understood, and more strictly observed, than at the close of the American Revolution, and by the people of the new republics, then entering upon a new theatre of political existence. Still, under the recent order of things, it is not a matter of wonder, that there should be

immature conceptions of the nature of government, and mistaken views of public policy, or that even lawlessness and violence should result from error and inexperience. To a limited extent it was so. The wonder rather is, that so little anarchy, misrule, and insubordination existed amid the chaos, convulsions and upturnings of society, which the separation of the colonies from the mother country produced, or where the rights of the people were substituted for the prerogatives of sovereignty.

Apart from these considerations, there was a further difficulty involving the honor, the stability, and almost the existence of the new governments.

In achieving their independence, the States had each contracted a large debt upon its own treasury, for expenses incurred during the war. In addition to this, Congress had created a heavy liability upon the general treasury, for advances made by American citizens and foreigners, to meet expenditures growing out of a protracted conflict. While the country received the news of an honorable and advantageous peace, with acclamations of joy and triumph, Government felt itself borne down by its heavy public indebtedness, and harassed by the importunate clamor of its public creditors. Among the expedients adopted by Congress to lighten this burden, replenish its treasury, and increase its exhausted credit, was the recommendation, to such of the States as owned vacant and unappropriated lands, to throw them into

the common stock, cede them to the United States, and out of the joint fund, thus created, liquidate the common debt. North Carolina was one of these. She owned a vast amount of unappropriated land, in that portion of her western territory extending from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi. Sympathizing with Congress in the distress and difficulty resulting from the embarrassed financial condition of the Union, the General Assembly of North Carolina, at its April session, 1784, adopted measures to relieve them. One of these was an act passed in June, ceding to the Congress of the United States, her western lands, and authorizing the North Carolina delegates to execute a deed for the same. In this cession thus authorized, was embraced all the territory now constituting the State of Tennessee, and including, of necessity, the trans-montane counties, Washington, Sullivan, Greene, and Davidson.

By an additional act it was declared that the sovereignty and jurisdiction of North Carolina in and over the ceded territory and all of its inhabitants, should be and remain the same in all respects, until Congress should accept of the cession. It had been provided also that if not accepted in two years, the cession act was to be void.

The Assembly, at the same session, closed the Land office for the Western Territory, and nullified all entries of land except as therein specified.

Members from all the counties in the ceded territory were pres-

ent at Hillsborough and voted for the cession act. They had observed a growing disinclination on the part of the Legislature, to make any provision for the protection and defence of the Western people, or to discharge the debts that had been contracted, in guarding the frontiers or inflicting chastisement upon the Indians.—

Accounts for these purposes had been and would continue to be large and frequent. These demands against the Treasury of the State were received reluctantly, were scrutinized with the utmost caution, and paid grudgingly.— Often they were rejected as informal or unauthorized. It was even intimated that some of these claims were fabricated by the Western people, and that the property of citizens East of the mountains was wrongly and unjustly taken to cancel the debts of their Western countrymen.

Let it be recollected that in the Bill of Rights, which had been adopted at the same time with the Constitution of North Carolina express provisions had been made for the formation of a new State or States out of her Western Territory. The Proviso in the Declaration of Rights was in these words: "that the Constitution shall not be so construed as to prevent the establishment of one or more governments, westward of this State, by consent of the Legislature."— This was probably inserted at the suggestion of the young delegates from "Washington district, Watauga settlement." These were Charles Robertson, John Carter, John Haile and John Sevier. In their number—the last as here

given, was the future Governor of Franklin and of Tennessee. His fortune was thereafter hewn out by his sword and shaped by his wonderful capacities. Could he have been at this time preparing a theatre for their future employment and exhibition? Be this as it may, the extension of her Western settlements became to the North Carolina Treasury a heavy and constantly increasing expense, and as the time was at hand when a new and independent State might be formed, the Legislature felt it to be impolitic to be very lavish in expenditures for those who might soon become strangers to her peculiar interests, or members of a separate organization. The West complained of inadequate provision on the part of North Carolina for their necessities, while the mother State lost no opportunity to impute to her remote children in the wilderness, extravagance and profligacy—filial ingratitude and disobedience. To the influence of these mutual criminations and recriminations, may be traced the hasty passage of the cession act of 1784.

The members from the Western counties immediately after the adjournment of the Assembly, at Hillsborough, returned home.— They brought with them to their constituents the first intelligence that had reached the West, of the passage of the cession act. The impression was generally entertained that Congress would not formally accept the cession of the Western territory for the space of two years, and that, during that period, the new settlements, being under the protection, neither of

Congress, nor of North Carolina, would be left in a state of anarchy, without aid or support from abroad, and unable to command, under the existing state of affairs, their own resources at home. This aspect of their condition was made the more discouraging and alarming, from the consideration that heretofore no provision had been made for the establishment of a Superior Court, West of the mountains. Violation of law was permitted to pass unpunished, except by the summary process of the Regulators, appointed for that purpose by the people themselves. Nor was the military organization, adequate to the exigencies of the new settlements. There was no Brigadier General allowed by law, to call into service the militia of the counties, or to concentrate its energies on sudden emergencies. This defect was the more dangerous, and the more sensibly felt, now when Indian aggression continued. With a frontier exposed to the inroads of a savage enemy, and with no authority amongst themselves, to whom the settlers could apply for assistance, with the settlements infested with culprits of every degree of guilt, refugees from other places, and escaping to these seclusions on account of their supposed immunity from conviction and punishment—distracted by the apprehension of an uncertain or questionable allegiance, ceded by the parent State, not yet accepted by their Federal owners—depressed by the contemplation of the state of political orphanage to which they were now reduced,

and of the anarchy which must result from it—the opinion became general with the entire population, that the sacred duty devolved upon themselves to devise the means to draw upon their own resources—and by a manly self-reliance, to extricate the inhabitants of the ceded territory from the unexpected difficulties by which they were so suddenly surrounded. *Salus populi suprema est lex.* Self-protection is the first law of nature. The frontier was constantly suffering from Indian perfidy, and assailed by Indian atrocity, and the settlers seemed to hold their lives by the permission, and at the will, of their Cherokee neighbors.

In this dilemma it was proposed that in each captain's company, two representatives of the people should be elected, who should assemble as Committees, in their respective counties to deliberate on the state of public affairs, and recommend some general plan of action suited to the emergency. These Committees, for Washington, Greene and Sullivan counties, met and recommended the election of deputies from each of the Western counties, to assemble in Convention at Jonesboro', with power to adopt such measures as they should deem advisable. The election of deputies to the Convention was accordingly held, and on the day appointed, August 23, 1784, they assembled at Jonesboro'. Davidson county sent no delegates, probably none were elected. John Sevier was appointed President, and Landon

Carter, Secretary of the Convention.

Immediately after its organization, the Convention raised a committee to take into consideration the state of public affairs, and especially the cession of her Western territory, by North Carolina, to Congress. During the session of this committee one of its members commented upon the Declaration of Independence by the colonies in 1776, and attempted to show that a number of the reasons which induced the separation from England applied to the counties here represented. Another immediately moved to declare the three counties there represented to be independent of North Carolina. This motion was unanimously adopted by the committee and reported to the Convention.—In that body the motion was made for the formation of a separate and distinct State *at this time* and carried by twenty-eight (28) affirmative against fifteen (15) negative votes.

It was then agreed that a member from the door of the house inform the crowd in the street of the decision. Proclamation was accordingly made before the anxious spectators, who seemed unanimously to give to the proceedings their consent and approbation. The Convention, thus sustained, adopted a programme for future action—providing for the appointment and support of a delegate to Congress—to present their memorial and to negotiate their business with that body—requiring the County Court Clerks who held the bonds of sheriffs and other collecting officers, to keep

the same in their custody and possession “until some mode be adopted and prescribed to have our accounts fairly and properly liquidated with North Carolina:” and providing further for the calling of another Convention to form a Constitution and give a name to the Independent State. They decided that of this body each county should elect five members—the same number that had been elected in 1776, to form the Constitution of the parent State. They fixed the time and place of meeting to be at Jonesboro on the 16th of September and then adjourned. The Convention thus provided for did not meet till November and then broke up in great confusion. The members had not harmonized on all the details of the plan of Association. There was a still greater conflict of opinion among their respective constituencies, and in a new community the voice of a constituent is always omnipotent, and must not be disregarded. Each party was tenacious of its own plan, and clamorous for its adoption. Some preferred a longer adherence to the mother State, under the expectation and hope that by the legislation of North Carolina, many, if not all, of the grievances which had disaffected her Western counties, would be soon redressed. Her Assembly was then in session at Newbern and did repeal the act for ceding her Western territory to Congress. During the same session they also formed a Judicial District for the four Western counties, and appointed an Assistant Judge and Attorney General for the Superior Court, which was directed to be

held at Jonesboro. The Assembly also formed the militia of Washington District into a brigade and appointed Col. John Sevier, the Brigadier General.

On account of the remote situation of the Western counties, the repeal of the cession act was not well understood across the mountains, or was so misrepresented as to give rise to the charge, against the parent State, of fickleness, or rather to the imputation of neglect or inattention towards the new settlement.

But "revolutions never go backward," the masses had been put in motion, some steps had been taken in remodeling their government—a change was desired. A new Convention was determined on, and accordingly another election was held, and Deputies were again chosen to a future Convention. On the day of the election at Jonesboro', General Sevier declared himself satisfied with the provisions that had been made by the Legislature, of North Carolina, in favor of the Western people, and enumerating them in a public address, recommended to the people to proceed no further in their design to separate from North Carolina. He also addressed a written communication to Col. Kennedy, and the citizens of Greene county, to the same purport, with the purpose of preventing confusion and controversies amongst the people and begged them to decline all further action in respect to a new government.

Notwithstanding this earnest advice of the President of the

late Convention, and the redress of some of the grievances of which the people complained, and which had alienated them from the mother State, they persisted

in their determination; the election was held, and five Deputies were elected from each county. The number of members chosen was fifteen, less than half of the first Convention. They were selected, too, by the counties, and not by captains of companies, and representing thus, larger bodies of their fellow-citizens, were less trammelled by local prejudices and instructions. Their action was less restricted, and their deliberations freer and more enlightened. In this body, as now composed, was considerable ability and some experience. It assembled again, at Jonesboro', and appointed, again, John Sevier its President, and F. A. Ramsey, Secretary.

The Convention being organized and ready for business, the Rev. S. Houston, one of its number, was designated by the President, and offered up a suitable and appropriate prayer.

A form of a Constitution was submitted, and agreed to, subject, however, to the sanction of a similar body, thereafter to be chosen, and to convene, November, 1785, at Greeneville. By an Ordinance of the Convention, at its present session, it was provided, that members to the Legislature of the new State, should, in the meantime, be chosen, according to the laws of North Carolina, and that when thus chosen, the Assembly should meet and put the new Government

into operation. It did meet at the appointed time, in Jonesboro', and organized, by appointing Landon Carter, Speaker of the Senate, and William Cage, Speaker of the House of Commons. Thus organized, the Assembly proceeded to the election of Governor of the State of Franklin. To this office Gen. Sevier was chosen. A judiciary system was established also at this first session. David Campbell was elected Judge of the Superior Court and Joshua Gist and John Anderson, Assistant Judges. The Assembly proceeded to adapt its legislation to the new order of public affairs, and enacted a law to "establish the legal claims of persons claiming any property under the laws of North Carolina in the same manner as if the State of Franklin had never formed itself into a distinct and separate State." "An act for the promotion of learning"—"to establish a militia in the State"—"establishing several new counties"—"directing the method of electing members of the Assembly"—"ascertaining the value of gold and silver, foreign coin and the paper currency now in circulation in North Carolina, and to declare the same a legal tender in this State," and for levying a tax for the support of government.—In this act was the following:—"Be it enacted that it shall and may be lawful for the aforesaid land tax and all free polls to be paid in the following manner: good flax linen, ten hundred at three shillings and six pence per yard," and so on for inferior qualities at lower prices. "Good clean beaver skins six shillings;

cased otter skins six shillings, uncased ditto five shillings. Bacon well cured, six pence per pound; good distilled rye whiskey at two shillings six pence per gallon—good peach or apple brandy at three shillings per gallon—good neat and well managed tobacco fifteen shillings per hundred," and so on *ad infinitum* embracing many of the products and fabrics of the farm, the forest, the loom, &c., &c.

These provisions of the Franklin Legislature concerning its currency, have been the source of much merriment and pleasantry, at the expense of the Franks. It should be recollected, that many of the articles, which were thus declared to be a lawful tender in payment of debts, were, at that moment, convertible into specie, at the prices designated by the law; and all of them certainly, at a lower scale of depreciation than the issues of many banks, considered since that time, as a legal currency. Besides, in the forming periods of society, when the pastoral and agricultural, have not yet been merged into the commercial and manufacturing stages, where the simple wants of a new community confine its exchanges to the bartering of one commodity, or product, for another, there can be but little use for *money*. There it does not constitute wealth, and is scarcely the representative of it. On the frontier, he is the wealthiest man, not who owns the largest amount of wild lands, while thousands of acres around him are vacant and unappropriated, or who has money to lend, which no one near him

wishes or needs to borrow, but he whose guns and traps furnish the most peltries, who owns the largest flocks and herds, and whose cribs and barns are the fullest, and whose house-hold fabrics are the most abundant. In a new settlement, these are wealth and constitute its standard.

But to return from this digression.

Having appointed the officers of State, and provided for the support of the Government of Franklin, the Assembly authorized a Treaty to be held with the Cherokee Indians. Gov. Sevier and two others were appointed Commissioners who, on the 31st of May, 1785, met the King and Chiefs of that tribe, when a treaty of friendship and boundary was negotiated.

Under the new Government, the county offices were generally conferred upon those, who already held commissions under North Carolina for the same places. This arrangement gave general satisfaction. The metamorphosis from the old to the new order of things was so noiseless, gradual, and imperceptible, it did violence to no one, produced no convulsion, and for the time-being, reconciled all parties West of the mountains, to the new Regime, which was now in the full tide of successful experiment.

East of the Alleghanies, however, this sudden dismemberment of the territory of North Carolina, produced surprise, censure and condemnation. A rumor of the insurrectionary tendency across the mountain, had reached Newbern during the session of the

Legislature, and had doubtless much influence in hastening the measures adopted for the conciliation and relief of the Western people. Complaints were soon after made to Governor Martin, then Governor of the State, by the Chiefs of the Cherokee Nation, in which the conduct of some of the Franklin officers was brought to the Governor's attention. In reply to these complaints, Governor Martin prepared a long *talk* to Old Tassel and other warriors of the Cherokee Nation, and also letters to Gen. Sevier; and to give to these public documents the greater dignity and importance, they were forwarded to the West by a special Commissioner, Major Henderson, with special instructions to that officer, how he should conduct the delicate negotiations which were the objects of his mission.

"You will repair with dispatch," says Governor Martin, "to General Sevier, and deliver to him the letters herewith handed you, and request his answer. You will make yourself acquainted with the transactions of the people in the Western country, such as their holding a Convention, and learn whether the same be temporary, to be exercised only during the time of the late Cession Act; and that since the repeal thereof, they mean still to consider themselves citizens of North Carolina, or whether they intend the same to be perpetual, and what measures they have taken to support such Government. That you procure a copy of the Constitution, and the names of such officers at present

exercising the new Government. That you be informed whether a faction of a few leading men be at the head of this business, or whether it be the sense of a large majority of the people, that the State be dismembered at this crisis of affairs, and what laws and resolutions are formed for their future government; and also what are the bounds of the new State, &c., &c. 'At the same time you will conduct yourself with that prudence you are master of, in not throwing out menaces, or making use of any language that may serve to irritate persons concerned in the above measures.' "

The authorities of North Carolina were not long allowed to remain in doubt upon the subject of the defection of the Western counties. Soon after the organization of the Legislature of the State of Franklin, and the appointment of the principal officers, a communication was addressed to Alexander Martin, Esq., Governor of North Carolina, signed by John Sevier, Governor, and Landon Carter and William Cage as Speakers of the Senate and House of Commons of the State of Franklin, announcing that they and part of the inhabitants of the territory lately ceded to Congress, had declared themselves independent of the State of North Carolina, and no longer considered themselves under the authority and jurisdiction of the same, and assigning the reasons for their separation. This formal Declaration of Independence, officially communicated by the functionaries of Franklin, and transmitted

to the Executive of North Carolina, induced Governor Martin to issue his circular under date Danbury, April 7, 1785, to the members of Council requiring them to meet him at Hillsborough on the 22nd inst. In his circular, he goes on to say that the inhabitants of the Western counties "had declared themselves independent of the State of North Carolina, and have refused, and do refuse to pay obedience to the jurisdiction and sovereignty of the same;" and he convenes them at Hillsborough "then and there in your wisdom to deliberate and advise the measures necessary to be taken on this occasion."

Three days after the meeting of his Council, Gov. Martin issued a Proclamation as follows: "Whereas I have received undoubted information of the revolt of the inhabitants of Washington, Greene and Sullivan counties, who have declared themselves independent of the State of North Carolina under the name of the State of Franklin," and then convenes the Legislature on the 1st of June.— Upon the same day he issued also a spirited and elaborate Manifesto to the inhabitants of the revolted country, which is too long to be here inserted. Throughout its entire length, he no where uses the words rebellion, rebel, disloyalist, disloyalty—traitor or treason. The calm words of persuasion—of reason and argument—of conciliatory appeals to their interest—their pride, and even to their past achievements in arms at King's Mountain and elsewhere, are brought to bear upon their present position.

A document such as this, emanating from the highest authority known to the sovereignty of North Carolina, conceived in language and spirit at once conciliatory and respectful, though earnest and firm, could not be wholly disregarded, and was not without its influence upon the reflecting and considerate. Copies of it, in manuscript, were distributed and read amongst the citizens of the new State. A close scrutiny, into the measure of separation that had been adopted, was instituted. A few had, from the first, advised adherence to the mother State.— Their number had increased after the repeal of the Cession Act. To such, the Manifesto of Gov. Martin furnished new weapons against Franklin and their present rulers. But no one contemplated or advised a permanent connection between North Carolina and her Western counties, as a return to their former allegiance must soon be succeeded by another separation from her, perhaps not less difficult or of less questionable validity. The policy of ceding the Western territory to Congress, might ultimately be re-adopted, and the existing imbecile condition of the Confederation, led no one to think favorably of that alternative. A very large majority of the people, therefore, remained firm in their attachment to the new Commonwealth. Its machinery worked well. Law was thus far effectually administered. Treaties for the acquisition of new Indian Lands were contemplated, the settlements were daily augmenting in number and strength, and the new government was acquir-

ing vigor and stability from a proposed annexation of a part of Virginia. Besides this, there was a charm in the idea of independence. The Manifesto itself evidently contemplated and seemed to sanction a separation, as not improbable at an early day; and, as in the minds of most men, the question was one merely as to time, it was almost unanimously determined by the people to maintain their present position. The authorities of Franklin so decided also. Gov. Sevier, accordingly, on the 14th of May, addressed to Gov. Caswell—who had succeeded Martin, in the executive chair of North Carolina, his Manifesto in reply, exculpating the authorities and people of Franklin from the charges set forth in the Manifesto of Governor Martin, assuring him of the continued regard and consideration cherished for the mother State by the Western people, first in taking up and adopting her Constitution and laws and other acts of legislation evincive of a disposition to promote the mutual benefit of each party, and to conciliate all existing embarrassments in accordance with right and justice.

To this counter manifesto of the Governor of Franklin, Governor Caswell replied, under date, Kinston, N. C., June 17, 1785, in which he says that the Assembly of North Carolina had failed to meet, as requested by his predecessor, and that, therefore, the sense of that body could not be had in reference to the subjects pending between the two parties, and that the matter should be laid before the next General As-

sembly. But he warns Governor Sevier not to consider this as giving countenance, by the Executive of the State, to any measures lately pursued by the Western people. The tone of Gov. Caswell's letter is not only courteous but kind.

Governor Sevier further writes, October 17, 1785, that the Franklin Assembly had appointed a Commissioner to wait on the North Carolina Assembly, with some resolves entered into by the former; and goes on to assure his Excellency "that it was not from any disgust or uneasiness, that we had while under the parent State, that occasioned the separation," and "that at the time of our declaration, we had not the most distant idea that we should give any umbrage to our parent State, but, on the other hand, thought your Legislature tolerated the separation. I am able, in truth, to say that the people of this country wish to do nothing that will be inconsistent with the honor and interest of each party: they regard North Carolina with particular affection, and will never cease to feel an interest in whatever may concern her honor and safety, and our hearty and kind wishes will always attend the parent State."

Before this letter was written, Governor Sevier had already concluded a satisfactory treaty with the Indians, and felt neither the disposition nor necessity of replying to a part of Gov. Caswell's letter which related to Indian Affairs. It seems to have been wholly disregarded West of the mountains; for in August the

Assembly of Franklin met again, and legislated further in promotion of the ulterior views of the new Government, encouraging an expedition down the Tennessee river on its Western side and to take possession of the great bend of that river, under titles derived from the State of Georgia.

In the meantime, Col. Joseph Martin, who had received the appointment of Indian Agent for North Carolina, visited Chota and other Cherokee towns and reported to Governor Caswell that the rapid encroachments of the people of the new State upon the Indian lands, together with Talks from the Western Tribes and from the Spaniards, indicated renewed hostilities by the Indians, instigated by Spain, which now claimed much of the Western country, and the exclusive navigation of the Mississippi river. This intelligence had previously reached the people of Franklin, and furnished additional arguments for a continued separation from North Carolina. As the interests and dangers of the Western people were peculiar, they chose to exercise the control of their own policy and means of defence, and to adapt these to the exigencies of their own condition. Mutual exposure and common wants had generated a close alliance between themselves, and the inhabitants of the co-terminous section of Virginia; and the contagion of independence and separation soon extended to Washington county, of that State, and threatened the dismemberment of the Old Dominion. Patrick Henry was, at that time,

in the Executive Chair, and much as he had, in 1776, advocated the separation of the Colonies from Great Britain, he now opposed, with equal earnestness, the disintegration of the State of Virginia. In his Message to the Legislature, he combated the measure at great length, and with his usual ability; but like Martin and Caswell, advised moderation and leniency with the disaffected people of Western Virginia.— These malcontents had proposed a new Constitution, and such boundaries for their new State, under the name of *Frankland*, as embraced not only the people and State of Franklin, but much of the territory of Virginia, and the present Kentucky, on the North, and of Georgia, and what is now Alabama, on the South—extending to the streams that are the affluents of Mobile Bay. The Western soldiery had carried their conquests nearly to these limits, and it was probably the right of conquest alone, which suggested the extent of the new Commonwealth. This magnificent *projet* of the Virginia Franks, received the support of few men anywhere, and was abandoned soon after by its friends.

It was not so, however, with the revolted people of North Carolina. They continued to exercise all the functions of an independent government, and under forms anomalous and perplexing beyond example, were adopting measures to improve and perfect their system, and maintain their integrity and separation. Thus far they had legislated and had administered law, had held treat-

ies and acquired territory, under the expedient of a temporary adoption of the Constitution and existing laws of the parent State. It remained yet for the people to adopt or reject the form of government that had been prepared by the Convention, to whom that duty belonged. That body, and also the Franklin Assembly, at its August session, had recommended to the people to choose a Convention for the purpose of ratifying the proposed Constitution, or of altering it as they should instruct. The election was held accordingly. The instrument that had been prepared had excited acrimonious debates and great contrariety of opinion. Some of its provisions being novel, were viewed as innovations upon the laws and usages to which the voters had been accustomed. Instructions were poured in upon the Convention from all parts of the country in opposition to the exceptionable clauses. Such diversity of opinion existed as to cause its immediate rejection. The Constitution of North Carolina was then presented for the new State, and being slightly altered or remodeled, was adopted. A variety of names was proposed for the new Commonwealth. Some were for calling it Franklin in honor of Dr. Franklin of Philadelphia, others Frankland, as the land of freemen. But by a small majority it was decided to name it Franklin.*

* For a copy of this rejected Constitution of Franklin, see Ramsey's History of Tennessee, page 325 to 334, as there copied from the original pamphlet containing it. That pamphlet, with the author's library and extensive collection of manuscripts, antiquities &c., was burned together with his office and residence, by Burnside in 1863.

Before its adjournment, the Convention appointed General Cocke to present the Constitution as adopted, and a memorial to Congress applying for admission into the Union. He was not received, and no notice was taken of his mission.

Greeneville had now become the seat of the new Government. Its Court House was built of unhewn logs and covered with clapboards, and at first was occupied by the Court without a floor or a loft.— In this simple and unpretending chamber, the third Franklin Convention was held, and there the elaborated and original Constitution of the Commonwealth of Frankland was presented, angrily discussed, analyzed and rejected, and the Constitution of the State of Franklin adopted. In it the Commons assembled and deliberated, while the Senate convened in the old court room in Carr's house, which at this time had become the village tavern. Greeneville became the permanent capital of the new State, the seat of its Legislature, and the place where the Governor met his Council of State and projected and matured the measures of his foreign and domestic administration. Most loyal amongst the loyal to Sevier and to Franklin were the inhabitants of Greene county. There resided many of his captains and most of his officers of State. They were the last to abandon—they never did abandon him. Some of them may not have supported the Governor of Franklin, but none of them refused their support to John Sevier.

In the meantime, petitions were forwarded by the Western people, both to Congress and to the Legislature of North Carolina, in behalf of the new State, asking their favorable consideration of the policy of separation. It was hoped that public sentiment would be propitiated, and general harmony be restored; but new elements of strife had arisen during the session of the Convention, and new topics of discussion had been thrown out among the people. The dissentients comprised in their number, much of the wisdom and virtue of the body to which they belonged. The Deputies in the Convention had dissented; their constituents themselves could not harmonize: but gradually they acquiesced in the existing order of things at home.

