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BATTLE OF KULAW SPRINGS.

THE LAND WE LOVE.

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BATTLE OF EUTAW.*

We must return to the main of the British, the Virginians battle. We have seen Sumner, with his brigade, taking the place vacated by the militia. He, at length, yielded to the superior force and fire of the enemy. As his brigade wavered, shrank, and finally yielded, the hopes of the British grew sanguine. With a wild yell of victory, they rushed forward to complete their supposed triumph, and, in doing so, their line became disordered.— This afforded an opportunity of which Greene promptly availed himself. He had anticipated this probability, and had waited anxiously for it. He was now ready to take advantage of it, and gave his order—to Otho Williams, in command of the Marylanders—“Let Williams advance, and sweep the field with his bayonets!”

And Williams, heading two brigades—those of Maryland and Virginia—swept forward with a shout. When within forty yards

of the British, the Virginians poured in a destructive fire, under which their columns reeled and shivered as if struck by lightning; and then the whole second line, the three brigades, with trailed arms, and almost at a trot, darted on to the savage issue of naked steel, hand to hand, with the desperate bayonet. The terrible fire of the Virginians, followed up by the charge of the second line, and seconded, at this lucky juncture, by the legion infantry, which suddenly poured in a most destructive fire upon the now exposed flank of the British left, threw the whole line into irretrievable disorder. But the bayonets of certain sections were crossed, though for a moment only; men were transfixed by one another, and the contending officers sprang at each other with their swords!

The left of the British centre at this vital moment, pressed

* Extract from Eutaw, a tale of the Revolution, by W. Gilmore Simms, Esq.

upon by their own fugitives, yielded under the pressure, and the Marylanders now delivering their fire, hitherto reserved, completed the disaster! Along the whole front, the enemy's ranks wavered, gave way finally, and retired sullenly, closely pressed by the shouting Americans.

The victory was won!—so far, a victory was won; and all that was necessary was to keep and confirm the triumph. But the battle was not over. The battle of Eutaw was a *two-act*, we might say a *three-act*, drama—such were its vicissitudes.

At the moment when the British line gave way, had it been pressed without reserve by the legion cavalry, the disaster must have been irretrievable. But this seems not to have been done.—Why, can not now be well explained, nor is it exactly within our province to undertake the explanation. Lee himself was at this moment with his infantry, and they had just done excellent service. It is probable that Coffin's cavalry was too much for that of the legion; and this body, sustained by a select corps of bayonets, protected the British in the quarter which was first to yield. It now remained for the Americans to follow up their successes. The British had been driven from their first field. It was the necessity of the Americans that they should have no time to rally upon other ground, especially upon the ground so well covered by the brick-house, and the dense thicket along the creek which was occupied by Marjoribanks.

But a pursuing army, where the cavalry fails in its appointed duty, can never overtake a fugitive force, unless, emulating their speed, it breaks its own order. This, if it does, it becomes fugitive also, and is liable to the worst dangers from the smallest reverse. This is, in truth, the very error which the Americans committed, and all their subsequent misfortunes sprang entirely from this one source.

The British yielding slowly from left to right—the right very reluctant to retire—and the Americans pressing upon them just in the degree in which the two sections yielded, both armies performed together a half-wheel, which brought them into the open grounds in front of the house. In this position the Marylanders were brought suddenly under the fire of the covered party of Marjoribanks, in the thicket.—This promised to be galling and destructive. Greene saw that Marjoribanks must be dislodged, or that the whole force of the enemy would rally; and Colonel Washington was commanded to charge the thicket. He did so very gallantly; was received by a terrible fire, which swept away scores of men and horses. Deadly as was this result, and absurd as was the attempt, the gallant trooper thrice essayed to penetrate the thickets, and each time paid the terrible penalty of his audacity in the blood of his best soldiers. The field, at one moment, was covered with his wounded, plunging, riderless horses, maddened by their hurts. All but two of his officers were

brought to the ground. He himself fell beneath his horse, wounded; and, while such was his situation, Marjoribanks emerged with his bayonets from his thickets, and completed the defeat of the squadron. Washington himself was narrowly saved from a British bayonet, and was made a prisoner. It was left to Hampton, one of his surviving officers, who was fortunately unhurt, to rescue and rally the scattered survivors of his gallant division, and bring them on again to the fruitless charge upon Marjoribanks.— Hampton was supported in this charge by Kirkwood's Delawares; but the result was as fruitless as before. The very attempt was suicidal. The British major was too well posted, too strongly covered, too strong himself in numbers and the quality of his troops, to be driven from his ground, even by shocks so decided and frequently repeated, of the sort of force sent against him.

Up to this moment, nothing had seemed more certain than the victory of the Americans. The consternation in the British camp was complete. Everything was given up for lost, by a considerable portion of the army. The commissaries destroyed their stores, the loyalists and American deserters, dreading the rope, seizing every horse which they could command, fled incontinently for Charleston, whither they carried such an alarm, that the stores along the road were destroyed, and trees felled across it for the obstruction of the victorious Americans, who were supposed to be pressing down upon

the city with all their might.

Equally deceived were the conquerors. Flushed with success, the infantry scattered themselves about the British camp, which, as all the tents had been left standing, presented a thousand objects to tempt the appetites of a half-starved and half-naked soldiery. Insubordination followed disorder; and they were only made aware of the danger of having victory changed into a most shameful defeat, by finding themselves suddenly brought under a vindictive fire from the windows of the brick house, into which Major Sheridan had succeeded in forcing his way, with a strong body of sharpshooters.

The field now presented an appearance of indescribable terror and confusion. Small squads were busy in separate strifes, here and there; the American officers vainly seeking to rally the scattered regulars; the mounted partizans, seeking to cover the fugitives; while, from the house, the command of Sheridan was blazing away with incessant musketry, telling fearfully upon all who came within their range. Meanwhile, watchful of every chance, Marjoribanks changed his ground, keeping still in cover, but nearer now to the scene of action, and with a portion of his command concealed behind the picketed garden. In this position he subjected the American cavalry to another severe handling, as they approached the garden, delivering a fire so destructive, that, according to one of the colonels on Hampton's left: "He thought every man killed but himself!"

The two six-pounders of the Americans, which had accompanied their second line, were brought up to batter the house. But, in the stupid ardor of those having them in charge, they had been run up within fifty yards of the building, and the cannoniers were picked off by Sheridan's marksmen as fast as they approached the guns. The whole fire from the windows was concentrated upon the artillerists, and they were either all killed or driven away. This done, Majoribanks promptly sallied forth from his cover into the field, seized upon the abandoned pieces and hurried them under cover of the house before any effort could be made to save them. He next charged the scattered parties of Americans among the tents, or upon the field, and drove them before him. Covered, finally, by the mounted men of Marion and Hampton, the infantry found safety in the wood, and were rallied. The British were too much crippled to follow, and dared not advance from the immediate cover of their fortress.

No more could be done. The laurels won in the first act of this exciting drama were all withered in the second. Both parties claimed a victory. It belonged to neither. The British were beaten from the field at the point of the bayonet; sought shelter in a fortress, and repulsed their assailants from that fortress. It is to the shame and discredit of the Americans that they were repulsed. The victory was in their hands. Bad conduct in the men, and bad generalship, sufficed to rob them

deservedly of the honors of the field. But most of the advantages remained in their hands.— They had lost, it is true, severely; twenty-one of our officers perished on the field: and the aggregate of killed, wounded and missing, exceeded one-fourth of the number with which they had gone into battle. Henderson, Pickens, Howard, and many other officers of distinction, were among the wounded. They had also lost two of their field-pieces, and had taken one of the enemy; and all these losses, and the events which distinguished them, were quite sufficient to rob them of the triumph of the day. But, on the other hand, the losses of the British were still greater. The Americans had chased them from the field at the point of the bayonet; this was a moral loss; plundered their camp; and at the close held possession of the field.— Stewart fled the next day, his retreat covered by Major M'Arthur, with a fresh brigade from Fairlawn, which had been called up for his succor. Marion and Lee made a fruitless attempt to intercept this reinforcement. But the simultaneous movement of Stewart and M'Arthur enabled them to effect a junction, and thus outnumber the force of Marion. Stewart fled, leaving seventy of his wounded to the care of his enemies. He destroyed his stores, broke up a thousand stand of arms, and, shorn of all unnecessary baggage, succeeded in getting safely to Fairlawn. His slain, wounded, and missing, numbered more than half the force with which he had gone into bat-

tle. The Americans carried off losses occurred after the battle, in four hundred and thirty prisoners, the death of Marjoribanks, who had unquestionably saved the taken in the morning, made an whole British army. He died, aggregate of five hundred. One not long after, on the road to of the heaviest of the British Charleston.

NAMELESS!

BY. H. T. STANTON.

There were great lights from the palace,
Streaming on the outer trees,
That with fleckings thro' the trellis,
Play'd a-tremor at his knees,
As a minstrel, stranger, friendless
Underneath the walls of Fame,
Sat in silence, while the endless
Notes of glory-music came.

Paths to him were tangled—aimless,
As he leaned within the shade
Telling o'er the wonders, nameless,
That his poet-heart had made:—

“Could he pass the amber portal,
“And the jasper halls along,
“Where the poet-souls immortal,
“Held their revelry of song?”

“Could he strike a chord of sorrow,
“In the upper, choral spheres,
“Where, to-morrow and to-morrow,
“It would echo down the years?”

“Could he grasp the ivy clinging
“At the marble casement now,
“And, amid the spirits-singing,
“Wear it, deathless, on his brow?”

Once he thought to climb the terrace,
To the open, opal gate,
Where, beyond the sweeping arras,
Swelled the voices of the great;
Where the stricken harp-strings, golden,
Gave their notes in high accord,
To the music-stories olden,
To the glory of the Lord!

But his soul, a-fear, and simple,
Shrinking outward, turned away,
While the great lights from the temple
Drove the night time from the day:
"I shall seek the shadow yonder,
"Underneath the sombre pine;
"These are harp-notes, higher, grander,
"Than may ever be from mine."

Soft he touched the strings, like summer
Touching o'er the barren trees,
And the night bore out their murmurs,
Thro' its alleys to the seas,—
Softer, sweeter passed the cadence,
Thro' the branches and above,
As come visions unto maidens,
In the budding time of love.

Thro' the gates of opal splendor,
And along the jasper wall,
Float the notes of music tender
Down the corridor and hall;
And his tones swell in the chamber
From the shadow and the gloom,
And their liquid echoes clamber
Up the arras to the dome.

And they rise and fall as billows,
In the alcoves of the air;
Passing in and out the willows,
And across, beyond the mere,
High, and grand, and godly power,
Sweeps along the palace eaves,
Till the ivy-vine in flower,
Trembles music from its leaves.

And the poet-souls may listen,
 To the outer harp to-night,
 And the great lamps, gleam and glisten,
 In their ecstasy of light;—
 These are music tones undying,—
 These are worthy highest name,
 From the poet-spirit lying
 Underneath the walls of Fame.

SKETCHES OF THE CAMPAIGN OF 1864.

Walker's Division—Battle of Pleasant Hill.

SKETCH NO. 2.

BY COLONEL T. R. BONNER, 18TH TEXAS INFANTRY.

————— “Fierce
 The conflict grew; the din of arms—the yell
 Of savage rage—the shriek of agony—
 The groan of death, commingled in one sound
 Of undistinguished horror; while the sun
 Retiring slow beneath the plain's far verge,
 Shed o'er the quiet hills his fading light.”

[*Southey's Madoc.*]

THE dawn of the morning of about us, were the lifeless forms the 9th April disclosed to our of friends and foes, mingled to view the reality of the Federal re- gether in one common death.— treat. Before us, in the light of In almost every conceivable attitude could be seen the dead bodies day, and stripped of the pomp tude of men, mutilated by the missiles lay the closing scene of the pre- of destruction, some still bearing vious night's battle. Around and the horrible impress of the death

agony—some with stern, unrelaxed features, still showing the fierce passions which animated them at the moment of their fall—and others with mild, placid lineaments as though they had just sunk to gentle slumber. All who saw him will remember the appearance of one dead Federal soldier, who had fallen in the edge of the field. His death shot must have done its work in a moment, for as he lay there, stark and stiff, he still held in his left hand his Enfield rifle, while between the thumb and forefinger of his right, he grasped a cartridge, the end of which he had apparently just bitten off, as it was still clenched between his teeth. But the stirring events before us forbade our long indulgence in the sad reflections necessarily incident to such scenes. With a hasty tear for our dead comrades, and a sigh for the wounded, we were called away to the stern duties of the soldier.

The night and day before had been passed by our troops without food; but at 7 o'clock that morning, we received an insufficient quantity of beef and bread—the usual variety of a Confederate soldier's bill of fare. During our hasty repast, the Missouri and Arkansas infantry, under Gen. Churchill, which had been marching all night, filed past us, moving on in the direction of Pleasant Hill. Had they arrived the day before, there can be no doubt the victory of Mansfield would have been far more decisive. Their presence now, however, invigorated our little army, and we greeted them with shouts of welcome. This body of troops numbered

about 4,000 men, and were in fine spirits, and anxious to share in our glories.

Our cavalry and some artillery had been sent forward at the early dawn, and the distant firing of cannon indicated that even the rear of the enemy's retreating columns were already many miles away. After leaving a detachment to bury our dead, the wounded having previously been cared for, we took up the line of march, following immediately in the rear of Gen. Churchill's division.—Soon we began to see indications of the rapid and disorderly retreat of the Federals. All along the road were evidences of great demoralization. Dead horses, burning wagons, and broken ambulances were visible at almost every turn of the road. In one ambulance we saw an unclosed coffin, containing a dead body, said to be that of a distinguished Federal officer. After marching a short distance, we began to meet squads of Federal prisoners, who, unable to keep up with the Federal army in its hasty retreat, were picked up by our eagerly pursuing cavalry. A large proportion of these prisoners were Zouaves; and their red, uncouth, unmanly looking uniform excited much laughter among our men, and many jokes were created at the expense of these "Joabs," as they were called.

It was expected that our cavalry would check the Federal army before it reached Pleasant Hill, some sixteen miles from the battle ground of the Sth. But in this they failed, and the enemy having been joined by heavy reinforce-

ments, resolved to make a stand at that place. Having marched to within three miles of Pleasant Hill, we could plainly hear the sharp firing of our cavalry, who were skirmishing with the enemy. Occasionally the report of a field-piece would call forth from our boys the exclamation, "Battalion lie down." This was a command of their own making, and from a little incident which occurred in the early part of the war, it, by a common understanding, bore the signification that there was "danger ahead." Here our division halted to permit the main portion of our artillery to pass, which soon came rattling along the road in a sweeping trot. It was about 4 o'clock, p. m., that preparation was made for the approaching battle. The enemy numbering 28,000 men, were posted behind temporary breastworks, within one mile of Pleasant Hill, their line extending North and West of the town, and on both sides of the road leading to Mansfield. Immediately in front of that part of their position, opposed by Walker's division, was a large open field, nearly half a mile in width. Opposed to this large force, we had not exceeding 13,000 men. Churchill's division, and Scurry's brigade, (of Walker's division,) which had been detached for the occasion and ordered to report to Gen. Churchill, constituted the right of our line. Walker's division, the centre, with its left resting on the Mansfield road, and Mouton's division, then commanded by Gen. Polignac, with the cavalry of Gen. Greene, the left. Several batteries of artillery were

planted on the road to the left of Walker's division, and on the Mansfield road.

Soon the tremendous firing of our splendid artillery presaged the commencement of the battle. We had about 30 pieces, which were opposed by at least an equal number from the enemy's line, and for half an hour their rude throats did seem to "counterfeit the immortal Jove's dread clamors." Owing to the intervention of a skirt of timber land, covered with thick undergrowth, we could not see the position of the Federal lines. But passing through the timber, we entered the open field, on the opposite side of which, and in the timber, the enemy were posted. Here we halted to reform our ranks, which had become partially broken in passing through the timber.— Churchill had already commenced the attack upon the right. Far away to the right and left stretched the field which was so soon to be the scene of human slaughter. Loud and long came the echo of small arms from the right of the line, and louder still resounded the thunder of the batteries upon our left.

While we were reforming our ranks, Randall's brigade separated from ours (Waul's) by a large ravine, emerged from the timber, and entered the field. The artillery then ceased firing, and, without halting, this noble brigade marched in fine order to the attack. It was indeed sublime to see them led by Gen. Randall, in person, with banners proudly flying, and their bright guns glittering in the sunlight. But we were

not long permitted to remain idle spectators of this animating scene. In a few moments our brigade was ordered forward. Arriving to within 400 yards of the enemy, we were commanded to "change direction to the left," with intention to support Gen. Randall in his attack. But scarcely had this movement commenced before the enemy, still concealed from our view by the temporary breast-works in the timber, opened fire upon us from our original front. Gen. Randall's brigade was now hotly engaged, and soon, along the whole line, from right to left, the action became general. Without further direct command, and acting from the impulse of the moment alone, the men of our brigade rushed towards that portion of the enemy's line which had fired upon us. Then indeed came the "tug of war." We advanced, not with that steady step which characterized our movements at Mansfield, but with a wild, reckless impetuosity. Though it savors not of good discipline, yet it is true, that every soldier became his own leader—every man gave his own command—"charge! charge!" The enemy poured a violent and destructive fire into the breasts of our advancing men, and they fell by scores. Yet on they rushed, all seemingly actuated with the same impulse. Our only hope of success seemed to be to drive the enemy, but to accomplish this looked almost like rushing to certain death. But there was no time for reflection. Regardless of discipline, and with no other guide than the smoke of the enemy's guns, we still pressed on.

Reaching a point within about 125 yards of the enemy's line, we unexpectedly came upon a gully, which had been washed out about three feet deep, and ran parallel with their line. Involuntarily we sought protection in this timely shelter from the storm of bullets hurled against us. Many of our men had already been killed or wounded, and our line having become totally disorganized by reason of this, and the impetuosity of the charge, to have continued the onset without reforming our broken ranks, would probably have caused the destruction of the entire brigade. The protection thus afforded, placed us somewhat upon an equality in point of position with the enemy, and for an hour we replied, with effect, to their incessant firing. Observations next day upon this part of the field proved the truth of this assertion, for large numbers of the Federals were found dead opposite the line of our brigade, the greater portion of them being shot in the head.

During the hour which passed while these things were transpiring, Gen. Randall's brigade was engaged in a desperate conflict. Never was more bravery evinced, or a greater determination to succeed, than was here manifested by Gen. Randall and the daring men of his brigade.—They would charge almost to the enemy's line, and being driven back, would reform and again rush to the attack. At one time they broke the enemy's line, and captured a number of prisoners; but not being sufficiently supported, were again compelled to re-

ture. All around us could be heard the horrid din of battle, and the air was filled with the savage yell of contending thousands.

It was now nearly sunset. A momentary pause in the battle was regarded as a prelude to a charge upon us by the enemy.—Preparation was quickly made to resist it. After waiting a few moments, and finding that this was not their intention, but rather suspecting that they were preparing to leave the field, we resolved to make an effort to rout them. Leaping from our shelter, we rushed to the attack. But a fearful and murderous fire, from both our front and right oblique, compelled us to fall back to the gully again. At this propitious moment, our artillery, which had been silent during the struggle of the infantry, once more belched forth its thunders, and its welcome notes fell like sweet music upon our ears. The famous Valverde battery, captured from the enemy in Arizonia, posted to our left and rear, began to throw its shells, which, passing just over our line, fell in the enemy's ranks. Gen. Randall's brigade, which had been so often repulsed, was again ready to charge, and our brigade prepared for a simultaneous movement. As soon as the Valverde battery ceased its firing, both brigades rushed upon the enemy, and this time with complete success. Thrown into confusion by the firing of the artillery, followed by our rapid charge, they fled in disorder from the field, leaving their dead, wounded and some prisoners in our hands.

Night alone prevented the pursuit of the routed Federals by our division.

I am unable to give details of the battle on any part of the line except that occupied by Walker's division, and can only state that on the left the troops of Generals Green and Polignac were successful. Not so on the right. Gen. Churchill's command, including Gen. Scurry's brigade, were opposed by a double line of the enemy. The first line was driven almost into the town, but the attack upon the second line was signally repulsed, and Gen. Churchill compelled to retire with a loss of over 400 men and officers captured, a large portion of whom belonged to Gen. Scurry's brigade. The whole force of the enemy retreated under cover of the night, in great disorder, towards Natchitoches, on Red River.

Leaving our cavalry in possession of the field, the entire infantry force was unexpectedly withdrawn to a large Steam Mill, eight miles from the battle ground, on the road to Mansfield. This was said to be done because of the impracticability of procuring supplies for our hungry troops if we remained at Pleasant Hill. It is true that we had tasted food only once in forty-eight hours, and then only an inadequate supply; we had also marched 15 miles since 8 o'clock that morning, and had been engaged in the battle of the evening; to compel us, after this, to march back eight miles after night, under pretence of obtaining supplies, was not favorably received. It appeared too much like a retreat; we believed then,

and still think we had gained a victory. It would not certainly have been a very difficult matter to bring the wagons, laden with the supplies captured at Mansfield, to the front, and thus saved us that long, weary night-march. Had this been done we would have been prepared to pursue the retreating enemy next day, and thus followed up the hard earned victories of the 8th and 9th. But whatever may have been the motives which prompted this movement, the sequel will show that but a small portion of the infantry engaged at Pleasant Hill participated in the remainder of the Red River campaign.

The loss of our little army at the battles of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, will give some idea of the fierceness of these two days struggles. Following each other in such quick succession, it would be difficult to enumerate separately the loss in each. Our loss in both battles amounted to not less than 2500 men killed, wounded and missing. Of this number Walker's division lost 1200, including over 300 captured from Scurry's brigade on the last day.

Heavy as was the loss of the Confederate troops, that of the Federals far exceeded it. Their killed and wounded was estimated to be double that of the Confederates at Mansfield, and equally as large at Pleasant Hill, while their loss in prisoners was over 2500. Beside this we captured 250 wagons, loaded with quartermaster, commissary and medical stores, and camp equipage, a

large number of fine ambulances, 21 pieces of artillery, and Enfield Rifles enough to supply all the troops engaged.

I believe it is generally conceded that the Enfield Rifle is a superior war gun to the old musket, and I shall not gainsay it, yet, from some cause, which modesty forbids the unfortunate Confederates to mention, we used these inferior muskets until, upon the open field, we boldly won the rifle. Gen. Banks also confirmed his unquestionable reputation as a good Confederate commissary.

But it is sad to think of the brave men who were killed and wounded. Generals Walker and Scurry were both wounded at Pleasant Hill. Many other officers of less military note, yet some of them formerly distinguished in civil life in Texas, and very many private soldiers were either killed or wounded. The troops from the four different States which constituted our little army on this occasion, are entitled to equal praise and equal commendation for the gallantry displayed in the engagement of Pleasant Hill. The hardy sons of Missouri rushed side by side with the bold Arkansians in the fierce conflict, while the fearless men of Texas raised their voices in the same deafening shout of triumph with the tried veterans of Louisiana. Together they fought for the same loved cause! together they died upon the same gory field! and together they sleep in the same common grave.

THE VANITY AND THE GLORY OF LITERATURE.

BY CHAS. S. DOD, JR.

THIS is a book-making age.—We doubt whether it could properly be characterized as preëminently *literary*; but it is certainly more of a *book-making* age than any of its predecessors. Thousands of presses throughout the civilized world are working night and day to scatter the teeming sheets that shall carry intelligence to the million. Every gentleman of wealth possesses his library; every considerable city of Christendom has its public reading rooms, where the well-filled shelves attest the ease with which books are accumulated in this day of rapid authorship, rapid printing, and rapid reading. Let the thoughtful man stand in the midst of such gigantic collections of books as greet his eye in the Astor or Bodleian library, and what a curious train of reflection must run through his mind as he thinks on the myriads of busy brains and industrious pens and swift-working presses, whose combined labors have presented him this intellectual feast! The sage, whose dust has been mingled with the earth for two thousand years—the epic singer, whose stirring lines, echoing the din of battle, are no longer wafted by the breeze over his native hills, or answered by the deep-voiced responses of the far-resounding sea, whose

shores have for ages forgotten the impress of his wandering feet—the vehement orator, whose rolling periods bore along the excited and tumultuous throng of listeners as the mountain-torrent does the dry leaves of autumn, but whose voice has long been dumb as the grave—these have their place in the mausoleums of literature, side by side with the gilt-edged volume of sonnets or the more substantial scientific treatise, whose authors are still alive and sensitive to the opinions of their fellow-men. And let the observer reflect, as he gazes upon the mass of reading here stored away, and for the mastering of which no one human life is sufficiently long—let him reflect how unremittingly the Briarean and sleepless presses of our day are adding fresh accumulations to the already groaning shelves, and he cannot refrain from speculating on the probable consequences.

Many at first will probably be inclined to predict that mankind will, in the end, be oppressed by the very excess of their intellectual wealth—as Spain was by the abundance of silver that flowed into her lap from Mexico and Peru—and that a superabundance of books, like a superabundance of the precious metals, will lead to the impoverishment and

decay of the countries so equivocally blest. The diligent and concentrated study of a few books, they will tell you, is better than the careless, diffusive, and desultory reading of whole libraries; and a habit of reading in this way is too apt to be engendered by the multifarious stores of literature and learning now spread out invitingly before the student. Perpetual access to a large library is undoubtedly often more of an impediment than a help to the thorough digestion of knowledge. Most readers have been aware of the fastidious mood with which, in moments of leisure, they have stood before a goodly array of attractive books, and instead of making a substantial repast, as they would have done with less to distract their choice, have humored the vagaries of a delicate appetite—toyed with this rich dainty and that—and after all have felt like a school boy who has dined upon tarts; they have spoiled their digestion without satisfying their hunger!

It by no means follows, then, as a matter of inevitable necessity, that knowledge will increase in the same ratio as books are multiplied. If the result of the multiplication of books should be that superficial and flimsy knowledge which is gained by reading a little on an infinity of subjects without prolonged and systematic attention to any, the effect will be almost or fully as disastrous as an invasion of barbarism, like that of the Goths, which swept the literature of the ancients into the monasteries of the middle ages, leaving all other parts of the field

flooded with ignorance. A mill will not go if there be no water; it will be as effectually stopped if there be too much. In short, it may seem, with regard to the quantity of literature accumulated on the hands of this generation, that this is one of those cases to which the old paradoxical maxim applied, "the half is greater than the whole."

The disastrous result, at which we have hinted, would certainly be realized if men were to attempt to make their studies at all commensurate with the increase of books around them. Compelled to read something of everything, they would really know nothing of anything. And, in fact, we see this tendency more or less fully exemplified in the case of vast numbers, who, without definite purpose or judicious selection of subjects, spend such time as they can spare for mental cultivation, in little less than the casual perusal of fragments of all sorts of books; who live on the scraps of an infinite variety of broken meats which they have stuffed into their beggar's wallet; scraps, which, after all, just keep them from absolute starvation.—There are not a few men who would have been learned, if not wise, had the paragraphs and pages they have read been on well-defined and mutually-connected topics; but who, as it is, possess nothing beyond fragments of uncertain, inaccurate, ill-remembered, unsystematized information, resembling the vague, confused images of a sick man's dreams, rather than the clear thinkings of a healthy and vigorous brain.

Fortunately, this tendency to diffusive and careless reading which must accompany the unlimited increase of books, is not without a corrective tendency on the other side. The majority of men will, as heretofore, read only what answers their purpose on the particular subjects which necessity or inclination prompts them to cultivate. Men no longer pant in ambitious but ill-judged attempts after encyclopædic information; the field of knowledge, expanded as it now is, in every direction, does not admit of universal conquerors; students must select their speciality and lend the whole of their energies upon it, leaving other parts of the field to be worked by other laborers. It is not variety and extent of knowledge so much as habits of close and patient thought which the student should seek to acquire; and the thorough investigation of a limited class of subjects is a severer and more profitable mental discipline than the vain attempt to range, like a freebooter, over the whole wide ocean of knowledge.

As books increase, efforts more and more strenuous will be made, from time to time, to digest and systematize the ever-growing accumulations of literature, and to provide the best possible clues through this immense and bewildering labyrinth, or rather through the several parts of it. A very useful book (if we could have a Leibnitz or a Gibbon for its author) might be written on the art of reading in the most profitable manner, so as to attain the greatest results at the smallest outlay of time. True, we have

several "Student's Hand-books," and things of that sort; but they give us, for the most part, only hints, many of them quite wise and valuable, but not mapping out the domains of knowledge, and setting up guide-posts to direct us in the shortest roads to the various points we may desire to reach. In the meantime, let the student adhere to the maxim so warmly approved by the great historian just mentioned, "*multum legere, potius quam multa.*" Instead of idly taking up a book and following the author with only the effort necessary to comprehend him, let the student examine the scope and context of the works referred to, which aided the author in his composition; let him bring into juxtaposition with his subject, whatever cognate or illustrative knowledge his own previous reading may have supplied him with; and, above all, let him incorporate his author's thoughts into his own mind by mingling with them original reflections or deductions of his own, suggested by what he has read. In this way a much deeper and better compacted knowledge will be obtained, and at the same time much more under the command of the memory, than if he had skimmed over the surface of the subject, taking no pains to fish up the pearls lying at the bottom. These collateral aids, drawn from the comparison of different authors on the same subject, are like reflectors which increase indefinitely the intensity of light, and render a subject luminous which would otherwise be obscure. How instructive are the

following words of Gibbon—himself a conspicuous example of what even a post-diluvian life, industriously employed, may accomplish: "We ought to attend not so much to the order of our books as of our thoughts. The perusal of a particular work gives birth perhaps, to ideas unconnected with the subject it treats; I pursue these ideas, and quit my proposed plan of reading." . . . "I suspended my perusal of any new books on a subject, till I had reviewed all that I knew, or believed, or had thought on it, that I might be qualified to discern how much the authors added to my original stock."

After all, it is the thinking which we do that educates us, and not the reading. Our safeguard against the formation of the pernicious habit of desultory reading, lies in the formation of sound habits of mind—the *discipline* of the faculties—a thing of infinitely more importance than the variety of the information acquired.

Without stopping any longer to examine this paradox—whether the multiplication of books is to produce a diminution of knowledge, or not—there are other consequences of the prodigious activity of the modern press, far more certain to arise, and which well deserve a little consideration.

One of the most obvious of these consequences will be the disappearance from the world of that always rare animal, the so-called "universal scholar." Even of that ill-defined creature called a "well-informed man," and "general student," it will be per-

petually harder, as time goes on, to find examples; and assuredly the Scaligers and the Leibnitzes must become as extinct as the ichthyosaurus or the megatherium. The remark is common that it is impossible for the human mind to prosecute, with thoroughness and accuracy, researches in all, or even in many, of the different branches of learning; that what is gained in surface, is lost in depth; that the principle of the "division of labor" applies here as strictly as in the arts and manufactures, and that each mind must restrict itself to a few limited subjects, if any are to be actually mastered. All this is very true.

Yet it is equally true that in the pursuit of knowledge, the principle of the "division of labor" finds limits to the propriety of its application much sooner than in handicrafts. A certain amount of knowledge of *several* subjects, often of *many*, is necessary to render an acquaintance with any *one* of them serviceable; and without it, the most minute knowledge of any one alone would be like half a pair of scissors, or a hand with but one finger. *What* that amount is, must be determined by the circumstances of the individual and the object for which he wants it.

There are opposite dangers.—The knowledge of each particular thing that a man can study will always be imperfect. The most minute philosopher cannot pretend perfection of knowledge even in his small domain. No subject can be mentioned which is not inexhaustible to the spirit of man. Whether he looks at nature

through the microscope or the telescope, he sees wonders disclosed on every side which expand into infinity—and he can set no limits to the approximate perfection with which he may study them. It is the same with languages and with any branch of moral or metaphysical science. A man may, if he choose, be all his life employed upon a single language and never *absolutely* master its vocabulary, much less its idioms.

The limits, therefore, within which any subject is to be pursued, must be determined by its utility; meantime it is certain that one cannot be profitably pursued alone. Such is the strict connection and interdependence of all branches of science, that the best way of obtaining a useful knowledge of any one is to combine it with more. The true limit between too minute and too wide a survey may often be difficult to find; yet such a limit always exists; and he who should pause over any one subject till he had absolutely mastered it, would be as far from that limit, with regard to all the practical ends of knowledge, as if he had suffered his mind to dissipate itself in a vague attempt at encyclopædic attainments. While cautioning the student, therefore, against the error of undertaking to conquer more ground than he can hold firmly under his intellectual sway, we would also advise him to avoid the opposite error of making the field of his researches too narrow; for, in spite of the proverb, we believe that the “man of one book” will generally be found to be a very shallow fellow.

Minuteness of knowledge, in fact, frequently dwarfs the mind. The engraver becomes near-sighted by bending over his minute work. The minute antiquary, if he finds you ignorant of the shape of an old buckle of some remote date, tells you that “you know nothing of antiquities!” The minute geographer, if he discovers that you have never heard of some obscure town at the antipodes, will tell you, “you know nothing of geography!” The minute historian, if he finds that you never knew, or perhaps have known twenty times and never cared to remember, some event utterly insignificant to all the real purposes of history, will tell you that “you know nothing of history!” And yet, discerning the limits within which the several branches of knowledge may be wisely and profitably pursued, you may, after all, for every important object, have obtained a more serviceable and prompt command over those very branches in which your complacent censor flatters himself that he excels.

The “man of one book” is too frequently nothing but a narrow-minded bigot. His eye, like that of the bee or the ant, may industriously analyze the minute objects lying within its narrow range of vision, but it is incapable of taking in the larger features of the landscape. But there have been men who, soaring in eagle flight, have beheld the whole world of knowledge beneath them—not that they attempted to count the blades of grass or weigh the sands of the seashore,—but, content with a general panoramic

view, their glance has rested upon every mountain-peak of knowledge rising in superiority above the plain; and from their lofty point of observation, they have been able to see how these individual peaks form a continuous and connected chain. The literary ant, toiling below, has no idea of the magnificence of such a view.

But to return to the prospects of our "universal scholar." There have been, from time to time, men who, gifted with gigantic powers, prodigious memory, and peculiar modes of arranging and retaining knowledge, have aspired to a comprehensive acquaintance with all the chief productions of the human intellect—who have made extensive excursions into every branch of human learning—and whose knowledge, though not really universal, has borne something like an appreciable ratio to the sum total of literature and science—who, as was said of Leibnitz, have managed "to drive all the sciences abreast."—Such minds have always been rare, and must soon become extinct. For what is to become of them, in after ages, as the domain of human knowledge indefinitely widens, and the creations of human genius indefinitely multiply? Not that there will not be men who will then know *absolutely* more, and with far greater accuracy, than their less favored predecessors; nevertheless their knowledge must bear a continually diminishing ratio to the sum of human science and literature; they must traverse a smaller and smaller segment of the

ever-widening circle. Since human life remains as brief as ever, while its task is daily enlarging, there is no alternative but that the "general scholar" of each succeeding age must be content with possessing a less and less fraction of the entire products of the human mind. In Germany alone, it has been computed, there are ten million volumes printed annually, and there are at the present moment living in that country about fifty thousand men who have written one or more books; and should the number increase at the rate it has hitherto done, a catalogue of ancient and modern German authors will soon contain more names than there are living readers. The literary activity of France and England, though not so great, have been prodigious, and our own America has entered the lists with the eagerness of youth and the industry of democracy. Well may the student be tempted to fold his hands in despair before this immense and ever-growing pyramid of books! "Happy men," we are half inclined to exclaim, "who lived when a library consisted, like that of a mediæval monastery, of some thirty or forty volumes, and who thought they knew everything when they had read these! Happy our fathers, who were not tormented with the sight of unnumbered creations of intellect which we must sigh to think we can never make our own!"

The final disposal of all this mass of literature is, in the opinion of some, easily managed. The bad, they say, will perish, and the good remain. The former state-

ment is correct enough; the latter not so clearly and undeniably true. We cannot disguise from ourselves the fact that it is not the bad writer alone who is forgotten. It is but too evident that immense treasures of thought—of beautiful poetry, splendid oratory, vivacious wit, ingenious argument, subtle speculation—which men would not suffer to die if they could help it—must perish too. The great spoiler here acts with his accustomed impartiality;

“Æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres;”

for the truth is that the creations of the human mind transcend its capacity to collect and preserve them. Like the seeds of life in the vegetable world, the intellectual powers of man are so prolific that they run to waste. Some readers, doubtless, as a bright throng of splendid names in literature rushes on their recollections, will cry “avaunt” to these melancholy forebodings. They stand in the temple of Neptune and see the walls hung round with votive tablets recording escape from shipwreck, but let them reflect how many men have suffered shipwreck, and whose tablets, therefore, are not to be found! Others may think it impossible that the great writers, with whom their own generation is so familiar, and who occupy such a space in its eye, should ever dwindle into insignificance.

This illusion vanishes the moment we take them to catalogues and indexes and show them the names of authors who once made as loud a noise in the world, and

yet of whose works they have never read a line!

It is with no cynical, but with simply mournful feelings that we thus dwell on the mortality of productions even of genius. The bulk of the literature of each generation, the bulk of even that most highly prized, perishes with the generation; and as time makes fresh accumulations, those of preceding ages pass for the most part into quiet oblivion. The process which has taken effect on the past will be repeated on the present age and on every subsequent one; so that the period will assuredly come when even the great writers of our day, who seem to have such enduring claims upon our gratitude and admiration, will be as little remembered as others of equal talent who have gone before them; when, if not wholly forgotten or superseded, they will exist only in fragments and specimens—these fragments and specimens themselves shrinking into narrower compass as time advances. In this way time is perpetually compiling a vast *index expurgatorius*; and though the press more than repairs his ravages on the mere *matter* of books, the immense masses it heaps up ensure the purpose of oblivion just as effectually. Not that time’s effacing fingers have ceased altogether their material waste. Probably scarce a day passes but sees the last leaf, the last tattered remnant of the last copy of some work perish either by violence or accident—by fire or flood, or the crumbling of mere decay. It is surely an impressive thought—this silent unnoticed extinction of an-

other product of some once busy and aspiring mind!

The chief cause, however, of the virtual oblivion of books is no longer their extinction, but (paradoxical as it may seem) the fond care with which they are preserved, and their immensely rapid multiplication. The press is more than a match for the moth and the worm, or the mouldering hand of time; but the great destroyer equally performs his commission by burying books under the pyramid formed by their accumulation. It is a striking example of the impotence with which man struggles with the destiny awaiting him and his works, that the very means which he takes to ensure immortality destroys it; that the very activity of the press—of the instrument by which he seemed to have taken pledges against time and fortune—is that which will make him the spoil of both. The books may not die; but they cease to be read, which amounts to a living death. Piled away on upper shelves, the spider spins her web from cover to cover, secure that it will not be snapped by the opening of the lids which time has closed.

But while thus administering consolation to the "general scholar," by showing that time has certainly been limiting, as well as extending his task, there is another class of persons who will find no comfort in the thought—and that is the class of authors. There is no help for it, however; humbling as it may appear to represent the higher products of man's mind as destined to decay like his body—it is still

true, in the vast majority of instances. And even in those instances where a different fate seems to have attended the works of departed genius, the greater number of cases are but *apparent* exceptions to the well-nigh universal rule; the authors do not *live*—they are merely embalmed and made mummies of. Their works are deposited in libraries and museums, like the bodies of Egyptian kings in their pyramids, retaining only a grim semblance of life, amidst neglect, darkness, and decay. Of the thousands of laborious and ambitious men who have devoted their lives to literature, how few there are who still retain a hold on the popular mind! A somewhat larger fraction may be known to the professed student—but even he must own that there are hundreds of whom he has never read a page, and many of whose very names he is ignorant. It is really curious to look into the index of such learned authors as Cudworth or Jeremy Taylor, and to see the havoc which has been made on the memory of most of the authors they cite, and whose productions still exist, but no longer to be quoted. Of scarcely one in ten of these grave authorities has the best informed student of our day read ten paragraphs; and yet their cotemporaries quoted them as we quote Macaulay and Irving. Let the popular author, then, chastise his conceit with the reflection that the plaudits of a generation are not immortality.

Of all the forms of celebrity which promise to gratify man's natural longing for immortality, there is none, it has been affirmed,

which looks so plausible as literary fame. The statesman and warrior, it is said, are known only by report, and for even *that* are indebted to the historian or the poet. A book, on the other hand, is fondly presumed to be an author's second self; by it he comes into personal contact and communion with his readers. It is a pleasant illusion, no doubt; and in the very few instances in which the author *does* attain this permanent popularity, and becomes a "house-hold word" with posterity, the illusion ceases to be such, and the hopes of ambition are indeed splendidly realized.—But not only must we remember that very few can attain this eminence; we must keep in mind a fact that has not been sufficiently noticed—namely, that as the world grows older, a still smaller and smaller portion of those who *seem* to have attained it, will hold their position. The great mass of the writers whom posterity "would not willingly let die," must share the fate of those other great men over whom the favorites of to-day are supposed to have an advantage; they, themselves, will live only by the historian's pen. The empty titles of their works will be recorded in catalogues, and a few lines be granted to them in biographical dictionaries, with what may truly be called a *post mortem* examination of criticism—a space which, as these church-yards of intellect become more and more crowded, necessarily becomes smaller and smaller, till for thousands not even room for a sepulchral stone will be found.

Nor is it easy to say how far

this oblivion will reach, or what luminaries will, in time, be eclipsed. Supposing only the best products of the genius of each age—its richest and ripest fruits—to be garnered away for posterity, the collection will gradually rise into a prodigious pile, defying the appetite of the most voracious reader. The time must come when not only mediocrity, which has always been the case,—not only excellence, which has frequently been the case,—but when even superior genius will stand a chance of being rejected; when even gold and diamonds will be cast into the sieve! Hardy must he be then who shall venture to hope for the *permanent* attention of mankind! For it will be found that the majority of authors have bought, not, as they fondly imagined, a copyhold of inheritance, but that their interest for life, or for years soon runs out, and every year diminishes the value of the estate.

With the exception, then, of the very few who shine on from age to age with undiminished lustre, like lights in the firmament—the Homers, the Miltons, the Shakespeares, the Bacons, enshrined, like the heroes of old, among the constellations—the great bulk of writers must be contented, after having shone for a while, to be wholly or nearly lost to the world. Entering our system like comets, they may strike their immediate generation with a sudden splendor; but receding gradually into the depth of space, they will twinkle with a fainter and fainter lustre, till they fade away forever.

But while the past is thus receiv-

ing into its tranquil depths such huge masses of literature, it is, by a contrary process, yielding us, perhaps, nearly bulk for bulk, materials which it had long concealed. While work after work of science and history is daily passing away, pushed aside, beyond all chance of republication, by superior works of a similar kind, containing the last discoveries and most accurate results, it is curious to see with what eagerness the literary antiquary is ransacking the past for every fragment of unpublished manuscript. Many of these, if they had been published when they were written, would have been utterly worthless. They derive their whole value from the rust of age. It may with truth be said of them that they never would have lived if they had not been buried. Our readers will remember the sly way in which Irving satirizes these literary delvers among the rubbish of antiquity, when, after describing the antiquarian parson's raptures over the old drinking song, he says: "It was with difficulty the squire was made to comprehend that though a jovial song of the present day was but a foolish sound in the ears of wisdom, and beneath the notice of a learned man, yet a trowl written by a toss-pot several hundred years since was a matter worthy of the greatest research, and enough to set whole colleges together by the ears."

But we do not complain of this. The laborious trifling of the merest drudge in antiquities may supply the historian with some collateral lights, and furnish ma-

terials for more vivid descriptions of the past; or, coming into contact with highly creative minds, like that of Sir Walter Scott, they may contribute the rude elements of the most beautiful fictions.—No one can read his novels and despise the study of the most trivial details of antiquities, when it is seen for what beautiful textures they may supply the threads. It is the privilege of genius such as his to extract their gold dust out of the most worthless books—books which to others would be to the last degree tedious and unattractive,—and the felicity with which he did this was one of his most striking characteristics. It is wonderful to see how a snatch of an old border song, an antique phrase, used as he uses it, a story or fragment of a story from some obscure author, shall suddenly be invested with a force or a beauty which the original never would have suggested to an ordinary reader, and which in fact is derived solely from the light of genius which he brought to play upon them. His genius *vivified* whatever he hung over in those dusty parchments; and patient antiquarianism, long brooding and meditating, became gloriously transmuted into the winged spirit of poetry and romance.

In this way minute portions of the past are constantly entering, by new combinations, into fresh forms of life; and out of these old materials, continually decomposed but continually recombined, scope is afforded for an everlasting succession of imaginative literature. In the same way every work of genius, by coming, as it were, into

mesmeric *rapport* with the affinities of kindred genius, and stimulating its latent energies, is itself the parent of many others, and furnishes the materials and rudiments of ever new combinations. In Shakspeare, no less than in Scott, we see both how much and how little a great genius derives from sources without himself.—Byron, too, as Moore tells us, was in the habit of exciting his vein of composition by the perusal of other authors on the same subject, from whom the slightest hint, caught by his imagination as he read, was sufficient to kindle there such a train of thought as, but for that spark, had never been awakened, and of which he himself soon forgot the source.

It is in this way that thought never dies. The books may become mouldy and worm-eaten, or may be buried beneath the unnoticed and useless lumber of public libraries, but during the time that those books were popularly circulated, some seeds of thought were, doubtless, dropped from them into minds where they took root and produced fresh fruit for another generation. Let the author, then, take heart; for although the chance is small that his shall be “one of those few, immortal names that were not born to die,” yet, if his *thoughts* be noble, *they* will not perish. Posterity will take care of them, though they may forget to whom they owe the legacy. The thought, in the original form in which it was first given to the world, may no longer exist; but the probability is, that it has given rise to other thoughts in other men, and,

like the hidden spring among the mountains, is the source of a perpetually enlarging stream that shall flow on to the end of time. The reader will call to mind the death-bed scene of the brilliant, but dissipated Burley, in Bulwer’s “My Novel.” He is a man who, with parts that might have enabled him to place himself in a proud and firm literary position, has yet turned his talents to little account—employing his energies only in such wayward and fitful efforts as necessity roused him to perform. Consequently he leaves nothing permanent behind him. But others have profited by the labors from which he derived no profit himself. And now, as his life is waning, he mourns over his wasted powers, but consoles himself with the reflection that even the little he has done will not be actually lost; and he illustrates this belief, by exclaiming to his companion, Leonard, “Extinguish that candle! Fool, you cannot!” and then goes on to explain, that though the flame may be quenched with a breath, yet the waves of light which it has occasioned will continue to vibrate through space forever; and so, although the lamp of his intellect was flickering in the socket, the thoughts which it had put in motion would continue to travel through the world long after men had forgotten there ever was such a man as poor Burley.

But we are encroaching, prematurely, on another branch of our subject.

In that deluge of books with which the world is inundated, the lamentations with which the bib-

liomaniac bemoans the waste of time and the barbarous ravages of bigotry and ignorance, appear at first sight somewhat fantastic-al. Yet it is not without reason that we mourn over many of these losses, especially in the department of history; and this, not merely because they have involved important facts in obscurity, but for a reason more nearly related to our subject. Paradoxical as it may seem, it is probably the truth that the very multiplicity of books with which we are now perplexed, is in part owing to the loss of some, and that if we had had a few volumes more we should have had a great many less. The innumerable speculations, conjectures, and criticisms on those ample fields of doubt which the ravages of time have left open to interminable discussion, would then have been spared us.

On the other hand, it is doubtful whether—except in the case of history—the treasures of literature, of which time has deprived us, and the loss of which literary enthusiasts so bitterly deplore, have been so inestimable. We are disposed to think with Gibbon in his remarks on the burning of the Alexandrian library, that by far the greater part of the master-pieces of antiquity have been secured to us. The lost works, even of the greatest masters, were most probably inferior to those which have come down to us.—Their best must have been those most admired, most frequently copied, most faithfully preserved, and therefore on all these accounts the most likely to elude the hand of violence and the casualties of

time. The great cause which consigns so many modern works to oblivion—namely, the superabundance of the products of the press—did not then operate. And even since printing was invented, we do not think we have occasion to lament the extinguishment of any great ideas; for, as we have shown, thought by a perpetual transmigration descends from generation to generation. The books containing those thoughts may be left to moulder in the dusty archives of literary depositories, but the thoughts are abroad in the world. Books are merely the outer shell or cocoon that inwraps the chrysalis idea; and after a certain period the idea comes forth in a new and more beautiful form, and on active wing ascends to lofty regions, leaving its worthless shell of paper and binding to rot into oblivion.