But, abroad, there existed a further source of dissatisfaction. The Spaniards and the French were making great efforts to engross the trade with the Indians. Several of their agents, well supplied with the proper goods, were now on the North side of the Tennessee river. The Governor of New-Orleans and West-Florida had sent orders to the Chickasaws to banish from the country all who would not take the oath of allegiance to the Catholic King, whilst amongst the Cherokees and other Southern Tribes, there were emissaries from the Northern Indians, endeavoring to form an alliance, offensive, and defensive against the United States, and stimulating into life the bad passions of savages against the settlers on the exposed frontier.

NINA—HER EYES.

I KNOW the summers that can speak
 As to the olive of thy cheek;
 And of the gentle lineage, rare,
 That crowns the midnight of thy hair;
 BUT WHENCE, (*don't send me to the skies*)
 The splendor, NINA, of those eyes!

Now, Nina! there's your needle; knit!
 With lashes drooped a little bit;—
 Letter to write, and much afraid
 Of writing sun-lit!—give me shade!
 Nay! there's a glimmer round your lips,
 And now you'll dazzle—"past eclipse!"

As is the raiment of a knight
 Radiant with living light;
 Burnished as for the last excess
 Of Honor and of Gentleness—
 So Nina, (now look up a bit)
 Thine eyes! Look on! my letter's writ.

GRANT AND LEE.

Who, to-day, would not rather the right of ten millions of free-
 be General Lee, *the rebel*, with his men to local self-government may
 character for TRUTH and noble- be questioned; as the *duty* to re-
 ness of soul unsullied even by the sist encroachment upon vested
 breath of suspicion, than to be and vital rights may be question-
 General Grant, *the Loyalist*, dis- ed; as the doctrine, in short,
 honored by treachery, and dis- enunciated in the Declaration of
 graced by falsehood? "If any, Independence, and implied in the
 speak, for him have I offended." Federal Constitution, (as constru-

Who, we repeat, would not ed by Jefferson and Madison in
 rather be General Lee, whose hon- the Virginia and Kentucky Reso-
 or as a man, and whose patriot- lutions) may be questioned, *and*
 ism as an American citizen may *not otherwise!* Lee—crowned with
 only be questioned as the right of the honor and affection of his
 revolution may be questioned; as people—with a fame as wide as

civilization—calmly and confidently appealing to justice to his judgment, his motives and his record: who would not prefer to be such a man, than to be Grant, standing self-convicted of treachery to a friend, who had confided in his honor in a matter of high public concern; cornered in a base falsehood, and publicly exposed by the President of the United States and his Cabinet; humiliated, rest of personal honor, and “*none so poor to do him reverence?*”—*Logan County (Ohio) Gazette.*

THE MINERAL RESOURCES OF MISSISSIPPI.

THE geographical position of the State of Mississippi, so near the delta of the great river, and beyond the limits of even the last spurs of the Alleghany range, is not such as to raise in the mind of the observer, the presumption of much mineral wealth. And indeed, in the sense in which the phrase is usually understood, Mississippi cannot rank high alongside of California, Arizona, Nevada, or even her sister State of Tennessee. The geological formations of the State are such as, according to all experience, preclude the occurrence of metallic ores, with the single exception of iron. In the formation covering a few townships, of the extreme North-east, lead might possibly occur; but no indication of its presence has ever been discovered in the carboniferous limestone, either there or in the adjoining States. Lumps of rich lead ore are, it is true, not uncommonly found on the surface, all over the State; but this very universality of occurrence proves the action of some distributive agency, independent of the neighborhood of mines. The minerals which are sometimes found associated with the lead ore (“galena”) in these lumps, such as Heavy Spar and Zinc Blende, seem to point to Arkansas as their home; and the frequency of their occurrence near the sites of old Indian villages, or the customary trails of the same people, suggests that it is they who have left these mineral erratics where we find them; since this ore was, and is now, used by them, both for paint and ammunition.

Iron ore (brown hematite, and ochre) is widely distributed all over the State, though not to the extent to which this is popularly supposed to be the case. A brown sand-stone (whose quartz grains are cemented by brown hematite, and whose curious concretionary forms, and constant occurrence on the crests of ridges, are the subject of popular remark) is very commonly thought to be an available iron ore. In reality, the amount of sand generally far exceeds that of the iron ore cement contained in the rock; and even when this is not the case, the

amount of available ore in a single locality, or within convenient reach of a furnace, is usually insufficient to justify the establishment of iron works on a large scale. For while these ores would yield an excellent quality of metal, the superior advantages enjoyed by adjoining States (whose coal and iron ore are sometimes extracted from the same mine) would render competition hopeless under ordinary circumstances.

The occurrence, at times, of layers of pure fibrous hematite ore, but more especially of that arch-deceiver of the unwary, Iron pyrites or sulphide of iron, has given rise to innumerable mining stories all over the State. In the most unpromising localities, shafts and galleries have been excavated in the loose marine sands of the age of the chalk, in pursuit of the "indications" given by silvery spangles of mica or concretions of iron pyrites, formed around some fossil stem, or between layers of lignitized wood. Loud and angry have been the contradictions, and sometimes denunciations experienced by the writer, when engaged in the ungrateful task of undeceiving those who, not unfrequently led on by designing rogues, were wasting their substance and their hopes upon the hopeless search. The mysterious disappearance at times, from the pockets of these miners, of a treasured "sulphur ball" of golden tint, more often led them to believe themselves robbed by an insidious enemy, than to attribute the holes in their pockets to the black powder of copperas some-

times found in their coat-lining. With greater show of reason, gold has been sought in the extensive beds of gravel and shingle which exist in some portions of the State. Unfortunately, these beds are not situated at the foot of gold-bearing mountains, as is the case in California and elsewhere. The nearest gold-bearing rocks in the direction from which these beds have received their material, are those of south Missouri, and those not very rich. And as for what might have been brought down from the far West through the Missouri valley, it would doubtless have been considerably diluted by the time it reached Mississippi. It is not surprising, therefore, that only in a single instance, so far as I know, has gold been washed out of Mississippi gravel, to wit: three spangles, just large enough to be identified as gold, out of 20 bushels of gravel and sand.

Among the rocks composing this gravel, we find not unfrequently rounded fragments of agate, chalcedony, carnelian, etc., forming handsome gems when polished. These, of course, are derived from higher latitudes.— But at times, gems equally handsome may be cut from the great variety of fossil silicified wood, which occurs both in the tertiary and the more recent formations of the State.

It has been my good fortune not to have had to meet in the field the latest delusions on the subject of petroleum, supposed to be indicated in various sections of the State, by the beds of tertiary lignite; whose nauseous taste, when

imparted to the waters flowing from them, was supposed to be an unfailling indication of "oil."

Less unreasonable are the expectations of a company organized with the intention of boring for oil at Eastport, on the Tennessee river; where at least the oil-bearing formation exists, and the rocks, in places, have a most obnoxious odor of bitumen. Unfortunately, however, Eastport is just situated on the *edge* of a basin towards the centre of which (viz: in Lawrence county, Ala.) oil has been found abundantly. So that in all probability the Eastport explorers will be boring *away* from the oil, rather than towards it.

But there are, in that immediate neighborhood, other materials about whose existence and value there can be no doubt.—For over four miles along the Tennessee river, the heights bordering its banks consist in great part of an excellent hydraulic limestone, known thereabouts as "black slate;" and extensive outcrops of the same exist father inland, on Yellow Creek. Its quality varies somewhat, but according to both analysis and practical test, the "setting" and hardening qualities of the cement made of the rock from three different localities, are equal to those of the best in market.

Overlying this rock we find in vicinity of Eastport a singular material—the residue, as it seems, of a decomposition of the solid hornstone occurring in the region; and consisting of almost chemically pure silvex in the form of a fine, starchlike powder, and of pearly whiteness. At several

points, this stratum has been found 10 feet thick, and readily accessible by gallery workings.—With a very little judicious preparation of the mass as obtainable on the large scale, it forms a material which, on account of its purity and easy fusion in consequence of its naturally fine grain, could scarcely be excelled for the manufacture of glass. It is far purer than any natural sand; or a somewhat similar material found in Virginia and now largely consumed in New York city. Practical tests made with the Eastport silvex, both at Cincinnati and St. Louis, proved highly satisfactory; but owing perhaps to a want of technical knowledge on the part of the persons engaged in the enterprise, the shipment of the substance to the glass-houses does not appear to have realized the expectations which, with proper management, could scarcely have failed to be fulfilled.

A little farther south, still in the county of Tishomingo, we find a very extensive and unusually thick bed of a white pipe-clay, of such purity as to have served extensively the purpose, not only of whitewash, but also of "*Lily-white*." This clay is highly refractory in the fire, and at many points occurs intermixed with white silvex to such an extent, the mass might without farther addition be worked into fire-brick of the best quality. The whitest of queens-ware could, of course, be made with ease; and even porcelain might, with the proper additions, be manufactured from it, so small is the amount of impurities in the mass.

In strong contrast with the latter, there occurs on the western edge of the stratum a deposit of (originally white) clay so strongly tinged with peroxide of iron, as to suggest its use as a pigment; I have long used it as "red chalk." The stratum is over 15 feet thick and probably miles in extent.

In the article of plastic, and especially of potter's clay, few States probably can compete with Mississippi, both as to quantity, quality and variety. In truth, in a goodly portion of the "Flatwoods" region of the State, the soil seems more suited to the potter's lathe than to agricultural purposes, and destined to become the Staffordshire of the Southwest. The home demand of the State for pottery is already to some extent supplied by home production of (for the most part) ware of excellent quality; but there is much room for increase as well as improvement in this respect, considering the abundance and excellence of materials. It is only in the prairie regions of the State, and in the "Cane Hills" bordering the Mississippi river south of Vicksburg, that these clays do not habitually occur; though belonging to formations reaching from the lower cretaceous to the quaternary period.

If it be asked which of the geological formations of the State is practically the most important, we should refer the inquirer to the later deposits of the quaternary, constituting the basis of the agricultural wealth of the country—viz: the soils that once caused cotton to be king, however erroneously. A detailed consideration of

these soils does not come within the limits or purport of the present article; but however much may be said in their favor, they are assuredly not as "inexhaustible" as enthusiastic writers have caused them to be reputed. Without especially discussing the merits of the system of culture heretofore pursued, it may safely be said that it has been fearfully exhaustive; having laid waste, or rather perhaps, having brought about a condition of chronic debility, in a large portion of the finest uplands of the State. These soils cannot fairly be said to be exhausted save where, by dint of sheer neglect, they have been worn away by the unchecked action of rains until red sand or hardpan alone remain. Otherwise, their surface only has thus far been scratched, so that deeper tillage with stimulant manures and a wiser system of culture will generally suffice to reclaim them. But *without* the use of stimulants, this would be but a weary task; and little likely to be performed had those substances to be brought from a distance and paid for by the barrel or ton with hard cash. Fortunately, nature has vouchsafed to the State such an abundant supply of natural fertilizers, as has fallen to the lot of few territories of equal extent. Nor are these stimulants only, but in a great degree true, *nutritive* manures.

The *marls* of Mississippi constitute probably the most valuable of her mineral resources; for they insure the permanent fertility of lands which, however rich at first, must inevitably be rendered ster-

ile before long by severe cropping without returns to the soil; as is still almost universally the prevailing practice west of the Alleghany ranges. The supply of guano and artificial manures is so hopelessly inadequate to a general demand, that deposits of marls and greensands must before long rise to an importance scarcely second to that of coal beds; witness the marl-beds of Virginia, whose quality nevertheless is, on the whole, greatly inferior to that of the Mississippi marls. In the latter a large proportion of *greensand* grains is widely diffused through the calcareous mass; thus combining the stimulating qualities of a marl with the directly fertilizing ones of the New Jersey greensands which now forms an important article of trade in that and the surrounding States. For transportation to a distance, the greensand is concentrated by mechanical separation from the inert particles of the crude material; an operation which, of course, is equally practicable in Mississippi. Thus, for example, the greensand material occurring at Vaiden Station on the Mississippi Central railroad, as well as on the Big Black river, and in adjoining portions of Attala county, is easily separated by washing into greensand almost pure (containing about 9 per cent of potash) and coarse siliceous sands. Similar conditions exist on the Chickasawhay river and its tributaries, convenient to the Mobile and Ohio railroad; as also in part of the region traversed by the Vicksburg and Meridian road. In the latter localities, some lime would

remain with the greensand after washing. But in either case, the value of the resulting material as a fertilizer is such as notoriously will bear considerable transportation, even by railroad. But the main body of the marl region of South Mississippi extends across the State with a width of 25 to 30 miles, North of a line drawn from Vicksburg to Winchester, on the Chickasawhay river; it is therefore traversed by five rivers either now navigable or easily rendered so, viz: the Mississippi, Yazoo, Big Black, Pearl and Chickasawhay. It is easy to foresee that whenever a rational system of *farming* shall replace the exhaustive process of planting, heretofore pursued, these streams, as well as their larger tributaries, will be made available for the distribution over a wider area, of the really inexhaustible deposits of fertilizers, here provided by nature.

North Mississippi, also, has its greensand marl beds, of the same age and character as those of New Jersey, and covering a goodly area in the counties of Tippah, Pontotoc, and Chickasaw. Being situated mainly on a dividing ridge (between the waters of the Tombigby and Tallahatchie,) these beds are not as accessible as those of the Southern marl region, though not out of reach of the Mobile and Ohio railroad, and likely, at a future time, to command the building of branch roads. The quality of these cretaceous greensand marls, though excellent at numerous points, is not on the whole, equal to that of the tertiary marls, above referred to.

The "Rotten Limestone"—the more energetic by the burning chalk-like rock, underlying the process.

rich prairie country of Eastern Mississippi, through the centre of which runs the Mobile and Ohio railroad—is itself a marl which elsewhere would be valued, and will, doubtless, hereafter be appreciated where it is readily accessible. For, though its fertilizing effects, when used by itself, are far behind those of the marls thus far mentioned, it is peculiarly adapted to use as a composting material; the fine state of division to which it is readily reduced, together with a certain amount of clay, which it usually contains, rendering it nearly equal to burnt lime for this purpose. And while speaking of this rock, I may mention that much of it will answer for the manufacture of hydraulic cement, this being especially the case, where, to the great disgust of the natives, it has been found unfit for quicklime. Almost all the lime burnt from this rock, has, more or less, hydraulic properties; for which reason, it should not be pitted for any length of time, but used soon after slaking. The same is true of some of the white marls of South Mississippi.

Very good limestone for quicklime, however, occurs at numerous points, both in the Northern and Southern marl regions; as also in some localities on the carboniferous area of Tishomingo county, where it is almost chemically pure carbonate of lime.

Next in importance to the marls are the Lignite or Brown Coal beds of the State. Little heeded as they have been thus far, in a country of purely agricultural pursuits, and for the most part, covered with forests (which the cultivator treats as his particular enemies, industriously destroying every tree within his fence from the outset,) they must rapidly assert their intrinsic importance, in proportion as the change in our habits of production, rendered imperative by the consequences of the late war, shall have been more fully appreciated and carried into practice. It is scarcely necessary to dwell upon the practical importance of immense beds of a material capable of replacing pit coal wherever an inferior article will answer the purpose. These beds extend from near the Tennessee line, in Tippah county, along the Western edge of the "Flatwoods" (a level tract bordering, on the West, the cretaceous or prairie region of the Tombigby) to the Northern limit of the tertiary marl region, before defined; being especially developed in the counties of Calhoun, Choctaw, Winston, and Neshoball, thus far, distant from railroads actually in operation. The projected line of the

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New Orleans, Jackson, and Great Northern railroad, however will traverse the heart of the region.

On the waters of the Tallahatchie and Yallahusha rivers, these beds connect directly with those which, frequently cropping out on the edge of the great Mississippi bottom, down to Vicksburg, were perhaps the first noticed. Here, the Mississippi and Tennessee railroad, from Memphis to Grenada, traverses their region of occurrence; and at Water Valley, the machine shops of the Mississippi Central railroad are in part supplied from a bed in the "Otuckalofa Hills." The want of the careful cording and seasoning required by this kind of fuel, to counteract its tendency to cleave and crumble, has thus far stood greatly in the way of the appreciation it will be certain to receive, when better known.

The workable beds are from 3 to 12 feet in thickness, and mostly accessible by galleries into the hillsides.

In connection with these beds, or at least in the clays usually accompanying them, there have sometimes been found small deposits of a mineral greatly resembling true coal, or Asphaltum. The substance is manifestly nothing more than a fossilized resin, which at times occurs almost in its fresh state, resembling "sweet gum." As may be supposed, its quantity is quite insignificant, rarely reaching a bushel; and of course it has no connection with petroleum wells.

As regards building materials, it may be said that the State is thinly supplied with building

stones, whose occurrence is confined to limited areas. But the best of brick clay abounds everywhere, forming the subsoil; and whenever the manufacture of artificial sandstone shall be duly appreciated, the superabundant and beautifully variegated sands underlying that subsoil will form a most eligible material.

Gravel and shingle, also, occur abundantly in many portions of the State, as before mentioned.

If, finally, we consider the quantity and quality of water available to the inhabitants of Mississippi, the State might, in the whole, be said to be but poorly watered, were it not for the facility with which artesian, or at least, bored wells in which the water rises to within convenient reach, can be obtained where seep wells are impracticable. Such is the case in the cretaceous, as well as in the tertiary or southern marl region. In the former, bored wells are almost universally used; in the latter, but few attempts have been made, whose failure was evidently owing purely to inexperience on the part of the workmen. Having studied the region with special reference to this subject, I feel confident that even flowing wells can be obtained there at many points; and the matter is the more worthy of the serious consideration of the inhabitants, because instead of resorting to cisterns, a large portion of the population are medicating themselves continually with waters obtained in shallow wells, or from springs, and so strongly impregnated with mineral matter, as

to impair seriously the health of persons using them. with at any reasonable depth.

There exists a singular popular delusion concerning mineral waters. They are regarded as intrinsically "healthy," and preferable to common freestone water; as though the gypsum, bittern, Epsom, Glauber and other salts which they here contain, were any less truly medicines, whose legitimate use is confined to particular cases and times, than if they had first passed through the druggist's bottles! Much of the reputed unhealthiness of the districts in which those waters occur, is attributable to no other cause than their indiscriminate use.

Let it not be supposed that the best of freestone well and spring water is not also found, in a very large portion of the State; where pebbles and white sand form the water-bearing strata. Springs of the purest, and coolest water, so abundant as to form brisk running creeks at once, burst forth from many a hillside, especially in the central portions of the State, where the accumulation of the quaternary ferruginous sands is greatest; and wells deriving their water from this widely prevalent formation, always yield excellent water. But its own stratification, as well as the surface which it overlies, are so exceedingly irregular, that of wells 50 yards apart, one may have the best of freestone water, while the other is sunk in the fetid "black mud" of the Lignite formation, and yields but a flattish, purgative, or on the other hand, a powerfully astringent water. Or again, no water at all may be met

Fortunately, the regularity of the winter rain-fall in Mississippi renders it an easy matter, with due care, to collect an abundant supply of cistern water; as well as "stock ponds" for cattle, where, as in the prairie country, the water-courses go dry during the summer months. Artesian wells, however, can doubtless be made available for this purpose in many portions of the State where no auger as yet has broken ground. The mud charged with vegetable muck, which in most, though not all, cases, forms the beds of the numerous water-courses of Mississippi, renders their water undesirable for human consumption in summer.

To the amateur of mineral waters, Mississippi offers a rich feast; for there is scarcely a known kind of "nature's own remedies" unrepresented, being in fact, inconveniently abundant in many regions, as before observed. Chalybeates of all varieties prevail largely, so as oftentimes to render it difficult for the housewife to conceal the yellow tint of her "clothes" by any amount of "blueing." Next to the Chalybeates, saline purgative, and sulphur waters occur most frequently. Few neighborhoods are without their mineral spring, or well, whose only recommendation sometimes appears to be its nauseous taste or smell; its healthiness being esteemed proportional thereto. Scores of mineral waters have thus, for a short time, enjoyed great popularity, and afterwards sunk into (sometimes unmerited) oblivion.

Cooper's Wells, and Lauderdale, as well as Iuka Springs, have steadily maintained a somewhat extended reputation; and that of others of minor note, but similar merits, will, doubtless, be resuscitated, whenever relaxation and amusement shall again find a recognized place in Southern life.

But before this can be, much serious work remains to be done in the development of those resources and branches of industry, which a one-sided and exhaustive system of production has thus far caused to be neglected. And when that good time shall come, the dingy marls and lignites of Mississippi will be found fulfilling a higher and more truly important mission than could even the shining ores, whose absence we so frequently hear deplored.

WRITTEN in the 15th century and sent by the Duke of Clarence—house of York—with a white rose, to Lady Beauchamp, an adherent of the house of Lancaster.

"THE WHITE ROSE."

If thys fayre rose offend thye sighte—
 Placed inne thye bosomme bare,
 'Twyll blush to finde itselfe less whyte
 And turne Lancastryne there.

But iff thye rubye lipps it spye,
 As kiss it thou may'st deigne,
 With envye pale 'twyll lose its dye
 And Yorkysh turne againe.

Written in the 19th century.

ANSWER TO "THE WHITE ROSE."

Yes—I will wear thy Yorkish rose,
 And—if it blush—'twill be
 Because the heart beneath it glows
 To think it came from *thee*.

Yes, I will wear it on my breast,
 And I will kiss it too—
 Because it waves upon *thy* crest
 And not to change its hue.

Yet do I break no loyal vow
 To wear this gift of thine,
 The red rose still shall wreath my brow,
 The white my heart entwine.

Lexington, Ky.

ROSA V. JEFFREY.

TWO DAY'S WALK IN SCOTLAND.

NATIONS to the outside world, are not unlike a painting, in the preparation of which, time, toil, suffering and expense, have not been spared. The work of art by a skillful mingling of objects and colors, gives in one view, a perfect conception of things widely separated, and it is only by a careful examination, and a minute analysis, we can compute the number of touches, and the weary hours of labor necessary to the perfection of that which is comprehended at a single glance. Thus it is with national greatness. Those who are charmed by the accounts of a nation's glory, and grandeur, generally fail to consider how much want, woe, poverty, wretchedness, and misery, are the principal components of so fair and beautiful a record, and that behind the thin film of national renown, is much that is far from pleasing and attractive. Travelers in later times have few opportunities to study the individualities, which go to make up a national picture. The objects may all be of the same *genus*, but they differ vastly in degree, and their relation to the nation, taken as a whole. The greatest ob-

server, of the last generation, remarked, "that there would be an end to all books of travel when the railroad system was completed," and might he not have added, an end to the study of national character through individuals. As now-a-days, one is whirled from city to city with lightning speed, they fail to fill the intervening spaces, and realize that along those rapid ways, live and move millions of people, who are drops in the great and surging waters of the political sea. The sharp bracing air of a December morning quickened our steps, as turning our backs upon the beauties of the "Romantic old city of Edinburgh" we wound around the base of the rugged peak upon which her Castle is built, and bidding adieu to her Crescents and Squares, set our faces Northward, for a walk to St. Andrews, via Dunfermline and Lochleven. It was not so much to visit historical spots, as to get behind the mask which hides from stranger eyes, the inner working of national institutions. In the suburbs of Edinburgh, one is ever sorely tempted to ling-

er. Nature has done so much for the place, that it is not wonderful public opinion centuries ago, previous to its assistance by art, pronounced it "*the fairest Capital of Europe.*" In addition to long lines of palatial residences, beautiful gardens, towering mountains, and fertile valleys, the environs are adorned with more than a dozen magnificent buildings, designed for the benefit, and alleviation of suffering humanity, and which have given to it the proud appellation, "City of Charities." Ragged boys, sorrowing orphans, decrepit fathers and mothers, and convalescing sufferers of every description, here find homes in the memorials of citizens, who, for public weal, forget the demands of kindred blood. The liberality of private benefactors is, no where, so remarkable in all Europe, and instead of homes for the friendless and wandering, one wonders if these imposing edifices are not the abodes of earth's great ones. Fourteen of these proud monuments may be counted from one stand-point, all of which have been founded by citizens of Edinburgh, during the past four hundred years. The noblest feature in them is, that a majority are for the education of indigent boys and girls.

The road to Dunfermline, the one along which Oliver Cromwell moved when advancing upon Charles II., inclines toward the Firth of Forth. It leads through a beautiful district, which every where bespeaks the culture of ages. Although winter, the verdure and feshness of the country are in striking contrast with the

dull sombre appearance of the Edinburgh stonework. The flowers are still in bloom, beside the little cottages the rose and jasmine give forth sweet perfume, and the atmosphere feels more like an autumn than a winter day. Strangers who pass a winter in Scotland are surprised at the mildness of the climate. No sooner are you away from the sea coast, and outside the Highland counties, than the mean temperature is far milder than that of the Middle States of America. The thermometer rarely goes to zero, and work may be continued without interruption during the season. Rain and not cold or snow is the trial to which the inhabitants are subjected.

It does not require a lengthened journey north of the Tweed to discover your presence among a people whose language, manners, and customs differ in many and important respects from their Southern neighbors. Despite the intervention of railways, newspapers and a common literature, a people will cling to their own past history, be it in retaining the speech, or glorying in the deeds of their forefathers, and amalgamation with England has not, and cannot eradicate from Scottish character, the forms and imprints of centuries ago. A Scotchman's physiognomy, too, will betray him. His rough profile, coarse hair, shaggy eyebrows, ruddy complexion, and deep set eyes are the marks of Providence, which will abide with him wherever he may go.

Walking in Scotland will be found very agreeable. The roads

are good and alongside them every four or five miles are comfortable inns where the substantialities of life are abundant. Most generally on the great thoroughfares pedestrians are not forgotten, and a narrow gravel path raised above the road manifests an interest for the convenience of those who move in a primitive style. The hedges and stone walls keep them dry, while adding much to the beauty of the landscape. It is not usual to impose tolls, and as the community are taxed to keep the public ways in repair, considering that nine-tenths of the people walk, the blessing is not an undeserved one.

It is very curious even in buildings to discover the well known clanishness and sociability of Scotchmen. The abodes of the working classes are not spread over the country as in England, and in America, but are joined into little villages or communities, from which the men and women go forth to their daily labors on the surrounding places. The Scotchman is notoriously a social being, the Englishman the converse, and nothing more strongly evinces their tendencies than their different ways of living, for while a Scotchman seeks neighbors, an Englishman shuns them. The little villages usually standing on both sides the road, are neat in their appearance, and betoken a moderate amount of comfort.— The houses are very small and have a miserable ventilation.— During the passage of a stranger through a village, the display of children is highly creditable to the prolific tendencies of the people.

During our journey, we took occasion several times to enter these humble dwellings, and what was seen brought out a fact many times before and since impressed by similar sights, that a large amount of so-called British philanthropy might safely and profitably have been expended at home, and that had the English people attended more closely to the needs of their own laboring population, they would have been better employed than in meddling with the institutions of their colonies and neighbors. In one room fifteen by fifteen feet, with a small window and no floor, was a family of seven: a father, mother, grown up daughter, two sons, and two boarders. Not one of the seven could sign their name, and but two read a sentence. They ate, cooked and slept in the one room. We do not pretend to give this as a description of what the poorer classes are, but this much can be safely affirmed, that the case referred to is by no means an exceptional one, and that scenes as bad if not worse may be witnessed any day, under the shadow and in sight of the church spires of the "Modern Athens."

People in a foreign land are naturally curious. They are asked a great many questions, and it is hardly a breach of etiquette to return the compliment. Strangers, too, are far more observing than natives, and are more attentive to their customs. Most people love to talk of themselves, whether it be to tell of triumphs or sorrows. The Scotch laborer is no exception to this rule, and they will be found as most other peasantry, commu-

nivative, courteous, polite and confiding. The lower classes rarely realize the misery of their condition, and hence they are not backward in enlightening those who would investigate their domestic economy.

The question of subsistence naturally presents itself first.—The three staples of life with the Scotch laborer are potatoes, oatmeal and tea. These he uses with but little variation. The morning meal is oatmeal porridge with potatoes and tea; dinner, potatoes and oatmeal bread; supper, bread and tea. Upon this nourishment he must labor ten hours daily.—Meat is a rare luxury, and is seldom enjoyed more than once a week. A few vegetables fill up the bill. No one can deny that taking living examples as a test, the diet is healthful. Dr. Johnson, when in Scotland, complained that they fed men on what horses ate in England. “And where,” replied some Scotchman, “do you find *such* men and *such* horses?” The physique of Scotchmen is not very striking, but experiments demonstrate that they not only attain their maturity later in life, but exceed Englishmen in strength by one-twentieth. The Scotch are not a handsome people. The men and women, excepting in some Highland districts, are not tall, but remarkably well made and developed. No man stands fatigue better than a Scotchman. He is successful in competition with any race or people. He usually rises in the world, and where circumstances are equal the lapse of a few years serve to exalt him, when thrown side by

side with men of another nationality. The restricted bounds of his native land impel him to seek a home elsewhere, and the old English Judge was not far wrong, when being irritated by the obstinacy of a Highlander, he exclaimed:

“If you were to go to the north pole you would find a Scotchman straddling it.” A partial explanation of his success is undoubtedly attributable to the invigorating and strengthening influences of the climate, in which he is reared.

Nothing in passing through Scotland strikes one more strangely than the large number of women engaged in field labor. It may be safely said of the agricultural counties that three-fifths of the persons at work are girls or women. We have counted as many as forty in one enclosure.—The sad part of the story is that most of them are mothers, and while they are in the fields toiling for a dollar and sixty-eight cents a week, their little ones are alone in their cabins. It is well for the invectives of the English language that such things do not happen abroad. Rain or shine, these women are at their work. Sometimes during the hour of rest they may steal away to see that their children are safe, but the pleasure is a brief one, and at the appointed hour they must be at their tasks again. It would be well if the evil stopped, rather than began here. Women and men work side by side, and to this is in a measure owing the vast number of illegitimates that yearly blacken the registry of Scotland. In England, by law, men and women are separated while

engaged in agricultural labors.— There they are placed in separate gangs and a *gang-master* is placed over them, who pays twenty-five cents upon taking out the license before a Justice of the Peace, and upon the strength of this document, the holder is entitled to lead women and children to their daily toil. Such a measure has frequently been discussed in regard to Scotland, but hitherto nothing has been done, and years more of injury will pass before the English Parliament will do for Scotland what they have done for themselves.

There can be no doubt that while the Scottish calendar is better in most respects than those of other countries, it presents a horrible record of illegitimacy. There may be, and we contend that there are, special reasons why it is so, but the excuses which moderate the guilt of the delinquents, aggravate the sins of those who fail to legislate for the removal of so terrible a blight. Out of every one hundred births in Scotland, eleven are illegitimate. Is it because the Scotch peasantry are more depraved or debased than others? Facts answer in the negative. It may now be asked, what then are the reasons which account for such laxity in morals?

The first reason is the bringing of both sexes into the *bothy*, by which they are removed from all parental control and social restraint. It may be well to enquire what has necessitated the *bothy*. The obvious answer is the large farm mania which seventy-five years ago, sent thousands of the peasantry to exile and starva-

tion, while entirely changing the agricultural system. Proprietors about that time began to discover, that small tenants could not, or would not, improve their lands as they demanded, and consequently they turned out tenants from time to time, until they were able to offer to one person, a considerable tract. Under these circumstances, every one could not hold leases, and the rejected many must be employed by the chosen few.

In order to meet this new state of things, the unmarried servants have their dwellings on the Steading, or farm. The males live in one portion of the house, or place, the females in another. It is not difficult to apprehend the fearful results. Demoralized and brutalized by the absence of all restraint, the sexes thrown together, in this manner, soon forget shame, self-respect, and virtue. There are few farms without such institutions. Good men frequently do what they can to alleviate the evil, but it matters not how strict the discipline, much harm must flow from so pernicious a custom. The institution of family government must be retained, where morality would be inculcated. The Legislature is either unable or unwilling to remedy this great and crying evil, and amid the almost unexampled progression and improvement of Scotland, it stands as a mournful commentary upon the indifference of a people to the abuses of a past age.

The second reason has its foundation in the mingling of the sexes during their daily labor; while a third explanation is the

state of the Law. Scotland retains the Civil Law. By it a marriage, subsequent to the birth of a natural child, legitimates it, and parents can thus cancel the shame entailed upon their innocent offspring. Among the common people, the frequent recurrence of such events has taken away the disgrace, and the character of the girls does not suffer in public opinion, should their future conduct be exemplary. Girls often look upon such an event as a stepping-stone to marriage, and while it increases their prospects, with the partner of their guilt, it does not destroy their future chances for matrimony.

The wages of the laboring classes vary much in different localities. One hundred and thirty dollars per year, with a hut and a considerable quantity of oatmeal and potatoes, is the remuneration given the best class of farm hands. In the Highland districts it is far below this amount. The women are given from one dollar, to one dollar and seventy-five cents per week. For this, they work ten full hours. When hired by the day, or week, as a majority of hands are, a reduction is made in weather unsuitable for labor.—Men with families, who would lay up anything, must be strictly abstemious, and economical, lest in old age they will be compelled, after serving some farm the best portion of their lives, to seek an asylum, as a pauper, in a "poor house," the dietary of which, scientific calculations demonstrate, is just sufficient to sustain existence.

The pauperism of Scotland bears a favorable contrast with either England or Ireland. Here one in every twelve receives relief; while one in every twenty-seven inhabitants is a confirmed pauper. For the latter is expended, independent of private charities, more than three millions of dollars annually. The nobility, in many instances, are very liberal in relieving the necessities of the poor, on their estates, and the additional obligation imposed upon each parish to provide for the suffering, prevents, except in cases of pride, utter destitution. Yet many would starve rather than apply for assistance, and in time of commercial depression, the misery among the lower orders is enough to move a heart of stone. The feelings of a true Scotchman, who is ever proud, may be gathered from the exquisite lines of Burns (written under somewhat similar circumstances,) "Man was made to mourn."

Strong drink is the greatest enemy of the Scotch laborer. It is not as in America, confined to cities, but pervades the whole country, the rural districts exhibiting as alarming statistics as the centre of business. Some facetious writer in giving a report of a speech from the throne of hell, made the Devil to recognize Sir John Barleycorn as his principal agent in this country. Alas! it is too true. The coarse and unfeminine labors to which woman is subjected, so degrade, as to make her a frequent customer at the tipping house. While the men, deprived of the checks

which woman should ever im-
pose, by the assistance of her
example, tread more readily in
the paths of destruction. The
Scotch people drink less, but they
drink far stronger liquors than
Englishmen or Irishmen. To
this cause is traceable much of
the pauperism and misery, which
is every where observable, and
the wonderful success of the peo-
ple, notwithstanding, is certainly
something of which any nation
may well be proud.

Scotland distils more than half
the spirits made in the United
Kingdom, although she has only
one-tenth the population. Twelve
millions of gallons are annually
produced, of which they manage
to dispose, among themselves of
over five millions, in addition to a
considerable quantity of imported
beverages. Each inhabitant con-
sumes about ten gallons, annually,
on an average.

It is refreshing, doubtless, to
turn from this to a more pleasant
subject — that of Education.—
Every year increases admiration
for the wisdom of John Knox,
and his contemporaries, to whom
must be accorded the honor of
laying the foundations for the
proud record of general intelli-
gence, which this country, to-day,
so justly boasts. Had the Lords
of the Congregation listened to
their proposals for expending the
revenues of the Confiscated Church
property, for the support of
schools among the people, there
would now be abundant reason
for blessing their wisdom and
judgment, rather than execrating
their dishonesty and rapacity.
The Lords, among themselves,

managed to add so much to their
own domains, that but little was
left for the purposes of education.
Yet that little brought forth a rich
harvest. How does Scotland com-
pare with either England or Ire-
land? In England 20 persons out
of every hundred are unable to
read; in Ireland forty; in Scot-
land eleven; of native-born Scotch-
men, only five. Education is in
reach of every one. Each Parish
has a school endowed by taxation,
to which admittance is gained at
a mere nominal price, not more
than five or six cents per week.
Beside this, it is the duty of the
heritors in each Parish, to search
out such children as are unable to
pay this small amount, and to be-
come responsible for their books
and tuition, which is then taxed
in the assessments. The Parish
school-master is appointed for
life, and has much to render him
comfortable. Beyond his fees and
fixed salary, he is given a neat,
commodious house, and some
clerkship, which yield one or two
hundred dollars yearly. The
various denominations in Scot-
land, independent of these Parish
Schools, have more than three
hundred thousand children in the
institutions, subject to their con-
trol, which are materially assisted
by Government grants.

Few of the poorer classes are ever
able to enter the learned profes-
sions unless, with some exceptions
in the case of the ministry. The
education obtained in the schools
is merely elementary—seldom com-
prehending classics, while the fees
are effectual barriers even did they
possess other qualifications. Most
of the professions in this country

are close corporations and consequently prescribe the terms upon which new members can enter.— In medicine it is bad, in law worse. The Advocates, the only lawyers who can practice before all the courts of Scotland, are compelled, after a University course, to take three years in law, and upon becoming members of the Society, to pay twenty-five hundred dollars. It is surely a close corporation in more senses than one. Here, whatever a man's talent and genius, he must also possess money if he would become a lawyer. Despite these drawbacks, the obstinacy peculiar to Scotchmen requires a large amount of litigation, and necessarily a great number of lawyers.— The members of the legal profession are nearly twice as numerous as policemen, though one or two of the latter are stationed in every village, and at regular intervals over the country, at the rate of one to seventeen hundred people.

There is but little space left to speak of the method of farming.— The wonder is that agriculture is at all profitable, when the rent of good land ranges from seventeen to twenty-five dollars per acre.— There is a curious uniformity, in both the prices given and the length of time leases run. Which is to be accounted for by the fact, that six men own the half of Scotland. The vast influence Landlords possess over their tenantry is traceable to the same cause.— Leases always run for not less than nineteen years, and the farms vary in size from one to fifteen hundred acres, and have commodious dwellings and exten-

sive outbuildings. They are taken upon the condition that crops shall rotate; which means that the lessee must, upon stipulated penalties, (generally forfeiture) plant all land under cultivation with five crops in a certain order.— Green crops, (potatoes or turnips) wheat, barley, grass, corn, (oats). Every fourth year the land must be manured with at least thirty tons per acre.

The number of hands employed on each place is astonishing. It is because so many of them are women and children. We have seen twenty persons following one reaper, and all seemingly busy. The women do the greater part of farm labor, and it is a great saving to agriculturists, because in such operations, as is necessary with most of the five crops, a woman can do as much as a man, while her wages are not half so great. It may be asked what the people do with the turnips produced upon one-fifth of the land in cultivation? They are eaten by the cattle and sheep, and during winter nothing else is served out. They are thrown upon the ground and the stock seem to enjoy them more than any other food.

We are sorry that our space forbids a description of the interesting spots visited on our journey. Especially Dunfermline and St. Andrews. At the former is the burial place of Robert Bruce, whose dust was exhumed forty years ago, and again consigned to earth, amid fitting ceremonies. Seven Scottish kings and queens lie beside him. It was formerly a royal residence, but is

now noted for its production of ancient Castle to the ceaseless fine linen. St. Andrews is the toils of a galley slave. Most second place of interest in Scotland. Every stone is a reminder of a past precious, in the eyes of Scotchmen. There George Wis- hart, his tongue stopped with an "Iron mask," was committed to the flames, there his persecutor, Cardinal Beaton, in his turn, had hasty justice meted him, while John Knox marched out of the

 RUE.

The wild-eyed March has come again,
 With frightened face and flying feet,
 And hands just loosed from Winter's chain
 Out-stretched the reluctant Spring to greet.

From her bleak hills across the lea
 She sweeps with tresses backward blown;
 And far out on the barren sea
 She wails and sobs with piteous moan.

The leaves are whirled in eddying drifts,
 Or hunted down the naked wold,
 Where timidly the crocus lifts
 Its shaken cup of green and gold.

Above the dark pool's ruffled breast
 The swallow skims on glancing wing,
 And from the brown elm's towering crest
 I hear the earliest mock-bird sing.

Ah! well it were if bird or flower
 Could still one pleasing vision raise,
 Or Nature's voice had yet the power
 To stir me, as in olden days

When, hand in hand, we wandered free
 By wave-washed coast or mountain cove,
 And but to breathe, was ecstasy,
 While all I knew or dreamed was love.

But what avails her richest art
 To him who cannot see nor hear?
 Or what, from vacant eye and heart,
 Can win one answering smile or tear?

The Spring will dress her narrow bed
 With pansies and forget-me-nots,
 And round her rest a fragrance shed
 As sweet as her own virgin thoughts;

And, fainting in the dusky trees
 That rock above her dreamless sleep,
 With drowsy hum of murmuring bees,
 A solemn hush will Summer keep;

And Autumn feed with thousand rills
 The drouth of willow-margined streams,
 And light the sadness of the hills
 With crimson and with golden gleams;

But unto me all hours that fly
 Bring only chill December's gloom,
 And hear, for aye, one deathless cry
 That wakes no echo from the tomb.

O, vanished form! O, silent lips!
 So meek, so wise—O, truest wife!
 The shadow of a drear eclipse
 Has darkened all my weary life.

Thou knowest all my hidden woe,
 Thou seest all my secret tears,
 And only thou and God can know
 How love grows wider with the years.

O, guard and guide my wandering feet,
 Bring comfort to these aching eyes,
 Be ever near me 'till we meet
 Beyond this rack of storm-swept skies.

WHAT THE MOON SAW.

FAR away north, in Denmark, there lived a man named Hans Christian Andersen, to whom the moon was wont to narrate many of the curious things which she saw in her nightly journeys over the world. These he wrote down and published in a little book, which has been translated into every civilized tongue. Now, the moon speaks English as well as Danish, and perhaps seeing how sad I was when I looked on the condition of my native Southern land, and its oppressed people, and wishing to amuse me, she told me too, of many sights she had seen—some pleasant and some sad,—bright and dark intermingled, like the web of human life. Some of these, I will now relate as she told them to me.

NO. 1.

During the late war, I looked down on the wounded and dead of a Southern battle field. Dark groups were scattered over the plain. Some lay silent and still in death—their heart's blood soaked into the earth around them.—In some it was still welling forth freely, but their laborious respiration was growing hurried and short, and the cold death dews were standing on their foreheads.

The most of them were youths, born in wealth, carefully taught, gently nurtured, and trained to a patriotic love of their Southern native land, in defence of which they had fallen—fallen in doing that they religiously thought a duty.

A surgeon, his assistants and some officers, are going about, to give succor where it is not too late, and to receive and transmit the last messages of the dying to their distant families. A wounded young officer spoke: "Take my sword and send it to my father in Virginia. It was borne by his grandfather in the first war with the English. We fought for a like cause, the right of self-government, and it has not been disgraced in the hands of his descendant." "And take mine," said an older officer, "and send it to my widow in Texas, and tell her to hang it up, till our eldest boy can wield it, and then—" "Peace, my darling brother," said a dying soldier near, "let not our last moments be filled with ideas of vengeance, but with supplications to the Throne of Mercy."

"I was wrong, and thou art right, as thou always wer't, brother," said the officer, "and now, if thou hast the strength left, pray thou as beseems thy sacred calling." And the dying soldier, who was indeed a clergyman, raised his weakening voice, and prayed for their hard pressed native land, for their own souls soon to appear before their Maker, for the helpless ones at home, soon to be left orphans and widows, and then prayed for their enemies—that He would forgive them for having made cruel war on their former brethren, because they wished, in accordance with

the political doctrines of their common ancestors, to be allowed to govern themselves in peace, and lastly, if it should be His will that the Southern people should be conquered, that the hearts of their conquerors might be filled with a generous pity for those who could no longer resist. With a deep Amen, the searchers moved on to seek others, for whom aid might not be too late. They came to another part of the field, where more lay, who were wounded to the death. "Give me some water," said a handsome, delicate lad from Arkansas, his young life's blood welling from a ghastly wound in his breast, and his lips parched with thirst. They gave him water. He drank eagerly and long, and his voice grew stronger. "No need to examine me, doctor, I must die in an hour. Cut a lock of my hair off, and send it to my mother in Arkansas. Tell her it is her Willie's hair, sent with his dying blessing, and that he has not disgraced his father's name. If our country is successful it will not let her, who has lost husband and son in its battles, suffer, and if it is not, a brave and generous foe will protect her helplessness."—Poor boy, he did not know that even while he spake, in his distant home in Arkansas, some of those generous foes—soldiers wearing the blue uniform, were at that moment holding burning coals to the naked feet of that shrieking mother, to make her tell of hidden

plate, which they had been disappointed in not finding. She had told them, and told them truly, that it had been sold to buy bread for the little ones, but they would not believe her. Poor Willie's death was enviable compared with hers.

No. 2.

I looked on two old men, the same night, one in a New England town, the other in the mountains of Virginia. Each had been a General in the late war. One is scorned and execrated by millions, and only lauded by a few thousands, because he is the enemy of those they hate, with a fiendish and insane hatred. The other is honored, loved, and lauded by the whole civilized world. One is rich in the plunder of prisoners, widows, and orphans. The other is poor, working daily for his daily living. I looked in at the windows of each, as they were about retiring to rest. The thought that will now and then strike the aged, of their near approach to that eternal resting place, the grave, struck both. The one called hoarsely for an opiate, to drown thought and procure sleep. His sleep was restless and disturbed. The other kneeled down meekly, and prayed, with humility and faith, while my rays rested lovingly on his white hair and beard. He then lay down, and slept like a peaceful and innocent child.

THE FAITH SHE PLIGHTED ME.

BY H. T. STANTON.

Her whiter hand lay lost in mine,
 The while she turned away,
 To where the evening's flush of wine
 Went up the face of day:
 "When all these Autumn leaves are shed,
 "And I—beyond the sea,
 "You'll not forget, "oh love," I said,
 "The faith you've plighted me."

Her brown eyes, going outward far,
 Were silent in reply;
 It seemed she thought some early star
 Would break the shadow'd sky:
 "When seeds of spring are harvest grain,
 "And leaves in purple be,
 "'You'll not forget'"—I said again—
 "The faith you've plighted me."

And shadows thickened where we stood,
 And night came on apace;
 I saw a tear—the heart's true blood—
 Stand silent on her face:
 "By these two hands at parting met,
 "By sacred tears I see,
 "I know, dear love, you'll not forget
 "The faith you've plighted me."

Then came her full heart from her eyes,
 Turned liquidly to mine:
 "Did Eve forget her Paradise
 Beneath another vine?"

“No, no!” she said, “the waves may fling
 “Their whiteness on the sea,
 “Nor time, nor tide, nor death shall bring,
 “Forgetfulness to me!”

* * * * *

I went where science, learning, art,
 Heaped memorable piles,
 I felt the great world's pulsing heart
 Beat in the flower isles;
 I saw the countless, soul-full eyes,
 That sparkle in the dance,
 Beneath their rich Italian skies,
 Their fruity hills of France.

The Scottish truth—the Irish grace,
 The German's frugal care;
 In every shape the human face,
 And beauty, everywhere;
 And Summer, and the Autumn came,
 And leaves were in their fall;
 I held her image here, the same,
 An Idol over all.

* * * * *

You mark the pale, proud woman, there,
 Beneath the astral shine;
 Despite such blossoms in her hair,
 Her heart showed pulse to mine;
 I brought the sunset back to night,
 From out beyond the sea,
 I dared not think she held so light
 The faith she plighted me.

I clutched the goblet, as a vice,
 And pledged her, thus, in wine:
 “May Eve forget her Paradise,
 “Beneath another vine!”
 And then, I said: “The waves may fling
 “Their whiteness o'er the sea,
 “Nor time, nor tide, nor death, shall bring
 “Forgetfulness to me.”

Oh, friend! I tune no syren tongue,
 No human voice, or tears,
 In all the world I dwelt among
 No eye had truth like hers.
 I pass no more the fatal spot;
 No more the shadows see,
 Since she, who loved, so soon forgot
 The faith she plighted me.

MAYSVILLE, KY.,

MARY ASHBURTON.*

A TALE OF MARYLAND LIFE.

WE sat in perfect silence, like two statues, neither moving nor speaking; I scarcely breathing and afraid to move a single muscle, the only living thing about me was my heart which beat tumultuously as if it would leap from my bosom, while I could hear his short, irregular breath as if it issued from between compressed lips and tightly clenched teeth.

At last I ventured to look at him, raising my eyes by slow degrees to his face. I was shocked at the alteration in his appearance, his brow and lips contracted as if in pain, while heavy lines were on his forehead and about his mouth. Yet he was exceedingly handsome for all that; a species of attractiveness that moved my woman's heart more than the full enjoyment of health and spirits could have done. For a moment I forgot everything in a loving pity that made me long to

Continued from page 388.

tell him all, that I wanted but the privilege of comforting him, ministering to him with all the tenderness of a woman's love.

"Miss Ashburton"—how my heart bounded and throbbed! but he did not look towards me, his brow still knit as if in suffering.

"I came with my father this morning—you know for what—at least I judge you have been so informed. You must know also that I am no fit wooer for any lady. I have no heart to offer.—To please my father, when he almost went on his knees to me and begged me as if every word was wrung from despair, I obey and came to do what I have feeling enough yet to revolt from. How can I ask you to yield your consent to such a proposal—to give up the happiness that might be yours with one who loved you and whom you loved—to be tied for life to a poor, dead object like myself?"

He paused as if awaiting my

answer, still without looking at me. Oh! if I only could have obeyed the impulse of my feelings to cast off that ill-timed reserve, ill-timed because he was crushed, and forsaken by all the world; to tell him that I loved him—I could not say for how long—would love him to the end; that I would be to him what no one else would—what I could never be to another. To be able to do this—oh! how I wished I could! But a rigidity came over my limbs, a stiffening of the muscles, my tongue was glued to the roof of my mouth, my lips remained immovable.—I could not say to him what I wished and could say nothing less.

He mistook my silence for the bashfulness of an awkward country girl—it must have added to his disgust at the fate intended for him—so senseless and stupid as I must have appeared at that moment.

“Speak, Miss Ashburton,” he said with a slight accent of weariness and impatience in his tone, “will you take me as I am, to make my father happy? to gratify him in the only thing that life has left for him? He thinks to make me happier, to relieve his own feelings of some of the burden of our misfortunes. If you will be that, say so; if not, let your mind be known at once, and you may be very sure that you will not be so disturbed again—you nor any one.” He spoke bitterly.

“I—I would like—that is my feeling,” here that obstinate delicacy sealed my stammering lips, and, unable to express myself, I held my head down while a tear coursed its way down my cheek.