One great cause which has enabled the master-pieces of Grecian and Roman literature to outlive all the shocks of time, the calamities of war and the waste of ignorance attendant upon that mighty disruption of the Western Empire, when civilization seemed broken loose from its moorings, and the wrecks of the social fabric clashed against each other on the wild tossing waves of that barbarous inundation that overflowed all Europe—was the condensed and sententious style in which their thoughts were expressed.—Our modern authors should profit by their example. If they would extend their posthumous fame to its utmost limits, let them study brevity. Our voluminous forefathers of the seventeenth cen-

tury seemed never to have attempted condensation, but to have committed all their thoughts to writing in all the redundancy of the forms first suggested. They acted as though we, their posterity, should have nothing to do but to sit down and read what they had written. They were much mistaken; and the consequence is that their ambitious folios remain for the most part unread; while those great productions of classical antiquity, whose severe terseness they would have done well to imitate, have triumphed over time—a victory due principally no doubt to their moderate bulk. The light skiff will shoot the cata-racts of time when a heavier vessel will assuredly go down.

Considering the vastness of the accumulations of literature and the impossibility of mastering them all, we are not surprised that the idea should sometimes have suggested itself that it might be possible, in a series of brief publications, to distil as it were the quintessence of books, and condense folios into pamphlets.—The works of an age might thus be contained on a few shelves. We cannot think, however, that such a plan, if put into general execution, would prove useful to the cause of literature. We will not say that *all* abridgments are foolish and wrong; but the truth is that the mind cannot profitably digest intellectual food in too condensed a shape,—and every work worth reading at all bears upon it the impress of the mind that gave it birth and ceases to attract and impress when reduced to a syllabus; its faults and its excellencies

alike vanish in the process. But if authors would escape this mutilation they must study conciseness of expression, and take care to leave their thoughts in such a form that men will not consent to have them altered. Signal genius, even in modern times, has occasionally effected this—and that, too, in departments where the progress of knowledge soon renders these works very imperfect as to their matter. Such for instance is Paley's "Natural Theology," a book treating of a subject which now might be much more amply and correctly illustrated by improved science; and yet such is the simple and forcible beauty with which Paley has managed his argument, that the popularity of his work is not likely to yield to any future aspirant, whatever stores of better knowledge he may have at his command.—Hume's "History of England" promises to be a still stronger instance, in spite not only of its numerous deficiencies but of its enormous errors.

It is indeed a great triumph of genius when it is capable of so impressing itself upon its productions, so moulding and shaping them to beauty, as to make men unwilling to return the gold into the melting pot and work it up afresh; when it is felt that from the less accurate work we after all learn more, and receive more vivid impressions than from the more correct but less effective productions of an inferior artist. To attain this species of longevity, genius must not content itself with being a mere mason—it must as-

pire to be an architect, it must seek to give preciousness to the gold and silver by the beauty of the cup or vase into which they are moulded, and to make them as valuable for their form as for their matter.

The old Greek and Roman classics, which are the best examples of this power of genius, have had indeed a remarkable destiny. Those ancient authors seem to have possessed in perfection the art of *embalming* thought. Time leaves their works untouched. The severe taste which surrounds them has operated like the pure air of Egypt in preserving the sculptures and paintings of that country, where travelers tell us that the traces of the chisel are as sharp and the colors of the paintings as bright as if the artists had quitted their work but yesterday.

In turning over the pages of catalogues, one is struck, amidst all the mutations of literature, with the fixed and unchanging influence of two portions of it—the ancient Classics and the BIBLE. Much of the literature produced by both partakes, no doubt, of the fate that attends other kinds; the books they elicit, whether critical or theological, pass away, but they themselves retain their hold on the human mind, become engrafted into the literature of every civilized nation, and continue to evoke a never-ending series of volumes in their defence, illustration or explication. On a very moderate computation, it may be safely affirmed, we think, that at least one-third of the books published since the invention of print-

ing, were the consequences, more or less direct, of the two portions of literature to which we have referred—in the shape of new editions, translations, commentaries, grammars, dictionaries, or historical, chronological, and geographical illustrations.

There is one aspect in which even the most utilitarian despiser of the classics can hardly sneer at them. From being selected by the unanimous suffrage of all civilized nations as an integral element in all liberal education, these venerable authors play a very important part in the commercial transactions of mankind. It is curious to think of these ancient spirits furnishing no inconsiderable portion of the modern world with their daily bread, and in the employment they give to so many thousands of teachers, editors, commentators, authors, printers, and publishers, constituting a very positive item in the industrial activity of nations. A political economist, thinking only of his own science, should look with respect on the strains of Homer and Virgil, when he considers that, directly or indirectly, they have probably produced more material wealth than half the mines which human cupidity has opened, or half the inventions of human ingenuity.

And turning to the Bible we find that it presents us with a still more singular phenomenon in the space which it occupies throughout the continued history of literature. We see nothing like it; and supposing it to be other than it pretends to be, it may well puzzle infidel sagacity

to account for its wonderful and lasting influence over the thoughts and feelings of mankind. It has not been given to any other book of religion thus to triumph over national prejudices, and lodge itself securely in the hearts of great communities—communities varying by every conceivable diversity of race, language, manners and customs, and indeed agreeing in nothing but a veneration for itself. It adapts itself to the revolutions of thought and feeling that shake to pieces all things else, and accommodates itself to the progress of society and the changes of civilization. Even conquests—the disorganization of old nations—the formation of new—do not affect the continuity of its empire. It lays hold of the new as the old, and transmigrates with the spirit of humanity—attracting to itself, by its own moral power, in all the communities it enters, a ceaseless intensity of effort for its propagation, illustration and defence. Other systems of religion are usually delicate exotics, and will not bear transplanting. The gods of the nations are local deities, and reluctantly quit their native soil; at all events, they patronize only their favorite races, and perish at once when the tribe or nation of their worshippers become extinct, often long before. The Koran of Mahomet has, it is true, been propagated by the sword; but it has been propagated by nothing else; and its dominion has been limited to those nations who could not reply to that stern logic. But if the Bible be false, the facility with which it overleaps the other-

wise impassable boundaries of race and clime, and domiciliates itself among so many different nations, would be a far more striking and wonderful proof of human ignorance and stupidity than is afforded in the limited prevalence of even the most abject superstition; or, if it really has merits which, though it be a fable, have enabled it to impose so comprehensively on mankind, wonderful indeed must have been the skill in its composition—so wonderful that even the infidel ought never to regard it but with the profoundest reverence, as far too successful and sublime a fabrication to permit a thought of scoff or ridicule.

We have endeavored to show how large a portion of merely human literature is inscribed with “vanity,”—that word of doom which all things human bear.—But literature has its “glory” too. The writer has enough to make him contented with his vocation, if not proud of it. The value of books does not depend upon their durability; nor in truth is there any reason why the philosopher should be more solicitous about these wasted and wasting treasures of mind than about the death of men, or the decay of the cities they have built, or of the empires they have founded. They but follow the law which is imposed on all terrestrial things.

Geologists tell us of vast intervals of time—myriads of years—passed in the tardy revolutions by which the earth was prepared for our habitations, and during which successive tribes of animals and plants flourished and became

extinct;—the term of life allotted to each species, and its place in the system, being exactly appropriate to the stage reached by the world in the progress of development, and linked, in a law of subserviency, to the successive parts and various phases of one vast continuous process. Though permitted and organized to enjoy their brief term of life, they were chiefly important as stepping stones to the future, and as influencing that future, not by forming part of it, but by having been a necessary condition of its arrival. The same law which seems to have been that of the whole history of the geological eras, appears also to characterize our own; the present passes away, but is made subservient to a glorious future. As those geological periods were preparatory to the introduction of the human economy, so the various eras of that economy itself are subordinated to its ultimate and perfect development. Individuals and nations perish, but the progress of humanity continues. Persuaded of this truth, let the author awake from his idle dream of immortality—awake to a more rational but not less pleasing hope. Let him but conscientiously labor to serve his generation, and he will find his reward in the reflection that, though his books may not outlive himself, yet in furthering the interests of one generation he has furthered the interests of all coming time. Each generation must make its own books; but *what sort of books* these are to be depends greatly on the books that went before. If, then, the author has made any contribution, however small, to the general stock of human knowledge, he may rest assured that that contribution will be preserved, in other forms, for succeeding ages, even after the book itself, like its author, has become food for worms. The book, which none now read, tended, in its day, to mould and influence some cotemporary mind destined to act with greater power on distant generations. The current novels of Shakspeare's day, which are now no longer to be found in public libraries, and the names of whose authors have completely vanished from the memory of men, were the foundation for many of those glorious dramas which the superior genius of Avon's Bard has stamped with immortality. In this way the weak live in the strong, and the perishable products of inferior minds are transmuted into the eternal adamant of some rare genius. The whole gigantic growth of human knowledge and literature may be compared to those deposits which geologists describe, full of the remains of animal and vegetable life that once moved in vigor or bloomed in beauty, and which are beneficial still. The luxuriant foliage and forest growth of literature and science that now overshadow us, are rooted in the strata of decaying or decayed mind, and derive their nourishment from them. The very soil we turn is the loose *détritus* of thought washed down to us through long ages. Although the world of intellect, like the world of matter, is under the dominion of decay, yet it is sublimely true

that, in both alike, Death is itself the germ and parent of life; and new forms of glory and beauty spring from the very dust of desolation.

A fanciful mind might pursue still further the comparison we have instituted between those animal and vegetable remains, on which our living world flourishes, and those vast relics of decayed and mouldering literature, in which our modern literature fastens its roots, and over which it waves its proud luxuriance. A resemblance may be discerned between the mutations and revolutions of literature and those incomparably greater changes which have swept over the surface of the material world. Geology tells us of the successive submersion and elevation of vast tracts of land—now rich in animal and vegetable life—then buried for unnumbered ages in oblivion—then reappearing to the light of day, and bearing, dank and dripping from the ocean bed, the memorial of their former glories. It is much the same with the treasures of buried literature. Long whelmed beneath the inundations of barbarism, or buried by the volcanic eruptions of war and conquest, we see them, after centuries of oblivious trance, coming once more to light—the fossil remains of ancient life, characterized indeed by many analogies to the present species of organized life, but also by many differences.

The revival of classical literature after the dark ages, was the most splendid and noteworthy of these recoveries of the past; but even now there frequently takes

place, on a smaller scale, a similar process of restoration. Discussions and controversies that had been hushed for ages, break out again, like long, silent volcanoes; men turn with renewed interest to the opinions of persons who had apparently been forgotten forever; and names which had not been heard for centuries, once more fill men's mouths and are trumpeted to the four winds. Let the author remember this for his comfort. In the indefatigable grubblings and gropings of the literary antiquary, scarcely any writer need despair of an occasional remembrance, or of producing some curiosities for those cabinets where the most precious and the most worthless of relics are preserved with impartial veneration. It is hard to say what the spade and the mattock may not bring up. Who could have hoped, a few years back, to witness the reappearance of so much early English literature as has recently been passed through the press again? Who could have anticipated the wide and wayward range which the transient, but while they last, most active fashions of literary research would take? Now it is Saxon, Danish, or Norman antiquity;—now local traditions and old songs and ballads;—now the old dramatists have their turn, now the old divines. True, not a little of this exhumed literature is immediately recommitted to the dust;—its resurrection is but for the second celebration of its obsequies. Still, these spasmodic revivals of a dead literature galvanized into a semblance of life

by antiquarian zeal, are better than the unbroken forgetfulness of tombs that are sealed forever! This alternate resurrection and entombment may not be immortality, but it bears a close resemblance to transmigration.

In this connection, observe how singular has been the destiny of Aristotle! After having been lost to the world for ages, we see him, during the era of the schoolmen, making a second and wider conquest, and founding the most durable and absolute despotism of mind over mind that the world has ever seen. After a subsequent dethronement by the Baconian philosophy, he is now fighting his way back to no mean empire—an empire promising to be all the more permanent because it is founded in a juster estimate of his real claims on the gratitude and reverence of mankind, and because he is invited to wield the sceptre, not of a despot, but of a constitutional monarch. It is as if Napoleon's dust should quit its sarcophagus in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, and once more shake Europe with the thunder of his victorious artillery! Like the great French conqueror, the Grecian philosopher has had his Elba and his St. Helena; and like him, too, his dynasty is now restored, if not in his own person, in the person of those who owe what they are to him.

If the considerations thus far presented fail to establish the "glory" of literature as a counterpoise to its "vanity," let the author, in those moments of despondency, when he realizes how perversely and persistently the

shadow of fame eludes his eager grasp, console himself with the reflection that there is a little circle of which each man is the centre, and that this narrow theatre is generally enough for the hopes and aspirations of the human heart. Indeed, even when the loftiest ambition whispers to itself some folly about distant regions and remote ages whose plaudits, however loud, can never reach its ear, it is really of a nearer and more limited admiration that the aspirant thinks. It is, after all, the applause of the familiar friends, among whom he daily lives, that he craves and loves.

Can sculptured urn or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting
breath?

Can honor's voice provoke the silent
dust,
Or flattery sooth the dull cold ear of
death?

No! for the love and praise of the living, we will be content to give up all reversionary claims upon the admiration of unborn generations!

Let the author reflect, moreover, that, as time rolls on, not only will the number of books be increased, but the number of readers also; and consequently the greater will be the chance of his obtaining somewhere a foothold in the memory of at least a part of the human race. If he be worthy to live at all, he will find—not indeed temples thronged with admiring worshippers and altars steaming with sacrifices—but at all events a little chapel here and there where some solitary devotee will be paying his homage. He cannot hope to be a Jupiter Capitolinus, but he may become the

household god of some quiet hearth, and receive there his modest oblation and his pinch of daily incense.

The destiny of the honest writer, then even though but moderately successful, is surely glorious and enviable. It may be true that he is to die; for we do not count the record of a name, when the works are no longer read, as anything more than an epitaph, and even that may vanish. Yet, to come into contact with other minds, though but for limited periods—to move them by an influence silent as the dew, invisible as the mind—to co-operate in the construction of character—to mould habits of thought—to promote the reign of truth and virtue—to exercise a spell over those we have never seen and never can see, in other climes, at the extremity of the globe, and when the hand that wrote is still forever—is surely a most wonderful, not to say awful, prerogative. It comes nearer to the idea of the immediate influence of spirit on spirit than anything else with which this world presents us. In no way can we form an adequate conception of such an influence, except by imagining ourselves, under the privilege of the ring of Gyges, to gaze invisible, upon the solitary reader as he pores over a favorite author, and to watch in his countenance, as in a mirror, the reflection of the page that holds him captive; now knitting his brow over a difficult argument, and deriving both discipline and knowledge from the effort—now relax-

ing into smiles at wit and humor—now dwelling with a glistening eye on tenderness and pathos—now yielding up some fond error to the force of truth, and anon betrayed into another by the force of sophistry—now rebuked for some vice or folly, and binding himself with fresh vows to the service of virtue,—and now, also, sympathizing with the too faithful delineation of depraved passions and vicious pleasures, and strengthening, by one more rivet, the dominion of evil over the soul! Surely, to be able to wield such a power as this, even in the smallest degree and within narrow boundaries of time and space, is a stupendous attribute, and one which, if seriously pondered, would oftentimes cause a writer to pause and tremble as though his pen were the rod of an enchanter! Happy those who have wielded it well, and who

“Dying, leave no line they wish to blot.”

Melancholy indeed is the lot of all whose high endowments have been worse than wasted—who have left to that world which they were born to bless, only a legacy of shame and sorrow—whose vices and follies, unlike those of other men, are not permitted to die with them, but continue active for evil after the men themselves have become dust. Let every aspirant for the honors of authorship remember this. The ill which other men do, for the most part dies with them. Not that this is literally true, even of the obscurest individual. We are all but links in a vast chain which stretches from the dawn of time

to the final consummation of all things; and unconsciously we receive and transmit a noble influence which time has no power to destroy. As we are, in a great measure, what our forefathers made us, so our posterity will be what we make them; and it is a thought which may well make us at once proud and afraid of our influence and our destiny.

But such truths, though universally applicable, are more worthy of being pondered by great authors than by any other class of men. These outlive their age—if not for an eternity, at least for considerable periods; and their thoughts continue to operate immediately on the spirit of their race. How sad it is for such to abuse their high trust! If we could imagine for a moment that departed spirits are allowed to revisit the scenes of their earthly life and trace the good or evil consequences of their actions, what more deplorable condition can be conceived than that of a great but misguided genius, convinced at last of the folly of his course, and condemned to witness its effects, without the power of arresting them? The spell for evil has been spoken, and he cannot unsay it; the poisoned shaft has left the bow and cannot be recalled! How would he sigh for that day which should cover his fame with a wel-

come cloud, and bury him in the once dreaded oblivion! How would he covet, as the highest boon, the loss of that immortality for which he toiled so much and so long!

Let not the influence of books over men's character and actions be despised. Socrates was accustomed to argue for the superiority of oral over written instruction, by representing books as *silent*. The inferiority of the written word to the living voice is in many respects undeniable, but surely it is more than compensated by the advantage of its more diffusive and permanent character. Great as has been the influence of Socrates, he owes it almost entirely to books which he refused to write; and it might have been greater still, had he condescended to write some of his own.

The chief glory of literature—taking it collectively—is that it is our pledge and security against the retrogression of humanity—the effectual break-water against barbarism—the *ratchet* in the great wheel of the world, which, even if it stands still, prevents it from slipping back. Ephemeral as man's books are, they are not so ephemeral as himself; and they consign to posterity what would otherwise never reach them. A good book is the Methuselah of these latter ages.

EVENING FANCIES.

Evening's spell comes round me,
 And all the ties which bound me
 To this bright earth, my spirit rends in twain,
 And roams in joy and gladness,
 Free from the heart's deep sadness,
 And revels in that bliss which yields no pain,

Save only the deep yearning
 Which, in my bosom burning,
 Tells me that Heaven lies far, far beyond
 My own wild aspirations,
 My fancy's bright creations,
 Then my crushed heart will ache, but not despond.

My spirit seeks the shore,
 Where booms the ceaseless roar
 Of Ocean, in his wild and sullen play.
 It bounds upon the waves,
 Seeks the most hidden caves,
 Where sleep the mermaids, and where rich gems stray.

It leaps o'er dancing rivers
 Where the rich sunset quivers
 In ever-varying tints upon the stream,
 Visits the silent dell
 Where fancy loves to dwell,
 And gilds imagination's richest dream.

Visits the far-off Heaven,
 Where, earth's weak ties all riven,
 Angelic music breaks upon the ear.
 The jasper gates unfold,
 And gorgeousness untold
 Dazzles the vision in that glorious sphere.

But a low-plaintive moan
 Upon the breeze is borne;
 It has been wafted from the battle-plain.

Oh! that sad, mournful strain
 Tells of the lowly slain,
 And calls my spirit back to earth again.

And now those hues so glorious
 The setting sun sheds o'er us,
 Pour their latest, lingering rays around;
 And the low, tender greeting,
 When in the wild woods meeting,
 Of the sad night-bird, is the only sound.

Then sweet, and low, and tender,
 'Neath Luna's dawning splendor,
 I hear the music of a voice I love.
 Farewell, thou glowing vision,
 Thou flower from fields Elysian,
 My blissful, happy heart must cease to rove.

Hamburg, Ark., 1868.

MARY THACKER.

THE VALBORGSMAS TRYST.

A deep hush through the long, broad, raftered hall. So deep, that the southing of far-pines crept sobbing through the night, and brought the moan of Silja Lake, upon whose breast the flames upon the hearth-stone here flung out from time to time a fitful glow. An April snow was scurrying to and fro without. Within, a short half-hour since, the dance, the frolic game, the song and story, in the midst of rustic peace made mockery of storm. But now the murkiness of the storm was entered in.

The nickel harp had lapsed to silence, and the hum of all those spinning-wheels had ceased. Upon them now, the maidens leaned in jaunty jackets and gay holy-day aprons, with fair hair braided under the three-cornered maiden-cap. The fresh round faces were all turned one way, and many a glance stole under drooping lashes toward the upper end of the apartment. For there, at a table strewn with papers, sat the aged Squire, and confronted a young man in mien and dress somewhat superior to his fellow-peasants. Those sturdy Dalmen, bred up on the Squire's estate, now dropped their gaze, shame-faced for their class, upon the pine-twigs covered floor; as the master, resting his right hand in very heaviness of sorrow on the table, resumed his speech.

“Go then, Erik Orn—free to retrieve the past with the future—to prove thyself not all unworthy of the forbearance I now show thee.”

Each measured accent, solemn, clear, and stern, resounded where the stillness was but broken by their utterance—by not one murmur or one movement among the twenty or thirty men and women there assembled. A tribunal without appeal, whose silence ratified the conviction and the sentence of this man, one of themselves, yet long set above them. Dismay, compassion, and in some few envious countenances, a certain self-complacent triumph, answered to the disappointment in the master's face. He rose up wearily, his hand upon the heavy purse of gold, the finding of which among Erik Orn's possessions, had with other inexplicable circumstances, convicted Erik, or so it seemed, of an unfaithful stewardship.

But he who fronted, met his judge, unflinching. Upon his brow there rested not one shade of shame, and the deep eyes, earnest and shining with an anguish passing tears, had nevertheless no shrinking, no remorse. There was no wavering in the firm-set mouth, and when he spoke at once, the musical Dalarna tones sang true as ever.

“The memory of my master's justice through the years since I, a friendless peasant-lad, was first received into his service—the memory of kindness which has raised me up until I stood high in his confidence—nay, almost as his counsellor and friend—these memories rise now between me and

that wrongful sentence, and thus shut out wrath. That do they, though that sentence, that forbearance, sends me forth, untried and yet condemned; a branded out-cast from among these honest men who were, and in the sight of my Great Judge above still are, my fellows. My word against strong damning evidence of crime. It is truly feeble as a breath—yet which of these men here has ever found it false? I go. But though you never hear of me again, my master—when sight shall fall into this dark, and point out the now doubly guilty criminal—” he turned here his glance wandering coldly on from watching face to face—“it may in that hour soothe you to remember, he to whom till now you have been a most noble benefactor, pardons your forbearance, and—so help me God!—will never suffer it to crush him down to shame.”

He bowed low to the stern unmoved old man, and set his proud face toward the door, vouchsafing not so much as one brief sign to the companions of that past so wholly gone and blotted out from memory forever.

Not so much a stifled murmur, as a thrill, went through those hearers. More than one friendly grasp might have sought his, but that the master stood there cold as changeless marble; waiting till the recreant should be gone, in order to speak further with his faithful household. Beneath that impassive observation, no eyes, no hands, were raised to his.

Not one?

A slender girl, who the entire evening had remained shyly

apart, and, fenced in by her spinning-wheel, had as shyly shaken her head at Erik's attempts to draw her into the circling country-dance or polka—this girl's eyes had never left him from the first. And when his tones rang out, clear and solemn as far echoes of Dalarna's church-bells, tears not wholly full of pain, welled up, and plashed down on her wheel.

He passed her, passed all by, until he nearly reached the threshold. He would not have lingered there, nor looked one instant back on scenes now lost; but that as swift as thought Elin has risen up, had crossed the hall, and stood before him.

"Erik Orn—" she spoke—as distinctly, that every ear within the hall must hear—"Heed them not, thou!—the dastards who dare not so much as stretch a parting hand to thee. Thou knowest the Lord God Himself shall hold thee up with His right hand."

He bent upon her a long, full, wondering gaze, made but more tender by a cloud of anguish inexpressible. And then he grasped her hands, and bowed his head until his eyes were hid upon them.

She saw the strong frame shake with terrible though voiceless sobs, and felt the hot tears streaming through her fingers.

The moment passed. He lifted himself resolutely. And without a word—without one backward glance—amid the awe-struck hush of that tribunal where he stood condemned, with only one girl-voice raised for him—he went on his way. The door shut to, with dull and hopeless clang, behind him.

It was a cloudless, moonless, starry night, that eve of May-day in Dalarna. Black heights merged into blacker skies, with but an edge of snow along the woodland fringes. Beneath there, in the valleys, in the shadow of those heights, gleamed out a lingering white patch amid the green which carpeted the path for Spring's triumphal entry. Like snow-patches, too, a cottage here and there, in dell or on the mountain-side, flashed forth from clumps of newly budding birch, or dusky pines with peaks of burnished red. Far down upon a sheltered slope the village church, all hid in ever-greens, uplifted a gold cross, which, as the tower was invisible, seemed held aloft by unseen, angel hands. A star-beam trembled greetingly upon it, as though it alone could draw down heaven to earth. The broad lake lying at its foot, was ruffled into sweeping shadows by the crisp night-breeze; and silence, darkness, melancholy, brooded yet one moment over all.