“Does this thing cause you also such distress?” he asked with some concern on his rigid face. “Young lady, if you do not wish it,—it is natural you should not,—tell me, and be assured that you shall be rid at once of such annoyance. Pardon my manner,” he said more gently, “I am very wretched, and abhor life and everything connected with it; almost everybody too.”

“Very wretched,” his brows contracted yet more painfully, and the deep lines worked about his mouth, “very miserable, and consequently very inconsiderate also.”

Wretched! poor Alfred. I was half afraid of him in his deep man’s grief, and looked at him with awe. He was now awaiting my answer with scarcely restrained impatience, as if it was beyond his endurance to retain one position so long, when a restless misery goaded him into constant action.

Such a wooing. But I wanted the liberty and power to soothe, and my heart was so full of pitying tenderness. Could I let its well-springs flow for nothing, when they might moisten the parched, barren wilderness of his? if not making it blossom with the roses of love, at least of human kindness and heavenly mercy?

“Will you accept this wreck and ruin of a man, to drag out your own young life with? He arose and folded his arms as if to restrain his restlessness and impatience.

I must answer. My lips must

unclose themselves and say something, I knew not what.

Despair gave me strength. The invisible, iron chain that shackled my limbs, partially fell away. Where I had been cold and rigid as a lump of ice, I suddenly became hot with the boiling blood that surged to my face as if my veins ran fire.

So I went to him, took his hand and pressed it to my lips and murmured confusedly, "I will go with you anywhere."

"Poor child!" he said sorrowfully, "you have chosen most unwisely. I can do nothing but to make you miserable."

He groaned in anguish, and walked across the room.

At this moment our father's appeared near the door.

"Father," said Alfred, approaching the old gentleman, "you have a daughter. Speak to her and say what I cannot."

"Let us go when you can." He threw himself down in a restless way, and beat the window sill unconsciously with his fingers.

"Is it so?" replied the elder Mr. Chauncey, approaching me gently. "Then, I must salute my new daughter." He stooped and kissed my forehead. "Many thanks, my child," he said in a low tone, broken by emotion, then louder: "Most heartily do I congratulate myself upon obtaining such a daughter-in-law."

He shook hands with my parents, pressed mine in his own again, then went up to poor Alfred, who was, apparently, unconscious of everything transpiring around him, his head supported by an arm resting on the

sill, his eyes cast down in gloomy thought.

"Alfred," said his father softly, as if addressing an invalid, "we will have to bid our adieu for the present."

He took him by the arm and led him to me.

I timidly extended my hand. He took it with cold courtesy—it seemed to me aversion,—and bent his head in his distant, yet knightly manner.

I believe it was a relief to him to turn from me to my parents, there was a little less restraint in his manner.

His father endeavored to make up for deficiencies in him by his graceful affability and rapid flow of talk, glossing over the awkwardness of the scene as he could, causing me to wonder much at his power to do so at such a time, the smooth self-control of a man of the world.

They stepped into the carriage and were gone. So the interview was over and I was left to think.

Without stopping to speak to any one, almost knocking some one down the steps, hastened to my room, locked the door and threw myself breathlessly down.

It was over—I was engaged to him—my long, hopelessly beloved. As I felt just then, I would have given worlds to recall the interview—to spare myself the bitter humiliation I was suffering. Yet—inconsistency of human nature!—if it had been to go over again, in my power to recall it all, I should have acted in a precisely similar manner. The truth was that events had fallen partly in accordance with my own secret

wishes, yet not in the way I desired them to do; rather than lose him I would my woman's dignity.

Do not blame me, kind reader; human nature is very weak. Is it not often so, that we yield to our hearts' desires when we would so gladly have the power to stand firm; to be firm in the dignity we compromise by our weakness?

But I was very weak and very human; let that be my excuse.—The weak may pity and sympathize, the strong condemn and censure; I cannot help it.

We were to be married in six weeks; so our parents said, when two days after that, Alfred came with his father.

"Spare me," he said to me imploringly, "you will forgive my not coming often. You know my feelings. It is torture to me to act."

"Do not act," was all my reply, and the pain at my heart, pain for himself and for me, contracted the muscles of my lips so rigidly that I could say nothing more. Another effort and the tears that were welling up would have found vent in a fit of passionate weeping.

How despicable I must have appeared in his eyes! A common country girl so utterly devoid of all pride as to accept a man under such circumstances; he knowing nothing of course as to my mental qualifications and no doubt thinking me no better than I appeared.

The preparations had to be made rapidly. My mother insisted upon a handsome trousseau, which I steadily refused, shuddering when her conversation dwelt its details, to think of Alfred's

suffering countenance; his reluctant wooing and the folly of preparation for a bridal that was more like a funeral. I would not even accompany her into town to make the necessary purchases, telling her that her choice would satisfy me perfectly.

She returned from the jaunt with several rich silks and some muslins, and, as I would not consent to the publicity of a mantua-maker, proceeded to cut them out and make them herself, secretly procuring from a city at some distance what she did not trust her own skill to prepare. I helped her, for I did not like to see her working for me so, and insisted upon resuming some of my old, forsaken duties.

Poor mother! At first she tried to gossip with me over my future prospects, but seeing how repugnant her way of commenting upon them was to me, some natural delicacy sealed her lips and spared me what was the most unendurable of all;—vulgar pride in connection with one like Alfred;—gossiping under her breath as far as she dared with one or two of her neighbors—the confidential friends.

As soon as the astounding fact of my engagement was noised abroad, innumerable calls were made at the farm. I had anticipated this seige of vulgar curiosity and made my mind up as to how I would free myself from exposure to its attacks, either absenting myself in my room when I saw them coming or maintaining a freezing dignity on my on affairs that repelled their familiar questioning.

One old lady insisted even upon following me to my room and called out in tones rendered nasal with snuff:

"Well, Mary, if ye're goin' to be married, ye might as well own up, girl, and let me see what ye're makin' for yer grand house. You needn't be so proud and make believe you don't know your old friends. They're better than new to my thinking."

I went out then and met her kindly, but with a calm dignity, that caused her to retreat a step.

"I shall always prize old friends." I took her hand, "don't think that I am proud. There is not the slightest occasion for that. I am the same I always was, Mrs. Peacham."

"So ye're goin' to be married,?" she asked, peering curiously into my face, thinking this a favorable opportunity for putting the question direct.

"Let me help you down. My steps are rather steep for you." She looked at me again, but my manner was impenetrable.

"It's a sudden way of doin' things. I did'nt know he was a courtin' of you. I thought he was mad about that other gal! He must have changed his mind on a sudden."

"Good bye, Mrs. Peacham." We had reached the foot of the stairs, where I shook her hand with additional warmth, to prove that pride did not cause my reserve, and returned to my room. She left the passage to find mother, who may have been more communicative than I, yet not as much so as they wished from my

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urgent entreaties, to her, to be prudent.

Indeed my affairs must have created a wonderful sensation in the neighborhood:—an event so totally unexpected had not transpired before. Without the slightest rumor, not a word of preparation, the news of this event burst upon them. It was a hard task upon mother to parry their wondering questions far more curious than polite.

"Old Mr. Chauncey took a fancy to Mary," I heard her say in forced explanation, "and thought she would be just the one for his son after that mad love affair."

"Well, but has he got over that love affair, does Mary like him, and he like Mary? Are his circumstances improved? Is the Grove to be kept in the family," and a thousand other questions were poured out upon my poor mother, who answered them as best she could, taxing her ingenuity to make a plausible account of this singular affair.

They did not dare to trouble me when they saw that I would not permit it, shutting myself up in impenetrable reserve, and staying much in my own room. Yet some remarks reached my ears, not always complimentary.

"She need'nt hold her head so high," said one of my freckled-faced young neighbors, "she's only thought of for her old pappy's money. They wanted it to build themselves up with, and could'nt think of nothing else. I don't see what she's got to be proud of for my part. If it was

me, I'd be ashamed of being taken up so."

Some kind friend was officious enough to repeat the remark to mother, who, in great indignation, informed me of it, expecting me to resent it as she did. Coming from the source it did, I was not moved to particular resentment, and took no notice of it.

We were to be married in church, at an early hour; no one but our respective parents to be present at the ceremony, the deep mourning of some of the party forming the excuse for its strict privacy. I was to return with Alfred to the family mansion, while the elder Mr. Chauncey would set off directly for the home of one of his daughters, there to remain a long time.

I think he wished to spare himself the pain of witnessing Alfred's sufferings, letting affairs take their own course during his absence, two poor young hearts to manage as they could; then, when a sufficient time had elapsed to work a change of some sort, he would return and see for himself how matters were progressing.

I saw Alfred but seldom in the meantime, and upon these occasions his father brought him as a mere matter of form, in which he conducted himself still with cold courtesy, and I as a shy, country girl, speaking but in monosyllables, and apparently cold as himself.

As the day approached, the thought of it appalled me, the vows, the duties that I was then to take upon myself to one who loved me not. Would he perjure his own soul? But I did not

think much. I was rather in a dream, and moved about as if nothing that surrounded me was real, the dear old familiar objects seeming strange and distant as if some magic wand had passed over, transforming them in some way. I attempted to improve the time by a preparation for my future duties; in reading that I might render myself a suitable companion for him, but failed to fix my mind upon one subject in its unsettled state.

Mother worried herself about my hands, insisting upon their being spared and rendered as white as possible in a short time, but I gently disobeyed her, and kept up some of my usual occupations, perfecting myself in many a little detail which seemed unnecessary in the future mistress of the Grove, yet which I thought might possibly be put into requisition. I would be prepared for any event in the future; whatever of an unpleasant nature might transpire it should not be attributable at least to my want of preparation.

So the weeks passed dreamily away and it was the night before the eve of my marriage, that eve so often written of in prose and poetry, but so different to me who would be a bride but in name.

I stood at my window. All the preparations were completed.—I had worked to the last, doing many little things I knew they would miss me in, and helping mother in every way I could. I wept much over the dear tasks, rendered so to me as the last perhaps I should do for them, and gave each a farewell lingering look as I tenderly put them away.

Now with awed silence, the dreaminess still upon me, I was before the window where I had been so often, looking towards his.

It was dark; not a shadow passed across the panes denoting his presence there. Where was he? He had been with his father at the farm that day, looking sterner, gloomier than ever. I trembled like a leaf in his presence, feeling the bitterest shame at my position, which he evidently regarded with contempt; about to be united as he was to one who had so little self-respect or dignity of womanhood as to consent to such a project, solely—as he must have believed—from motives of ambition; one too wanting in sense and spirit to have the character to reject what another would have treated with scorn.—Very contemptible I must have appeared to him, and strong was the love in my heart to enable me to endure that contempt, to permit what, had my love been less, no one would have resented so keenly as I.

Even father noticed his unusually stern manner and said to me in his rough way:

“Why, girl, that fellow’s hankering after his sweetheart yet.—I wish you’d let him go after her, or bang the door in his face. I’d a thousand times rather you’d a had one of the neighbors’ sons, who would honor and respect you, treat you with decency and not as this fellow.”

“Nor do I approve of this, Mr. Ashburton,” said my mother discontentedly, “and sorry I am she ever consented to be put in such a

position where she’s treated so.”

“She never should have done it,” pursued my father, “had it not been for her queer ways.—She’d never have anything to do with the young men of our acquaintance, they were kept far off. That induced me to allow this thing which I am most heartily sorry for.”

To hear Alfred spoken of in this manner aroused me of course into his earnest defence until I had warmed myself into such boldness as to defy the world and every body in it.

“I consented,” I replied, “knowing everything. He begged it of me as a favor that I would not expect his attendance during the engagement. I knew he loved another and accepted him under the circumstances of my own free choice. So what had I to expect but exactly what he told me, and if I find no fault and am satisfied, why should others complain?”

This silenced if it did not convince them, and I was permitted to pass the remainder of the day in peace.

And now as I sat at the window I was in a bewilderment of excitement, so dreamy that I could not believe I was awake.—The thought of my bridegroom’s face awed and chilled me, and I wept as the dreary years before me, my unknown fate, presented itself. It might have been avoided, my reason whispered, you ought to have rejected this humiliation and consequent suffering.—Rejected! my heart started alarmed—oh! heart, thou hast hoped now and hope is so sweet. No indeed, I would give up the world,

every thing for you, Alfred; if I am but near you, let them talk as they will. I can but tend you and try to make you happier; from that I will derive pleasure and consolation. My heart can live upon that, where it would starve to be separated from you. Poor fellow! you don't know what a friend I am. The world has left you, but *I* never will while there is breath in me. Though unloved, faithful to the last. My future duties passed in review before me, and I examined them severally, appointing each its place in my mind: then kneeling down by the window, I prayed for assistance in performing each as I wished.

It was very late when my trembling limbs were laid down for repose, but not for sleep. That scarcely came. I lay as in a trance, my eyes seeing not the darkness,—but light everywhere,—a painful oppression of ecstasy at my heart, my hands clasped firmly across my breast, for I feared to destroy the illusion. The bliss of being near him, of not being separated from him. And was it *to-morrow*! It could not be possible! Surely I was dreaming.

All night I lay in that way. At eight in the morning we were to be married in the village church. As the morning approached, a light sleep stole over me, but I awoke in the grey of dawn, just before the sunrise. How chill and grey it looked, the

landscape in its sombre aspect, so different from the mellow radiance of the night, the brilliancy of the stars that seemed to smile with their dazzling eyes sympathizingly into mine, the melting lustre of the moon, irradiating life with its dreamy, softening beams. Oh! it was now so different. I felt chilled to the heart, and afraid of him, to whom in a few hours, I was to be united,—so ignorant, weak, childish as I was, such a contrast to those with whom he had always associated. Oh! how could I face him continually?—so inferior a person as I!

I was frightened,—wished to draw back, to hide myself somewhere out of his way,—poor fluttering bird.

Mother came in with a drink of some kind for quieting the nerves and giving strength. I drank it eagerly and thankfully, but was still extremely agitated.

“Be quiet, child,” she said, “you tremble like a leaf.”

The whole house seemed different to me that morning; the old furniture wore an altered look. I never loved them as I did then, but they seemed to shrink away from me somehow, leaving me alone as I was the only discernable object. My little brothers were loud in their opposition to my marriage, and could hardly be induced to dress themselves to accompany us to the church.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLICS.

IN the sixteenth century, the powerful, haughty, graceful and chivalrous Spaniard stood first amongst the ruling men of the earth. The iron hoof of tyranny had not yet begun its work of crushing out freedom of thought. Foremost in courage, enterprise, and learning, they also excelled all other men in arduous and hazardous enterprises. And never did richer, more dazzling reward lie within the grasp of bold navigators, than the magnificent continent of South America. No poet's most vivid fancy could conjure up a more radiant vision of wealth and beauty. The majestic rivers, the boundless prairies covered with the richest and most gorgeous flowers—the forests of gigantic trees, tree-ferns, and palms acacias and bamboos (and grasses forty feet in height) groves of myrtle, and wild fruits like those of Paradise, mingled with rainbow-hued birds, which glanced hither and thither in the checkered sun-light and shadow. Added to all this was the grandeur of scenery—the snow-capped mountains towering amid the clouds—the flaming volcanoes—the glittering lakes and rivers.

With his yet unsubdued energy, the graceful Spaniard bent his energies to the appropriation of all this beauty. He dotted the land with handsome churches, monasteries and cities. He spanned the rivers with substantial bridges. He looked forward to the time when South America

would far out-strip Europe in political strength and national glory. And what is the result of all his labor? A collection of feeble governments, an inert and decreasing population, and a decaying commerce. Nueva Grenada extracted from her mines as late as the end of the last century, \$3,000,000 per annum, and they now yield almost nothing, although the sources of supply are almost inexhaustible. The coinage of Bogota was \$2,000,000 per annum, and that of the Mint of Popagan was \$1,000,000 early in this century. Now these mints are idle, or nearly so. The trade of Ecuador does not increase!

The coinage of Peru in 1803, was \$6,000,000. In 1855, it had decreased to \$3,000,000, one-half!

According to the *Mercurio Peruano*, Peru owned in 1790, forty-one ships averaging 400 tons, and manned by 1,460 seamen.

It is a question whether her marine can now number the same amount. "The far-famed riches of Peru are now like the legends of the past, and with an immoral, degenerate, and indolent population, the result is not strange."

The Empire of Brazil, on the other hand, is steadily growing in wealth, population, and power.

The once noted silver mines of Potosi, in Bolivia, now yield only about \$2,000,000 per annum.—During the long period from 1556 to 1780, over two centuries, the yield, according to the royal duties paid, was \$2,400,000,000; and

as only a third paid duties for a long period, it could not have fallen short of \$3,000,000,000, or about \$13,000,000 per annum.

The population of this famous old town, celebrated in story and song, has decreased from 160,000 in 1611 down to 8,000 in 1825. It is now estimated at about 17,000. "Perhaps there is no such instance of decay in either hemisphere as Potosi presents." (North British, Nov. 1860.)

When the English Government recognized the independence of these South American Republics, her statesmen, critics and journalists of the Liberal party, grew eloquent over the theoretic reformation which was immediately to take place, when the Governments became free and the slaves were liberated.

"Their industry has been cramped, their minds have been held in ignorance by a bad government; hence they are ignorant and superstitious."—"But" said these glowing enthusiasts, "remove the *cause*, and the effects will cease to flow. So sweet are the fruits of labor, that the motives to it are *irresistible*, and the activity of the *enfranchised slave may be counted on with the certainty of a law of nature.*"

These cherished expectations have not yet been fulfilled, and like all plans built upon theory, instead of experience, were unworthy of thinking and educated men. Theorists shut their eyes and ears to the past, and only look and listen to the present and the future. That which has been shall be, yet we constantly hear the imbecile cry of "something

new under the sun." Ages of experience of disaster, death and crime have failed to teach men that placing power in the hands of the weak, the ignorant and the vicious is placing edged tools in the hands of madmen.

With one of the healthful climates in the world, the population of the Spanish Republics has remained almost stationary for more than half a century. The Spanish were so largely engaged in the slave trade that her colonies were well stocked with Africans. The Indians and these negroes form a sort of mongrel population which, we fear, would be a bad ingredient in any state.—

All have the elective franchise, however, and no property qualification is required. "Nothing," says the entertaining Colton in his 'Deck and Port,' "puzzles the stranger here so much as the singular mixture of races. The Spaniard, the Indian and the African run together like the hues of the dying dolphin. It is impossible to tell where one color begins and the other ceases. Even in the same families, complexions differ wide enough to embrace both extremes. The African in other countries can be traced, but here, after a few generations, you lose sight of his origin, and find them intermarried with families of distinction and wealth." Thus we find the once proud, pure-blooded Spaniard—descendant of Japhet—dismissing his noble birth-right by sharing it with the degraded descendant of Ham. Can any reasoning mind wonder at the condition of the South American Republics? The frightful mortal-

ity, which is found in these coun- tries among children, will be seen from the following account of in-

1850.									
April,	198,	of which	156	were	children	under	seven	years	of age.
May,	144,	"	119	"	"	"	"	"	"
June,	144,	"	88	"	"	"	"	"	"
July,	185,	"	124	"	"	"	"	"	"
August,	187,	"	135	"	"	"	"	"	"
September,	192,	"	124	"	"	"	"	"	"
Total,	1,050		746						

Statistics of the same year showed the illegitimacy to be per cent. In the district of Concepcion, South of Chili, it is 30 per cent; and if this be about the average for Chili, some of the other Republics are in a worse condition, and the only wonder is that the decrease of population is not even greater than it is.

"The frightful prevalence of diseases resulting from immorality, also brings its harvest of death. Dr. Mackenna, in reference mainly to this fact, says: 'Looking around the whole horizon (of Chili) we do not find a single spot that casts the germs of epidemic miasma towards our blue sky; nor can we find, upon our soil, any of the venomous reptiles infesting other countries. Yet, in the midst of this beautiful land, we see death cutting down the tender plants of the generation, leaving only the dried limbs, in whose veins flow the poisons that afflict society.'"—*North British*, Nov. 1860.

Strange as the fact may seem, it is true that the newly settled island continent of Australia, actually imports an annual amount in stirling value equal to the total imports of the whole Spanish American Republics, and that she exports at a similar ratio.

Yet it is a land like the "garden of the Lord" for beauty and fertility, with inexhaustible mineral treasure, and it was colonized by a noble and chivalrous people. This people, however, as was said before, displayed their princely birth-right, by allowing a degraded stream to mingle with their noble blood, and now they find it hard to find a place of repentance, although they seek it carefully with tears.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.*

CONSUMMATUM.

A DAY of darkness and great horror; a day in which all faces gathered blackness, and all hearts quivered with an agony of suffering, that brought strong men and little children as one in the dreadful equality of pain.

It was all over—all that the noblest race, that ever had its being could exhibit of quiet endurance and superhuman bravery, all that prudence and foresight could devise, and wisdom and energy carry into execution, had been exerted, and in vain! The strength of manhood, woman's purity, childhood's prayers and Christian blessings had been given to the Cause, and the Cause was lost!

Why it was, it is useless to ask, or to pry too curiously into the Providence of the inscrutable God who "creates evil" and permits it to triumph temporarily over good.

Leaving second causes and looking directly to God, we accept what He sends without wonder or comment, knowing that it must be best because He sends it, and leaving the proof to His own time.

It was all over—under the apple tree at Appomattox Court House, the sword that was as untarnished as the honor of its owner, had been surrendered to one who was in a position to demand it, and greater in defeat than others are in the fullness of triumph, General Lee had told his weeping

veterans that he had done all he could for them, and in vain, and commending them to the protection of God, had exhorted them to go to their homes and be as faithful in the discharge of life's duties as they had been to him and their country.

The sad news spread over the land and the nation bowed in mortal agony; the great heart of the South was broken, and in all minds, but one hope lay dead for ever.

That mind was the one which had towered supreme in its greatness and spotless purity from the moment when, called by the unanimous voice of his country, he had assumed her burdens, and being constituted as the guardian of her honor, had thenceforth maintained it as unblemished as his own.

As Jehovah out of nothing created the universe, so under Him this faithful servant of His evolved from a chaotic national mass, a grand government, and laid the foundations of a noble national fabric which was worthy the admiration of all ages.

Nobly did he labor, through good report and through evil report, for the people of which he was chief, doing his duty with a singleness of purpose as to the "Lord and not unto men," and when, in the wild vagaries of popular fickleness, accusations were brought, and aspersions hurled against him, by those who could not fathom his motives, or master his policy, though he

* Continued from page 420.

might have cried unto the Lord with Moses under similar circumstances, "They be almost ready to stone me!" no murmur escaped his lips, but he remained calm and fearless in the discharge of conscientious duty.

And now, when all possibility of such a termination of the war as all had hoped for, had faded from the bosoms of even the most sanguine, he clung to it as closely as he had done in the hour of his country's triumph, and hoped even against hope, and with the very desperation of despair.

He had left Richmond, the city so identified with his name, bringing with him all that remained of the government, and was now domesticated in Charlotte, unconsciously exposed to dangers far greater than any he had left, and from which the greatest foresight and most tender devotion of his friends were powerless to protect him.

Blacker and still more black grew the national horizon of the Confederacy, now limited to the small region of country of which Charlotte was the center, Columbia, or what had once been Columbia, the frontier, and the hemmed in command of the Trans-Mississippi, under Kirby Smith, the out-post.

Charlotte was suddenly transformed from the quiet of an inland town, to all the bustle of the stand-point of the destiny of the South. Orderlies and Aids dashed up and down the pretty streets, grey and gold glittered on every thoroughfare, and at every step might be seen some form, which would tower through the coming

future, and as one of the immortals who survive the wreck of time.

Nothing of the plans of the President and Cabinet was definitely known to the public, though from the unaltered bearing, and indomitable calmness of the former, an opinion prevailed that something affecting the general good must be known to him and those in his confidence, and this produced a feeling, which resulted in quieting the public mind, and inducing a belief that affairs were not quite so bad as they seemed.

Suddenly this seeming calm was exchanged for a wild unrest, and turbulent commotion, and the President and his Cabinet left Charlotte and began their disastrous journey Southward.

With a self-abnegation that was sublime, Mr. Davis refused to entertain any plan, which had for its object his personal safety.

"The country first; myself afterwards!" was his unfailing reply as repeated by one, who was to him as a son, and whose innate nobility well deserved the position which his relationship allowed. So, deaf to the suggestions of Mr. Mallory, who clung with unswerving fidelity to the fallen fortunes of him, who had proved so true a friend, and unmoved by the entreaties of the lion-hearted Breckinridge, the President occupied the time which might have been easily used to secure his escape, in vain endeavors to devise methods by which the ruin of the Cause might be retrieved, and an honorable peace obtained for the country.

A few days of intense suspense, wild reports and feverish excitement, and then the news of the President's capture came like a death-blow to his sorrowing people, and the South bowed her stately head and died.

In Richmond all was wild chaos, while a miserable accumulation of evils and aggressions, made the cup of her citizens ready to overflow with bitterness.

Among the crowd which filled St. Paul's a week previous to this memorable Sunday, when the stillness of the Sabbath was broken by the announcement, which fell like a wail from the pulpits of the various churches, a party was assembled in which hearts that had been brought to their Saviour's cross, by the softening and hallowing influence of suffering, which had been permitted to perfect its appointed work, were to profess Him openly before men, and to enroll themselves as soldiers to fight under His banner against the earth's great Trinity, the World, the Flesh and the Devil.

The white sleeved Bishop of Virginia, whose name is a household word, loaded with the blessings of the thousands to whose spiritual needs he has ministered with a father's tenderness, blended with the faithfulness of a true pastor, sat in his chair by the Altar, and as the last words of the Ascription with which the eloquent sermon was ended, died away and left the church to silence, he rose and in his silvery voice, desired the candidates for Confirmation to approach the Chancel.