One moment. With the next, from height to height resounded, loud and clear and merrily, the "lurar-voices," sweet-toned shepherd pipers; and at their summons, upon every dark-browed hill was set a crown of flame. Ere long those bonfires of the Valborgsmas lit up the earth and heavens from far and wide, until they were shut out by higher and more distant peaks, which yet left all the skies in wavering, mellow glowings as of sunset-tide.

In every hill, that glow flashed into view a knot of peasantry in holiday attire. The varying costumes of Dalarna parishes—

the red and yellow, or more sombre, yet not less picturesque, black and white—contrasted prettily as strongly, while the peasants joined hands with the gentry met together there to form the Valborg ring, and dance around the fire roused to ruddier burning. For by that dance, those fires in their honors, Dalarna has been wont, from far back into heathendom, to win over to good will the elves and spirits of the air, who, buried under ground all winter long, steal up to their blithe, summer frolics hidden in the bosom of the opening flowers. On their release, so wild with joy and mischief are they, that unless propitiated, they are prone to play all sorts of pranks with dairy, orchard, garden-close, and field.

But suddenly one young girl started from the merry round in breathless haste. Her eyes, dilated with horror, were following the heavy flight of a great owl which had that instant, unobserved by any other of those May-eve pilgrims, brushed with solemn wing her half-averted cheek; and now betook its ill-omened self to a more distant pine-tree whence it might continue unmolested to blink round at the dark. Elin well knew what a sure sign of danger looming in the future, any evil shape of beast or bird foretold, by stealing thus within the charmed circle of the Valborg dance.

Heart-sick, she drew apart unseen. What could it bode, that bird, which, from its covert, hooted forth a sharp, wild cry, as if in answer to her thoughts? What could it bode, but—woe to Erick Orn? The only evil which had

power to touch her near, with burning blushes and fast-beating heart, she now acknowledged to herself. She wandered from the spot where bursts of song accompanying the dance, or merriment round some provision-basket being unpacked in the clear glow, struck on her hearing like a taunt.

And where was Erick? Three unending days had ended since that night, and she had heard no word of him. That he should remember her—no, that assuredly was not to be imagined. Yet if she but knew—. How noble, and how true and brave he looked that night, confronting all! With not one friend to stand by him—the traitor souls!

Such thoughts were whirling through her mind, as she paused upon a cliff which overleaned far Silja. And the tears came fast. Hot rushing tears, and sobs, broke from the heart which beat so chill and heavy underneath the fur-cloak over which she wrung her hands. And one word would repeat itself amid those sobs—an “Erik, Erik!”—almost lower than the rustle in the pine-boughs closing round.

Among those pines, those crags, dwelt there a something like an Irish echo, which gave back an answer to her cry! For surely, “Elin! Elin!” was breathed near; but in a tone as thrillingly glad as hers was sorrowful.

She turned herself about.

Down through the tree behind, fell ruddy flickerings from the fires above. Against the trunk, there leaned a man; and while the stalwart figure in dark blue

was left in shade, the noble head, with wavy masses of fair hair, and the deep eyes fixed earnestly upon the maiden, flashed out in relief.

Well might those eyes fix on the lovely picture, framed in by the setting of the lake, now gleaming in reflected burnishing. A right fair Norse picture—the slight form in graceful garb of black and white, while the Brokacap, which in her hurried movement she had thrown back, left uncovered glittering braids of gold interwoven with a scarlet ribbon, thus resembling a scattered red-bud garland wound again and again around the pretty head.

But not long did he gaze in well-pleased, criticising silence, while the sweet eyes drooped from his, the rosy mouth just quivered in a smile. He called her—“Elin!”—once again, and she sank into his extended arms.

“Thou lovest me, Elin? Heaven be praised! Then shall I battle with my fate so bravely! But—ah, is it for a ruined man—disgraced in all men’s sight—to speak of love to thee?”

The chord of bitterness within his voice, touched her to the quick. She hid her face upon his shoulder, but she said in tones where mirth was mixed with tears:

“Art thou then rightly satisfied that thou didst speak of love to me? Or was it I who told thee—told thee—”

Confessions and counter-confessions—that grim bird was compelled to listen to them all—being, as the bird of wisdom, loth to disturb herself with seeking out another pine with sheltering hollow

in its blasted trunk. But the grey attendant of the heavenly maid could not certainly in patience bear to hear the follies shyly whispered by this earthly maid. And so, intending to break in upon them with a scornful ‘Humph!’ she stretched her solemn visage, and gave voice to a something partaking of the nature of both a scream and a stifled chuckle.

Elin raised a face aghast.

“Erik! Didst thou hear?”—she whispered—“Was it not the goblin laugh which haunts the mountain-wood, and jeers when ill is to betide? Thou saidst, we shall tryst a blither tryst upon another Valborgsmas, when thou mayst proudly claim this bride, and none will wish to say thee nay. That laugh—it mocked at this, perhaps—”

“Nay, little Elin, it was but a warning that the moon is rising over yonder mountain, and I must begone. The promised pledge, thou dear one, ere I heed the warning!”

She had loosed one heavy tress from its sister-coronals, and silently for answer severed it, and with soft wavering flush as silently permitted him to lift it and her hand together, forcing her to place the tress upon his breast.

“There, for life and for death, Elin—” he said.

A faint smile stole across her lips.

“They say thou hast all maiden’s hearts, best Erik. May it not then happen that some brighter braid—”

She stopped. She had forgotten how the day was darkly set, wherein any heart would give it-

self into his keeping. He remembered. The swift loosing of her hand reminded her. Reminded, only that two firm small hands should straightway nestle to his hold.

"Ah, wouldst thou let me go with thee—" began she in a blushful murmur.

But he interrupted.

"Nay—rather this gold sunshine of thine shall keep my heart warm even in the darkest depths of Fahlun's mines. I will not take thee to a ruined life; but, Elin, thou dear, faithful one upon some better Valborgsmas the gracious Lord God shall roll away the darkness from between us. Then, unscorned by any, thou shalt—thus—lie on my breast."

He held her closely there one moment—then as suddenly released her. And through blinding tears she watched him spring down from the cliff, and fling himself from bough to bough, from crag to crag. Till presently a skiff shot from a cove across the lake, and one within, resting an instant on his oars, turned round to wave a last—a last farewell.

Those flames of Valborgsmas had quenched themselves in ashes fifty years ago; when just before the fires blazed forth once on summit far and wide in calm Dalarna, miles away from Silja Lake a solitary woman journeyed where the town of Fahlun rose through smoke-wreaths of its copper-mines. With feeble steps and slow, supported by her staff, the aged wanderer neared the smoke which drifted upward from the earth, and rolled in mist-cascades along the cliffs and steepes of slag; or

burst forth like the blaze of battle beating murkily where peak and crag in wild similitude of tower and battlement, hung threateningly above the narrowed way.

The woman moved like those who walk in dreams. She never lifted up her sunken head to look to right or left, as she passed other roads which opened from the main one, into other black and straightened ways and streets of the half-burnt metal. Only once she faltered, paused, and stood there listening; bowed lower yet, as if in fear; her shaking hands clasping the staff, while a moan struck her quivering lips apart:

"The Laugh! the Laugh! It mocks me again, as on that Valborgsmas. Was it but one Valborgsmas ago? Ah, I am now so weary, and the days were long, long! Erik, shall we keep the tryst together here? That laugh on Silja—I have fled from it, best Erik, lest it should mock thee and keep thee away."

It was the tinkling fall of copper-stained waters dropping through a cliff against the town. And as she listened for the phantom-voice again in vain, she went once more mechanically on.

Before her, sulphurous tongues of fire lapped against the city looming in a mist through which the brilliant sunset wove a thousand threads and bands of rose and gold. Fair sheltering hills on one side stretch toward Silja, and conceal a maze of lovely vales and lakes. Green fields break into stony districts, and long-lingering glittering snow-slopes smooth away, as with a soft white hand, the ruggedness. But beyond the

town, mine-fumes have parched both wood and slope, and left a naked desolation, with discolored springs dripping and oozing through the scant, seared herbage and the stones—grave stones of the blossoms which died centuries ago, all draped in pall of black funereal lichens.

A grim desolated ruin, notwithstanding all the wealth of ore hid deep within its bosom, was this neighborhood; and ever had been, far beyond the memory of man through generations after generations back. But not more desolate, not more a ruin, hardly farther passed away from memory in its beauty and its youth than this lorn creature tottering on her way amidst the barrenness. The subterranean fires breathed their sharp and poisonous breath upon the blooming forests and the verdant hills, and sapped their very life. And no less had they withered up her life long years ago, when Erik vanished in their mists, and never more emerged, though May-day Eve had come and gone, and come and gone again. Beneath the pine had Elin trysted, first with hope, then disappointment, doubt, and at the last despair and madness. But this Spring, a roving impulse seized and forced her to retrace the steps to Fahlun, which she once had taken when the lagging feet were swift with hopes and fears, the dim eyes bright with expectation and anxiety, the weary lips eager and quick with questions. Questions none could solve. One answering to Erik Orn's description, it is true, had laboured with his fellow miners

from one May-day till its eve drew near again. But after that, he had been seen no more. Where he was gone, or why, none could reply; and few had cared to ask, since he had lived among them solitary, distant, and unknown. She had wandered back toward Silja that same night, as haggard, and the self-same ruin in heart and brain, as now she wandered here again.

Through the well-ordered streets, and by the comfortable houses, she passed on. In balconies, and round the doorways, were gay groups, and sounds of laughter and glad greetings, as the neighbors met together for the May-Eve pilgrimage to wood-crowned heights without the reach of the smoke's blasting touch. Some careless eyes, some soft with pity, rested on the lonely passer-by; and more than once the light laugh checked itself, as overawed unconsciously, in presence of a sorrow mightier than all moan. But Elin went her way without a glance.

The mining district rose to view in huts and hills against the lurid flickering of flames which tossed up showers of stars to fill the skies where milder, heavenlier stars were not yet ready to appear. As Elin reached the mine-house, its clock was chiming the hour of release to workmen who were not to labor in the night. The dying cadence of the bell, the sinking of the calm, soft sunset wind, brought somewhat of their own lull to her restless spirit. She paused there, leaning on the railing which fenced round the opening of the great shaft.—

Across that opening stood a building through which was the descent into the shaft, scores of fathoms deep. From this small open house a flood of firelight streamed—a flood which through ages following ages, ever since the copper was first worked, has never been permitted to die down. For tradition has it, that Thor's hammer first rang in the mighty vaults and endless labyrinth of red, and gold, and emerald halls below; and that he kindled the first flames upon the brink, to melt away the broken chains of the cairn-people so long bound beneath there, by the giant mountain-king.

Through Elin's darkened mind, as she gazed into the black vacuum, came a remembrance of those tales. She listened to the distant, hollow echo of the blasting, and could feel the heaving of earth's bosom, as with a faint sob. The past rushed back upon her, almost clearly. She remembered her long-forgotten doubt of Erik's faithfulness. The space elapsed since then, she knew not; for the second trysting hour seemed just arrived. But a heart-rending terror smote her for the first time. Was he true, and could not come to keep the tryst? Had the great mountain-king at last burst his own fetters, and heaped them on those who had dared intrude into his palace?—Did the stifled groans, the motions, which she heard and felt, break from those captives in the struggle to wrench off the chains which bound them to the subterranean rocks? And Erik—

Dizzy with the sudden fear, she

stared down into the dense darkness. But it was not now so dense as to be unilluminated by a gleam. Torches were flashing there, at first as faint and dim as glow-worms; and at that great depth appearing to creep as slowly up the shaft's walls, which the flaring made apparent.

Up the stairs cut in those walls, two men who were foremost, seemed to bear some burthen under which they lifted themselves cautiously, with frequent pause for rest. No shout, no cheer passed up or down from laborer to laborer. All the sounds which reached the awakened ear of Elin, were but far off echoings, or the flash and rush of waterfalls through the now empty streets. She watched the torches steadily—as if the years and years of wavering were at an end—when suddenly they vanished beneath her very eyes.

This vanishing was nothing so mysterious, as it appeared to her, still never stirring from the spot, and brushing a wan hand across her brow, as if to clear her wistful vision. For the workmen had but disappeared through one of the doors opening from the shaft to a hidden stairway, which led up into that same small building whence the fire-glow flashed on Elin's worn and grief-bowed figure.

A moment, and that fire-glow was dimmed by persons passing it within the building. When it flashed out once again, it streamed upon a knot of miners in black blouses, and dark, broad-brimmed hats which cast a deeper shadow over grimy features. Elin saw

them come out slowly, slowly—and lay something down upon the great shaft's brink, amid the wav- ing, agitated mass of women, children, workmen, and officials, that now gathered round. Some- thing—the burthen they had borne up from that awful, dim, myste- rious deep. Something—the stal- wart, hardened men, begrimed with more than the mine's con- tact, bent over it, their bold eyes softened strangely as they laid it down with tender, reverential touch.

It may be in each mind there stirred the thought, that upon him one day the portals of the earth might close, and comrades have to bear him up and stretch him silent in the sun-glow, where perchance the mother or the sis- ter, bride, or child, would recog- nize, and stooping drop a tear or kiss upon the death-sealed lips.

No kiss, no tear, was given now. Women whose counte- nances mirrored the arid bloomless life on hill-sides round, stared down; and from their bosoms, in- fants wan and pallid and unchild- like in their stillness—day-dawn clouded by the foul breath of the mines—hung forward, stretching forth their puny arms, and point- ing, with a weird and startling earnestness in the wee faces, to that rigid, unmoved figure. Awe there was, and curiosity, and some compassion—not one tear—no mourner's sigh—no wail for a heart's life outstretched there stark and cold.

None recognized him as a com- rade, and a murmur of amaze- ment went from group to group. He must have perished in the

ruined shaft long years ago, one said—else would his face have been familiar.

A movement in the crowd—a swaying to and fro, as swayed the fading sunbeams and the flicker- ing flames. The solitary wander- er had drawn near; and with one consent, as if by instinct, did the men and women there make way for her, until the dying light with- in her eyes fell where the dying glances of the day yet shone.

As if in slumber he reposed; one arm beneath his head with all its sunny waves of hair undimmed—and in his right hand clenched, the mattock wherewith he had dug his grave. And yet it could not be that this was death! The strong, brave face lay under heaven with a smile upon the lips—a smile brilliant and pure as the reflection of a golden gleam from the opening gates of Paradise. The dark eyes shone beneath their half-closed lids, as though he were just sinking down to sleep in glad- some dreams.

The wayfarer, who had paused to gaze one moment, tottered for- ward, and sank down, her head upon his breast.

“Erik! Oh Erik! dost thou keep the tryst at last?—” she cried out, with a thrill of joy unutterable in her broken, quavering tones.

The withered cheek pressed to the bronzed and ruddy one—the thin, grey locks entwining with those shining waves—the white, worn lips touching those crimson- red as if with life—the pale eyes dropping rushing tears of joy up- on the lowered lashes which now glittered as though he himself were weeping—. And the wrink- led, palsied hand—

The wrinkled, palsied hand was resting on the brawny breast, where crossed a scarlet riband intertwining a gold braid.

The withered cheek pressed to that fresh with youth—the grey hairs mingling with those Time had never touched—the white lips, ever whiter, breathing low and soft the last, faint breath of life across that smiling mouth—the faded eyes, their long watch at an end, their latest tear wept out, now gazing on the self-same dream that stole into his half-shut lids, from Heaven.

Calumny no more hence-forth may wrench apart the hands now clasping in eternal troth-pledge underneath the palms, upon the

strand of the bright, glorious sea of glass.

And as a miner silently advanced, and reverently covered the two faces to which death should render back alike immortal youth, no dread laugh mocked them from the naked hills around. Nor were tears wanting. For with one accord the multitude sank down upon their knees, awe-stricken in the presence of death. And of a stronger than death—whose faithfulness had broken down the barrier of the grave, and kept the tryst at last.

At last. Just as the sunset faded out, and crimson fires of Valborgsmas shot up the gloaming skies.

BABY POWER.

BY ROSA VERTNER JEFFREY.

Six little feet to cover,
 Six little hands to fill,
 Tumbling out in the clover,
 Stumbling over the sill.
 Six little stockings ripping,
 Six little shoes half worn,
 Spite of that promised whipping,
 Skirts, shirts, and aprons torn!
 Bugs and bumble-bees catching,
 Heedless of bites and stings,
 Walls and furniture scratching,
 Twisting off buttons and strings.
 Into the sugar and flour,

Into the salt and meal,
Their royal, baby power,
All through the house we feel!
Behind the big stove creeping,
To steal the kindling wood;
Into the cupboard peeping,
To hunt for "somesin dood."
The dogs they tease to snarling,
The chickens know no rest,
Yet—the old cook calls them "darling,"
And loves each one "the best."
Smearing each other's faces,
With smut or blacking-brush,
To forbidden things and places,
Always making a rush.
Over a chair, or table,
They'll fight, and kiss again
When told of slaughtered Abel,
Or cruel, wicked Cain.
All sorts of mischief trying,
On sunny days—in doors—
And then perversely crying
To rush out when it pours.
A raid on Grand-ma making,
—In spite her nice new cap,—
Its strings for bridles taking,
While riding on her lap.
Three rose-bud mouths beguiling,
Prattling the live-long day,
Six sweet eyes on me smiling,
Hazle, and blue, and gray.—
Hazle—with heart-light sparkling,
Too happy, we trust, to fade—
Blue—'neath long lashes darkling,
Like violets in the shade.
Gray—full of earnest meaning,
A dawning light so fair,
Of woman's life beginning,
We dread the noon-tide glare
Of earthly strife, and passion,
May spoil its tender glow,

Change its celestial fashion,
 As earth-stains change the snow!
 Three little heads, all sunny,
 To pillow and bless at night,
 Riotous Alick and Dinnie,
 Jinnie, so bonnie and bright!
 Three souls immortal slumber,
 Crowned by that golden hair,
 When Christ his flock shall number,
 Will all *my* lambs be there?
 Now with the stillness round me,
 I bow my head and pray,
 "Since this faint heart has found thee,
 Suffer them not to stray."
 Up to the shining portals,
 Over life's stormy tide,
 Treasures I bring—immortal,
 Saviour be thou my guide.

Lexington, Ky., 1868.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

This stately pile is situated in a westerly direction from London, at a distance of about twenty miles. Founded by William the Conqueror, first as a military fortress, and afterwards converted into a palace, it has been enlarged and improved by different sovereigns, but received the last, magnificent alterations in the time of George IV., portions of the work being only completed since the reign of Queen Victoria.

The Castle itself, on a lofty eminence, has an imposing grandeur, from its great extent, its beautiful church, its circular towers; the

great Central Tower being over three hundred feet in circumference, and near three hundred feet in height above the level of the Home Park. The first view of the State apartments however, was a disappointing one. They were far less spacious and magnificent than I anticipated, a feeling which would perhaps be experienced by any one who had had the misfortune to have first seen the Parisian palaces. And yet doubtless, a visit to Windsor and its environs leaves a much more agreeable impression on the mind.

Perhaps some slight allusions to

the principal apartments would not be devoid of interest to those who have never seen them.

We ascended the "Grand Staircase" of marble, an appropriate entrance to the noble edifice, and passing through the vestibule, where hangs the portrait of Sir Jeffrey Wyattville, the architect who planned the last, elegant improvements in the palace, we entered the Queen's Audience chamber. This, though small, is rather pleasing, its ceiling, painted by Verrio, represents Queen Catherine in a triumphal car, and attended by the Goddesses of flowers, grain and fruits, an emblem of Great Britain. The Gobelin Tapestry decorating the walls, represents portions of the history of Queen Esther and Mordecai. There were also a few portraits, the most interesting, those of William III, and his amiable Queen Mary.

Next is the Vandyck room, so called, from its containing numerous portraits, chiefly of English royalty, by that favorite artist of the 17th century. The State-ante-room, very small, has a ceiling also painted by Verrio, a banquet of the Gods. Here are seen some specimens of carving by Gibbons, which are very beautiful, and a portrait in stained glass of George the Third. The Waterloo chamber has more than ordinary architectural beauty, and contains many portraits by different artists, chiefly of illustrious characters, kings and others, of the various continental nations. Among the English portraits, is one of the Hon. George Canning, once Prime Minister, and a very

fine one of the Duke of Wellington as he appeared on the day of thanksgiving after the battle of Waterloo. The Queen's State drawing room called the Zuccarelli room, from its containing some fine paintings by that artist, embracing Scripture scenes, landscapes, and the portraits of the three Kings George, is very elegantly fitted up, from some glimpses we obtained of the partially covered furniture. The grand reception room is the first which commends itself to the eye as palatial in its proportions. It is ninety feet in length, thirty-three in height, and thirty-four in breadth, and with the profusion of rich gilding and carving, the magnificent chandeliers, the numerous elegant mirrors, and the Gobelin tapestry, representing scenes from heathen mythology, is really brilliant and imposing. St. George's Hall, the grand banquetting room, in which is the throne, is still more spacious, being two hundred feet in length, the breadth and height about the same as the preceding. The ceiling is decorated with a confusing number and variety of armorial bearings of the Knights of the Garter from its origin to the present time. On the walls are the portraits of all the sovereigns from James First to George the Fourth.

What strikes a stranger is the number of ancient portraits dispersed throughout the State apartments. And there is a peculiar interest attaches to them. They are an impressive kind of history. The attitudes, the strange costumes, even the very

countenances, we fancy, partake of the peculiarities of the times in which they lived. As we linger among them, there seems a floating around us of dim and shadowy beings, a dreamy realizing of the past, and a confused mingling of events, partly pleasing, partly painful, according to their fate or character. These now silent, decorators of this noble Hall, each in his turn feasted his guests at the broad, oaken table extending almost its entire length. Here have been spread, again and again, not merely a profusion of delicious viands, but the wine-cup has often circulated but too freely, the sounds of mirth and revelry often extending far beyond the midnight hour. It is pleasant to know that it has witnessed none of these disgraceful scenes during the reign of the present Sovereign. The court of England has, it is thought, never been so pure as since the accession to the throne of Queen Victoria.

It has indeed been characterized by a propriety, and decorum, which is a worthy example to families in the most retired walks of life, and is believed to have had a happy influence in elevating the tone of society of every class in this country.

I have been informed too, that the Queen has had her daughters well instructed, not only in needle-work, so that they were able to work the most common articles of apparel, but also in culinary matters, and that they have often treated their parents to charming little pic-nics in the garden, every article of which had been prepared by their own hands.

They had also their garden plots, cultivated and kept in order by themselves, each having her own light set of garden tools. Lady Russell, as the story goes, while calling one day, requested to see their vegetable gardens. The young misses proudly showed her through, when she was of course profuse in her compliments. "Oh but you must have some to carry home with you," exclaimed they with generous enthusiasm, no doubt feeling they were making a most acceptable gift. The noble lady, with some surprise intimated that she would not trouble them so much. But the young ladies went to work and soon had out of the soil some of their finest specimens, which had to be safely stored in her carriage. I have sometimes, happily not often, heard young ladies boast that they did not know how to work. A real or affected ignorance, which perhaps resulted from an idea that such homely knowledge is associated with poverty. The Queen of England, living in rather good style and having at least a comfortable income has not disdained such valuable training for her daughters, nor have they disdained to acknowledge it.

The Royal stables are not unworthy of a visit. We found them neat as a parlor, and such a display of beautiful animals, from the large, strong harness horses down to the daintiest little ponies, as it was pleasant to look upon. There were four extremely small, which the Queen sometimes drives alone in a light carriage, and a number of beautiful medium ponies, some Arabians,

for the saddle, used by the young princes and princesses. There are also a great number and variety of conveyances, from the light-garden chaises, the family carriages used in the Home Park, to the road carriages of wagon-like strength. Yet there was little ornamentation, every thing in quiet taste.

We saw some light, low carriages, with but one seat, in which the young princesses drive alone the well-trained pony, through the delightful avenues of the park. While we were strolling in the park the Princess Christina drove by, in an open pony carriage, a lady friend by her side, and a servant occupying a seat in the rear.