In response to his call, a varied

crowd pressed forward, and as the beautiful words of the Confirmation hymn floated from the choir, took up its station around the railing, which surrounded the Altar. Every age had its representative, from the hoary headed old man beginning God's service at the eleventh hour, to the golden haired girl, who, in the freshness of life's opening day, had consecrated herself to heaven.—The beautiful Confederate grey of noble men, who had won the right to wear it, was side by side with the black robes, which clad hearts sorrowing for those who would never wear the grey again, and the scene was imbued with a pathos, which touched all who looked on it.

Col. Preston rose, and opening his pew door, stood in the aisle, holding his prayer-book in a hand tremulous with emotion, as Charley removed the hat from her shining curls, and, preceded by the Professor, walked quietly up to the Altar.

As she passed her Grandfather, the girl gave him a look of tender affection which made the old gentleman put up his lips and hastily return to the side of his wife, not, however, until Frank, leaning on his mother's arm, had passed out and taken his place by Charley's side.

Camille and Loui joined them from the pew in which they and the Estens sat. She had received the sacred rite at the hands of the Bishop during one of his Episcopal visits to Southside, but unwilling to leave her husband alone, and still following him with the ceaseless devotion, which en-

grossed her young life, she walked by the side on which the empty sleeve of grey, pinned across Loui's broad chest, told so eloquent a tale, and when they reached the altar and Loui placed himself next to Frank, she seated herself on the bench just behind him, and prayed for him with a fervor, that made her face seem that of an angel.

The soft strains of the hymn had ceased, the candidates had been presented by their faithful pastor to his Right Reverend Father in God, the preface prescribed for the office, had been read, and the Bishop had addressed them in the searching words appropriate to their position, and prayed that they might be daily increased "in the manifold gifts of grace; the spirit of wisdom and understanding; the spirit of counsel and ghostly strength; the spirit of knowledge and true godliness."—Then, as the band knelt before him, he raised his consecrated hands, and placing them on the girlish head of Charley, pronounced, with Apostolic unction, the formula:

"Defend, O Lord, this thy child with thy heavenly grace, that she may continue thine forever, and daily increase in thy holy spirit more and more, until she comes to thy everlasting kingdom.—Amen."

The rite was over; the benediction had been pronounced; the glowing words of the Bishop in which he set forth the duties of those, who had taken their baptismal vows upon themselves, had sunk deep into the hearts of all who heard them, and again the

organ pealed forth like the anthem of approving Angels, "'Tis done, the great transaction's done," and those who had newly put on Christ, came from the altar to common life again.

With a quiet joy too deep for words, Camille passed her arm through Loui's and seated herself by him in the carriage which, in right of their position as invalids, was to convey him and Frank home. Frank sat by the side of his happy mother, his head on her shoulder, and a glow went through his brave heart as she whispered, "my boy, you have never given me one moment's pain except through your sufferings, but to-night you have made my heart overflow with happiness."

Loui and Camille sat silent but very happy, her little hand clasped in his, and her lovely eyes telling him such eloquent tales, that spoken in language was not needed.

The Professor and his Charley walked home in the wake of the Estens and Colonel and Mrs. Preston and good Dr. Mason, and the party assembled in the parlor in a state of quiet happiness which was a blessed foretaste of the perfect peace, which the faithful discharge of the duties just entered upon, would inevitably secure.

Before long their number was increased by the entry of Dr. Truman and Mr. Fontaine.

"We have called to say good bye," said the former. "There'll be heavy work in front before long, and I must be off to be ready for the duties it will entail. Mr. Fontaine keeps me company,

and as our stay will be a long one, and we leave to-night, we came round to say good bye together."

A general expression of regret followed this declaration, and Miss Charley remarked: "Richmond is like a great hotel which people are continually reaching and leaving! Just as you learn to like a person, off he goes:—I've said good bye so often, and to so many, that it seems to me I have been living here for years, and must be as old as the hills! Doctor, acting on the premises that Confederate soldiers are always hungry, I shall put you and Mr. Fontaine up a lunch," and she tripped out of the room in pursuance of her hospitable plan.

When she returned, and had placed a substantial basket in the charge of the Doctor, he rose, and with his companion, began to say good bye.

"Take care of that husband of yours, Miss Esten," he said with a smile, which Camille understood perfectly, "and if he attempts to join his command for the next two weeks, bandage his eyes and put him on bread and water."

She turned aside into a corner, and still holding his hand, tried to tell him her appreciation of all his kindness and attention to Loui, and thank him as he deserved.

"Tut, tut," he said carelessly, to conceal his real feelings, "I deserve no thanks, for I declare at one time, I was half tempted to be indifferent whether he recovered or not!"

"I thank you nevertheless," she said, smiling through her

moist eyelashes. "God bless you!"

He turned and left her, and Mr. Fontaine approached. "You will not refuse to take my hand now?" he said, extending it. "You need not; if it were not an honorable one, I would not offer it."

She laid her hand in his and whispered with down-cast eyes, "Was I not right to trust him?"

"Yes!" he said. "Your woman's faith deserved and met its reward in the happiness, which I see has fallen to you. Believe me that my congratulations for that happiness are none the less sincere from its being based on the ruin of my own."

"Out of suffering we grow strong in goodness," she said earnestly.

"I trust I may prove its truth!" he said sadly, "and now good bye!"

Before the two weeks which Dr. Truman had prescribed as the earliest period at which Loui might return to his command, General Lee had sheathed his sword, and the grand Army of Northern Virginia had ceased to exist in the present, but had become a part of the imperishable past and never ending future.

Col. Preston remained in a blank stupor for days after the announcement that Lee had surrendered, and at one time his wife began to fear that his intellect was seriously affected by the heaviness of the blow. Nothing seemed able to rouse him, and he sat with his hands crossed and his head, with its silvery locks, hanging low on his breast, declining

food or rest, and now and then as weak as a child—kiss me first, moaning in a way that was piteous to hear. darling.”

One morning when he seemed more than ever crushed, the Professor came in and brought Charley a printed copy of Gen. Lee's farewell address. As soon as she could see through the blinding tears, which its perusal drew from her bright eyes, the girl took it, and going into the room in which her Grandfather sat, knelt down by him and slipped her arm around his neck.

“Grandpa,” she said, “I want you to listen to Gen. Lee's farewell address to the army.”

“Farewell, child? Why say farewell? Ah! yes, I know now!” and his head dropped lower than before.

The girl began to read in a low, soft voice, interrupted now and then by her sobs. As those noble words, the very wail of a heart which knew that all was lost and yet remained steadfast in its trust in God, and firm in its own nobility and greatness, fell upon the ears of Col. Preston, his apathy was exchanged for a thrilling emotion, and as Charley's voice died away in a whisper the hot tears burst from the old gentleman's eyes and streamed in showers down his cheek.

“God bless him!” he exclaimed. “He is the greatest man that ever lived, and his example shames us all! I felt, child, that there was nothing worth living for, but now, by George! I'll live if only to spite the rascals and get my property out of their claws! Bless my soul, child, get me a glass of wine, or some milk, or something—I feel

It was easier to talk of recovering possession of Southside than to effect its accomplishment, but thanks to the fidelity of Jack, the stout determination of Col. Preston, and above all, the fact that the house had fallen into the occupancy of a party of quiet, well-bred Navy officers, whose views of warfare did not coincide with the code of Butler and his like, the matter was finally adjusted.

Old Jack made his appearance in Richmond soon after it was taken possession of by the enemy, and presenting himself at the door of Col. Preston's house, received the welcome, he so well deserved.

Miss Charley put her little white hand in the old negro's horny paw, and then drew him a chair constructed on such principles of strength and solidity as would bear even his vast proportions, while the entire household crowded round to ply him with questions and hear his account of home matters.

“Patsy is well, ma'am, thank you Missis,” he said, in reply to Mrs. Preston's inquiry after her favorite, “and desired her compliments to all. She's had mighty good luck with her poultry, and is mighty proud of the parcel of chickens she's raised, and as fur the ducks, they ain't nowhar, there's so many o'em!”

“Have they cut down any of the trees,” asked Miss Charley fearfully.

“No, Miss, none at all, cause I showed 'em where we cut our wood and remonstrated that it

was a saving o' time and money take half of what's here, as I have to cut it there."

"I suppose we wouldn't know the house, Jack," said Mrs. Preston.

"La! Missis, whar was me and Patsey, ef the things was to be expeiled before our eyes? You see, sir," he continued, turning to his master, "there's Yankees and tother Yankees and them what preoccupied our house was of the tother sort. Mild, peacable kind o' folks, what read and draw lines and configurments on paper and never bother themselves about nothing. Some of 'em was accustomed to go in good 'ciety 'fore the war, and used to visit on Jeems River, and they never seemed to have no idea of stealing nothing in the house, and as fur the plantation and stock, why, marster, they never knowed no more about them than nothing!—They paid me and Patsey wages regular and we tended to them genteel, and they said they never lived so well before."

"Now I thinks Marster, if you all just go down and devolve to take the stablishment by force, you'll 'blige them officers to squochulate the premises, Sir." "Miss Charley, Patsey she sent you some eggs, some pop corn and some ribbins she got from a pedler, and Marster I'se brought my wages, and this is yours Sir, most willingly," and the old man held out a little pile of gold.

"Thank you, Jack," said the Colonel, divining that to refuse would be to inflict a severe mortification on his faithful servant. "You are very considerate, and I'm much obliged to you. I'll

take half of what's here, as I have some funds still by me, and you may require the rest. If you want any more, call on me—it's all right between gentlemen."

"Thankee, Sir," said the delighted Jack, rising and making a profound bow. "Patsey 'll be monstrous proud, Sir," and he walked off to embrace the expectant Mandy and Ben.

The Colonel, after mature consideration, determined to adopt Jack's plan of taking Southside by sheer force of resolution, and the scheme being fully arranged, Jack returned to assist in its execution.

Broadfields was vacant, and except for most of the negroes who remained on the plantation, would have been deserted, so the matter of its recovery was easy.

Camille's old nurse and her husband, who had accompanied the family to Richmond, returned with Jack in order to prepare the house for its owners, while the household in Richmond was busily engaged in preparations for a general exodus.

In the dimness of the twilight of a damp evening, in the early part of May, three carriages drove along the road leading to Southside, and stopped at a certain part of it, while tender and tearful farewells were exchanged between their inmates, and one vehicle went on to Broadfields, and the others proceeded to Southside.

Their coming seemed expected, although it occasioned no remark to the quiet party in a sitting room, which Mammy had appropriated to their especial use,

and in which they now sat discussing former voyages, the remote chances of promotion, and the certain ones of being ordered off on a disagreeable cruise, utterly unconscious of the descent about to be made upon them.

Uncle Jack and Patsey, one mass of smiles and curtseys, received the returned wanderers, and conducted them in triumph to their respective apartments which, with their bright fires and elegant appearance, seemed as if they had never been vacated.

Frank shared the bed and board—they were synonymous in the case of the disciple of Hygiene who owned them—of the Professor, while Miss Charley returned to the luxurious quarters of her own apartment, making Mandy both lock and bolt the door, lest, as she said, “any of those dreadful creatures might be prowling about.”

They did not indulge in prowling, and quiet settled down over the broad roof of Southside, while sleep spread his rosy wings over its illy-assorted inmates.

Next morning, Patsey and Jack, acting under orders, drew out the great mahogany table in the break-fast room, of Southside, and dressing it in all the wealth of fine damask, china, and the Preston plate which had suddenly re-appeared, proceeded to fill it with every dainty that the kitchen of the establishment could afford.

Colonel Preston, dressed in his best suit, took his station on the hearth rug, while his stately wife occupied her accustomed seat at the corner of the fire place, flanked by Mrs. Leigh and Frank,

while opposite to her Miss Charley, looking the very incarnation of mirth and mischief, was nestled close to the Professor who sat on a low sofa.

The old man went off and the Colonel planted his feet firmly on the rug, cleared his throat, and compressed his lips with an air of unutterable determination.

Very speedily the sound of approaching footsteps was heard, and as they reached the door, the oily voice of Uncle Jack exclaimed, “In dis room gemmen; we breakfasts in home style to-day.”

He threw open the door, and the party, consisting of eight naval officers in undress uniforms, entered, but soon stopped in utter amazement at the sight, which greeted their astonished eyes.

“There must be some mistake here,” exclaimed one who seemed the superior officer, “there must be a mistake.”

“None at all, sir,” said the colonel courteously, advancing at the same time. “I returned last night with my family to my house, which you have done me the honor to occupy so long, but I assure you, sir, I do not in the least begrudge you the hospitalities of Southside. Some of my countrymen are deeply prejudiced against your nation, sir, and I must confess that my predilections for companions are in favor of my people; still, I do not object to entertaining you as my guests until you can perfect your arrangements for leaving. In the meantime, gentlemen, let me introduce my family. My wife—my daughter—my granddaughter—my friend—my grandson, Capt. Leigh, C.

S. A., and now, gentlemen, permit me to invite you to take seats at my breakfast table. Jack, seat the gentlemen. My dear, let me place you once more at the head of your table. Charley, child, come to your old place by me—and now let us say grace in gratitude at our restoration to our home!”

Every head bent while the old gentleman offered his simple thanksgiving and asked a blessing on the meal before him, and the former proprietors of the mansion being, in sailor parlance, completely “taken aback,” succumbed to the situation, and ate their breakfast with as good a grace as possible.

Human nature, that is refined human nature, could not resist the influence of the perfect politeness with which Col. Preston pressed the hospitalities of Southside upon those, whom he never permitted himself to regard in any light but that of guests, whose stay was necessarily limited, and before the expiration of a week the entire scientific party, which had occupied the house, more on account of its comfort than because authorized by the government, took up the line of march and retreated to the wooden walls of their unseaworthy old vessel which lay near City Point, and which they had unofficially exchanged for the luxury of Southside.

THE END.

THE Summer had come and the Autumn had passed, since the Spring time, which had withered the hopes of the South with a blight, which no successive seasons will remove, until in God’s future

they shall whiten to a heavenly harvest, and the Christmas of 1865 was so near that it might be counted by hours.

It was to be an important day at Southside, and scarcely less so at Broadfields, for upon it the Professor was to receive a Christmas gift, which was to fill his life with a happiness as sweet as the season at which it was bestowed.

The Colonel had imposed this further delay upon the Professor’s wishes, in consideration of the unsettled state of the country, and the utter impossibility of determining what the political and social condition of the South would be.

But the country had worried along somehow, and the political prospect for the future was at least no worse than it had been just after the surrender, while the social one, so far as Col. Preston was concerned, was decidedly improved.

Very few of the negroes had left, and, thanks to the confidence which the remainder reposed in their master, the influence of uncle Jack who was an oracle among them, and an advance of some of the Professor’s golden guineas, which the Colonel did not hesitate to borrow, inasmuch as they were to be expended on the estate which would be Charley’s in due course of time, the condition of the plantation had never been better or more profitable.

The experience of Mr. Esten had been somewhat similar, but good Dr. Mason had been a considerable loser, his home being more exposed, and having suffered much during his absence, so

he yielded to the solicitations of the Estens and Camille, and made his home, until the coming spring, at Broadfields.

No new obstacles interposing, Col. Preston had withdrawn all opposition, and gone to work with all his accustomed energy to bring the wedding arrangements to a speedy termination. So Charley was to be married on Christmas Eve, and every member of the household, from Mrs. Preston to Mandy, was directly and personally concerned in the affair.

The confidential conferences and important consultations, which were carried on between Mrs. Preston and Mammy, aided and abetted by Mrs. Esten, were of constant occurrence and portentous length, and terminated in great and very agreeable results. The Colonel was in a state of continual unrest, and managed to be in every body's way, and apparently, at one and the same time.

Now he would burst into Miss Preston's room where that young lady and Camille, assisted by the neat fingered Mandy, would be engaged in some all important affair, relating to the wardrobe of the bride elect, and walk through the array of chairs and lounges, covered with bridal finery, with no more thought of the peril to which he subjected their delicate contents, than if he had been striding over a stubble field, and on one eventful morning, came within an ace of ruining himself and Charley's wedding veil and orange blossoms, by seating himself in the chair over which they had been carefully spread, with a

view to enable the ladies to judge of their effect. Driven from the room in deep disgrace, the old gentleman proceeded to the comfortable pantry in which Mrs. Preston, seated in her especial rocking chair, kept up a stately superintendence over a small army of Ethiopians, which, headed by Mammy, was engaged in the various admixtures of flour, sugar, lemons, fruit, gellatine, eggs and liquors, which were to result in the delicious compounds that would appear at Miss Charley's wedding supper, and the grand Christmas dinner, which was to succeed it. The master of the premises was almost as unfortunate in this temple of creature comforts as he had been at the shrine of finery, and after transforming himself into a miller by overturning a pan of flour, just weighed by Mammy, for a cake, throwing over a basket of oranges in his efforts to save the pan, and then putting his foot in a dish of currants drying before the fire, he retired covered with confusion, and also with flour.

A fancy then seized him to make himself useful by assisting Uncle Jack, who, with an accession of greatness and pompous self-consideration, almost too much for even his large capacities in that line, to sustain comfortably, had taken the entire establishment in hand, and patronized it in the most affable and condescending manner. Just at present, the old man was engaged in a thorough inspection of the cellar, with a view to having the best of the wine ready for the important occasion for which it was to be

used, and the Colonel found him sitting, like an enormous and amiable spider, among the dust and cobwebs by which he was surrounded.

"Jack," said the old gentleman, "everybody has to work now-a-days, so I've come down to help you here. Hand me those two bottles and I'll take them into the house."

"Never mind, sir," said the autocrat of the cellar. "Ef you will have 'em," he continued, seeing the Colonel was bent on obtaining them, "please be very keerful."

"I will, Jack, I will," said the old gentleman, "I never was slippery fingered, and I'm too old to begin now—eh, Jack?"

"'Pears so!" was the sententious reply, as one of the precious bottles slid out of the Colonel's hands, and falling to the brick floor, separated into numerous particles, and bathed the Colonel's boots in a new kind of blacking.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the astonished amateur butler, "there must have been oil on that bottle! Never mind, Jack, plenty more of the same sort left!"

"Yes, sir," said Jack with chilling dignity. "It don't matter much, no how, sir, fur of course I didn't trust you with the nonperale, sir. Lemme git down, sir, and brush your coat, you is in a fair mess, sir. You better go to de library, sir, and deport yourself. 'Taint for the credit of de family no how, sir, for you to be a working, specially as you is a new hand and hinders more than you helps, sir!"

"I believe you are right, Jack!"

said the Colonel, as he stood with a lamblike weakness, while the imperious Jack brushed, rubbed, and in every way restored his nether man. "I begin to think that nobody wants me, and that I'm only a chip in the porridge."

"Here's another of the old block, come to take you out," said a merry voice, and the Colonel was taken prisoner by a pair of soft arms, while a rosy cheek was laid on his. "Grandma is in despair on the subject of black cakes, and has a monomania for seeding raisins. So I have come to her rescue, and promised to seed a half bushel, provided I have you to help me, and I have stolen a private corner in the pantry, and go occupy 'it you must and shall."

The old gentleman needed no entreaties, but followed his darling with a step as light as her own. He permitted her to turn back the sleeves of his fine coat, and actually consented to have one of Mammy's large and spotless aprons tied round his neck, and then sinking in the arm chair, Charley had placed at a safe distance from flour and currants, he sat there, perfectly happy in the preparations going on around him, and Charley's sprightly remarks.

After awhile Frank's handsome head was protruded in the softly opened door, but quickly withdrawn when he saw that his grandmother had company.

"Come in Frank," called out Miss Charley. "The raw cake isn't ready yet—I know you came to get the pan—but there'll be lots of pickings in the way of cit-

ron and candied orange peel!" Frank wasn't proof against such inducements, and coming in, was at once pressed into the service of the raisins, with strict commands not to eat more than four out of every half dozen, he seeded!

A merry party they made, and at last the Professor, seeking, like Maister Michael Scott's man, her, who was indeed his rest, and like the said man, "finding nane," was guided to the object of his search by her ringing laugh, and entering, with much trepidation, the sacred presincts of the pantry, was forthwith added to what Miss Charley called the "reasonable" party.

In due time the day on which both raisins and orange blossoms were to be used, came round, and the closing hours of its sunset found Miss Charley and Frank at the window of Charley's corner, each of them far more serious than was their usual state.

"Charley," said Frank, "I have a little present for you, which I hope will remind you of me every time you use it." He threw a chain of fine Venetian gold over her slender throat, and placed in her hands an exquisitely beautiful Geneva watch. Her eyes flashed with delight, but all she said was, "Oh! Frank!"

"Charley," he said, taking her hand, "I want to tell you something. I have seemed very quiet and cool while all this was going on, that is to take you away from me, but I haven't felt it any the less for that. I used to be a careless, good for nothing sort of a fellow, but all that trouble in prison made a man of me. It taught

me too, Charley, that what you called 'nonsense,' was the truest kind of truth, but it taught me also, Charley, that I must subdue my feelings, and not let them interfere with the comfort of any one else!"

"Dear Frank!" she said softly, "I never suspected it!"

"I'm glad of it, Charley; I was afraid you would, for I have been terribly cut up, and had hard work to hide it. I'm better now, or I never would have told you."

"You will grow better and better, Frank," she said, smiling through her tears, "and bye and bye you'll get over it altogether, and bring us all the sweetest kind of a sister."

"I shall marry at some time, or other," he said, "but I shall never love any one as I have loved you, Charley!" He pressed the hand which lay in his, to his lips, and then lifted the curtain, which shut out the library, and left her alone.

She did not continue alone very long, for scarcely had the crimson curtain ceased to flutter from the effects of Frank's touch, than it was swept aside, and a tall figure entered, and taking Charley, weeping for Frank's manly sorrow, in his strong arms, proceeded to remove her tears by a course of treatment, much in favor with persons in his position.

"Crying, Oh! my darling—tears on your bridal night!" he said, half sadly.

"Not for myself, Professor," she answered, and told him the story of Frank's love.

"No one knows how to feel for

him in his sorrow, my own one," said the Professor, "so well as I, who have caused it. But, Charley, I can't be magnanimous and give you up!"

"I would'nt be given up if you could," was the reply. "Am I goods and a chattel?"

"You will be soon," was the delighted reply. "Here she is, Colonel Preston!" The last remark was directed to the voice of the gentleman of that name, who was filling the library with shouts of "Charley—where's Charley?"

The old gentleman, already dressed in wedding garments, though it wanted three full hours of the time at which the ceremony would be performed, came in and stood by the side of his granddaughter.

"They told me you would begin to dress soon, darling," he said, "and I felt that I must have a little private kiss, and try to tell you how much I love you before I have to give you"—but his voice failed entirely, and was unheard even by the bright face which was pressed to his.

"Professor," said Charley, "come here and help me tell him that, instead of giving me up, he keeps me and gains you beside!"

The gentle Professor came to her side, and again two pair of arms enfolded her beautiful figure.

"Grand-pa," she said, gayly though the speech cost her some effort, "if you think that you are going to get rid of me, just because I'm married, and if the Professor fancies he is going to have a staid, sober, well-behaved wife—you are greatly mistaken, I can tell you! I shall be just as exacting of your

love, Grand-pa, and just as wild and full of mischief when I am Charley Stuart," (the last in the faintest whisper,) "as I have been while Charley Preston!"

"Take her, James!" said the old gentleman. "If she makes you half as happy as she has done me, you will have nothing to ask!"

"Grand-pa," said Miss Preston, wishing to chase away the sadness which her grand-father's tone indicated, "which is to give me away—you, or Uncle Jack? He has gotten himself up so splendidly, and is so grand, that I did'nt know but what he might consider it necessary, for the 'credit of the family,' to give me away with his own hands!"

"By George!" said the old gentleman, "I believe he would!" and under cover of the laugh which ensued, the young lady held up her mouth to receive, first from her grandfather and then from the Professor, the last kiss that would ever be given to Charley Preston, and then ran off to her dressing room.

In due time, the large parlor was filled to its utmost capacity with the numerous guests, who had come for miles to such an important event as the marriage of Miss Preston, while Southside and Broadfields, both crowded with visitors, who had come from Richmond and Baltimore to remain through the Christmas, had given up their respective quotas of crinoline and broad cloth, and now nothing was wanting but the entrance of the bridal party.

The beloved Bishop, who, yielding to the entreaties of Col. Pres-

ton, had come to perform the ceremony, sat in the smaller parlor, cut off from the other by closed folding doors, his noble head bent forward in silent thought, and resting on his clasped hands—those sacred, beautiful hands, which are fastened to every true Virginia heart, which have never committed any act unworthy the service of God, whose minister he is, and which have brought down spiritual blessings on the heads of thousands!

All at once there was a slight stir in the parlor, and elbowing his way with condescending affability, Uncle Jack pressed through the crowd, clad in a suit of extraordinary fineness, the coat in fact, being the one, which the Colonel had pronounced too fine for himself, bearing in his capacious shirt front a breastpin presented by Charley, and having his hands encased in a pair of snowy kids, which, the same young lady declared, must have been originally manufactured for the late Mr. Lambert.

On he came, grave and grand, until he reached the folding doors, which he threw open with indescribable dignity, and then passing through them, took his station in a corner by Mammy, resplendent in a brown silk dress and swiss muslin headkerchief.

At the same moment the tall and regal figure of the Bishop rose from his chair, and advancing to the centre of the room, stood holding his open prayer book.

Out of the passage, coming in couples, and separating to the right and left, swept Mr. and Mrs. Esten, Dr. Mason with Mrs.

Leigh on his arm, and Loui and Camille, the latter a radiant combination of white satin and diamonds. Immediately behind them came the rest of the bridal party, till bridesmaid after bridesmaid had taken her place, forming a semicircle, and leaving a place vacant in front of the Bishop. The Professor, somewhat less calm than usual, followed with Mrs. Preston, and then came the Colonel, and hanging on his arm, the beautiful creature on whom all eyes were fastened.

She was paler than usual, and her bright eyes were hidden from all beholders, but as she stood in her fresh, girlish loveliness, her perfect figure draped in white satin, gleaming from under the clouds of illusion which floated around her, and a wreath of orange blossoms on her shining curls, she was the perfect embodiment of virginal beauty.

Mrs. Preston stepped back, and the Professor, advancing, received from her Grand-father, his lovely bride, while the Colonel took his station behind her, and the Bishop, in his deep, solemn tones, began the magnificent words of the Marriage Ceremony.

When the question, "Who giveth this woman away to be married?" was propounded, and Colonel Preston's white head was bent in reply, the company was astonished by an incident not set forth in that, or any other marriage form. This was the sudden advance of Uncle Jack, who, inclined his head as far forward as that organ could be brought, and nodded it gently, as if in token

that he ratified and confirmed his master's consent.

A few moments more, and Miss Charley Preston was transformed into one who had vowed, "till death us do part," to love, honor, and obey the over-joyed gentleman beside her, and she now stood in some danger of going out of existence entirely, under the impetus of the kisses, with which she was nearly suffocated.

"Please, Frank," she whispered to her first grooms-man, who stood just at her side, "get some of them away, or I shall be kissed to death!"

"Shall I offer myself as your proxy?" was the saucy reply. "I have'nt much objection."

"No, I'm resigned to my fate!" said the beautiful bride, and raising her bright eyes, they encountered those of the Professor, and received his first married gaze of adoring love.

Neither as maiden, bride, nor wife, did the lovely speaker have any cause to dread her fate, for her life flowed on with an uninterrupted brightness, and sunshine, which seemed to increase after her marriage.

She remained at Southside during the winter which followed, and the families of that mansion, and Broadfields, were almost as one.

Camille and Loui spent the season in Virginia, with the exception of a trip to Kentucky, made at the express request of Mr. Franklin.

That gentleman had been very severe in his animadversions on Loui, when the fact of his marriage was first announced. But the impartial justice of his nature

yielded to the representations of Mrs. Franklin, and he had restored Loui to his confidence and regard long before a letter from Camille, to Mademoiselle, had furnished the proof of his entire innocence of offence.

Mr. Franklin was changed, and for the better in all respects. In the long and severe illness which followed Mary's knowledge of Loui's marriage, and in which she lay in the very arms of death, the depths of her parent's hearts had been touched and affected by God's own finger. The blessed influence did not pass away as the gentle girl, whose danger had called them into existence, rallied, and by slow degrees, came back to life, and their love, but strengthened with her strength, until, on the Sabbath when, too ill to go to church, the sacred elements of the Communion were brought to Mary's bedside, she had the inexpressible rapture of partaking of them in company with her mother, her father, and Mademoiselle, whom they had all learned to love as one of themselves.

There was no spiritual blindness now in Mary Franklin's eyes; the sudden blasting of her hopes showed her the extent to which, in adoring a creature, she had forgotten her God, and she rededicated herself to His service with a singleness of devotion, which continued to the close of her pure and blessed life.

Refusing all offers of marriage, she devoted herself to her parents and Mademoiselle LaFronde, who continued with the family, despite the entreaties of Loui and Camille,

that she should return to Broadfields with them.

"No, my children," said the old lady, "I am happy here, and the sweet family loves me. I am too old to make new friends now. Go, my children, and be happy in the love, which renders you independent of all the world but yourselves. If ever you return to Belle *Espérance*, I will come to you and assist in restoring the ancient honor of the *LaFronde's*—but leave me here till then—kiss me, my children—*c'est fini!*"

They did not press the subject, but making arrangements by which her slightest wish might be gratified, Loui and his beautiful wife returned to Broadfields and began preparations for their voyage to France.

Charley and the Professor were to go with them to Southampton, whence they would proceed to London, and thence to Scotland to look after the Professor's estate, and Frank would accompany the party as far as Baltimore where he had important business.

The Colonel at first declared he would cross the Atlantic rather than be parted from Charley, but was induced by Mrs. Preston and Dr. Mason to limit his journey to New York, at which place the travelers were obliged to embark.

This trip was finally abandoned through Mrs. Preston, who dreaded the effect of saying good bye to his darling, and being left in a strange place, might have on her husband, and who made such representations as effectually influenced her lord.

"You're right, my dear—home's the best place for me!" he said.—

"I hate the idea of going among those rascals in all their prosperity, and I know I'd see and hear what I wouldn't like!"

The outward bound took their departure one sunny afternoon in the early spring time, and after a voyage as unlike as possible the one on which Loui and Camille had started four years before, reached the white cliffs of England, and separated for their different destinations.

The summer passed swiftly away, and at its close the Professor, as Charley still called him, who was now in law as well as in his own right, Sir James Stuart Douglas, took his wife, prettier and dearer than ever, to Paris to join Loui and Camille. After "doing" that place of delight under the valuable guidance of Loui, the party embarked again on a Cunard Steamer, and started on their homeward journey.

Their coming was watched by eager eyes, fervent prayers were sent up for their safety, and their return was attended with a happiness and gratitude almost too great for expression.

Loui was desirous of returning to Belle *Espérance* and repairing it as his future home, but the season had been a sickly one, and he yielded to the entreaties of the Estens, and the representations of his man of business, the old Notary, and his partner, once his clerk, whose pride Mademoiselle had so unconsciously hurt on the morning of her nephew's wedding, and remained with the happy Camille at Broadfields.

Again Christmas had come round, filling all hearts with a re-

flex of the peace and good will, which attended its first dawning, and seeming to impart new brightness to the social chain, by which humanity is held together.

Christmas Eve, the anniversary of Charley's marriage, had been celebrated by a strictly family party, consisting of the household of Broadfields, and Loui and Camille, just returned from South-side, stood by the fire of their luxurious chamber.

"Hang up your stocking, my darling," said Loui, "I am inclined to think Santa Claus has something to put in it. What of all Christmas gifts would you prefer?"

A vivid crimson burned on her cheek, and a strange light came into her dark eyes, and lifting the empty sleeve, which hung at his side, she laid it tenderly upon her bosom, and bending down, she kissed it again and again.

"My darling!" he cried, throwing his arm quickly around her and drawing her close to his bosom, "my own sweet darling—what? Oh! Camille, crying!"

She raised her beautiful face, all dabbled with the tears that were falling so fast, and said between her sobs: "Oh! Loui, when I look at this empty sleeve, and think of all you suffer, I become almost frantic, and feel that I cannot bear it!"

"My precious one," he said tenderly, as he smoothed with a loving touch, the glossy braids of her shining hair, "you distress yourself unnecessarily. You know that I speak to you as I do to my own heart, and would sooner die than deceive you. I

tell you that your sensitive spirit makes you over-estimate my loss and my suffering. Both were terrible at first, before I knew you, but you lulled the pain almost as soon as I felt it; when I look back to what I was then, and compare it with what I at least try to be now, I humbly thank God that the arm is gone; since, by its loss I have gained so immeasurably, in higher things."

She raised her sweet lips and told her feelings in the kiss she gave.

"Then, Oh! darling, to have obtained the blessing of your love, and the exquisite happiness with which you round my life into perfectness, is a bliss so complete, and all-absorbing, that not only do I never feel the loss of my arm, but would gladly give the other one, to have secured such a treasure!"

Again the sweet lips thanked him, though they breathed not a word.

"Besides, my sweetest, the loss is not so very much, after all. I have lost one arm, but have I not gained two in its place? Whose are those soft, white arms, if not mine? Do they not devote themselves exclusively to me, performing every service, from tying my cravat to driving me out in regular sporting style? For my sake, darling, promise that you will never again yield to such sad feelings on my account. I have proved the worth of suffering!" and he bent down and kissed her.

"So have I," she said softly, lifting her beautiful face and gazing at him out of her glorious

eyes, as she repeated the sublime words of St. Paul.

“Now no chastening seemeth for the present to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward, it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness in them which are exercised thereby.” She paused for a moment, then wound her

arm round her husband's neck, and said, as she laid her bright head on his bosom:

“Oh! Loui, I trust that we will live so that our ‘light affliction, which is but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory!’”

FINIS.

THE HAVERSACK.

AT the first battle of Fredericksburg, when Hoke's brigade was sent in to recover a portion of our line that had been broken, a mounted officer met a Confed retiring in the style of Gen. Schenck from Vienna, that is, hatless and a bewildered air. The officer thought that the haste, with which the soldier withdrew his *corpus*, was rather unbecoming, and that it was decidedly improper in the runner aforesaid to desert his hard pressed comrades. So drawing his pistol, he remonstrated on this wise:

Officer. “Go back, you cowardly whelp, or I'll blow your brains out.”

Demoralized Soldier, “I's no whelp, and I'se not gwine back. Crack away with your darned little squirt. They woz ten thousand Yankees a shootin' at me with rifles and a throwin' lots of bombs to make the count good.—Mister, yer pop gun ar nothin' to them things. Crack away and be damned to you.”

Away dashed the bold hero, as

rapidly as Major General Butler, when the cracking of a dry stick under his horse, made him believe that a rebel picket had fired upon him.

In simple justice to our running friend, we would add that he is now rejoicing all loyal hearts by running the reconstruction machine in the Convention at —, with all the energy and enthusiasm he displayed at Fredericksburg.

We give one version of an anecdote, in which we have been anticipated by another periodical.

Jack P. had lost a magnificent leg in battle, and its place was poorly supplied by the rude stick furnished by the Medical Department, of the so-called. His hobbling gait was a sore annoyance to him, and when he made a particularly bad stumble, he used expressions about the Yankees, which seemed to be, and probably were, a little profane. At any rate, a devoted chaplain thought fit to remonstrate with him on the

impropriety of his language, and the following dialogue ensued.

Chaplain. "Profanity is a sin. My dear friend, you must try to quit it."

Jack P. "When I think of my neat, straight leg, and then look at this nasty stick, I can't help cursing a little."

Chaplain. "You must wrestle with the Evil One, and you will overcome him."

Jack P. "Ah, Parson, wrestling might have been of some use when I had my own leg. But with this d—d stick, the old fellow would trip me up the first pop!"

A little five-year old in Atlanta, Georgia, was very Southern and very fond of music. When the U. S. soldiers took possession of that city, our young hero felt his indignant patriotism roused to the highest point; but the sweet strains of the Yankee bands would seduce him to listen, and he felt, as many thousands have felt, that it was better to "live" than "die for Dixie." Still his young and tender conscience would trouble him on account of his too great fondness for the music of the enemies of his country. So one day he came in his perplexity to his mother with the inquiry:

"Mamma will God send us little boys to the bad place for stopping to hear the Yankee drums?"

What a question to ask about the soldiers of the best government the world ever saw!

When the Jacobin rebellion has been conquered (and it soon will be,) the "old flag" will be an emblem of protection and not of op-

pression, and national airs will inspire national feeling. Then our little friend can listen to Yankee drums without any qualms of conscience for sinning against Heaven and his country. So may it be.

We remember very distinctly an earthquake in Mexico and the sensation it created. The regiment to which the writer belonged was surrounded by Mexican cooks and hucksters, who were selling stewed meats, chocolate, and tropical fruits. The first shaking of the earth stopped the traffic instantly; all the vendors fell on their knees crying "*temblor! Ave Maria Purissima!*"—Five minutes or more were devoted to energetic prayers and then the frightened cooks and fruit dealers looked around and found all their eatables were gone!—While at their devotions, the rascally American soldiers had robbed them of every thing!

This incident was recalled to our mind by an anecdote we heard in Savannah, Ga., of a little fellow, who lived in the track of Sherman's "march to the sea." His mother was describing to him the terrors of the Judgment Day. He had seen the bummers, and the description of the devil and his angels suggested to his mind the great Fire-King and his emissaries. He had seen his poor mother sit up night after night to watch, and, if possible, protect a little food and clothing from destruction. All the horrible and revolting scenes of that infernal march were brought up vividly before his mental vision, by his

mother's account of the Judgment Day. So he very naturally asked the question: we made you run a heap of times fust!"

"Mamma, wouldn't it be a good thing for us to get tried last at the Judgment Day?"

"Why, my son?"

"'Cause you 'members how you had to watch Sherman's soldiers and if they tried us first, Sherman's men would steal all our things while they woz a tryin' us!"

Lieutenant — had been a great favorite before the Mexican war, in Savannah, so celebrated for good cheer and hospitality.— Numerous dinings, balls, and parties had shown the appreciation of the people for the genial young lieutenant of artillery. After the lapse of a quarter of a century, he returned to the city whose hospitality he had so often enjoyed, but with the star of a General Officer on his shoulder, and under the conquering flag of the United States.

Willing to forget the estrangement caused by the war, he called at the house of a former acquaintance. He found his old friend surrounded by grand-children. Approaching a small little girl, he said, "I used to dandle your mother on my knee. Won't you give me a kiss?"

"No, that I won't, said the little reb." I won't kiss any one with them kind of clothes. I kiss rebels and no other sort."

A little boy playing on the floor with his miniature horses and carriages, looked up and said, "well, if you did whip us at last,

The U. S. officer looked at the whole thing from a philosophic stand-point, and said, "I give it up, when the rebellion has taken hold of children and grand-children, the movement may be said to be national. It will take time to restore good-feeling."

The most important element of restoration was forgotten,—wise, generous, and magnanimous legislation. A code of laws dictated by hate, and executed in a revengeful spirit may change the South into a Poland, Ireland, or Hungary, but can never give us back a restored and reunited country.

Bayou City, furnishes the next four incidents.

During the war, in Texas, the militia were frequently called out, for various purposes. Resulting from one of these calls, an amusing incident occurred, worthy of record. Among the company, from Walker county, was a plain, country farmer, who had never been known to be absent from home over a day or two at a time. However, he answered his "country's call," went to Galveston, Texas, was gone three years, at the expiration of which time, he returned home. He reached his gate, dismounted, was walking up the yard to his double log cabin, filled with hoping enthusiasm at the surprise he would give the loved ones upon his soft return. Just before he reached his door, his eldest boy, of 14 summers, spied his sire, and running to-

wards him, began to yell, "here's dad, here's dad."

"*Hush up you little rascal, I want to see if Betz and the young ones will know me.*" Comment unnecessary.

Pause reader, and with a sad heart, permit me to mention the humble name of Samuel Bailey, a private of company A. 5th Texas infantry, A. N. Va. Many noble deeds were born of our late struggle, many of which are as silent to the public ear, as the stilled voices of those who gave them birth. These deeds, the bright gems, the finished touches of that heroism that won the glory of imperishable renown for Southern arms and Southern chivalry, should not be permitted to mould and decay within the recollection of the few who are cognizant thereof.

Samuel Bailey, a lad of 21, fell at the battle of "Spottsylvania Court House." He was badly wounded at the "2nd Manassas," and from that wound, never recovered. After 60 day's furlough, he returned, in time to participate in the Gettysburg campaign, Chickamauga, Knoxville, Wilderness, and Spottsylvania, when he was torn to pieces, his brains scattered around upon his comrades, done by an enemy's cannon ball. At any time after Manassas he could have been discharged, but he refused this, refused a transfer, refused a furlough, and with his old wound, through the stomach, still running, he kept along with his command, walking, riding, or as best he could, unable to do any duty, but de-

termined upon being in every fight, until he fell. Who acted a nobler part, or showed a nobler spirit? Is his name, the brave, young, kind, generous, but unfortunate, Bailey, not worthy of record? All such heroism, such noble conduct, is deserving of notice, aye, of lasting record, and thus believing, a willing pen writes the name of a lost friend, a brother soldier.

At the battle of "Spottsylvania Court House," May, '64, the legions of Grant were so numerous that General Lee was forced to hold many of his positions by lines of battle that were in reality only ordinary skirmish lines. The "Texas Brigade," consisting of the 1st, 4th and 5th Texas and 3rd Arkansas, under the gallant and lamented Gen. Gregg, occupied a most important position, and had, for two days, against overwhelming odds of drunken Federal soldiery, held their line intact. If my memory serves me correctly, it was on the evening of the 12th of May, the enemy, under the influence of bad whiskey, returned for the tenth time upon a vigorous charge against our feeble works. They moved upon us in gallant style, and when within 50 yards of our works, unexpectedly to us, they moved by the "right flank file left," and entered our works through a space of 15 feet that intervened between the 3rd Ark. and 1st Texas. Our men, never having had employment for bayonets, had long since cast them away as useless appendages, and as a consequence, had to work upon the

Yanks with gun butts, frying pans and spades. Hand to hand the gallant 1st Texas and Yanks had it—a scene terrible, yet really grand. Commanding the 1st Texas was Lt. Col. Jim Harding, a man of much humor, recognized bravery, and remarkable coolness. His only weapon was a huge “army six,” that from its size was known as the 1st Texas cannon. To this portable artillery our friend, the Colonel, was warmly attached.—The Colonel snapped six caps at those around who were using him rather roughly, and finding that unless he adopted the policy side of the question, he would soon “go up the spout,” he handed his “army six” to a Yankee officer, and true to his self-possession remarked, “Captain, I surrender—take good care of this old piece, for she is the darndest best six shooter that ever snapped a cap.” Soon the Yanks were driven out, our line held, and the Colonel never lost that “darned good six shooter.” This incident took place in the hour of dreadful carnage, while dead and dying were heaped around the Colonel.

At the battle of “Fredericksburg,” General Hood had placed under him, for the time being, a regiment of North Carolina conscripts. They were ordered forward in a charge, and men never fought more bravely, never attested greater devotion to their native land, by heroism on the battle-field, than this same regiment of conscripts. They charged, swept everything before them, and were at last ordered back, by General Hood. Not liking this stoppage of

their onward gallant charge, they manifested their disapprobation by saying,

“If it had just been his old Texans, General Hood never would have called us off, but would have let us gone on and played the very devil with the Yankees.”

The point though complimentary to my old command, I cite the incident with a no less keen appreciation of the valor of the gallant sons of the 57th North Carolina regiment.

R. C.

When the — North Carolina regiment was in Richmond, on its way to take part in the second days fight on the Chickahominy, it bivouaced on the carpet of green in front of the Executive Mansion. Bright and early next morning Governor Letcher was out among the soldiers, and finding the Colonel an old acquaintance, invited him with all of his staff officers, to walk into his Mansion, and “refresh the inner,” in old Virginia style. The invitation was promptly accepted—nobody need doubt that—and as the party marched up the stone steps of the house, unknown to the Colonel, a tall, raw-boned and very dirty private, followed closely on his heels. A soldier who was looking on from the park, shouted out,

“I say, Kreps where in the mischief are you agoin?”

“Goin,” shouted Kreps unabated, and with a mental swagger, “Why, I promised to follow our gallant Kurnel to death, or victory, and I am agwine to do it!”

Kreps went in, of course, as the

Governor's demijohn can testify, and stood by his Colonel like a man!

When the — North Carolina regiment was camped on Bogue banks, a hotel was kept on the main land, which was said, by the boys, to fill pretty well, the old Saxon definition of an *Inn*, as, "a place where they take in strangers;" being renowned for the fact that, as the price *went up*, the fare went *down*. On the morning of one of Mr. Davis' rather superfluous fast days, a private of company K, walked into the Colonel's tent and asked leave to go over to town. The Colonel refused, and asked what business he had there.

"You see, Kurnel," says company K, "I'm a good Confederate, and believes in prayin' and fastin' as well as fitin'. Now its mighty hard to keep fast here, where a body can smell meat a fryin' and such like; so you see if you'l let me go over to the — hotel to spend the day, *I shall be out of temptation!*"

He got leave to go!

Whilst the 26th N. C. was encamped below New Berne a well known wag of company H. came up to head quarters one morning, and taking off his hat drawled out, "Colonel, me and two other gentlemen wants to go to town to-night."

"You and two other gentlemen?" says the Colonel, "I don't know of any gentlemen in the army."

"What do you call 'em then?" says H.

"There are no gentlemen in the

army, sir," says the Colonel, "no-body but officers and soldiers."

"And there's where you misses it, Colonel," was the quick reply, "*durn me ef the gentlemen ain't all in the army and the other sort at home!*"

That fell had, no doubt, been reading Gen. Hill's orders about the exempt!

Our mess in the —th N. C., whilst stationed below New Berne, consisted of the Colonel, Lieutenant Colonel, Major and Surgeon, and being just the right number, frequently whiled away the long winter evenings by playing whist—the two former against the two latter as partners. The Lieut. Colonel—a most gallant and accomplished young officer, who afterwards fell gloriously at Gettysburg—had quite a notion of playing the game *scientifically*, and many a player in far more important games, would frequently lose a point by adhering to the *books* when he ought to have been guided by circumstances. This often worried the Colonel until he lost his temper, and high words would pass between him and his Lieut. who almost invariably closed the dispute by dogmatically asserting that "every thing considered, we got out of that scrape devilish well, Colonel." But soon this amusement was interrupted.—Burnside attacked us and New Berne fell; and about midnight of that day, after hard fighting, swimming creeks and plodding through a cold rain, the regiment halted some 12 miles from the field of battle, lighted their bivouac fires and tried to rest.

The Field and Staff got into a cabin and dried themselves by a rousing fire—there being only one bed in the room the Colonel and Lieut. Colonel got into it spoon-fashion, whilst the rest spread themselves on the floor. After a while, just as everybody was about going to sleep, the Lieut. Colonel spoke out,

“Well, Colonel, every thing considered, we got out of that scrape devilish well, didn’t we?”

“Ya-as,” growled the Colonel, “but the other side made the odd trick as usual!”

Amidst a decided “sensation on the floor” we all dropped off to sleep!

V.

During the last two years of the war, North Carolina sent to the field many conscripts, who, notwithstanding their verdancy and ignorance, furnished many amusing incidents and anecdotes for the camp, and are deserving of great credit for the unflinching fortitude with which they bore themselves in the closing scenes of the war. To the Marylanders, whose flashy dress, feathered hat, high-top boots, and *superior airs*, inspired the simple minded conscript with a vast idea of their importance. They were a source of infinite amusement, their dress, long hair, and shaggy beards, and especially their peculiar dialect, were food for their jests.

A gallant general officer from Maryland, accompanied by his staff, while on his way to North Carolina, in 1865, found a fellow-passenger in one of the aforesaid conscripts, with a “sick leave” in his pockets. The Marylanders

amused themselves and passengers for some time at the expense of the conscripts, by various and sundry questions, as to where he lived, &c.

Finally the conscript turned to the general, and said, “And stranger, whar mout you’uns be from?”

“Maryland, my Maryland, the glorious old State of Maryland,” was the reply: then said the conscript,

“When is you’uns gwine to take the despots heel off you’uns shore?”

The General subsided, but the crowd enjoyed it hugely.

Whilst the Army of Northern Virginia occupied the line of Bull Run subsequent to the first battle of Manassas, the first Kentucky regiment became know not less for its gallant conduct in the bloody contest of Drainesville than for its want of discipline and utter contempt for military forms. On one occasion, whilst it held an advanced post on the road from Centreville to Alexandria, and it was rumored that the enemy contemplated an advance. General Joe. Johnston, in reconnoitering the advanced guard, happened upon a member of the 1st Kentucky discharging the responsible duty of vidette. Kentucky, a six footer in home geans, had placed two rails together on top of the fence and stretched himself there for a quiet repose in the sun, having deposited his rifle some ten steps off against a tree. As the General rode up, Kentucky slowly raised himself to a sitting posture, yawning and hugging his knees,

stared vacantly at him. "Old Joe" regarding him sternly thus commenced the colloquy.

"Are you not on duty here, sir?"

Kentucky. "Ya-as, been here all night, and don't see why the devil some on em don't come down to relieve me, nuther."

General. "Have you not been instructed, sir, that when you are on duty you are to walk your post and that you are to keep your rifle in your hands and that when a General officer approaches your post you are to salute him, sir?"

Kentucky. "Wall, General, when we was down here at camp Jones, it appears to me that a feller did come along one day and told me just what you say, but all that damned foolishness is played out long time ago." The General rode off in a musing mood, and if possible, this incident contributed to inspire him with the belief that volunteer troops could not be relied on, an opinion he is said to have entertained until he turned so firmly upon McClelland at Williamsburg and saw his two divisions wrestle with a Yankee host and bring off its artillery and colors.

On another occasion, as Col. J—, an old army officer and strict disciplinarian, acting as division officer of the day, was inspecting a picket line, he came across another specimen of Kentucky soldiery, occupying an important post, on the line. Kentucky, with his mind fixed on an inspection which he had heard was to take place, next day, had taken his rifle to pieces, and distributing it around him, here a

band, and there a screw, was whistling a merry tune, and rubbing away at the barrel. As the Colonel approached, Kentucky greeted him with a dry, "mornnin, sir."

Colonel. "What are you doing here, sir?"

Kentucky. "I'm sort of a sentinel."

Colonel. (Wrathy.) "I am sort of an officer of the day."

Kentucky. "Wal, I'll swear! Mister just hold on till I git this old thing together and I'll give you a sort of a salute."

—
Pittsboro', N. C., sends the following:

I send a few morsels for the Haversack, which, like the parched corn that sometimes filled the Confederate haversack, I hope will help to keep off starvation. Though I believe it is an impossibility to starve a Confed. Speaking of starving, reminds me of a cavalryman, that rode up to our camp one morning, just as we commenced our breakfast, and looking at us for a few moments, with a hungry starve, said:

"Mister please give me a buiscuit. I hain't had a mouthful for three days, *to-day, to-morrow, and next day.*"

He got the buiscuit.