Such rural occupations and pleasures give us pleasant ideas of the royal family, who seem greatly to prefer them to the pomp and pageantry of court.—The rest of the family were absent at that time at their favorite residence, Balmoral, in Scotland, where the Queen spends so much of her time of late years, that the English people are wont to complain. We felt as if scarcely any place could be more attractive than Windsor. There are superb views from the castle and terraces, but especially, from the lofty Central Tower the prospect is most extensive and beautiful. It embraces, too, some objects of special interest, as the venerable college of Eton, with its handsome grounds and walks, some miles away; the former residence of the family of William Penn, if I am not mistaken, still occupied by some of his descendants, and near

to it, Stoke church, the scene of Gray's *Elegy*, and afterwards his burial place. The Thames, here a clear and lovely stream, is a charming feature in the landscape, as it winds, in many a curve, for miles away, amid the most exquisite scenery. All this portion of England is wanting in any bold, majestic features, such as characterize Scotland, as the rugged heather-covered hills, chain beyond chain, sublime in shadow, glorious in sunlight, the little valleys, with their rushing streams, the cascades tumbling over rocks, and all the startling, diversified variety of prospect, constantly unfolding to the eye of the delighted traveler. But in quiet, peaceful beauty, this, perhaps, is not surpassed in all the world. Gently undulating, there are often points whence the eye surveys miles of the rich, garden-like scenery.—Numerous pretty villages, each with its church spires pointing heavenward, adorn the prospect. And then the country villas, with charming parks, the neatest cottages, with their clinging vines, and beds of brilliant flowers, the silvery stream, winding among the meadows and waving fields of grain, the grazing flocks of sheep, or herds of deer or cattle, the noble avenues of elms, the massive groups of venerable oaks and beech, diffusing over the rich, green sward, that exquisite intermingling of softened light and shadow, all, all so softly, inexpressibly beautiful.

The mind luxuriates amid such scenery, and the heart thrills with grateful emotion to the author, for the quiet happiness it enjoys

within itself, and sees so richly spread around.

It is gratifying to know that these innocent enjoyments are accessible to great numbers. On all the holidays, which the customs of the English church make frequent here, thousands and thousands of people rush to the country in different directions; the numerous steamers and railways, bringing excursion tickets within reach of the poorest of the working classes. We can easily imagine, how grateful to these refugees from the noisy, smoky city must be the purity, the quiet, and the freshness of the country. It has been with no little pleasure that we have seen them loitering along the overarching avenues, or sitting on the grass beneath the shadowing trees whiling away the time in pleasant talk, or enjoying luncheon brought from home. Here is a family group, the little ones, in very joy, skipping over the verdant carpet. There is another, all radiant in the lovely freshness and merriment of youth. Yonder, a little more distant, is a youthful couple (mayhap lovers,) well pleased, we fancy, to have a quiet talk over the rainbow-tinted future amid the congenial scenes of nature. Thus we see them, of all ages, luxuriating in the quiet pleasures which nature offers to every one. The parks and gardens accessible to them, without expense, except the trifling railway fares, are very numerous, and some of the very beautiful, as Windsor, the Kem Gardens, the parks at Hampton court and Richmond, and many others. I remember to have seen a year or

two since in a book of travels by a Mr. Haven, a Bostonian I believe, very bitter comments on the selfishness of royalty and nobility in England, for appropriating such extent of soil to parks and pleasure grounds, when it might be turned to so much better account, if divided among poor laborers. He grows especially indignant, when contemplating the extent and beauty of Windsor park and forest, and predicts, if I remember rightly, that the day is coming, when the people shall arise in their might and throw off a rule, which deprived them of so many of their rights and privileges. But it seems a most singular and contracted view. The several hundred acres in these parks, if subdivided into little farms, would, perhaps, afford a plain subsistence to several hundred families. But even in that community, another generation would find it necessary to emigrate, as many thousands now do annually, to the colonies, or to flock to the cities to seek employment in the various manufacturing or commercial interests. Thus a perpetual good would be sacrificed, only to postpone for a limited period, a change of occupation or climate for a few hundred people, a change too, not necessarily involving evil, and often great advantages.

We say a perpetual good. Now, these parks are a source of pleasure, may we not say, of substantial benefit to hundreds of thousands, a common property, where all can equally enjoy their leisure. The necessities of man's nature require not merely, that

the body have its food and raiment: sad indeed is it, where such is the only aim of life. But the mind, the soul must also have its appropriate nourishment, and every means, every association, having any tendency to elevate human beings above a merely animal existence serves a noble purpose.

Such is the tendency of any well directed system of education of the pulpit, and in greater or less degree of the innumerable works of art or nature.

Who can estimate the advantages to these multitudes of people necessarily pent up for the greater part of their time within the crowded city, of the privilege of wandering in these lovely places, where art combines to render nature only more attractive and enjoyable.

Were it not for these powerful inducements to the country, with its health-inspiring atmosphere and pleasing scenery, what multitudes would be added to the list of those, who already spend their holidays in the public house, and

in scenes of revelry, alike destroying to the soul and body. And how different the return of evening to the respective parties. The latter, if not inebriated, at least often exhausted and irritable from the unnatural excitement of the day. The former reinvigorated, and carrying home a store of pleasant memories for many a future day. It is a happy fact, that all the glorious things in art or nature, once seen with an appreciative eye, become a kind of perpetual property of the mind.— They hang up in memory's gallery lovely pictures, more or less distinct, and which often give a pleasant coloring to the thoughts amid the daily employments of life.

We may safely conclude, that England, with her populous cities, could not well do without her charming country seats also. They are, perhaps, among the best conservators of the morals and happiness of her people, which is the surest foundation of a Government.

S. B. H.

ORCHARDS.

As the nut-bearing trees of the temperate zone were treated of in a former number of this Magazine, we will confine our attention to those which are not usually classed, in popular estimation, amongst the valuable nut-bearing trees, viz: the oaks which produce edible acorns, the beech, the

salisburia and the nut-bearing evergreens.

THE OAK is the king of forest trees, the Arcadians believed it to have been the first created of all trees, and from its majestic beauty, we must suppose it had its place in Eden, and had the dual Eden character, comprising

goodness for food as well as pleasantness to the sight. If the apple degenerated under the paralyzing influence of the curse into the crab, from what noble fruit must the oak have degenerated, and to what excellence may we hope to see it restored. When man labors in the sweat of his brow, with patient faith to remove the curse, God's blessing comes benignly to his aid, and he has cause to rejoice in his labor.

The Grammont oak (*Quercus gramuntia*) a native formerly of the wood of Grammont, near Montpellier, France, and is still growing wild in great abundance, in some of the forests of Spain. It is quite hardy, maturing its acorns in England, which are said to be "as good as, or superior to the chestnut." It is thus described by Captain S. C. Cook: "The tree is very much like the Italian ever-green oak (*Quercus ilex*) its nearest congener, but the leaves are thicker and more rounded at the point, and the head of the tree is more compact. The great and essential difference, however, consists in the nuts, which are edible, and when in perfection, are as good as, or superior to a chestnut. To give this sweetness, they must be kept; as, at first, they have a considerable taste of the tannin, like those of other species, which disappears in a few days, and accounts for the scepticism of some writers who assert that both sweet and bitter acorns are the fruit of the same tree. The Sweet acorned Oak (*Quercus bal-lata*) is a native of Greece and a large, handsome evergreen tree.

The acorns are cylindrical, and an inch and a half, or two inches long, eatable and very palatable, according to Prof. Desfontaines, and used, either in a fresh state or roasted.

The Round-leaved Spanish Oak, (*Quercus rotundifolia*) a native of Spain—"leaves stalked, an inch or more in length, glaucous-gray, and not quite smooth above; white and cottony beneath. The acorns are said to be large and long and eatable like chestnuts." (Rees' Cyclopedia.)

The Cluster-fruited Oak (*Quercus spicata*) is described by Dr. Buchanan, who remarks, "that the acorns are eatable, but not very good; they are of the size and shape of a large filbert, even, pointed, dark brown; the cups short and scaly.

Quercus tribuloides was also discovered by that able botanist, Dr. Francis Buchanan. He found it in Upper Nepaul, Hindostan, and after describing the tree says: "Its great peculiarity consists in the acorns, which are eatable, and in some of our specimens, seem even to split into two or three valves like chestnuts.

Quercus cuspidata, Pointed Japan Oak. The species appears, by its prickly cup, to be allied to the Fagus family, especially as Kœmpfer calls it *Fagus folia fraxini*, and describes its dry cup as splitting into three, four or five parts. The nut is eaten by the Japanese both raw and cooked.

Quercus esculus is the Italian, or small prickly cupped oak, and as its name imports, is used for food.

The *Quercus persica* and *Quercus pyrami* have also edible fruit. In our own country Michaux describes the chestnut-leaved white oak (*Quercus prinus*) as having a pleasant tasted nut, and also the swamp white oak, (*Quercus bicolor*,) which is nearly allied to the former, and of which it is said: "The nuts are sweet and nutritious, like most of the *pinus* tribe."

These oaks being mostly of foreign growth, are not found in our nurseries, but many of our large nurserymen have constant communication with the gentlemen of their own profession in Europe, and could, doubtless, obtain the acorns of any of these varieties for their customers. We would particularly recommend the *Quercus ballota*, which is described as a large, evergreen tree. Some persons think the *ballota* and *gramuntia* are identical. Our own evergreen oak, *Quercus virens*, grows as far North as Norfolk, Virginia, and all these foreign varieties are probably allied to it, and would flourish in the same latitude. This oak of all varieties is so valuable for timber, that it is worth planting by the thousand for that purpose alone. There is no tree more valuable for timber than our evergreen oak—it is almost imperishable. In Scotland, in 1733, Duke James of Athol commenced planting the larch over whole districts. In 1819 a British frigate, built of these trees was launched upon the ocean, and he left to his family "the blessed legacy of about fifteen thousand five hundred and seventy-three

English acres of ground, which consumed above *twenty-seven millions four hundred and thirty-one thousand and six hundred trees!* Under the larch the land becomes most valuable pasture, worth from eight to ten shillings an acre for this purpose alone, where it was not worth one shilling before.

THE BEECH is also so beautiful that we think it must have had its place in Eden, and that the little, sweet, oily nut it bears was once large and delicious, and very "good for food." Its name, the beechen tree, always brings up poetical images, and makes one feel inclined to carol forth in the words of Campbell's familiar poem—

"As love's own altar honor me—
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree."

Downing says the best use to which the nuts are applied is in the manufacture of oil, which is scarcely inferior to olive. This is produced from the nuts of the beech forests in the department of Oise, France, in immense quantities; more than a million of sacks of the nuts being collected in that department in a single season.—They are reduced when perfectly ripe, to a fine paste, and the oil is extracted by gradual pressure.—The product of oil, compared with the crushed nuts, is about 16 per cent.

The *Salisburia* or Ginko tree was brought to this country from Japan, and flourishes like a native. It was planted by Mr. Hamilton, at Woodlands near Philadelphia, in 1784, and the largest of those then planted had attained a height of sixty feet in 1840. A

fine specimen also stood on the north side of Boston common, to which spot it had been transplanted from the grounds of Gardiner Green, Esq., after it had attained a growth of thirty or forty feet. Mr. Landreth, of Philadelphia, has a *Salisburia* which now forms quite a handsome tree. It is said to grow to an enormous size in its native country, with a trunk forty feet in circumference. It is a very singular and beautiful tree. The leaves are wedged shaped, or somewhat triangular, attached to the petioles at one of the angles, and are of a pale yellowish green color; the ribs or veins, instead of diverging from the central mid-rib of the leaf are all parallel, almost exactly like those of the beautiful Maiden-hair fern (*Adiantum*) common to our woods, except that they are three or four times as large. The bark is somewhat soft and leathery, and on the trunk and branches, assumes a singular tawny yellow color. The tree grows rapidly, and is nearly allied to the Pine family, being apparently a link between the coniferæ and exogenous trees. The fruit is a drupe about an inch in length, containing a nut, which is highly esteemed in China and Japan, and is constantly seen for sale in their markets. They are eaten after being roasted or boiled, and are considered excellent. Young *Salisburia* trees may be obtained from Mr. P. J. Berckman's, at Fruitland nurseries, near Augusta, Ga.

EVERGREEN FRUIT BEARING TREES have not attracted the attention to which their great beau-

ty and utility entitle them.

THE STONE PINE (*Pinus pinea*) furnishes a nut which forms an article of export from Greece, and is a commercial commodity in the markets of Turkey and Syria. In Italy they are much used, the tree being common to that country also. The nuts supply the place of almonds in various articles of cookery, and that they have done so from remote antiquity, appears from their having been found among the domestic stores of the pantries of Herculaneum and Pompeii. There is no tree in Europe which surpasses the stone pine in picturesque beauty. "Its vast canopy supported on a naked column of great height, forms one of the chief and peculiar beauties in Italian scenery, and in the living landscapes of Claude."—Dr. W. M. Thompson in describing the stone pine, in Palestine, says: "The cone from which the nut is obtained is very large and compact. When ripe, it is gathered by the owners of the forests and thoroughly dried upon the roofs of houses. In drying, the cone separates into many compartments, from each of which drops a smooth white nut. The shell is very hard, and within is the kernel, which is much used in making pillau or other preparations of rice, and also in various kinds of sweetmeats. In the Arabic Bible, the *myrrh* which the Ishmaelites, who purchased Joseph, were carrying into Egypt, is called *snubar*, and the name *snubar* is applied by the Arabs to the stone pine. In Hebrew *ers* is the distinctive name for the cedar, and *berosh* for the pine; and if

this is in truth the *berosh* of the Bible, scarcely any other tree is more frequently mentioned, and this would be in exact correspondence with its actual value." The stone pine, although it is a native of the south of Europe, is hardy in England, and Downing thought would stand our winters south of Philadelphia.

The SWISS STONE PINE (*Pinus cembra*) is hardy in every portion of the United States, and is one of the most interesting of the Pine family. The fruit is similar to the Italian stone pine, but the shell is thinner.

The NUT-PINE of California is thus described in Hittell's Resources of California. "The nut-pine (*Pinus sabiniana*) is remarkable as a conifer for its spreading top, and for its large cones filled with edible seeds. Its branches spread out somewhat after the manner of a maple; rarely more than sixty feet high, though often with a trunk four feet in diameter—a thickness of trunk only found in other conifers of double this height. The nuts are larger than the common white bean, and are very palatable. The Indians formerly relied upon this tree for a considerable portion of their food.

The NUT-BEARING YEW (*Taxus nucifera*) is a native of Japan, from the fruit of which the Japanese extract an oil, much esteemed for culinary purposes. There is also the *Torreya nucifera*, a hardy nut-bearing evergreen, which might possibly be developed into something valuable.

The TORREYA CALIFORNICA (called in California "wild nut-

meg") is a graceful and beautiful evergreen, found in the coast mountains, near San Francisco. It grows from fifty to seventy-five feet high, and produces a fruit about the size and shape of a nutmeg, which has too strong a terebinthine taste to be palatable. It has only one of the Eden characteristics as yet, but having one, it ought to have the other, and we hope some Van Mons will take hold of it, and restore it to its full Eden heritage.

We now come to the last and most magnificent and perhaps valuable class of fruit-bearing evergreens, the ARAUCARIAS.—The nuts are nutritious and excellent, and borne in immense abundance.

The CHILI PINE (*Araucaria imbricata*) is the first of this species, and is now to be found in all our first class nurseries. A fine specimen grows in the grounds of the late Mr. Lyon, of Columbia, S. C. This tree has a wide range of latitude—being found from 27 deg. to 48 deg. South latitude—which in our hemisphere would embrace an extent of country reaching from the upper portion of Canada to Florida. It grows without protection in Scotland. It is one of the most striking and peculiar of trees, "distinguished by its close scale-like foliage, closely overlaid or imbricated, and its horizontal branches, springing out from the trunk in whorls or circles, and the immense globular cones, containing the fruit, which is of the shape of the almond but twice as large.—A single cone will contain between two and three hundred of

these nuts, and they furnish the Indians of the Andes their chief supply of food.

The AUSTRALIAN ARAUCARIA (*Araucaria bidwellii*) called by the natives *bunya-bunya*, is not quite so hardy as the preceding, and will not stand the winters of England; but has not, so far as we know, been tried in the Southern United States. Its height is said to be immense, sometimes presenting a naked trunk of one hundred and sixty feet, before the branches begin to appear; which, in old trees in the wild state, only grow near the tops, owing to the want of light in the woods;—but if planted out in an open space, they feather down quite to the ground. The leaves are of a rich, dark green, and the cones are sometimes twenty-seven inches in length and

twenty-five inches in diameter—they are also of a beautiful green before they become quite ripe.—

The nut is about an inch and a half in length. The natives assemble in great numbers, often from a distance of several hundreds of miles, to obtain these nuts, of which they are extravagantly fond. “Each tribe claims its own peculiar set of trees, and each family, as well as each individual, has a particular allotment. These rights are handed down from generation to generation with the greatest exactness, and if any one is found at a tree not his own, a fight is the inevitable consequence. This is believed to be the only hereditary personal property of the native Australians and is therefore generally adhered to with the greatest respect.”

CONCERNING HEROES.

“O nimis optato seclorum tempore nati
Heroes salvete, Deum genus!”

A well-known English writer, distinguished no less for the terseness and vigor of his style, than for a certain air of quaintness and originality which pervades it, has written a book in praise of Heroes and in vindication of Hero-worship; and, despite the manifest *outward* tendency of the age toward realism, his subject seems well-chosen.

Hero-worship is as much an instinct of human nature *now*, as it was in the days when temples were reared to Theseus and vows paid to Hercules. There must ever be in man, lurking somewhere in the unfathomable depths of his heart, a propensity to reverence the ideal of human excellence,—the realization of the “grand possibilities” enshrined in

his own nature. Hence that attraction which the ingenuous school-boy feels toward the heroic types of antiquity, the pleasure with which he contemplates the glowing pictures of the past,—Leonidas checking the Persian myriads at the mountain gates of Greece, Horatius at the bridge, or the self-devotion of the Decii. It matters not that he dimly perceives the fabulous nature of the bases whereon his admiration rests; the fables, if such they be, are alike invented and applied by man, and are altogether within the conception of the human mind: that they are within its realization also, history goes far to show him. The boy, who thus

“Worships in Romance

The spirit of the buried time,”

is but the precursor of the *man*, who regards with loving veneration the characters of those bright historic exemplars, that gem, like stars, the sky of time, shedding a soft radiance over the polar frigidness of humanity, as the weird gleams of the aurora cast a roseate hue upon the icebergs of unknown, mysterious seas.

But whether there be, or be not, this tendency toward a worship of the God-like in man, it is no part of our purpose to inquire: sufficient to know, some there are who feel its influence, and believe themselves the better for it, even while they confess an admiration for those eminently practical men who are superior to such weakness of sentiment.

The word *hero* is one of universal use, but of various application. In order that we may more nearly comprehend the idea it repre-

sents, let us attempt a definition—or, rather, exhibition,—of the term with such accuracy and learning as our dictionaries afford.

The interpretation of the original Greek etymon is as various as the application of the modern derivative, which ranges from Hector to Claude Duval, from the demi-god to the dandy, embracing characters the most heterogeneous—Homer uses it as an ordinary title of honor, applying it indiscriminately to all kinds of men, much as our backwoodsman salutes every comer as Colonel or Major, in the absence of any known title of address. We do not find in the original language the meaning which we wish to affix to the word, but evolve it from the Erse cognate “*Earr*, noble, grand,—*a champion*.” The idea of something *noble* is inseparable from the character of the true hero, and in this sense we take *grand* to be synonymous. Heroism imports seemingly superhuman qualities: Hume says of the Marquis of Montrose, that something “*Vast and unbounded* characterized his actions and deportment.” Mere *physical* excellence cannot, of itself, constitute a hero, as mere courage, which is the noblest of the physical qualities, cannot be rated among the virtues; even when accompanied by loyalty, or devotion to principle, it may often be resolved into professional pride and personal honor.

The true heroes are the strivers in the cause of *right*, from love of right, and this it is, which chiefly constitutes the heroism of which we wish to treat. Herein consists

the difference between the hero and the adventurer, as such. The conceptions of right may be erroneous—for even unbelief may have its martyrs,—but the given cause strenuously supported, or the given acts done, must have found their inspiration in an earnest and impelling faith in their right and justice. Take the three constituent elements of *honor*, according to Mr. Coleridge's definition, — truth, courtesy, and courage,—to them add patriotism (by which we understand devotion rather to the principles represented by a country than to its mere territorial existence,) strong and elevated above interest, and you have the truest conception of *Heroism*. In it is no room for selfishness, or preference of self-interest to that of the cause espoused. The matchless genius of Marlborough, and the dauntless, steady valor of Nelson fail to evoke from our hearts the homage rendered to the less brilliant characters of Wolfe and Collingwood.

Heroism has exhibited itself under manifold types and widely-different phases, in the several stages of the intellectual and moral development of the human race, each marked by individual characteristics, but all retaining some element of the universal principle.

The *Heroic* proper, is also mythic. In the confusion incident to the formation of society, and the transition of man from a savage animal to a rational being, dependent in all things upon his relations with his fellows, the

quellers of wrong and champions of nascent civilization were exalted into tutelary demigods. Such appears to have been the origin of the mythic hero-worship. Once deified, the Heroes were worshipped, if not with equal pomp, with more love and sincerity than the Gods themselves: they seemed more nearly akin to man, and their apotheosis, itself, is evidence of their worthiness of human gratitude. It was a natural and beautiful idea that those who had lovingly protected the honor and rights of their land or race, should from the loftier stage of existence to which their virtues had raised them, still exert a tutelary influence in behalf of objects so dear to them in life. That this *was* the prevalent idea we may infer from Hesiod, who says of these children of the Gods (as quoted in the "Republic" of Plato,)

"They into spirits are changed, earth-haunting, beneficent, holy, Mighty to screen us from harm, and of speech-gifted men the protectors."

Society once formed, nations arose by a kind of nebular attraction and citizens took the place of individuals. Then sprang into life the heroism of patriotic devotion. It is difficult to determine the dividing line which separates the two phases: the mythic heroes, from their very office as universal champions, approach more nearly the character of adventurers than is consistent with our idea, save in pre-historic times.

The earliest historical (speaking only of profane history,) and perhaps the noblest, illustration of patriotic heroism, is the Grecian, as it has come down to us decked

in all the blazonry of song and story. The Greeks, in the age of their glory, were the champions of the human intellect, the vanguard of civilization. Marathon and Platæa were victories won, not for Greece alone, but for the human race, triumphs of moral courage over physical force.—There is, in all things, a universality evinced by the Greek mind, which is only to be accounted for by the fact that to every patriot, not his own state alone, but all Hellas was a country. Sparta—stern, cruel, and corruptible in her very scorn of corruption,—must here be excepted.

To Athens we look for the perfection of the Greek genius and of the Greek spirit. To her citizens she stood preëminent, yet claimed her preëminence as the head of the Hellenic states. Beyond the sacred limits of the Amphictyonic lands, all were barbarians, but within those limits many were the civilized usages which might be imitated with advantage by some, at least, of our modern nations. Among the states which celebrated at Elis the mysteries of a common religion, it was deemed a desecration to suspend in the temples of the Gods, trophies won from their brethren, and it was enjoined upon them to make war for the purpose of asserting their rights, and of chastising their enemies without thought of enslaving or destroying them: in short, to act throughout the quarrel as if they expected to become reconciled at its close. These were pagan states, united by no federal tie, with no stronger *nexus* than community of race and religion.

The mind of every reader will readily suggest a contrast.

After Greece, Rome; and in Consular Rome we find the grandest examples of heroic patriotism which grace the historic page.—Rome! why, the very name has power, like a magician's wand to invoke visions, and the SPQR is a cabalistic spell mighty to call up shadowy pageants from the mystic realms of fancy;—lictors and augurs, crowned victors and sweeping processions, the long triumph ascending the Sacred Way, the Capitols, the dread Tarpeian and the eternal Forum!

Yet the Roman comes very near our idea of a *mere* patriot—if we may apply the word *mere* to a title which, of itself, ennobles.—Patriotism was his only civic virtue. The Roman character, pillared in majesty and strength, is more suggestive of massive rudeness than of graceful elegance; we see neither volutes, nor acanthus-leaves, but its plinth is patriotism, and its shaft military virtue.