—
Ours was a light battery, commanded at the beginning of the war, by a West Pointer, a man of no common stamp, as his career in the army afterwards proved. A skillful officer, and as chivalrous a gentleman as the Cape Fear region ever produced. Winning promotion by his own merit, until

as Colonel of a North Carolina regiment, he was laid low, by a Yankee bullet, in the fight at Cold Harbor, in the campaign of 1864, when Grant was performing his crab-like movement, from Spottsylvania to Petersburg.

Poor M. returned from West Point just as the war began, was offered command of a volunteer company, and soon the boys in the battery stepped to a different tune. The Captain was a great stickler for military etiquette, and a rigid disciplinarian, and took great pride in the appearance, and military bearing of his men. But those boys were wild colts, and caused the Captain to heave many a sigh before they were "broken in."

Gov. Clark and Gen. Martin (then Adjutant General of the State,) arrived in camp one day to inspect and review the battery, great preparations had been made to receive them, and everything went off beautifully.

After the review, the Governor, General, and several others were invited to dine with the officers of the company. Captain M. was complimented by all, on the appearance, drill, and high state of discipline of the battery, and his handsome face was glowing with blushes at the many compliments, when, stepping to the door of the tent, he ordered a Sergeant, standing near, to tell the bugler to "sound dinner call." When the Sergeant faced about, and putting both hands to his mouth, bawled out, at the top of his voice, to the bugler, who was at the other end of the camp.

"*Kilby, blow your bread horn.*"

VOL. IV.—NO. VI.

The aforesaid Sergeant survived the war as "high private in the rear rank." J. O. M.

The following from Owensboro' Kentucky, is, of our own knowledge, from as generous and patriotic a rebel as ever contributed to a *Haversack*:

During the war, and towards its close, many will remember how our prisoners suffered for both food and clothing at every Northern prison. Three of our Texas boys were captured at Jonesboro', Ga., who belonged to my brother's company and were sent to Camp Chase. They immediately wrote to me in Kentucky, informing me of their capture and imprisonment. Just as I had made up a full suit of warm clothing, with blankets, hats, etc., came the infamous Yankee order that no prisoner should be allowed to receive any thing save what their friends could send them from Dixie, or what very near relatives might send within "our lines." With aching heart I went to my old friend who had been my co-worker during the war and said to her what shall we do? Shall our boys be left to freeze in prison while we have plenty ready now to save them and make them comfortable? Never shall I forget the sparkle that gleamed from her blue eye as she raised her spectacles saying, "Yes, I read that infamous order yesterday as well as yourself. Yankees are made of orders, and they are *mighty keen*, but I think we Southern women have cut our eye-teeth. Now you just sit down and write a loving, affectionate letter to one of the

boys, call him your dear nephew, tell him all about his uncles, aunts, and cousins here, and wind up by telling him to get an order from the commandant of the prison for a suit of clothes from his aunt in Kentucky, and," said she, "I shall play aunt to the other two." Just such epistles as two doting old aunts alone could write were penned and sent our boys. They also wrote affectionately back to us and sure enough the Yankee order came, and in this way we afterwards clothed at least fifty nephews without the least trouble.

M. J. R.

had fallen back to Red river, where it had been disbanded—started from the little town of Monticello, Drew county, Arkansas, for Pine Bluff, to surrender, and be paroled, on the morning of the 1st of June—except about ten or twelve, who had remained behind with Colonel Rogan, (who had been in command, doing outpost and picket duty on the Arkansas and Mississippi rivers) and were to start on the morning of the next day, for Mexico, to join the fortunes of Price, Magruder, Shelby, and others, who had refused to surrender.

I write the following to know if there is any record as to the last skirmish of the late war, and to see if there was any after the 1st of June, 1865.

It is known that the Trans-Mississippi Army was surrendered on the 22nd of May. From soldiers who had left the army, near Shreveport; after the event, we heard of the surrender, on the Arkansas river—yet we had no official information of the fact.

This news, of course, made those who had been true to the last, and had responsibilities at home, wroth and anxious to lay down their arms, and take hold of the plow, as the country was in a destitute condition, and the season now far advanced.

The last few soldiers who were in the District—as all the army

Not expecting any Federals, this squad was carelessly scattered over the little town, when about sun-down, the advance of a force, sent to occupy Monticello, entered the square. As soon as they made their appearance, they were fired on by some of the party—and a brisk skirmish was the result—which lasted for some time. The main force coming up, (about 100 men) the Confederates were compelled to fall back, to save themselves—retreating on the different roads leading from town. This so scattered the would-be Mexican adventurers, that it was impossible to get them together again. One by one they surrendered, and are now at home.

Was there any skirmish after the 1st of June, 1865, or was this the last hostile gun of the war?

x.

HUMORS OF THE MORGAN RAID INTO INDIANA AND OHIO.

“OLD SILK.”

GEN. BASIL W. DUKE, in his “History of Morgan’s Cavalry,” treating of the raid into Indiana and Ohio, says: “Major Steele, of the 3rd Kentucky, had been appointed Provost Marshal of the division, and was assisted by picked officers and men from each of the brigades. He was a most resolute, vigilant, energetic officer, and yet he found it impossible to entirely stop a practice which neither company nor regimental officers were able to aid him in suppressing—the practice of wholesale pillaging. The men seemed actuated by a desire to ‘pay off’ in the ‘enemy’s country,’ all scores that the Federal army had chalked up in the South. The great cause for apprehension, which our situation might have inspired, seemed only to make them restless. Calico was the staple article of appropriation—each man (who could get one) tied a bolt of it to his saddle, only to throw it away and get a fresh one at the first opportunity. They did not pillage with any sort of method, or reason—it seemed to be a mania, senseless and purposeless. One man carried a bird cage, with three canaries in it, for two days. Another rode with a chafing-dish, which looked like a small metallic coffin, on the pommel of his saddle until an officer forced him to throw it away. Although the weather was intensely warm, another, still, slung seven pair of

skates around his neck, and chuckled long and loud over his acquisition. I saw very few articles of real value taken—they pillaged like boys robbing an orchard. I would not have believed that such a passion could have been developed, so ludicrously, among any body of civilized men. At Piketon, Ohio, I saw one man break through the guard, posted at a store, rush in (trembling with excitement and avarice,) and fill his pockets with horn buttons! They would, with few exceptions, throw away their plunder after awhile, like children tired of their toys.”

Among the exceptions referred to, above, was an old Dutchman, or, rather, a Jew. I don’t recollect his name. He was a polished pillager, but he differed from the generality of those who indulged in such pass-time—he pillaged for profit. And there was another peculiarity about him—he stole nothing but silks. Why this was, I never could tell; perhaps he had been a silk merchant, in his day, and, consequently, felt himself more competent to judge that particular article than any other; but, be that as it may, silkes were his look-out—he never seemed to think of anything else—when a store was entered they always knew just where to find him—had there been tons of gold scattered around, I verily believe he would have turned from it, in disgust, to rumage among the dry goods, in quest of silks.

Old Silk, as the boys nicknamed him, was not strictly a member of the division, but more properly a hanger-on. He fell in with it about the time of its crossing the Ohio river, furnishing his own horse, outfit, etc. Deep was his patriotism, and lasting his hatred to Yankees, to take his own story for it; but some how or other the soldiers wouldn't do that. There was something about the man that wouldn't exactly go down with them. In short, they had no confidence worth naming in the old fellow's sincerity, but rather attributed his presence with them to his love of silks rather than his love of liberty.— And it is my private opinion that the soldiers were about right. A report of our troubles here, had, most likely, reached the ears of the friendly old Israelite away in Father Land, and he had thereupon crossed the ocean with the view of laying in a "cheap stock." If so, it must have finally occurred to him that he had got into the wrong army, for, though the Confederates had fine opportunities for plundering, their hiding facilities were of the worst order.

Soon after crossing the Ohio line a squad of six or eight men were sent off from the main army to pick up a few fresh horses. Old Silk accompanied them; not by special detail, but rather as a volunteer. His horse, decidedly an inferior article at the outset, was now about to fail, and Old Silk wanted to exchange him for something better; so he "went in" for a part of the picture, bringing up the rear of the venturesome little band after a most ludicrous man-

ner, looking, with his voluminous accumulations of silks and silken fineries, more like a Yankee peddler than a Confederate soldier.

A few miles out and the party came to a large farm-house at which there seemed to be quite a gathering of people. Immediately on seeing the Confederates, the people commenced cheering for Valandigham and Jeff. Davis, and taking it for a friendly indication the boys rode up in great confidence.

Very friendly indeed proved they who had gathered at the farm-house. They were delighted to learn that Gen. Morgan was sweeping everything before him, and they hoped he would capture and burn that abolition hot-bed, Cincinnati. Hundreds of men were waiting all along to join his forces, and before he had gone fifty miles further, they knew from positive information that the division would be swelled to nearly twice its present strength.

All this was very encouraging. It made everything look so bright and cheerful to the little squad of horse-hunters, that the jaded beasts under them seemed converted into fiery chargers, and they almost wholly forgot the important errand upon which they had been sent. Even Old Silk could scarcely contain himself—in fact he did blubber forth half-a-dozen "Dat ish goots!" and then wound up by asking the kind-hearted Valandighamers if there were a goodly number of stores on ahead; and if they all kept silks on a pretty large scale.

"Won't you light and come in,

boys?" said the principal spokesman of the Valandighamers—"light and come in and take something—I've got a little of the pure old rye juice left, and I feel that I couldn't do a better thing with it than muster it into the Southern service."

The temptation was great, and all were about to throw themselves from their horses, when looking towards the house, the commander of the squad thought he saw something that did not appear exactly right. The sun was shining in at the windows, and he saw a gleam which reminded him very much of muskets; so he ordered a halt, and after thanking the spokesman, told him that time pressed, and that they would, therefore, be forced to ride on. The words had scarcely been spoken ere an ominous clicking sound came from the house, and immediately the window sashes were thrown up, and there poured out at the door, and around the corners, fifty or sixty well-armed home guards. Without asking any one to surrender, or anything of the kind, a full volley was fired upon the little band of Confederates. And immediately a lively skedaddle took place, in fact there was no other alternative, for the Yankees evinced too plainly, that to remain in expectation of quarters, would be simply exposing themselves to be shot down like dogs.

It was a little spell of awful running! No jaded horses ever made better time, than did these, until a neighboring wood was reached. Old Silks, himself, almost scorned to be held in the

rear—his accustomed place—but came forward with a degree of alacrity never before displayed by him; and which kept him nick and nick with several other members of the party.

The balls whistled frightfully, but, so far as known, no damage had yet been done, up to the time of almost reaching the edge of the wood. Just at this point, however, they were startled by a loud cry of, "Oh, mine Got!" from Old Silk. Looking around, they saw him still clinging to his horse but, poor fellow! they all knew he had received his furlough. Several times he repeated the exclamation, but still he managed to keep from falling, and his horse continued to keep pace with the party. Under other circumstances, the scene would have been truly a laughable one, for the affair had demonstrated the fact that Old Silk had been in the habit of wearing other people's hair, and now hat and wig were both gone, making him out John Gilpin, the veritable John himself, and creating an additional interest out of his silks; four or five bolts of which were to be seen flying in the air at the same time, to say nothing of handkerchiefs, and other silkities.

But no one felt like laughing, much as he disliked the old Jew; nor would he have felt like laughing, even though in perfect safety himself. The old Jew was one of them—a companion in the awful dangers which now surrounded them. No matter what might be in his heart, he was subject to equal exposure with the rest, and hence, in trying times like this, was entitled to a full share of

sympathy. Misfortune had overtaken him; and though he cut a ridiculous figure, it was the result of that misfortune, and no fault of his. Laughing would not have been proper—no one felt inclined to indulge in it.

The wood once gained, placed the little party beyond range of the enemy's fire. All were still upon their horses, and all apparently unhurt except poor Old Silk. He was groaning at a terrible rate, and seemed just ready to fall. The boys gathered around him with sad countenances, and began to ask him where he was hurt.

"Oh, mine Got!" said he.

"Are you able to ride further?" asked the Sergeant in command. "The Thugs will soon be out to look for the scalps."

"Yaw," said Old Silk, casting a sorrowful glance back the way

we had come, "Go on, but—oh, mine Got!"

"But tell us where you are wounded," said two or three at the same time.

"Wounded? Oh, mine Got! mine silks! mine hankcher! mine *everytings!*"

"I know; but where are you hurt?"

"Oh, mine silks! mine hankcher! mine *everything!* all gone—mine *everytings!*" and Old Silk blubbered right out.

"Come on, boys—the old fool is not scratched!" said the Sergeant, and so it proved to be; and as they rode looking at Old Silk's bald head, and coupling with it the scene of the retreat from the farm-house, there was an unrestrained disposition to laugh.

The squad figuring in the above affair was from the 10th Kentucky.

EDITORIAL.

THE father of General Grant has been giving the world some interesting sketches of the boyhood of his distinguished son, and with eminent propriety, has selected the New York *Ledger* as the organ of communication.

The incident which seems to have attracted the most attention in these interesting, not to say affecting, recollections, is the riding in a Circus of a very vicious pony, by the future hero of Belmont and Shiloh. The showman was very confident that the pony could unhorse any man or boy, who would risk neck and limbs upon the back of the furious beast. But the young soldier sat there with all the composure of General Butler, amidst the spoils of Mr. ———'s pantry.

The showman, annoyed to find that his favorite pony was about to be foiled, gave the wink (very unfairly, as it strikes us, though Grant, the father, does not complain of it,) to a mischievous monkey, to get on the boy's back. But all the scratching, biting, and pushing of the monkey, aforesaid, could not disturb the serene composure of the young champion of the ring. He remained master of the situation.

The moral of the story is very instructive. It shows that the germ of greatness is to be found among boys, who are to leave their impress upon the age in which they live. George Washington, when a lad, would not

tell a lie about the cherry-tree, and he carried that same conscientious truthfulness with him throughout life. We have no similar account of the unimpeachable veracity of young Ulysses, but we are told how he was ridden by a monkey. The story goes that, in early manhood, he *had the monkeys* so bad as to compel his retirement from the U. S. Army. Only six weeks ago, the Abolition papers were teeming with statements that the renowned warrior had the monkeys again. Truly, just now we are a monkey-ridden people,—all of which was typefied and pre-figured by the scene in the Circus, thirty years ago.

The denial of General Sherman that he burned Columbia, S. C., was followed by his biography, from the pen of a member of his Staff, exulting in the pillar of cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night, which accompanied "The March to the Sea," and giving pictures of the bummers at their infernal work. Now, we have a statement from one of Sherman's own army, establishing all that has been charged upon the General, and which he has so vehemently denied. We copy from the Savannah (Ga.) *Advertiser*.

GEN. SHERMAN IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

"Mr. Whitelaw Reid, of Cincinnati, *literateur*, Bohemian, and withal a man of decided clever-

ness, has been writing a book about what Ohio did in the recent civil war. He is a pronounced Radical, and writes from this stand-point, so far as the South and the questions at issue in the struggle, are concerned. Of course he has much to say of Sherman and Sheridan. As a matter of history, and for future reference where people are called upon, perhaps, to forget the past, we desire to put on record the summing up by this friend and fellow countryman of Gen. Sherman, deeds in South Carolina. We submit it without comment:

Before his movement (from Atlanta) began, Gen. Sherman begged permission to turn his army loose in South Carolina and devastate it. He used this permission to the full. He protested that he did not wage war on women and children. But under the operation of his orders, the last morsel of food was taken from hundreds of destitute families, that his soldiers might feast in needless and riotous abundance. Before his eyes rose day by day the mournful clouds of smoke on every side, that told of old people and their grand-children driven in mid-winter from the only roofs there were to shelter them, by the flames which the wontonness of his soldiers had kindled.

With his full knowledge and tacit approval, the greater portion of his advance resolved itself into bands of jewelry thieves and plate-closet burglars. Yet, if a single soldier was punished for a single outrage or theft during that entire movement, we have found no mention of it in all the volumi-

nous records of the march. He did, indeed, say that he would not protect them in stealing "women's apparel or jewelry." But even this, with no whisper of punishment attached, he said, not in general orders nor in approval of the findings of some righteously severe court-martial, but incidentally, in a letter to one of his officers, which never saw the light till two years after the close of the war. He rebuked no one for such outrages, the soldiers understood that they pleased him. Was not South Carolina to be properly punished? This was not war. It was not even revenge of a wrathful soldiery, for it was practiced, not upon the enemy, but upon the defenceless "feeble folks" he had left at home. There was, indeed, one excuse for it—an excuse which chivalric soldiers might be slow to plead. It injured the enemy—not by open fight, where a million would have been thought full match for less than a hundred thousand, but by frightening his men about the situation of their wives and children."

The reception given to Sergeant Bates and his Flag throughout the entire South seems to be an anomalous and almost unaccountable event, but it is really susceptible of an easy explanation. We do not believe that the honors showered upon the gallant Sergeant by city and town authorities, and the enthusiastic gathering of the people to welcome him, are meant to show the love of the people for the "old flag" and the admiration for the gentle party now in power. Such professions

of attachment to flag and rulers would argue either profound hypocrisy or as great fickleness as that of the old negro-traders and brutal masters, now changed into lovers and worshippers of "the man and brother." Moreover, we utterly and scornfully rebuke the base insinuation that these demonstrations are intended to deceive and hood-wink the "loyal North" as to the true sentiments of the South. Sergeant Bates has thrown himself trustfully and confidently upon Southern honor. An unarmed and a helpless man, he passes through forests and swamps where crime could be committed and no eye to behold or tongue to tell of it, and yet he is as safe as though surrounded by legions of soldiers.— He has made a chivalrous appeal to Southern chivalry, and therefore the response has been enthusiastic. Another element in the Sergeant's favor is the universal feeling all over this desolated land that the old enemies of the South are now in open rebellion against the Flag he bears, and against the Constitution framed by our common ancestry. The Jacobin rebels at the North attribute the cordiality to Bates on our part to a wish to demonstrate the falsehood of the Preamble to the Reconstruction Bill. This is very absurd: for not a single individual in the United States believed that Preamble to be true; least of all did those believe it true, who drew it up and voted for it. Their sole object was to justify their severity to the European world.

We have no sympathy with the fuss and parade made over the

traveler. It strikes us as being impolitic, if not ridiculous. He ought to be allowed to pass along quietly like any other modest individual. It is not for an enslaved people either to rail or to applaud. The former will be construed to mean rebellion, the latter will be regarded as sycophancy.

One of the saddest results of the military domination over the South is the subjecting of the better classes to the persecutions of the low, degraded and vicious, who, to prove that they are "truly loyal," bring monstrous and improbable charges against those infinitely better than themselves.— Honorable birth, purity of character and integrity of life, so far from constituting safe-guards against slander, serve as shining targets for its poisoned shafts.— The man, the most revered in a community for his virtues and his talents, will be precisely the man to be dragged before a Military Commission upon the charge of some ignorant negro or renegade white.

Dr. T. J. Charlton, of Savannah, Ga., bears one of the most honored names at the South, and he has borne himself worthy of his lineage. Notwithstanding his social position and high character, he was actually arraigned before a Military Commission on the charge of *poisoning* two prisoners in the city prison, of which he was the attending physician. He was, of course, acquitted of so absurd a charge. The grievous wrong is that any *gentleman* was to be similarly tried for imaginary offences.

We append the Resolutions of the Georgia Medical Society:

"SAVANNAH, GA., March 5th, 1868.—*To the President and Members of the Georgia Medical Society, Savannah, Ga.*: Your committee appointed to report upon the case of Dr. T. J. Charlton, who has recently been arraigned before a military commission, beg leave to submit the following:

"Whereas, it has come to our knowledge that Dr. T. J. Charlton, a member of our organization, has been charged by parties and tried by a military commission for *Murder*, though subsequently exonerated from said charges by the commission; and

"Whereas, this member of our time-honored organization is a man of professional and social merit and intelligence, and so regarded by his professional brethren, and by the community in which he was born and reared; and

"Whereas, the parties who brought the charges are disreputable and irresponsible, we most earnestly offer this as a protest against such illegal and un-called for action on the part of the military authorities; that it is the opinion of this Society that charges of such character should be submitted to the decision of civil courts, if entertained at all; and

"Whereas, we, as a body, have for the past three years given gratuitous medical services to the indigent freedmen, as well as whites, your committee would recommend the passage of the following resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That if such unjust and outrageous charges are to be brought against members of our Society, by irresponsible parties, we will in future refuse to attend colored people who are unknown to us, and irresponsible.

"*Resolved*, That we are willing, as a humanitarian body, to render professional services, as we have always done, to paupers, white or colored, but we must have security against gross injustice and damage to professional and moral reputation.

Reputation for skill and intelligence is usually acquired by years of hard labor and assiduous attention to our profession and its duties, and we cannot consent to have it tarnished by such proceedings as were carried out in the case of Dr. T. J. Charlton, without a serious and earnest protest.

Respectfully submitted,
 JURIAH HARRIS, M. D.,
 WM. G. BULLOCH, M. D.,
 R. D. ARNOLD, M. D.,
 Com. for the Ga. Medical Society.
 A true extract from minutes,
 March 4, 1868.

Attest:

ROBT. P. MYERS, M. D.,
 Recording Sec. G. M. S."

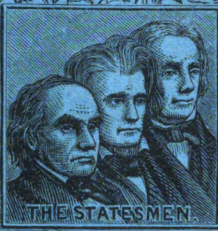
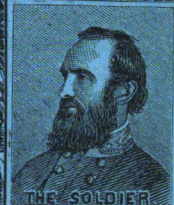
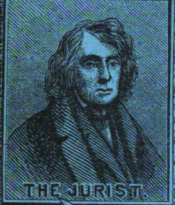
It gives us great pleasure to state that Gen. Henry R. Jackson, of Savannah, Georgia, so distinguished as a soldier, scholar, and poet, has kindly consented to take charge of the Poetic Department, of this Magazine.

Spring Garden St



The Land we Love.

Edited by
GEN. D. H. HILL.



APRIL, 1868.



CHARLOTTE N. C.

THE LAND WE LOVE.

No. VI.

APRIL, 1868.

VOL. IV

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* * IN making remittances of money to THE LAND WE LOVE use checks on New York, or Post Office money orders on Charlotte. If these cannot be had, send by Express, or in *Registered Letters*.

* * Hereafter, on the receipt of \$15.00 by Express, Check, or Post-Office Money Order, an extra copy of the Magazine will be sent, for one year, to clubs of five subscribers.

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Keep always on hand a large and well assorted stock of

CLOTHING,

Directions for Measuring

Sent upon application, with samples of GOODS.

Sept. 1867—1yr*

TO OUR PATRONS.

IN MAY, our Magazine will enter upon its third year. Those, whose subscriptions then expire, and who intend to renew them, would greatly oblige us by doing so before that time, in order that we may know precisely upon what we have to depend, and how large to make our issue. Publishers are much embarrassed by delays in renewal of subscriptions. Having to pay CASH for every thing, we can, of course, accept only CASH SUBSCRIBERS.

Ours has been an attempt to build up a native, Southern literature, and to preserve a record of the unparalleled achievements and heroic cheerfulness of our noble soldiery, and of the sufferings and privations of our nobler Southern women. There is not a true Southerner, who does not wish success to the enterprise, and there is not a generous man at the North, who would not be glad to see it well sustained. Some of the most active and efficient friends of the Magazine have been men of Northern birth and Union sentiments, who, while having no sympathy for the cause for which we battled, have, nevertheless, a deep interest in our unhappy section, and an earnest desire to see it maintain a literature truly reflecting Southern tone and Southern sentiment.

We have resolved to persevere in what we believe to be a noble undertaking, encouraged as we are by thousands of kind letters and complimentary notices from the press. Notwithstanding the poverty of the South under hostile legislation and the general stagnation of business through the untiring efforts of the party of ignorance, corruption and misrule, our circulation extends to all the Territories and all the States except Rhode Island.

We confidently hope that, notwithstanding the slender resources of the Southern people, they are fully alive to the importance of maintaining a home literature expressive of their own views, and zealously vindicating the courage, patriotism and honor of the late Southern army. If all, who have a just appreciation of the necessity of preserving a correct exponent of Southern opinion, will exert themselves for **The Land We Love**, it will become, each month, more and more worthy of the Southern people.

To the generous friends at the North, who have kindly given us a helping hand, we can say truly that we have no feeling of unkindness towards those who fought against us bravely and honorably, while the war lasted. But we feel the utmost loathing and contempt for the cowardly fiends, who urged others to the field and kept out of harm's way themselves, and are only known to Confederate soldiers by their fiendish acts of oppression and cruelty after hostilities had ceased.

Believing that the only enemies of the Union and the Constitution in the whole length and breadth of the land are the self-styled "truly loyal," we are ready to join heart and hand with the great Democratic party in its noble effort to crush the present huge and unnatural rebellion against the best government the world ever saw.

—o—

The undersigned has purchased the interests of Jas. P. Irwin and Captain J. G. Morrison, and has become sole Proprietor of this Magazine. He trusts that his old army friends will rally to his support, that all the Confederate soldiers, who wish the truth of Southern history to be vindicated, will see the necessity of supporting the only magazine devoted to that object, and that the noble men of the North, who have sympathized with us, in our sufferings, under the wrongs and outrages of the Jacobin party, will continue that patronage, which is all the more gratifying, because of the source from which it comes.