In patriotism, in a willingness to bend all things to the greatness, good or glory of his country, the Roman of the earlier centuries of the republic stands unrivalled,

“For Romans, in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor limb nor life, nor son nor wife,
In the brave days of old.”

Fidelity to their cause because it *was* their cause, enthusiastic public spirit, fortitude, temperance, sincerity and subordination; these were the virtues of the Roman heroes. On the other hand, we see them tainted with the vices of

arrogance, cruelty and rapacity. Neither charity nor chivalry found a home in the Eternal City, until the religion under which she achieved her greatness had vanished from the earth, all its beautiful creations fading away into the dim cloud-land of poetry, whence they still haunt the world in reverie.

As in the scenic changes of the drama, the beholder is transported in a moment from stately temples and thronged streets to the wave-lashed rocks and elemental strife of ocean, so let us now pass swiftly, across a waste of barren centuries, from the austere pomp of republican Rome, to that wild and wondrous chaos of contending anarchies from whose tumultuous surges our modern civilization has arisen, lovely and powerful as Aphrodite from the mythic sea.

We ignore Carthage with her isolated group of Barcan heroes, the Laocoon of history,—and heed not the august splendors of Imperial Rome nor the gorgeous decadence of the Lower Empire. Nor must we pause to notice the heroism developed by the patriarchal virtues of the children of the desert, enkindled by the fierce enthusiasm of Mohammed; the theme is tempting but the need of philosophic disquisition or critical analysis is too great.

The origin of Chivalry—that agent which wrought order from chaos, and from whose practical workings flow so many of the blessings we are supposed to enjoy,—like that of the Feudal System, has been too often discussed to require comment here; and too exhaustively considered to receive

additional light from a farthing candle. It seems, however, but the resultant of Christianity acting upon the spirit of the northern nations, refined by contact with the civilization of the South. In the virtues it groups and represents, it is coincident with heroism, being, at the same time, perhaps, more *objective*.

Chivalry was systematized in the crusades, those colossal displays of the force of opinion, which bent to the attainment of a common end the restless energies of Christendom. The spirit of adventure prevalent throughout Western Europe, and so signally illustrated by the splendid achievements of Norman valor, was quickly enkindled by the fervor of religious enthusiasm, which—until its terrible force was spent—impelled its victims in successive waves against the bulwarks of Moslem power, that encircled the cradle of their Faith. However unmeet the means for the end proposed, and however inconsistent with the spirit of the religion it vindicated, this outburst of Gothic fury must ever afford the world a sublime spectacle, terrific in its wrathful vigor and solemn in its sublimity.

In its very inception, we behold the triumph of the emotional over the physical nature of man, in the frenzied hermit, swaying the people with his wild eloquence until, in the impulse of their own wrapt hearts, they recognize the voice of God; and again, in the hour of temporary success, see Godfrey and his blood-stained, havoc-sated knights kneeling like children at the sacred tomb, and weeping at

the recollection of the sufferings of Him who inaugurated the Gospel of peace.

Chivalry as such,—that is, the militant idea represented by the term,—its mission once accomplished, soon grew effete, and its decline, though illuminated by the heroism of DeLisle Adam and Lavalette, affords a mournful contrast to the glory of its rise and early triumphs. Ceasing to march with intellectual progress, it was gradually left behind, and has passed away, bequeathing its name as a synonym for the heroic virtues of Fidelity and Honor. It was quaint and fantastic, yet even its exaggerations, like caricatures of beauty, only serve to distort the charms they cannot conceal.

Perhaps the most perfect illustration of the heroic traits of pure and exalted chivalry, may be found in the *tout ensemble* presented by the popular idea of King Arthur, as it has come down to us preserved in the chants of the Welsh harpers, and the best statement of its creed in the Oath of the Round Table, as given us by a bard worthy to rank with the noblest of the mythic sons of song who cheered these doughty champions:—

‘To reverence the king, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience
as their king,
To break the heathen and uphold the
Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human
wrongs,
To speak no slander,—no, nor listen
to it,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble
deeds.”

Not only does history afford

different phases of heroism, but in the same phase it often appears under different aspects,—in some clear and bright; in others, dark and obscure, struggling with adverse influences, difficult of achievement and hardly to be appreciated when achieved. The particular bias of the student has often undue weight in determining his estimation of character. In judging past events, or men of other times, due allowance should ever be made for surrounding circumstances, for temptations, for the magnitude of difficulties to be overcome. Take, for examples, Lord Clive and John Hampden; the former must be remembered as having to encounter gigantic obstacles, and the latter, as linked with a fanatic party, of whose furious zeal he was (we believe) no partaker, where it exceeded bounds of enthusiasm for constitutional liberty. When heroism is joined with enthusiasm to the excess which becomes fanaticism, it is always accompanied by vices so great as not only to diminish its lustre, but, by destroying its consistency, to change it into the distorted semblance of itself: for the very enthusiasm which prompts a forgetfulness of self, also renders its subject oblivious of others,—of everything, in fact, which may obstruct the attainment of his end. Yet the author to whom allusion was made at the commencement of this article, has taken Cromwell as his type of the Hero-King, though the same age, and, in part, the same events must have brought within his view the stern glory of the lion-like Gustavus,

stained with no imputation of hypocrisy, and obscured by no dark cloud of bigoted fanaticism.

The heroism of Loyalty—pardon the word, reader; like *occupy*, “it was an excellent good word before it was ill-sorted,”—we see singularly exemplified in the Jacobites. Who can help admiring the fidelity of that unfortunate party (though manifested to a doubtful cause and for unworthy objects,) and their steady adherence in adversity to their ideas of right and justice, even when opposed to interest? There seems to us much more to admire and venerate in the devotion and gallantry of Dundee and Sarsfield, than in the more rational, phlegmatic and politic course of those who stand foremost in the opposite ranks.

That word “loyal” has been so perverted in our generation, by those who are incapable of understanding its signification, that it passes the bounds of etymological forbearance; to be “loyal” is to become liable to the charge of disloyalty. Yet is it a fine old word, embodying, almost in its sound, much meaning: *loyal, ley-al, leal.* We find it most vividly illustrated by the “Scottish circle deep” at Flodden, the wan garrison of Limerick, or—better still,—in the spectacle afforded by that “Glorious field of grief,” whereon were grounded the arms of the gallant remains of the noblest army that ever marched to victory beneath our starry cross.

But now, having floated down the stream of Time, touching wherever we have seen anything to invite a nearer view,—we come

at length to our own country. Wanting in antiquity, we yet have all that ennobles it.

The heroic qualities developed in our colonial times were rather of the *individual* Kind, like those which enabled the Heroes of Mythology to free the classic groves and fountains from infesting monsters,—

“Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire.”

The subduers of our wilderness found their epos in the fire-side tale, lingering a few generations in the confines of memory, before passing away forever.

Neither DeSoto nor Captain Smith, *arcades ambo*, (adventurers both,) belong to us, nor may we claim the nobler Wolfe who, as it were, coasted our shores, while Bacon appears in too doubtful or, at best, uncertain a light to bear consideration.

The first *hero*, using the term in its highest sense, who appeared on this continent was sullied with the crime of rebellion, and—though the Revolution brought to light many great and good men, it has left us but the one type of the *heroic*, and that is in the Protorebel. Wiser men, better rulers, more consummate generals there may have been, but there shines not out from the clouds of time a brighter example of the true hero than George Washington. By a singular perversity of human nature, his very goodness detracts, in the estimation of many, from his greatness, wisdom and skill; but, against such, we shall not defend his character.

In the subsequent wars of the republic, we find great warriors,

in its civil dissensions, great statesmen, but we look in vain for a recurrence of the universal Hero.

Our brief war with Mexico furnishes one of the most brilliant episodes in military history, but it must henceforth be chiefly memorable as the school wherein were trained the heroes of a nobler contest,—a struggle for principle rather than for renown, for freedom rather than for glory.

Alas! we may not wish that it had not been in vain!

* * * * *

To speak or to write—or even to think,—*impartially* of our late war, so unfortunate in its event, is manifestly impossible, nor will it be either affected or attempted here, nor is any consideration essayed, except so far as it is germane to our subject.

The war (*quodcumque id dici jus fasque est*) certainly afforded us, so to speak, a meteoric shower of heroes, unparalled in numbers and brilliancy. Nor could it well have been otherwise, since heroism is subjective and derives its essential grandeur from the motives which produce it, and since defence ever calls forth nobler qualities than aggression.

The true heroes of the war were those who were faithful as long as there remained anything to adhere to; who faltered not, but were steadfast to the end; who were not allured by the syren voice of Ease, or the crafty suggestions of Interest; who swerved not even when they might have done so without bringing upon themselves utter disgrace.

Of those sons of the feeble, in-

cluded under the generic term *deserter*, more familiarly known as skulks, moss-backs or cane-biters, we want adequate language to speak. The homely English, with all its range of expression, affords no synonym for their meanness. They are merely alluded to, on the principle of measuring things by their opposites, of heightening by contrast the virtues of our patriots. We wish not to discuss them further: We would not analyze garbage, nor would we endure the fumes of a Laputan crucible for any increase of knowledge attainable thereby.

To particularize our living heroes would be invidious, even were it not impossible; let each cherish his own ideals. The public mind is, in the main, correct in its judgment, and is fast growing enlightened in those few instances where it seemed to wish to be deceived. Yet to *one*, we cannot but allude, as removed beyond the reach of common-place considerations by his Promethean isolation and, by his vicarious sufferings, endeared to all. Wise statesman, true patriot, paramount gentleman, in him we see antique patriotism illumined by Christian Faith. Great Soul, clad in human frailty, nameless art thou here, yet in the far hereafter no brighter star than thine shall glitter in the firmament of our undying past! No greater name be sounded through the long ages!

Of those who have gone from us,—happy in the opportunity of their deaths, in that they died unsullied;—of *them*, at least, we may speak, and we may cherish

and revere their memory, consecrated from the shafts of detraction by the cause in which they fell. Let us honor their heroism, whether it be illustrated by the magnificent genius of Jackson, the stately dignity of Johnson, the martial fire of Bowen, the chivalric ardor of Ashly, the impulsive valor of "the gallant Pelham," or the unblazoned devotion of many a nameless one, at whose memory tears still flow, and sighs are breathed from desolate hearts. Let them be to us exemplars of patriotic virtue, and sources of heroic hope for a bright future, how far soever it be. The land for which they died cannot become a land of cringing slaves.

"Forget not the dead who died for us," though no cenotaph may rear aloft its snowy shaft in memory of the cause their deaths have consecrated, or in mournful tribute to their virtues. They must lie "alone, in their glory," but let us so educate the young, and so perpetuate their deeds, that they shall need no monument, but may have, through all time, a memorial tablet in every heart; let their cinerary urn be the *pride* of a people!

Thus their influence may still contribute to rehabilitate and finally establish the principles they died for. What matter that they may be under new forms, or arrayed in different guise? Truth is Protean, and may assume a thousand shapes.

We wish not to be understood as affecting any subdued undertone of *prediction*, for that "In all things, still supposes *means*." Dark indeed is the present hour,

but from the very intensity of darkness we may hope for light. The Children of Israel might have remained a much longer period in Egypt, had they not been required to make bricks without straw.

We have submitted in good faith, but we cannot degrade ourselves, by steeping in ineffable disgrace the memory of all we held dear as patriots. We can endure with stately and uncomplaining fortitude, the slights put upon our dead, and the punishment inflicted on ourselves, but we writhe beneath the moral which our enemy so smirkingly applies; his hatred and vindictiveness we can easily bear, but from his good intentions and "enlightened philanthropy," Good Lord, deliver us!

"We can endure that he should waste
our lands,
Despoil our temples,—and by sword
and flame,
Return us to the dust from which we
came.

But when of bands
Which he has broke for us, he dares to
speak,
Of benefits, and of a future day
When our enlightened minds shall
bless his sway,
Then the strained heart of fortitude
proves weak."

But let us strive to be of good cheer; all may yet be well. If the children of the captivity be taught to remember Zion, if they humble themselves and forget not the God of their fathers, we may still hope for better things.

"The sun is darkened, but it is only for a moment; it is but an eclipse, though all birds of evil omen have begun to scream, and all ravenous beasts have gone forth to prey, thinking it to be midnight. Wo to them if they be abroad when the rays again shine forth."

MRS. CRENSHAW'S STORY.

BY FANNY FIELDING.

"To the unknown prisoner in Norfolk jail, with the prayers of an unknown friend."

THAT sentence written inside the cover of a some-time-used Bible was indirectly in *sequitur* to an appeal from a novel quarter, and it, or the book, or both, in the hands of Providence saved my life once.

One morning my washerwoman said—

"Miss —," (I was a young girl then,) "ain't you got an old Bible or Hymn Book you can give away?"

"You can't read it, if I have," I replied, looking at her good-humored, black face without a trace of the intellectual in it.

No'm, but you know that sailor that was took up"—and she recalled to my mind a case reported in the papers a little time before, of two belligerent marines, one of whom had killed the other,—in self-defence, some thought,—(though I knew—and knew truly, nothing of the merits of the case,) escaping with a bad wound himself.

"He's afraid he'll be hung," she went on to say, "he distresses himself almost to death, and he's asked Mr. —, a man I washes for, to ask some o' the ladies to give him a Bible,—but then Mr. —'s sick and he can't get anywhere's."

"The ladies." I revolved the sentence in my mind, and thought again and again on it as one of multitudinous testimonials to the importance attaching to female ministration, in the estimate of even the hardest defiers of law. Why had not this man said "send me a minister,"—ask a minister for a Bible.

Priscilla and Aquila, the Marys, Phoebe of Cenchrea, they laid the foundation-stone of this faith long ago.

I did not keep the proposed bearer awaiting the course of my speculations, but gave him the volume as before said, pinning to a fly-leaf the beautiful hymn—"The Lord will Provide,"—I had never owned a Hymn Book but this had been copied from one for my rapturous admiration of it.

We moved to a distant part of the country not long after this, my grandfather and I,—there were only us two to move,—and finally, as a consummation to a long—projected plan of his, went travelling in Europe,—living, for months or a year here and there, just as it happened, and a desire to rest alternated with a desire to rove.

Well, years passed on, in this way my good guide giving me op-

portunities of profiting by all that was calculated to expand the mind and form correct esthetic principles, so far as continental residence and travel could effect these.

I had bathed in glorified Tiber,—had danced to the music of Italian lutes in the moonlight shadow of the Coliseum,—had shaken hands with good Pope Pius and come off as good a Protestant as ever.

I had echoed back the vintagers' song on the "vine-clad hills of France,"—spent hours and days and days again in looking out and poring over mementos of Josephine, Napoleon's star,—my star of all the lights in modern female history. (The glorious heroines of my own Southland of America occupy a sphere,—a sort of seventh-heaven consecrated to and by themselves.)

I had gathered cypress from the grave of Theodore Karl Korner, and made my respectful bow to the spectre of the Hartz mountains;—had, in short, taken all the routes usual with travelers, and some unusual; seen things generally considered worth seeing, and many beyond the prescribed limits of the guide-books;—the course of travel and incident, it may be remarked, being not altogether, perhaps, as erratic or eccentric as my notation of the same here.

Finally we concluded to go back to old England whose cliff-bound shores we had barely touched on the transit from America, thence over the channel.

We saw Victoria?

Yes,—and at a little distance,

and as she sat in silence, some traces, so I declared, in complexion and texture of skin, of the plebeian ancestress, the so faithful serving girl of the noble that she was elevated at last to a Peeress' place. What metamorphosis was this? I saw the lady speak, next heard her voice, for I did get within sound of it, saw her gestures. "Regina" was written upon all.

Prince Albert—that pure, blameless gentleman and noble Noble,—of devoted heart to religion, home, and country, stood by her side. But I am not here to write court annals, even if I had first-hand materials for such, so, off to those wild, bleak hills of Lancashire and the night of nights I passed among them.

We had just come over their line in the morning, by a ford in the neighborhood of Hell's Cauldron,—ill-auguring name enough! in the most primitive of conveyances, drawn by two shaggy ponies, partially reclaimed from their savage state and rearing on the moors near by.

My grandfather, myself, and my maid with a mouth-mutilating German name, but whom for convenience I called Rose, constituted the party. Our guide and position,—who was no guide at all as it turned out,—or else, worse than none, knowing scarcely a rood of the way as it soon appeared,—unless from hearsay,—perplexed us continually with his broad double, a's, and his strange, north-country dialect generally; but the acme of our confusion in him was reached when toward the closing in of the

day,—dark hour, as they call it, after three or four hours' travel over a naked moorland, the road seemed to terminate upon the verge of a forest and refuse to conduct us any farther.

"Is this the way," my grandfather asked, "to Bretlow inn?" It was to this house of entertainment we had received directions as being a pleasant place of sojourn for the night, or as many days as we purposed sauntering around in a vicinity abounding in natural curiosities.

"Dun knaaw," was all we could get, finally, in answer to any inquiry, but after some delay,—a little venture forward over the roughest ground I ever traversed, a little retracing of the route—a little shaping of a side-wise course, or something like it, there was at last the semblance of a road discovered, but it was manifest it could not be the one by which the Yorkshire mail-coach passed, our reliance for getting back to our luggage and other effects, left long miles behind.

Night was thick black around us now. Grandfather was a "mild mannered" man, but he could not resist some uncomplimentary epithets in application to the heedless, stupid creature—if no worse, of which I for one began to have my own fears,—who held us in charge.

Symptoms of sullenness which had been obviously developing themselves, gradually seemed to vanish, or else I fancied so, upon a hint of his having forfeited his pay, and he began directly to be voluble in expressions of penitence for himself, and essays to elicit

sympathy for the "woif an' childer" at home. Consideration of their need, he said, had moved him to undertake what he now as much as acknowledged he knew nothing about.

By and by, after some hours of adventure in Egyptian darkness, a light was descried, a mile or more away, perhaps, and we, steering for this, over ruts and stones, and by hollows and hills, incurring imminent danger of being jolted to a jelly, to say nothing of the jeopardy of necks, at last reached a house that looked like a tolerably massive prison-pile.

The doors were barricaded, as we found after knocking, and the sound of voices within neither loud nor hilarious, but distinct, was hushed at our approach.

"What be wantin?" was asked in grating tones by a man who, unbarring the entrance, yet stood on the doorway, holding a rush-light above his head.

An apology for disturbing him was tendered. We thought it was not a public house, likely, but we had missed our way to such-a-place, and could they furnish us with accommodations until to-morrow? We were not hard to please and would be satisfied with anything, so they would give us two rooms and something to sleep on.

Far as concerned fare for the inner man, a lunch, packed at the bountiful hostelry we had left that morning, was yet far from exhausted, which, beside its more immediate purposes, served for a reminder in kind, as our present surroundings by contrast, of posi-

tively enchanting appointments of comfort, shaming many model private households.

Not only to retrospective vision rose up the pretty, picturesque outlines of the village inn, with its overhanging eaves and Swiss-looking outer galleries—its goats browsing here and there where a tuft of tender grass tempted them;—the brush-covered garden suggestive of early plenty,—its unfailing cream, fresh butter, fresh eggs, rich cakes, but over and above all the bed-rooms.—Swept and brushed they were to that degree of nicety that you began to think if your days were ended here the sequel to the warning “dust thou art” would fail of its force as applied to you. White spreads—how snowy white! sheets the same, and oh! the delicious lavender scent! you expanded your lungs to their utmost tension to inhale it.

Well, this dismal, dirty contrast to all, beside other instinctive depression I felt at being obliged to lodge here, hurried me off to bed pretty soon, that is, as soon as it was ascertained we could be supplied with neither tea or coffee.

I saw the room grandfather was to occupy—it was the one directly under mine, and I mooted the point of his not having one adjoining, or at least on the same floor.

“Don’t be timed,” said he, for it was at once settled by our entertainers not very affable or courteous, that all the other apartments were appropriated and we must take these or none. I was left in silent wonder how,

since the man had said before that only our party and himself and his old woman would sleep there, —and where the six or eight men were going who now sat by the fire. “Don’t be timid, I shall not sleep much, but I want you to rest well, though if you knock ever so lightly on the floor I can hear you.

He had not been reticent enough, dear old gentleman, though to tell more of the truth, reserve would not have materially affected the course of affairs.

Rose and I retired, I taking the pallet designed for her, because with face so near the floor I could better hear the sound of any movement in the room below,—which I did not then suspect would be untenanted all the night. My attendant bestowed herself on the scantily furnished single bed close by me,—looking first, half-laughingly, to see if any of those mysterious contrivances for traps and other traditional tricks on travelers were to be discovered. Its mechanism seemed entirely simple, and so satisfied Rose lay down. The girl was anxious, well as I. I remembered afterwards having thought as I last saw her before putting out the light, she looked pale enough to forfeit the substitute name suggested at random by her complexion.

I listened and listened for hours, I suppose,—but silence prevailed; then, exhausted by anxiety and rough travel I fell asleep.

I cannot tell how long I had slept, or what time in the night it was when I was awakened by a light in the room, but the horrible

vision that flashed upon me then, self know the agonies of that gleams red through all these hour.

Poor orphan Rose! the affectionate girl who had followed me all the way from Hapsburg, and attached herself to me by so many evidences of care for my comfort, —I am just conscious of seeing her rise up in bed, of seeing two miserable ruffians around, a long, bright blade brandished, and she, I knew, was silent forever. No struggle,—a faint, gurgling sound, —that was all.

A little moving among them; then one approached my bed,—I could hear the voice nearer, though my eyes were closed. "This one," he said, "the maid, is asleep." I suppose they took me for the servant from my position on the floor. "Don't be too sure," answered the other.

May Infinite Mercy deliver me from a repetition of the experiences which followed.

"Hold the light, Southey," I heard, more dead than alive,—and the light was held, indeed, almost close enough to singe my lashes as it seemed to me. I did not wink. Providence interposed to prevent my signing my own death-warrant thus. Not satisfied with the test, a long knife, most probably the one employed to take my companion's life, was drawn across my throat, the light again burning itself into my eye-sockets. Still I lay, endeavoring to counterfeit the regular, light breathing of one in slumber, almost tortured to madness lest my heart's beatings should betray me. Ah! only Heaven and my-

"She's one of the seven," they pronounced,—*"she'll tell no tales."* And here they pulled my watch out from under the pillow.

This was all they found, of any value, but I lay now, stealthily scanning them rummaging about the room. Presently was heard a faint—drip,—drip,—a trickling along the floor, next, *felt* the warm life-blood of the murdered girl saturating my night-clothes and the flimsy pallet whereon I lay.

I recognized these men at once, for I had seen them down stairs, the one with the coarse, short-cropped hair, the one with the long red, knit cap, and now felt sure that we had placed ourselves at the mercy of a gang of such.

What to do? I could evolve no expedient out of the chaotic whirl of my poor brain.

That I was no born heroine I had always known, or there was an abundant demonstration in the events of the present hour. I lay there in inglorious, terrified silence, moveless as death, until a rumbling noise from some quarter gave warning to my nocturnal visitants to leave.

I was not, now, without some apprehension of my situation,—found my traveling companion murdered beside me, I unhurt, and no third person near. I wondered if they had left any weapon in the room, not, that I know of, that this would affect the case especially, but there arose the memory of a horrible story I had once heard, of a man convicted and executed upon circumstantial

evidence somewhat similar to that which might surround me now,—the real criminal long years after, confessing his guilt in a far foreign land.

The innocent sufferer had been discovered in a lonely wood holding a bloody knife in his hand above the body of a murdered man. The corpse was still warm as with life, and the seeming offender could utter nothing, when first taken, but “oh, I shall be hanged! I know I shall be hanged!”

The real truth transpired, from the evidence of the murderer, who was watching him from a safe distance, that he had picked up the weapon as it lay in his path, and coming on yet a little farther, found a dead body stretched across the road. No wonder he paused in terrified amazement. No wonder lips and brain were paralyzed if the sight he saw was like that presently to greet me.

What went to corroborate suspicion of him, poor fellow! was, that at some public gathering on the day before, the two men—the murdered and the supposed murderer, had had a dispute, and the latter left the ground vowing vengeance unless the cause of contention were removed.

I thought of all this in the manner I tell you, but of grandfather, of whom I knew nothing,—of Rose, whose heart's blood was wet on me now, in a bewildered, horrible fashion I can never tell.

It was all broad day before I ventured to rise up and face this scene of dead, dread silence. The first time I did so I swooned before that sight which I shall not

attempt to describe here, with its revolting details.