D. H. HILL.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., MARCH 1868.

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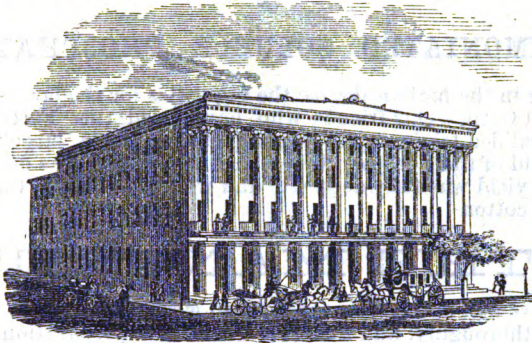
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CHARLESTON, S. C.

April 3m*]

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OF

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IS PREPARED TO FURNISH

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AMMONIATED SOLUBLE PHOSPHATE,

Combining in the highest degree the requisites for the largest yield of Cotton and Corn. Our friends who have tried this Fertilizer give their unqualified testimony of its complete success in largely increasing the yield of their crops. Where the application was doubled, the increase of yield was fully as great, and we are assured that it has proved for cotton

"THE MANURE."

Planters will find it advantageous to work less ground, to cultivate more thoroughly, and to apply liberally a preparation such as the above. Our

FERTILIZERS

ARE PREPARED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF

Dr. St. Julien Ravenel, Chemist,

Whose reputation and skill ensures a reliable article. We have no hesitation in stating that in our standard manure the public have a Fertilizer which will give the most satisfactory results. We claim that at the same cost per acre, this article will do better than Peruvian Guano—our friends writing that Guano loses its effect upon the plant generally about the beginning of September, and this sustaining the plant in a green and healthy condition until killed by frost. Directions for use sent with shipment. Price \$65 dollars per ton of 2,000 pounds.

A SUPERIOR ARTICLE OF

PURE BONE FLOUR

ALWAYS ON HAND AT

\$65 Per Ton of 2,000 Lbs.

W. C. DUKES & CO., Agents,

April—2m*

RODUNDA ISLAND GUANO!!!

The Cheapest and Best Fertilizer in the Country.

This Guano has met with Unprecedented Success!

The results of its use during the past year are most gratifying, as attested by the certificates of the most intelligent Farmers of our State, from which we select the following:

Cedar Hill, Hartford county, Md., Sept. 27, 1867.—“I used three tons of Rodunda Guano on Corn last Spring, side and side with pure bone-dust (costing forty-five dollars per ton.) The difference is so great no one would believe it unless they saw it. I have had farmers to come six and seven miles to see my crop on which I used the Rodunda Guano. It surpassed all the Corn in the neighborhood, no matter what kind of Fertilizers were used. It will make Wheat as it did Corn, you can sell a hundred tons here in the Spring.”

THOS. SMITHSON.

Baltimore, January 20, 1868.—“I used the Rodunda Guano upon Corn, which I planted in the Spring of 1867, with much success. The Guano was applied in the hill on the *poorest* portion of my farm, and yielded a better crop than the richest part did without Guano. I have used various Fertilizers on my farm in Anne Arundel county, and consider the Rodunda Guano equal to any costing double the money.”

HENRY DUVALL,
(Of Duvall & Iglehart.)

Anne Arundel county, Md., January 1, 1868.—“I received the Rodunda Guano shipped me last May, which I gave a fair trial on my Tobacco Crop, at the rate of about *two hundred and fifty pounds to the acre*, applying it in the hill. In noting its effect, I found where the Guano was used, the Tobacco made a quicker start, growing much faster, ripening about two weeks earlier, and producing at least twenty per cent. more to the acre than that planted alongside, on the same day, where the land had been well manured with barn-yard manure. I am so well pleased with the result that I intend using it again.”

HENRY OWINGS, of S.

Poplar Grove, Queen Ann's county, September 25, 1867.—“I am much pleased with the six tons of Rodunda Guano purchased from you last season, and will use more this season. My experience, by actual measure and weight, with the application of four hundred pounds to the acre upon Wheat, proves to me that this Guano will give a greater per centage on the cost, upon my land, than any Fertilizer I have ever experimented with.”

J. R. EMORY.

Baltimore, January 18, 1868.—“I used your Rodunda Guano on my farm, in Harford county, last year, in the same proportion as Peruvian mixed with Ground Bone, on my Potato ground, side by side. I found that the Potatoes were equally as good a crop on the portion of ground where I used the Rodunda as where I used the Peruvian. I take pleasure in recommending it to the Farmers as a good Fertilizer.”

JAS. WARREN.

Price—\$40 Per Ton, in Bags or Barrels.

A liberal deduction made to Dealers and Purchasers of large quantities, or by the Cargo in Bulk.

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General Agents for the United States.

AND SOLD BY

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Sole Agents for South Carolina.

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Power Press Printing and Account-Book Making.
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WATCHES JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE,
Crockery, China and Glass Ware at Retail.
255 KING STREET.
Charleston, S. C.

William G. Whilden. W. Geo. Gibbs. Stephen Thomas, Jr. Wm. S. Lanneau.
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Booksellers and Stationers,
Savannah, Ga.

School Books, Miscellaneous Books and School Requisites,
AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

AGENTS FOR SCHOOL FURNITURE.

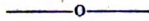
April—3m*.

M A P E S'

NITROGENIZED

SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME !!!

A Valuable and Powerful Fertilizer for Cotton, Corn, Wheat, Peas,
Garden Vegetables, &c.



IT IS COMPOSED OF INGREDIENTS EACH IN AND OF
ITSELF A VIGOROUS FERTILIZING AGENCY !

They are used in their PURE STATE, and combined in the SUPER-PHOSPHATE, FREE FROM ADULTERATION, and PERFECTLY SOLUBLE. The practical experience of planters during the past season, fully establish all the advantages claimed for this well known Fertilizer.

Received the "Highest Premium" awarded to Fertilizers by the American Institute of New York, held October, 1867.

For full report, with analysis made by the Committee of the Institute, composed of Dr. C. E. Buck, Prof. J. G. Roble, and other prominent Chemists, see Pamphlets.

The distinguishing feature of this Super-Phosphate from other similar Fertilizers is, that all of its ingredients are of animal origin, are either soluble in water, or in a condition to quickly become soluble in the soil, and be taken up by the crop.

Contains no inert or mineral materials.

The proper relative proportion of the ingredients in Mapes' Super-Phosphate, to meet the requirements of the Cotton crop on Georgia and South Carolina soils, is fully proved by the experience of Planters, who testify that whenever they applied the same to land noted for rusting Cotton, the disease was entirely corrected and a healthy, vigorous growth produced, on the same land.

Peruvian Guano and other Fertilizers have failed to secure a healthy growth.

Letters from many prominent Planters, who have used the Super-Phosphate, giving their experience in detail, will be found in our descriptive pamphlets. These pamphlets contain a treatise on manures, and general information of interest to the Planter.

Price, per ton of 2,000 pounds, Cash, \$58.50. Or, cash, \$32.50; payable November 1st, 1868, \$32.50—\$65.00.

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General Agents for the State of Georgia,

NO. 111 BAY STREET SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

April—1m

E. D. SMYTHE & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

China, Glass and Queensware,

109 BROUGHTON STREET,

140 Congress St., and 57 St. Julian Street,

SAVANNAH, GA.

April—3m*

Change of Schedule on the Georgia Railroad.

ON AND AFTER THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10TH, THE PASSENGER TRAINS on the Georgia Railroad will run as follows:

DAY PASSENGER TRAIN.—(DAILY, SUNDAY'S EXCEPTED).

Leave Augusta at.....	7.30 A. M.
“ Atlanta at.....	5.00 A. M.
Arrive at Augusta.....	3.30 P. M.
“ Atlanta.....	6.30 P. M.

NIGHT PASSENGER TRAIN.

Leave Augusta at.....	8.15 P. M.
“ Atlanta at.....	5.45 P. M.
Arrive at Augusta.....	3.00 A. M.
“ Atlanta.....	6.45 A. M.

BERZELIA PASSENGER TRAIN.

Leave Augusta at.....	4.00 P. M.
“ Berzelia at.....	7.10 A. M.
Arrive at Augusta.....	8.50 A. M.
“ Berzelia.....	5.45 P. M.

Passengers for Sparta, Washington and Athens, Ga., must take Day Passenger Train from Augusta to Atlanta.

Passengers for West Point, Montgomery, Selma, Mobile and New Orleans, must leave Augusta on Night Passenger Train at 8.15 P. M., to make close connection.

Passengers for Nashville, Corinth, Grand Junction, Memphis, Louisville and St. Louis can take either train and make close connection.

Through Tickets, and Baggage checked through to the above places.

Pullman's Palace Sleeping Cars on all Night Passenger Trains.

Augusta, October 8th, 1867.

April 1m*

E. W. COLE,
General Superintendent.

A R. NISBET.

D. G. MAXWELL.

NISBET & MAXWELL,

CHARLOTE, N. C.,

CANDY MANUFACTURERS AND BAKERS.

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Groceries, Confectioneries, Pipes, Tobacco, Snuff,

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April—3m*

CHESAPEAKE GUANO,

AN

AMONIATED SOLUBLE PHOSPHATE,

WARRANTED to contain all the material necessary to produce a full crop, and to enrich the land for future use, being strictly a concentrated plant food, equally well adapted for

COTTON, GRAIN, TOBACCO AND GRASS.

PREPARED BY

ISAAC REYNOLDS & SONS,
Baltimore, Md.

Report of Analysis.

Moisture.....	6.56
Organic Matter.....	21.18
Capable of generating Ammonia.....	2.87
Phosphoric Acid.....	27.43
Equivalent to Bone Phosphate of Lime.....	59.86
Alkaline Salts.....	8.53
Lime not Estimated.....	86.30
	<hr/>
	100.00

It is evident that this will prove an excellent fertilizer. The Ammoniacal Organic matter it contains, will promote an early and rapid development. The Soluble Phosphoric Acid will give the young plant vigor, and will supply the immediate demand for that essential element, while the remainder of the acid will be diffused through the soil for slower appropriation. The Alkaline Salts will render a two-fold service; first, by furnishing food needed for the crops, and, secondly, by promoting the solution of the other ingredients of the fertilizer.

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Analytic and Consulting Chemist, Baltimore.

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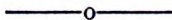
R. M. Butter, Charleston, S. C., Robt. Bryce & Son, Columbia, South Carolina.

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Raine & Jackson, Petersburg, Va., Walker & Gray, Richmond, Va., Leigh Bros. & Phelps, Norfolk, Va., Sterling Edmunds, News Ferry, Va., Knox & Brother, Fredericksburg, Va., P. H. Hoof, Alexandria, Va.

April-1m*

THE BALTIMORE WEEKLY GAZETTE FOR 1868.



THE Northern Radical journals, in view of the approaching Presidential struggle, are making every effort to extend their circulation in the South, and to flood the country with Radical falsehoods, in order to lay a foundation for Radical frauds. With a view of combating as far as possible these mischievous agents, the WEEKLY GAZETTE has been established. It undertakes to represent the true wants and feelings of the South, and to resent her wrongs. It is the largest cosmopolitan journal published South of New York, and has already, within a few weeks, obtained subscribers in some three hundred Southern towns and villages. In the hope of accomplishing some good during the Presidential campaign, we offer the WEEKLY GAZETTE, in packages of fifty copies, to any one address, for \$60. For single copies and clubs mailed to names of subscribers, our terms are :

One Copy for One Year.....	\$2.00
One Copy for Six Months.....	1.00
Five Copies, One Year, and one copy extra to getter up of Club.....	9.00
Ten Copies, and one copy extra to getter up of Club,.	15.00
Twenty Copies, and one copy extra to getter up of Club,.....	27.00

Address

Gazette Office, Baltimore,

April 6m.

MARTLAND.

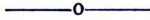
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A MAGAZINE OF

SELECTED, FOREIGN AND AMERICAN LITERATURE,

Published Monthly by TURNBULL & MURDOCH,

AT \$4.00 PER ANNUM.



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Some of its distinguished features are:

1st. That it makes its selections from the whole field of current periodical literature, including the most esteemed publications in France, England, Germany and America.

2nd. That it is identified with no political party or religious sect, but in the sole wish to discover truth, to promote liberal culture, and a thoroughly informed and discreet Christian activity, it will seek to represent, as fairly as its limited space will allow, the best and truest views of various schools and parties.

3rd. It will be free from sensationalism and disguised immorality.

4th. It will occasionally present original papers.

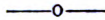
5th. A pleasing variety of articles will be given in each number, including Scientific and Artistic subjects.

6th. Liberal space will be devoted to reviews of new publications.

7th. It will contain a monthly miscellany of short items—humorous, literary, etc., also a series of portraits of the prominent men of the age.

The paper and typography of *The New Eclectic* are very superior. Each number contains 128 8vo. pp.—carefully arranged, and indexed for binding.

Although in the selection of articles, preference is generally given to those bearing strongly upon the immediate issues of the day, it is believed the general excellence and ability of the writings will give them permanent interest, and render the bound volumes of the Magazine valuable additions to a library, as books of reference.



PARTICULAR NOTICE.

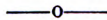
In order to maintain a high standard of excellence, which will require a liberal outlay of money, the publishers are anxious to increase the circulation of *The New Eclectic*, and to this end offer the following liberal inducements:

Each new subscriber prepaying four dollars will be furnished with any single American or European Periodical, or a copy of any standard work, the advertised subscription of which does not exceed six dollars, at fifteen per cent discount.

To friends who will act as canvassers, seventy-five cents will be allowed for every prepaid new subscriber procured for us. Where preferred, one year's subscription will be given for five prepaid new subscribers.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS will be given to the person sending us the largest number of new subscribers during the year 1868, in addition to the seventy-five cents allowed for each name.

A sample copy of the Magazine will be sent to any address for twenty-five cents, upon application, and any inquiries promptly answered by letter.

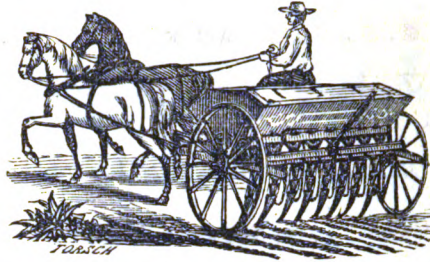


All labors in our behalf will be most gratefully acknowledged, and we believe any such assistance will promote the general cause of sound periodical literature.

TURNBULL & MURDOCH, Publishers,
Baltimore, Md.

April—1m—c. p. y.

BICKFORD & HUFFMAN'S GRAIN DRILL,



With Compost Attachment and Grass Seed Sower.

OUR DRILL is universally approved wherever used, and has never failed in a single instance of giving entire satisfaction. An important advantage our Drill possesses over all others, is, that by means of a series of marked gear wheels the quantity of seed per acre is regulated and the quantity controlled by simply changing one gear wheel for another, and when the proper gear wheel is on, the operator can go ahead and sow with an absolute certainty of getting on the requisite quantity of seed, without the trouble of measuring off a portion of his land, and experimenting a long time to get it right, in fact it goes off the first time invariably, and we wish it distinctly understood, we warrant our Drills to sow with mathematical accuracy whether the land be rough or smooth, up hill or down, side hill or level, driven fast or slow. The advantage of drilling over broadcast sowing, at this age of improvement, need hardly be alluded to, but were there nothing gained by increase of crops, the amount of seed saved, and the labor of harrowing after broadcasting would of itself warrant the expense of a Drill for each 100 acres sowed. Our Drill sows from 4 to 16 pecks to the acre. It sows wheat, rye, oats, barley, &c., and is so constructed as to plant corn or beans in drills by simply shutting off the feed to as many tubes as you desire. We have in our possession certificates from practical and scientific farmers recommending our Drill for planting corn, and it is believed to be the only Drill so constructed as to perform this work in a satisfactory manner.

GUANO ATTACHMENT

TO

BICKFORD & HUFFMAN'S GRAIN DRILL.

The principle and arrangement of this attachment, is the result of much careful research, and numerous costly experiments by us. The great affinity of Guano for moisture, and its sticky nature when moist, renders it extremely difficult to be sown by a machine, and in fact all the machines heretofore introduced have failed to distribute Guano except in a dry state. The great simplicity, as well as durability of this attachment, together with its certainty of action with Guano and other fertilizers either in a dry or damp state, renders it certainly the most desirable machine yet offered to a discerning public. This attachment will also distribute Lime, Plaster, Ashes, or any of the manufactured manures, such as the Phosphates, &c., &c., either in Drills with the Grain, or broadcast without the Drill tubes. With the late improvements, it will sow, with the Grain, from 50 to 400 lbs., to the acre. The desired quantity may be regulated with accuracy, by a slide and notches. When set at the first notch, it will distribute 50 lbs., and by moving the slide one notch, the quantity delivered will be 75 lbs., to the acre, and so on, each notch increasing the quantity 25 lbs. Here too is a great saving of expense in the use of the Drill, to say nothing of the relief which any one must appreciate who has sown Guano by hand. It is acknowledged by all close observers, that one-half the quantity of Guano usually sown broadcast, will suffice when sown with Drills, and in the furrow with the Grain. Plain and perfect instructions on a printed card accompany each machine. It also sows GRASS and CLOVER SEED.

BICKFORD & HUFFMAN.

W. L. BUCKINGHAM, General Agent, 59 1-2 S. Charles-st., Baltimore.

Dec-1867-1y*

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WILLIAMSBORO',

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Nine Miles from Henderson on the Raleigh & Gaston Railroad.

The Spring Session of 1868 begins on the 9th of January. The regular course of studies is such as to prepare boys for the Freshmen or Sophomore Class in College, to which is added an Elective Course having more especial reference to business. For circulars, address

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(Via. Henderson.)

Williamsboro', N. C.

Jan—6m.

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March—3t

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**AMMONIATED SOLUBLE PHOSPHATE, FOR COTTON,
TOBACCO, GRAIN, GRASSES, &c., IT HAS NO SUPERIOR.**

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Col. J. L. Bridgers, " "

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And to all who have used the Guano.

Sept 1867—1yr*

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NORTH AMERICAN

TYPE, STEREO TYPE, & ELECTROTYPE

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TYPE WARRANTED EQUAL TO ANY MADE.

Old Type taken in exchange for new at 15 cents per pound, if delivered free of charge.

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April 1867—1y.

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HEWES & WARNER,

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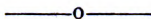
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THIS is the greatest achievement in sewing machines that has yet been offered to the public.

It is warranted to execute, in the greatest degree of perfection, all kinds and varieties of Sewing, Hemming, Felling, Cording, Tucking, Braiding, Gathering and Sewing on, Quilting, &c., that is or can be done by any other machine now before the public, and stands today, without a rival, in its celebrated Overseaming Stitch, Embroidering on the Edge, and Button Hole and Eyelet Hole making, which it does in all kinds of fabrics, not excepting Leather, in the most perfect, beautiful, and durable manner. It is but one Machine, combining and doing the work of many, without even a change of Thread, Needle, or Tension, being at the same time very simple, and within the capacity of all to manage with ease.

No Southern Housekeeper should *now* be without one. To be had of

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ELEGANT SLEEPING CARS ON THE NIGHT TRAINS.

Baggage checked through.

Passengers from the South will find this route to New York **12 Hours Quicker than that via Columbia, Charlotte and Danville.**

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Jan—6m

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Dec 1867—

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It is easy to operate, occupies a small space and does not injure articles to be washed. It is strong and substantial, and does its work in a short time. It is an actual improvement on others of similar outside appearance.

In the North State Washing Machine, the Clothes are placed in hot suds and while thus immersed with the air excluded, the Machine is operated, giving the garments a rolling, rubbing pressure, and at the same time they receive the solvent power of the soap.

This Machine gives the advantage of using boiling suds and of confining the steam. It can be worked sitting or standing. It is cheap. The price of it puts it within reach of nearly every family, and pays its cost back in saving of the garments.

TRY IT! TRY IT!! BUY IT!!!

Manufactured and sold by BARNHARDT & HOUSTON, Charlotte, N. C.

CERTIFICATES.

Charlotte, N. C., February 25, 1868.—Messrs. Bernhardt & Houston:—I have had your Machine in use for two months, and feel that I can recommend it as decidedly *the best* I have ever tried, it saves at least *half* the labor, and the washing is done with much less soap, than by the old process. When I first procured the Machine, the servants seemed averse to using it, but now say they would not be without it. To use the expression of one of them, to me, the other day—“ ’tis a good help and no mistake.”

MRS. M. A. BURWELL,
Charlotte Female Institute.

Charlotte, N. C., Nov. 30, 1867.—Messrs. Bernhardt & Houston:—Sirs: I have tried your Washing Machine, and fully concur in everything that Mrs. Burwell says in regard to it.

Yours, truly,
MRS. DR. J. M. MILLER.

MECKLENBURG FEMALE COLLEGE,
Charlotte, N. C., Jan. 11, 1868.

Messrs. Bernhardt & Houston:—We use the “North State Washing Machine” at the College, and are happy to state that it gives entire satisfaction. It is admirably constructed, and can be heartily recommended.

MRS. C. F. STACY.

Charlotte, N. C., Nov. 30, 1867.—Messrs. Bernhardt & Houston, Sirs:—The “North State Washing Machine” is really more than I expected, and I can, with candor, say that there is no humbug about it. My servants say that it does its work as well as it can be done by hand; and I take pleasure in recommending your Machine to my friends, and all who desire a labor-saving machine. Best wishes for your success.

Respectfully yours,
MRS. DAVID PARKS.

Bellevue, Cabarrus County, N. C.—Messrs. Bernhardt & Houston:—I have given your Machine a fair trial, and pronounce it a perfect success. I would not be without one for twice the cost.

In hiring servants my great trouble was to get one that would wash well, and that was my first question. Of course they said yes, but did not always do it. The machine relieves me of that care, for whether a good or bad washer, if they can work the machine (and almost any one can do that) they are obliged to wash well.

Very respectfully,

February 25, 1868.

MRS. GEN. W. C. MEANS.

Office of Land We Love.—We have tried the above Machine in our families, and know it to be admirable.

Charlotte, N. C., Jan. 16, 1868.

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Nov 1867—6m

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ROSADALIS

For the Cure of Scrofula, in all its forms, such as Consumption in its early Stages, Enlargement and Ulceration of the Glands, Joints, Bones, Liver, Kidneys, &c.; Rheumatism, White Swelling, Mercurial Affections, Sore Eyes, Old Sores, Diseases peculiar to Females, Eruptions of the Skin, General Bad Health, and all other Diseases caused by an impure state of the Blood.

The following, among many hundreds, of our best citizens, testify to its wonderful efficacy.

HOME CERTIFICATES, FROM PHYSICIANS.

We hereby certify that the ROSADALIS is prepared by a Physician who is an experienced Pharmacist and Chemist, and that his remedy is an efficient and valuable one in Scrofula, &c., it having performed some remarkable cures in this vicinity.

A. D. MOORE, M. D., }
L. A. STITH, M. D., } Wilson, N. C. Oct. 31, 1867, { W. A. DUGGAN, M. D.,
J. H. WINSTEAD, M. D., } { E. BARNES, M. D.,
R. G. BARHAM, M. D., } { R. W. KING, M. D.,
S. WOODARD, M. D.

I hereby certify that I am personally acquainted with the above named Physicians, and they are all gentlemen of respectability and standing in this community. T. C. DAVIS, Mayor of Wilson, N. C. [Nov. 1, '67.

Rosadalis will cure the worst cases of Scrofula. Read the statements below, and despair not.

WILSON COUNTY, September 10, 1867.

DR. J. J. LAWRENCE—Dear Sir:—My youngest daughter, aged five years, has been dreadfully afflicted with Scrofula nearly all her life. I tried a great many Physicians, but without relieving her much; in fact, most of them said there was no hope of cure. During the last Spring she was worse than ever, her body and limbs being covered with sores and blotches—with face and eyes badly ulcerated and swollen. Whilst in this condition, I was advised by Dr. L. A. Stith to try ROSADALIS. I at once procured three bottles, and commenced giving it to her. The effect was magical. In less than a month, to my great astonishment, she was entirely well.

I am, sir,
Yours, with respect and gratitude,
W. W. BURNETT.

Rosadalis Cures all Skin Diseases.

WILSON, N. C., September 15, 1867.—DR. LAWRENCE—SIR:—In 1862 my son, now aged five years, was vaccinated with what proved to be impure matter, which completely destroyed his health. He has been afflicted with an inveterate and extremely troublesome Eruption of the Skin, sometimes breaking out in sores, &c. ROSADALIS was prescribed by my family physician—Dr. A. D. Moore. After taking it a few weeks, my son became, and remains, entirely well.

Yours truly,
J. B. DANIEL.

Rosadalis is a Potent Remedy in all Chronic Diseases.

From G. W. Blount, Esq., Attorney at Law, Wilson, N. C.

I have been cured of Chronic Inflammation of the ear, and Partial Deafness, of ten years' standing, by Rosadalis. GEO. W. BLOUNT.

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I hereby certify that I was cured of long standing Chronic Rheumatism, by taking four bottles of Dr. Lawrence's Rosadalis. Wilson, N. C., May 6, 1867. JAMES WILLS.

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It is perfectly harmless, never producing the slightest injury. It is not a Secret Quack Remedy. The articles of which it is made are published around each bottle, and it is used and endorsed by the Leading Physicians everywhere it is known. Prepared only by DR. J. J. LAWRENCE, M. D., Chemist, Baltimore, Md., (Late of Wilson, N. C.)

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March 1868—6m

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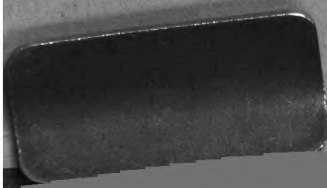
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