By and by was made a shy and cursory survey of the room. In the inspection of it the night before, it is somewhat strange that a small recess in the side of the chimney should have escaped attention.

Is it too wonderful for you to believe that as my eye fell there now, I descried a Bible lying with a hunter's pouch and some other implements of sportsmanship?—I ought to say gunnery, no doubt, for I don't suppose they were used for any purposes of recreation.

No, that of itself is not too monstrous to merit your credence, though if you could see the surroundings as I did, the fact itself would seem stranger than by my mere telling of it.

What will you say when I farther tell that the volume had some peculiar marks upon it,—familiar marks, that even at the distance, from which it first arrested my attention, made such a new confusion of the years past, the terrible, overwhelming present, as to induce a sort of imbecile acquiescence in the thought—my brain was crazed?

I will submit this to yet another ordeal,—it occurred to me,—let the farther test of sense rescue me if it may, from this dread doom.

I approached, tremblingly lifted the lid of the book so desecrated, as I felt, by its whereabouts, and read—now I tax your faith—“TO THE UNKNOWN PRISONER IN NORFOLK JAIL, WITH THE PRAYERS OF AN UNKNOWN FRIEND,”

with date appended—Nov. 23, 18—!

My own chirography, boasting of a little more tendril work in construction than you perceive here.

How light of heart I was when that line was traced,—how more than miserable now!

“What are you doing with my property?” fell on my ear in earthquake tones.

Whence came the courage but from above by which I was enabled to answer—“It was my property once.”

By this time two hideous creatures had rushed through a door by which the first new-comer had entered, and they began to bind my hands.

He, who seemed to be a master-spirit among them, waved them off. “Wait yet awhile,” I heard from him,—from them the horribly ambiguous announcement—“the old man’s all safe.”

“Where did you see this book before?” the first speaker asked roughly, of me.

“Where, you obtained it,” I answered, “in my native town of Norfolk, in America,” adding, with the courage of despair—“you were the prisoner.”

His partners showed signs of great impatience. He beckoned them off.

“You were hardly old enough,” he said doubtfully, turning to me again. I looked younger than I was,—I had seen both sides of thirty, then.

“A black girl by the name of —, begged it from me for you, when you lay under arrest,—under sentence for all I know, though

I think not, for murder of a fellow-marine attached to the U. S. flag ship —.”

“Down with your cords! Down with yourselves!” was the abrupt and sudden command to the men who had stood waiting. They obeyed.

“May I shake hands with you?” he asked of me.

I reluctantly gave him my hand, at the same time yielding to a paroxysm of agony in apprehension for my grandfather’s fate.

“He shall be released,” I was assured, “only you promise for yourself and him that what has happened here shall not be made known for two days.”

They wanted time to escape, I understood.

“But what are we to do?” I asked,—“here under apparently such guilty circumstances,—who can prove that the poor girl yonder,—(I could not look in the direction, then,) did not fall by our hands?”

He seemed cogitating the matter in his mind when I followed this inquiry by another,—one in which astonishment and—yes, curiosity, were intensely exercised. “What induced you to preserve this book?”

“For the good luck that’s in it,” was the prompt reply. “Soon after I got this book,” he added,—(they were mighty mournful days then, but not as bad as some I’ve seen since,) I was tried and sentenced to death, as I expected to be. I’d read this all the while I’d had it, prayed too, though may be you wont believe it,—prayed I might find a way to get out,—for other things, too, as

well I might, if a stranger could pray for me. But I was not guilty of the crime, and did as I did in self-defence. Well, a way was opened for me to escape, and I thought the luck lay in the book.

I came back here where I was born. Since then I've been in many a place; in many a difficulty, about and about, but I've never failed to carry this and it's brought me out safe." No more heard I of his strange superstition or at best perverted faith.

A sound of horses' hoofs,—a sound of hoarse voices,—the officers of the law were in the house. A small packet was put into my hand,—it was my watch,—and the man, and his confederates also, as I afterwards learned, vanished like ghosts at cock-crowing.

Their pursuers had long time, so they told us, I say us because when I first saw them my grandfather whom they had found bound, and liberated, was with them,—that they had been many months hunting this band of marauders, tracking them from place to place by similar deeds to those which had come within our immediate experience, but with no better effect as to their apprehension than attended them now,—and at this time the place was to all appearance tenantless with the exception of themselves and us.

We now prepared to go off together, one of the party giving up his horse to grandfather and me. Our postilion, by agreement, detained for a second day's journey, had proved himself *non est* far as concerned us, since we alighted at that fatal door, and it has often since been a matter of conjecture

to me if he did not share the contents, not princely, as it transpired, of grandfather's purse, boldly taken from him by the robbers in the house.

To their disappointment in the sum, I suppose, was due his detention in the remote dungeon-room where he was discovered; why no worse befell him I am not able, to this hour, to say.

Poor Rose's remains were to be removed and cared for, which was subsequently done, as we witnessed, but it was considered necessary, for form's sake, to take us under arrest, to the town ten miles off.

To the provisionary arrangements herefor, there was a secret and well-secreted witness—my strange acquaintance, as may be presumed.

He was not near enough to hear distinctly, or his action would, possibly, have been otherwise. I cannot tell.

I was deprecating even the bare form of an arrest on such a—no, not suspicion, but in such a connection—and—I am not ashamed to own it, for all nerve and firmness were gone,—was weeping bitterly.

Judge, if you can, the consternation of the group when now, just as we were about to set out, emerged from a thick-set hedge and came towards us the man with whom I had half an hour before been conversing. He gave his name as Ralph Guy, and himself up to justice.

He had no hand in this murder, he said, his band were guilty of that and he was responsible for them. All search for them was

useless, he added,—a new and unforeseen mode of escape opening up for them as the officers entered the premises, and now, he would die for them and for one, a stranger, who had called herself his friend when he had no friend. This he explained to them,—asked my prayers now—and declared in effect that his present yielding him-

self up had no merit in it, but was fore-ordained as retribution for the life he had led.

He was tried, condemned, executed, but to the last refused to reveal anything farther of the outrages of his comrades,—their guilt, their names, or purposes.

So perished the sometime "prisoner in Norfolk jail."

ORGAN GRINDERS.

Ho! the minstrel!—was the cry of yore in broad baronial halls when doughty counts and *laydies fayre* were met to feast together. *Ho! the minstrel!* was echoed in tented field, when belted knight and fiery squire quaffed brimming goblets to the morrow's *melée*: and the cry was echoed even in kingly courts in those days we love to read of in the chronicles of every land!

Up rose the massive *portcullis*, down creaked the ponderous draw-bridge, and wide swung the studded gates—never shut against the wayfarer in those ages our comfortable civilization looks down upon as "dark."

Noble earls, royal warriors and queenly women applauded the minstrel's lay, as he sat travel-stained and dusty next below the salt.

Strong hands carved the meat for him and tender ones poured his wine; the battle light in every eye proved the power of his *Skald*; and the wild bass of war-worn

soldiers shook the rude turrets in chorus to his lay.

Organ Grinder!—youngest son of ancient minstrelsy!—battered descendant of the Troubadour! hadst thou but flourished then!

What wonders had not the magic box told the souls of ancient Vikings!

One turn of the handle—tinkling lyre and pleasing lute had at once been still, while mighty men of war listened open-mouthed and mute!

Think of grinding a war song with the clashing accompaniment of boar spears and hide shields! Another stop pulls out a wild refrain of war song of the Goths!—another makes a mournful dirge for the lost Jerusalem!

High anthem for brave heart to leap to:—stately measure for majestic minuet:—solemn psalmody to dim the eyes of the fair—all ground from a wooden box!

—“And thus the whirligig of Time
“Brings in his revenges.”

The glad Trouvere no longer

sits mid the panoplied and proud, but shuffles around back areas for cold scraps; or—weakly, alas! misdeemed a beggar!—grinds away unwearyingly for stray pennies.

Beggar he is none!

We know all about beggars—their varied sorts and species:—the Beggar-resident, who clings to his chosen corner like the air plant to the oak, and haply nourishes his inner-man on almost as slim a sustenance; the Beggar peripatetic, who loafs round to your house for his matutinal meal twice weekly, or comes o' Saturday nights for a post-prandial bite. Besides, there is a Beggar-periodical who appears at stated intervals, like a circum-polar star. This one adopts the insinuated, rather than the direct beg. His demands are inferential rather than positive; and he makes a pretended return in some supposed occupation.

Who does not remember, in his *callida juvenus* some inflamed old vagrant with a hacked strop and sick family, who spoiled razors and told lies for old clothes:—whose strop each year became harder and his children worse?

Or were there not a Darby and Joan of beggary who limped round together? Darby collecting invalid umbrellas, which he pretended to mend, while Joan—careful helpmeet!—collected the change.

But shall we class with these the soul-stirring Organ-grinder? Down unjust thought!

Child of sunny Italy,—though born perhaps “when Music, Heavenly Maid, was young,”—very young—he spurns the dole

and proclaims his right to earn his bread by honest labor!

There is much music in a hand-organ—reviled instrument though it be;—and we love it.

Not one of your weak-winded, wheezy old fossils—battered, scratched and piping doleful dirges over its own dead glories:—but your gaudy, gallant, gilt-bespattered, holiday-clothed hand-organ with rattling polkas and *whooining* waltzes that set the maid-servants in your street spinning like Japanese tops.

Alas, rare John Leech!

'Twas one of the former gave him his quietus. He was infested with the children of Italy: day nor night could he find peace.

He moved. The sons of song flocked round him, thicker than ever. He moved again:—still there was neither “Respite nor Nepenthe.” When his worn-out patience plead for peace, a cracked Organ ground out—“*Nevermore!*”

Naturally of a nervous and high strung temperament and bound down by iron hands to a sedentary occupation, he became half-crazed under the stings of his small tormentors. He could neither think, write, nor draw without “that demnition little grind” continually in his ears.

He became morbid; every idea was tinctured with strong essence of organ; and the intense ridiculous of some of his drawings of the tribe, we sadly feel must be the expressed essence—a bitter drop—forced from a slowly breaking heart!

Nine times the wretched man moved!

Nine times his tormentors fol-

lowed him in flocks. Restless, nervous—almost a monomaniac—his pressing duties kept him in town all summer. He became prostrated—really ill. A slow nervous fever set in, he could not rally and finally died—in all seriousness—a victim to Organ-grinders!

And who but has sympathized in the woes of that unsentimental son of song—that “unappreciative cuss,” as A. Ward would have called him—who parodied the tender wail of Miss Laurie’s loyal hearted lovers?

It was none of your whole-souled, full-voiced aldermanic Organs; but one of the broken-winded, asthmatic persuasion that ground the ancient ditty when “the unappreciative” wrote:—

“Max Welton’s braes *are* bonnie—
The fact I do not doubt:—
But I wish the cove had strangled
Before he found it out!

“Her brow *is* like the snow drift,
A snow drift like her brow—
By George!—*there is an organ*
A grinding of it now!”

But the other:—the dapper-dandified grinder! why such a fellow is the boon companion of all the five year olds. He sets them wild with his very incipient wheeze—and divides with taffy their hoarded pennies. Then his first squeak sends to the heart of every three-foot-two a noble fire to crush that wondrous creation of art:—to delve into its sounding bowels and return laden with the treasures of another world—as of a moving Herculeaneum, or of a vocal Nineveh!

We all know what the man without any music in his immor-

tal part is good for. Let us leave him without regret to his “stratagems and spoils;”—for only the likes o’ him will condemn the hand-organ.

He never had a happy childhood, bubbling up with gushing sympathies and gliding peacefully into the meadows of middle age;—peopled with sacred memories of cultivated monkeys and superhuman dogs!

No strains of by-gone organs chase each other through the echo-haunted corridors of *his* memory: poetry hath no sound to such—the wonders of creation strikes *him* not with mysterious awe!

The warring of the elements has no sublimity—the pattering of spring rain drops no tender rythm to *him*: the vivid electric flash is but plain, matter-of-fact lightning to his dim eyeballs; and to his dulled tympana the crashing diapason of heaven’s artillery only a thundering noise!

But, “gentle reader”—if haply thy heart is attuned to the concord of sweet sounds:—if thou canst separate the tuneful rythm of “root hog or die!”—from the solemn swell of “Hail Columbia”—’tis to *thee* I speak!

Thou canst recall the delicious thrill of thy first Organ!

Then come trooping reminiscences of talking monkeys—wonderfully old and preternaturally sage:—of gorgeous soldiers, meeting in wooden battle, or breaking in spiral-spring retreat; or, of that magic mime who performed impossible somersaults while his red-legged puppet-accomplice blew on a true-and-true flute!

Thou canst refresh the faded recollection of the stalwart Italian, with peaked beard and soldierly port—supremely independent; or albeit of a tender daughter of the sunny clime—pale-faced perchance beneath her mask of dusk—handing round the tambourine, or walking the stately *contra-dansa* of her native land.

The monkeys of thy childhood have long since bit the dust with which they erewhile mingled! Perhaps those very monkeys—somewhat metamorphosed—nod and whisper to thee even now in the leaves of yonder willow!

The Organs of the past are wrecked and voiceless! and the tender little maiden—who would have been pale if she could—perchance now speaks a stalwart son upon some distant shore!

And the Organ-grinder—where is he?

Does he wander still, bearing upon venerable back some newer Organ with latest-improved flute and patent-back-action stops? Or does his body rest by some simple mile-stone, while his freed spirit “wandering through the Infinite” is ravished by music ground from the Organ of the Spheres!

Beggar he is none!

He despises the fraudulent arts of the fraternity—even of the more aristocratic grades just mentioned.

Is he wretched? Then his eyes are not red with weeping; he presents no long petition, illegible by reason of many greasy thumbs; nor tells a tedious tale of sorrow.

He never even posts himself as

an advertisement for a Railway-
Passenger-Masher!

He simply stands at your door and pours out his troubles in the twinned octaves of harmonious sound:—insinuates his misery by gently grinding out melodious music: and he will grind—grind—grind—till his just reward is forthcoming.

He prides not himself upon his beauty nor his long descent; he brags neither of his wit nor of his cumulate woes. He cares not a straw for the opinion of society and—happy man!—he fears not even *Mrs. Grundy*!

He is free! Free as the winds of heaven that play through his perforated pants—as the sun that caresses his hair through his crownless hat!

He is very noble—a courtier of Bohemia; and panoplied in conscious right he looks upon the world as his oyster which he will grind open.

A stranger in a strange land—an unprosperous weathercock for every blast of Fate to trifle with—he is yet a philosopher and looks upon his destiny with a stoical grace Zeno might have envied.

He is exposed to rain and sun; and young physicians declare both these unpropitious to the general wholesomeness. No friend stops him on the corner, and tenderly inquiring for his health, asks him to dinner. No turkish bath, toasted slippers and blazing hickory welcome him at even tide.

But there he is revenged upon his more respectable brother who enjoys all these. If he dress in rags, no implacable man of shears can send him duns; if he stand in

the rain, no one can borrow his umbrella; he is never called upon for after dinner speeches—is never bored with vile puns, or plastered with creamy flattery.

He lives happy, makes no will, and dies!

He is gone. None ask where. A green mound perchance marks his resting place—another fills his vacuum. None quarrel over his old clothes and

“After life’s fitful fever, he sleeps well”—

even in Potter’s field:—even though no marble monument rears over him its blank, pale face, unblushing at the lies it bears for posterity’s sake.

And such is the Organ-Grinder—our minstrel of to-day.

Haply he has degenerated from his ancient state, even as the mastodon has dwindled to the elephant. He sits no longer, an almost equal, in the halls of the great; but he sweetens to the little great the uphill path to the future.

To the adolescent he is greater than kings and more precious than spikenard; and his feet—though “not swift to shed blood”—are “beautiful upon Zion,” or elsewhere—when found.

And who can tell but many a murderer—in *posse*, if not in *esse*—has been saved because some tender strain killed in the young heart the germ of passion that else had sprung into shoots of rank crime!

It is safe to lay the long odds that the childhood of Lord Lytton’s respectable Mr. Aram, was never blest with hand-organs!

The ancient minstrel sang of

knights in burnished steel, with banners bright. He told in glowing verse how glittering spears were put in rest; how plumes rushed backward on the gale of the onset; how horse and rider rolled in the dust at gentle joust or honorable tournay.

He chanted of conflicts fierce; of shivered blades; of seamed and gory wounds upon the battle plain.

The minstrel of to-day sings not these themes. He has no musty romaunt of a dead age—no legendary fiction. But he grinds out right honestly a tune of hard reality to a hard, real world that has long since shaken off the sleep from its opiate of romance.

Blame him not that he plays “Lorena” before the county jail, and wakens a ray of hope in the breast of the incarcerated—if tender hearted—burglar; while Blondel strummed beneath the tower and caused the Lion-Heart to leap with joy of its sure release!

He is of to-day; and small, vulgar boys—delighting in “Lorena”—would pelt Blondel with mud, or unfresh eggs; while they banded remarks, bordering on the rough, relative to his long hair.

Spurn not the Organ Grinder that his task is low and his music is like his taste.

You are responsible, for his taste is what you have made it in making him what he is.

Elevate him to his ancient state—seat him even above the salt—regale him with turtle and relays of napkins—and he will grind you the proper “food of love;” and will continue to “play on” for any given period.

Though he sing not to-day with precious little "rare beef" courts of love and beauty—dough-ty blows and deeds of derring-do and a most plentiful lack of "porter good."

—yet does he sing the song of the times!—He sings the greenback!

Aid him with thy purse; let the price!

light of thy stray pennies fall upon him—and he may yet sing the triumphs of our Troy in Wall Street—the glories of our Thermopylæ on Change.

He may yet tell of heroes, valiant as Ajax, in the battles of the Bourse!—Of maidens fair as Helen, who made their "little go" in fancy stocks!

Aid him, stranger; and he may yet grind, from a thorough-bass Organ of many stops, thy fame as his Mæcenas!

Contemn him not—nor spurn him for a beggar!

Bold and erect he stands as the much sung Caledonian; and that

But he is a type of the times—He knows his value—he has his price!

Entreaty and threats are alike useless if you pay him not his due; for "he knows the vally of peace and quietness" and is perfectly right not to "move on" until it is paid in full!

They tell us Old Homer sang his lays—father of Organ-grinders he!—and handed round his hat in ancient Hellas.

Listen to yonder strain, mixed though it be with fumes from the blind alley and cat-calls by uncleanly youth: send him thy stray pennies—for thou mays't be chucking them to the Homer of generations yet unborn!

Brigades.	Line of Engagements.											Total.		Total Wounded and Killed.					
	Rocky Fall Ridge.	Resaca.	Adairsville.	New Hope Church.	Kennesaw.	Chatahoochee.	Peachtree Creek.	Decatur.	Wounded.	Killed.									
Maney's,	Wounded.	Killed.	Wounded.	Killed.	Wounded.	Killed.	Wounded.	Killed.	Wounded.	Killed.	Wounded.	Killed.	425						
Strahl's,	12	4	45	6	29	1	28	4	75	22	4	1	11	130	53	334	91	425	
Yaughan's,	4	1	53	6	14	2	40	4	43	4	5	5	21	121	22	306	40	346	
Carter's,	8	1	28	7	29	1	55	10	82	11	6	6	107	136	30	443	74	517	
Grand Total	24	6	133	34	99	6	165	20	229	42	20	1	247	30	499	120	1476	250	1725

NOTE.—Those marked "killed," were killed on the field, and many of those under the head of "wounded," died at the Field Infirmary. A discrepancy always exists between the Adjutant General's report, and the Surgeon's report, from the fact that many are slightly wounded, who are not disabled for duty, that never report to the Field Infirmary.

[Signed.]

F. RICE, Chief Surgeon, Cheatham's Division.

IN THE FIELD, AUGUST 6TH, 1864.

THE HAVERSACK.

A Federal officer, at Louisville, Kentucky, gives an account of an interview, on the second day's fight at Shiloh, between a rebel prisoner and the notorious Gen. Nelson of the Federal army, better known as Bull Nelson. Gen. N. was exceedingly anxious to get some information from the prisoner and he put a powerful restraint upon himself and even so far as to use not more than a dozen "cuss words." The rebel very coolly took a seat upon the ground and pulled out his brier-root pipe.

Gen. N. Who are you?

Reb. My name's — —. What's yours?

Gen. N. I am Gen. Nelson of the Federal army. How many men has Gen. Johnston?

Reb. I never could talk when I am *hongry* for a smoke. Got any killikinick, General?

Gen. N. (Handing him some.) You are—free and easy. How many corps have you engaged?

Reb. Wait till I light my pipe. Got any matches, General?

Gen. N. (Giving a match.)—Come, strike a light and tell me what you know.

Reb. Well, General, I know that this is rael good tobaccer, much obleeged to you.

Gen. N. None of your — foolishness. Tell me how many troops you have, and if you lie to me, I'll have your — tongue cut out.

Reb. Well, you see, General, I don't know a d—d thing. Pow-

erful good tobaccer of yours.— How much did it cost a pound?

The "cuss words" came now in a powerful torrent, but the Reb smoked on, till ordered to the rear.

Gen. Hampton in a speech last July in Baltimore paid a merited compliment to White's cavalry, from Maryland. It was, indeed, a terror to evil doers on the border, and many an atrocious deed was prevented by the fear that retribution might come upon the perpetrator. Col. W., while distinguished for coolness, courage, enterprise, and every high and manly quality, is not an Apollo in appearance. Almost every battle brought its wound and always about the face and neck, so that the Colonel's pulchritude, never of a very high order, began to be decidedly on the wane. It is related of him that after getting a frightful gash in the cheek, he looked sorrowfully in the glass and said: "if the Yankees don't quit shooting me in the face, my beauty will be gone forever!"

An old reb, who has found his way up to Rutland, Vermont, gives the four following anecdotes from the Northern stand-point:

When the command of General B. M. P. was on its way to Lexington, Missouri, to plant the "old flag" there in all its glory, they heralded their approach to the town of Carrollton by the then new doctrine of "military ne-

cessity," which meant the seizure of horses and mules, and the killing of hogs and poultry belonging to every slave-holder in the country. This practical philanthropy of the Abolition forces did not develop any "latent Unionism" in the county of Carroll, and the grand display and flourish of trumpets awakened no enthusiasm at the County Seat. One milliner, however, who had long bloomed in solitary maidenhood, extemporized a miniature representative of the "dear old flag," which she waved with all her might. The face of the maiden milliner was not such as poets love to sing about and painters transfer to their canvass. So the Irish and German savers of the "life of the nation" passed by the "lone and lorn" maiden, in solemn silence without even a grateful look. After the troops had gone by, a drunken straggler reeled along and noticing the ancient maiden gracefully waving the "flag of the nation," he stopped and stood as still as his load of bad commissary whiskey would permit, shut one eye and hiccupped, "bully for you, old gal!"

The modest maiden retired.—
The flag waved no more!

In the village of ———, east of the Hudson, a ninety days' man was importuned to go into the army and try it again. But the tender of a commission and a large bounty were no inducements to him. In the true New-England dialect, he replied, "nao, nao, I guess I be agoin' out neo more. I hev tried oncé and I be

satisfied. Yeou that hev'n't tried the hairdships of war may go aout ef yeou want ter. Why, nebbers, when I was to Washington, we had nothin' but tents to live in, had teo sleep on straw on the ground. We hairdly ever had any milk, and I veow, we were clean eout of butter for more than ten weeks. Nao, nao, I don't like the hairdships of war. I'm a gwine to stay ter hum."

The cant phrase, "free Missouri," is better known in that State than across its borders. Old Dr. McFarland, of Clarksville, Missouri, who had been somewhat soured by disfranchisement, and giving up his property to loyal raiders, &c., was sitting in his office, brooding over his loss of worldly goods and political privileges, when some noisy friends, who had discovered a long train of wagons, cried out, "here they come, more emigrants to our beautiful "free Missouri."

"Come to *free* Missouri," answered the worthy Dr., "I hope to Heaven that they have come to *free* me also!"

Early in 1861, some ardent advocates of the war and great admirers of the "late lamented" were seeking to convince him that the glorious army of the union would eat up the blatant rebs at a single mouthful.

"That reminds me," said His Excellency, "of a little anecdote. Deacon Slinker, of the Ironside Baptist persuasion, was *churched* in Illinois for loving whisky too well. He defended himself by declaring that he had taken just one

mouthful and no more that day. One of the Ironsides, who was confident of the drunkenness of the worthy brother, asked by way of puzzling him, how much one mouthful was. To this Slinker answered: Well, bretherin' and sistern, I had a currosity to find that out myself, and so I measured it, and my mouth hilt just a pint! The mouthful of rebs for breakfast will turn out to be a mouthful after Deacon Slinker's pattern."

—
The system of espionage at the North during the war was not only perfect, in all its details, but it was often annoying and troublesome to many from whom the Government had nothing whatever to fear.

There lived in the town of P— Illinois, a learned and polished lawyer, who was suspected of secret sympathy with the rebellion, because he would not go into raptures at the sight of the "old flag." A spy was sent from Chicago to entrap him and find out if he did not belong to the secret organization known as the K. G. C. The spy entered his office just after dark, and telling him that he trusted to the honor of a gentleman, said that he was an escaped prisoner from Camp Douglas. Unbuttoning his overcoat, he showed a dirty, faded suit of Confederate grey. The lawyer embraced him warmly, and assuring him of his protection, told him that he would step out and bring in a few trusty friends. He retired and let some furloughed union soldiers know that an escaped rebel prisoner had had the

impudence to come to him to get a hiding place. The soldiers rushed to the lawyer's office, took out the spy, carried him down to the horse-pond and ducked him over and over again, and then put him in jail for safe-keeping. The next day, when the zeal of the crowd had sufficiently cooled to allow them to listen to what the jail-bird had to say, he convinced them that he was a loyal spy and not an escaped rebel. The cunning lawyer always lived after that in the very odor of sanctity as a loyal man.

—
Little Jennie W— is a sweet little three years old, of Louisville, Ky., who has been trained up with the new ideas of things. Hearing her little cousin say "black dog," she corrected him with "oh, Georgie, don't say black dog, it's ugly, say colored dog!"

We, who live in "the late so-called," can appreciate Jennie W's. distinction. The dogs who rule us are not black dogs, but they are dogs nevertheless, and negro association has tinged them enough to make "colored" dogs a proper designation for them.

—
The bogus cities of the great west formed a fine subject for caricature for Mr. Dickens in Martin Chuzzlewit. He has hardly over-done the picture. Many of the so-called cities do not have half a dozen houses, some of them, as Sue City in Missouri, have but one house, and others have none at all.

Pat Boyle, a conductor on the North Missouri Road, on going

his rounds among the passengers one dark, rainy night, found one fellow, who didn't know where he wanted to go; said that he was a photographer, and wanted to go to some town where he could get into business. "Macon City will be a good place," said Pat. "Oh, no," said the traveler, "Welles is there and has all the business; put me off where there is no artist." "Very well," said Pat, "I know what you want. Jefftown is the very place for you. There is no photographer there." So the artist got off at Jefftown on a dark, rainy night at 11 o'clock, wandered about an hour in search of a hotel, bivouacked at last under a flat car, and woke up in the morning to find that there was no house in five miles of Jefftown.—No photographer had ever resided at Jefftown, and it is scarcely probable that any single one will ever do so!

—
A young lady of Liberty, Mo., gives the anecdote below:

Late in the fall of 1862, General Prentiss, of the Federal army, passed through our town, and made many arrests. Among others, he arrested one Ben. G— on the charge of being in sympathy with the rebellion, if not a bush-whacker. His poor, old mother followed after, thinking that a mother's tears and entreaties might effect his release. Accompanied by a lady friend, she sought the General at his head-quarters, and accosted him thus,

"Well, Mr. President, I think you might let my son Ben go

along home. He hain't done nothing to hurt."

General Prentiss. "No, madam, I can't let your son go. He has been aiding and abetting the rebellion."

Mrs. G. "Thar now, Mr. President, who ever told you that lie on my Ben? He joined the Methodists two year comin' next Aprile, and he hain't *bet* none since he joined them."

General Prentiss. "You mistake me, madam. Your son is not charged with gambling, but with aiding and abetting the rebellion."

Mrs. G. "And I tell you it's a lie. How could Ben go *a-betin'* and me know nothing about it, and me his own mother too. It's all a lie Mr. President."

General Prentiss. "Your son is accused of helping the rebels."

Mrs. G. "That's all a lie too. He just went down to the Blue Mill fight to take a little turn, but he got on the wrong side of the road and he did not do a hate."

Her application was unsuccessful and she went back sorrowful. Late in the night, a bright thought struck her, and she called out to a neighbor in the same bed room,

"I've got it fixed now. You see, Ben's name is Ben Franklin, and I'll just call him Frank, and when they wants Ben, he won't be thar."

Ben Franklin's history is very suggestive, and is like that of some old fire-eaters we know of, who, when the bullets began to fly, got on *the wrong side* of the road, and now have changed their names so adroitly that they are

supposed to have been loyal men always. It is very instructive and somewhat amusing to hear how coolly they talk of rebels.— Never mind: like Ben, they never did “a hate” in the fighting line.

—
Dr. J., of Missouri, now residing at Adamstown, Maryland, sends two incidents of Missouri gallantry:

Col. Emmett McDonald made a charge at Hartville, Missouri, worthy of that made by his great namesake at Wagram. He was mortally wounded in the brilliant attack. Gen. Joe. Shelby came to him when the shades of death were fast closing round him. He said, “General, was not that a glorious charge? Remember my last charge, when I am dust and ashes.”

—
A very large number of the Missouri troops were without arms, and went into the service waiting till a fortunate capture of arms should supply them. Young Wiley Fackler was too impatient for this slow process. He joined the first command going into action, and as soon as a comrade was killed, he seized the gun of the fallen man and fought through the fight of Boonville.

We would remark, editorially, upon this incident, that while we have been told that there were hundreds of the same kind, we feel a special pleasure in giving the names of such devoted patriots.

—
Under the protection of the Freedman’s Bureau and the teaching of the loyal Fetich, the ne-

groes of the South commit more crime every week than the aggregate crime among them during the two hundred years of slavery. Rape, robbery and murder are of daily occurrence. Still, amid all the outrages committed, there has been a good deal of the ludicrous not unworthy the Haversack.

When the order came from the Big Boss of each of the “five Districts” to put negroes on the jury, the colored brethren were not slow to learn that the pay was two dollars per day. Many of them walked ten and fifteen miles to town, saying that they had come to “jine the Jury.” One of these, who may bear the generic name of Pompey Squash, did get on the jury. During the whole trial, he sat meditating upon the goodness of the Big Boss in letting him have a chance to get his two dollars a day. He understood not a word that was said by witnesses and lawyers, but his meditations were, nevertheless, sweet upon the forthcoming greenbacks. “De ole woman shill git a rael, shore nuff’ caliker frock, and shan’t go to meetin’ in a coperas frock, like de white trash.” In the midst of these pleasant reflections, the Judge gave a solemn charge to the jury, explaining the points of law and enjoining them to discharge their duty faithfully. The jury retired to their room. “Did you understand the Judge’s charge, Mr. Squash?” asked one of the jurors. Instantly Pompey’s face became a shade blacker, his eyes rolled in his head, and the whites of his eyes looked like snow-flakes on a coal pile, “bless de Lord, is de Judge

chargin' us? I tot we wos a gwine to git pay!"

We will conclude the anecdote. We never liked the style, "the rest of this thrilling story to be found in *Bonner's Ledger* next week." Cloe got her "rael caliker frock," and looks down, with queenly contempt, on "de white trash."

Columbia, Missouri, gives an anecdote of one Tom Caldwell, who was brought before General Guitar, the heroic commander of the honest, amiable, loyal and valiant Missouri "meelish:"

General Guitar. "Mr. Caldwell, you are charged with feeding bush-whackers."

Tom Caldwell. "Couldn't help myself. They came to my house and took what they wanted."

Gen. G. "You should have resisted at the hazard of your life. It is an atrocious offence to feed rebels."

Tom C. "I am afraid, General, that I am a great sinner. For I have committed worse sins than this."

Gen. G. "Horrible confession! What greater iniquity have you committed?"

Tom C. (Very sadly.) "Ah, General, I have been forced to feed Yankees and 'meelish!'"

Many a less saucy speech was punished with death, but Gen. G. good-naturedly over-looked it.

H. V. H., of Nashville, Tenn., does not think that the best Government the world ever saw was peculiarly tender and kind in its treatment of Confederate prisoners at Johnson's Island. The

men of great moral ideas have mourned so deeply over rebel atrocities at Andersonville, that they have had no time to lament the infinitely greater brutalities at Elmira, Johnson's Island, Fort Delaware, &c., &c. The want of food in these prisons was aggravated to many of the Confederate prisoners by the deprivation of tobacco, to which they had been accustomed. Our friend H. had got a cigar, by some means, and was enjoying it hugely, when a poor reb came up to him and said,

"Mister, please blow your tobacco smoke in my mouth."

Loyal friends! Let us meet together and repent of the horrors of Andersonville!

Rev. Mr. Leary, of Manassas, Virginia, is a fine specimen of the indomitable Ironside Baptist. His congregation wished him to have a lightning rod put to his Church, but he replied, "it is the Lord's House, and if He chooses to thunder it down, let him do it!" Mr. Leary refused to take the oath. No threats and no punishment could subdue him. He became an inmate of the Old Capitol Prison, under the immediate eye of "the Second Washington, the martyr of the nation."

One Sunday, the brutal jailor, the notorious Col. Wood, came round and inquired for a preacher, as he wished the rebels to hear some good, *loyal* Gospel. Mr. Leary said that he was a preacher. Col. Wood looked at his rough exterior and shabby dress and said,

"You're a pretty looking fellow to set up to be a preacher; pshaw! you're no preacher."

Mr. Leary replied in the mildest manner, and with the softest accents, "Colonel, we are sure to be deceived when we judge by outward appearance. If I had been so foolish as to have judged you by your dress, I would have taken you to be a gentleman!"

The Rev. Mr. Leary did not preach that day.

The war gave many illustrations of the old and true adage that "the cowardly are always cruel." The fiends, who are now persecuting the South, were never in the army; or like Butler and Schenck, always kept out of the way of bullets. Probably, the most timid of all the men^d thrown to the surface by the revolution, was the infamous Gen. Geary of Pennsylvania. We suppose that he was never under fire during the war in his own person, though his troops gave him some reputation.

Capt. John S. Oden, of Loudoun, Virginia, was captured by some of Geary's men after a most stubborn resistance, in which he killed and wounded five of his captors. He would have been killed on the spot, but for the generosity of the only man who had shown any pluck in the fight, and who had pulled Oden off his horse.—Capt. O. was a regular cavalry officer commissioned by the Confederate Government, and he was under no charge of crime or misconduct. Notwithstanding this state of things, the cowardly tyrant had him hand-cuffed and a rope passed through the hand-

cuffs and tied to a cannon. He was kept in this condition for four days without food or drink, in mid-winter, with snow on the ground; and he was not allowed coat nor blanket, or fire at night. During these four days, the piece of artillery was pulled about to various places in Loudoun and Fauquier and Capt. Oden dragged after it. The courage which he manifested in the fight, and his heroic fortitude under this brutal treatment, were all lost upon Geary. He could not understand either. His own mean nature would have sunk under torture, as it did on the battle-field.

We are afraid that the loyal Geary has not sufficiently repented of the sins at Andersonville.

Not only does the loyal Congress of the nation get up huge jokes for the edification of poor rebs, but the "General of our armies," himself, affords us occasionally something to laugh at and enjoy.

The ill-usage received by Generals Grant and Sherman at St. Joseph, Missouri, has been very much exaggerated by the Republican Press. The conduct of the mob was jocose rather than turbulent. They came together for fun rather than violence. The loud cries for "Grant, Grant," arose from an impression that he had been drinking the health of his friends too often, and was a little top-heavy. The Irish were specially anxious to see him exposed in a condition of mind and body they had all been in themselves. There was nothing wicked and malicious in this. It was

simply to have a laugh at the expense of "the greatest warrior of this or any other age," and not to be disloyal to the noble Government of our fathers. It seems that General Sherman came out on the balcony of the Hotel amid the tooting of horns, cries for Grant, cries for Blair, cries for Seymour, mixed yells and oaths and all kinds of noises earthly and unearthly. The General began a speech apologetic for the non-appearance of Grant: "My friends, Gen. Grant is the candidate of the great Republican Party for the Presidency. It is not proper for

him to be stump-speaking through the country. If you were in Gen. Grant's situation, you would not want to speak." Now there happened to be an Irishman in the crowd, who had an idea that Gen. G. was, at that moment, as much under the influence of liquor as he, Patrick, had ever been, so he replied to Sherman in clear, distinct tones, which were heard above all the uproar, "true for you, General, if I was in General Grant's situation, I would lie down and slape it off!!" General Sherman retired.

A SINGULAR CO-INCIDENCE IN LANGUAGES.

It seems that in the Umbrian language in Italy, one of those that existed there before Rome was founded, 735 years before Christ, and that helped to form the Latin, the termination of the plural number was in *or*, as *subator*, is the same as *subacti*; *scribitor*, is *scripti*, plurals in the Latin Language; so *amaminor* is the same as *amamini*, a participle used for *amamini estis*. This statement is found in Browne's Roman Classical Literature, chapter 2d. Now, when we turn to Latham's Hand-Book of the English Language, page 149, section 201, we read, "The plural form *children* (*child-er-en*) requires particular notice. In the first place it is a double plural: the *-en* being the *-en* in *oxen*, whilst the simpler form *childer*, occurs in the old

English, and in certain provincial dialects. [We hear this form often in the upper country of North Carolina, and elsewhere.]

Now what is the *er* in *childer*?

In Icelandic, no plural termination is commoner than that in *-r*; as *geisl-ar*, *flashes*, *tung-ur*, *tongues*, &c. * * * *

Besides the word *childer*, we collect from the old High German the following forms in *r*: *Hus-ir*, Houses; *Chalp-ir*, Calves; *Lemp-ir*, Lambs; *Plet-ir*, Blades of grass; *Eig-ir*, Eggs; The author quotes the German Etymologist, Grimm, as saying that this *-r* represents an earlier *-s*; though he thinks himself that "the sign of the plural relates to the collective nature of the words in which it occurs. *Husir*, a collection of houses, &c., and in the

words yeomanry, Jewry, he thinks the *-r* has the same origin."

But it is a singular fact that the Icelandic, which retains, better than any other of the Germanic tongues, the old forms of words: and the old High-German, also, should have the same termination for the plural number, as this

ancient language of Italy, which is in part, the basis of the Latin; and they all belong to the same stock of Indo-European languages with the Greek. This would seem to show a relation between the languages of central or northern Europe, or those of ancient Italy.

EDITORIAL.

IN his great speech at Atlanta, Ben. Hill, of Georgia, after exhausting his wonderful vocabulary of epithets of contempt and contumely for the base creatures, who have sold themselves and country for a mess of *black* potage, paused to search for another expression of scorn, stronger, bitterer and fiercer than any he had yet employed, and then burst forth with, "O, ye vile, *unnamable* things!" Others, like the great Georgia orator, have felt the utter inadequacy of the English language to tell the degradation and infamy of this class. The word Scallawag has, therefore, been imported from the Pacific coast. But grant that it imports mean, mangy dog, as alleged by some, still, it only partially reveals the baseness of the renegade. It does not speak of that prurient thievishness, which makes the renegade restless, itchy and miserable, when he is not in an office where stealing is plentiful. It is with unfeigned diffidence that we approach a subject encompassed

with such difficulties, and it may seem the height of presumption in us to suggest an expressive epithet, when the master of denunciation gave it up in despair. But it has often happened, when men of science had labored for years to make a particular discovery, some unlearned farmer or mechanic has stumbled upon it unawares. So we think that we have stumbled upon the expression, which Ben Hill sought for and found not. Does not the epithet, "loyal Fetich" tell the whole tale! Does it not aptly portray the renegade class? No stronger or better word can be found than "loyal" to express this itching desire for other people's money. It is beautifully appropriate, significant and suggestive. The people all over the land in its length and breadth understand it to mean just that and nothing more.—Fetichism is the lowest and most brutal form of negro-worship in their native Africa. The Fetich are the worshippers. Thence the "loyal Fetich" are thievish

whites engaged in beastly negro-worship. So a single, simple term embraces all the foul mass. The loyal Governor is the Fetich chief. The loyal judge is the Fetich priest, because he sits in the temple of justice surrounded by negro jurors, and offers up his odorous incense. The Chief Justice thus becomes the High Priest of Fetichism. So far as we can learn, this High Priest has been wisely chosen in all the reconstructed States. Some of his subordinate priests have served noviciates in penitentiaries, some in State prisons, and some, worse educated, have only taken their degree in county jails.

The Sovereign of Tennessee, some time since, released three hundred convicts from the penitentiary, at Nashville. Their loyal services were needed at the polls. There was not a single Democrat in the number. There are still three hundred in that institution, and we were told on the authority of the Superintendent, that there was not a single Confederate soldier in the building. This is the best possible answer to the slanders about rebel atrocities. The slanderers themselves know that the Confederate soldiers are the most law-loving and law-abiding class, in every community in which they dwell. They have gone to work quietly every where, and make a living in an *honest* manner. They have had nothing to do with any of these schemes of fraud upon the Government, which have brought such disgrace upon the American name. We speak, of course, of the *fighting*

soldiers of the South and not of the speculators and blockade runners. Of the three criminals condemned by Judge Chase, at Richmond, for knaveries in the whiskey ring, two were deserters from the Confederate army, and the third was a blockade-runner. The day will come, as we confidently believe, when even the North will confide only in those Southern men, who were true to their colors to the last.

The Southern people seem determined to patronize only the pictorials of the North, which prostitute art to falsify history. A large part of the illustrations, so eagerly sought for, are libels upon the South, and yet the patronage of these papers is extensive every where in "the late, so-called." We have seen recently a copy of the *Day's Notions*, a very handsomely illustrated paper, in which there is a picture of a Confederate with a long cavalry sabre and cocked hat. The neck of a bottle is half buried in his mouth, and the text to the picture explains that two Confederate Generals have died of *delirium tremens* since the war, and several others will soon follow after, as that seems to be the kind of suicide preferred by Southern Generals.

This is the kind of stuff, which is now used to "fire the Northern heart." It so happens that Gen. Price is the only Confederate General, who has died since the war, and he died an humble Christian. If any other has died we have not heard of him. We would like to have the names

given in full of the two, who committed suicide with the bottle, and of the others, who are likely to commit suicide. We have read how Gen. Jim Lane took himself off, but he happened not to be a Confederate. And we have read how Wendell Philips said that another distinguished General could not stand up before a glass of whiskey, but would surely fall down. And to this speech, the saintly Theodore Tilton said amen, and so did the gentle Anna Dickinson and the frank-spoken Mrs. Cady Stanton—all loyal and competent witnesses. But this distinguished General is not a Confederate, and, in short, is the Republican candidate for the Presidency. There is a proverb about people who live in glass houses, and we would commend the same to illustrated papers. The Northern heart was fired by the ghastly pictures of the Andersonville prisoners, but few who were maddened by the sight of such pictures, were aware that *the South offered to give up these prisoners without equivalent.* We append below the statement of Judge Ould, the Southern Commissioner for the exchange of prisoners, not that we hope to correct any misrepresentations on that subject, for this is not the time for those in power to listen to reason. But we desire to put in a more permanent form, than a mere newspaper publication, the vindication of the Confederate Government. In after years, this calm, dispassionate paper of Judge Ould may be read and believed. Just now it is hard to credit that the Federal Govern-

ment would seek to aggravate the misery of its own soldiers in order to furnish more horrible pictures for its sensational artists. Par-rhasius tortured his victim so as to catch the right expression of agony to transfer to his canvass, the Federal Government connived at the sufferings of its own troops, so as to afford more ghastly subjects for pencil and brush!

Our extract from Judge Ould's letter is lengthy, but not more than the importance of the subject demands:

II.

In January, 1864, and, indeed, some time earlier, it became manifest, that in consequence of the complication in relation to exchange, the large bulk of prisoners on both sides would remain in captivity for many long and weary months, if not for the duration of the war. Prompted by an earnest desire to alleviate the hardships of confinement on both sides, I addressed the following communication to Gen. E. A. Hitchcock, United States Commissioner of Exchange, and on or about the day of its date, delivered the same to the Federal authority:

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA,
WAR DEPARTMENT,
RICHMOND, VA., Jan. 24, 1864,

Maj. Gen. E. A. HITCHCOCK,
Agent of Exchange:

SIR—In view of the present difficulties attending the exchange and release of prisoners, I propose that all such on each side shall be attended by a proper number of their own surgeons, who, under the rules to be established, shall be permitted to take charge of their health and comfort.

I also propose that these surgeons shall act as commissaries, with power to receive and distribute such contributions of money, food, clothing and medicines

as may be forwarded to the relief of prisoners. I further propose that these surgeons be selected by their own Governments, and that they shall have full liberty at any and all times, through the agents of exchange, to make reports not only of their own acts, but of any matters relating to the welfare of prisoners.

Respectfully your ob't. serv't,
ROBT. OULD,
Agent of Exchange.

To this communication no reply of any kind was ever made. I need not state how much suffering would have been prevented if this offer had been met in the spirit in which it was dictated.— In addition, the world would have had truthful accounts of the treatment of prisoners on both sides by officers of character, and thus much of that misrepresentation which have flooded the country would never have been poured forth. The jury box in the case of Wirz would have had different witnesses, with a different story. It will be borne in mind that nearly all of the suffering endured by Federal prisoners happened after January, 1864. The acceptance of the proposition made by me, on behalf of the Confederate Government, would not only have furnished to the sick medicines and physicians, but to the well an abundance of food and clothing from the ample stores of the United States.

The good faith of the Confederate Government in making this offer cannot be successfully questioned, for the food and clothing (without the surgeons) were sent in 1865, and were allowed to be distributed by Federal officers to Federal prisoners.

Why could not the more humane proposal of January, 1864, have been accepted?

III.

When it was ascertained that

exchanges could not be made either on the basis of the cartel, or officer for officer, and man for man, I was instructed by the Confederate authorities to offer to the United States Government their sick and wounded without requiring any equivalents. Accordingly, in the summer of 1864, I did offer to deliver from ten to fifteen thousand of the sick and wounded at the mouth of the Savannah river, without any equivalents, assuring at the same time the agent of the United States, Gen. Mulford, that if the number for which he might send transportation could not readily be made up from sick and wounded, I would supply the difference with well men. Although this offer was made in the summer of 1864, transportation was not sent to the Savannah river until about the middle or last of November, and then I delivered as many prisoners as could be transported—some thirteen thousand in number, amongst whom were more than five thousand well men.

More than once I urged the mortality at Andersonville as a reason for haste on the part of the United States authorities. I know, personally, that it was the purpose of the Confederate Government to send off from all its prisoners all the sick and wounded, and to continue to do the same from time to time without requiring any equivalents for them. It was because the sick and wounded, at points distant from Georgia could not be brought to Savannah within a reasonable time that the five thousand well men were substituted.

Although the terms of my offer did not require the Federal authorities to deliver any for the ten or fifteen thousand which I promised, yet some three thousand sick and wounded were delivered by them at the mouth of the Savannah river. I call upon

every Federal and Confederate officer and man who saw the cargo of living death, and who is familiar with the character of the deliveries made by the Confederate authorities, to bear witness that none such was ever made by the latter, even when the very sick and desperately wounded were alone requested. For, on two occasions at least, such were specially asked for, and particular request was made for those who were so desperately sick that it would be doubtful whether they would survive a removal a few miles down James river. Accordingly, the hospitals were searched for the worst cases, and after they were delivered they were taken to Annapolis, and there photographed as specimen prisoners. The photographs at Annapolis were terrible, indeed; but the misery they portrayed was surpassed at Savannah.

The original rolls showed that some thirty-five hundred had started from Northern prisons, and that death had reduced the number during the transit to about three thousand. The mortality among those who were delivered alive, during the following three months was equally frightful.

But why was there this delay

between the summer and November in sending transportation for sick and wounded, for whom no equivalents were asked? Were Union prisoners made to suffer in order to aid the photographs "in firing the popular heart of the North?"

IV.

In the summer of 1864, in consequence of certain information communicated to me by the Surgeon General of the Confederate States as to the deficiency of medicines, I offered to make purchases of medicines from the United States authorities, to be used exclusively for the relief of Federal prisoners. I offered to pay gold, cotton or tobacco for them, and even two or three prices, if required. At the same time, I gave assurance that the medicines would be used exclusively in the treatment of Federal prisoners; and moreover agreed, on behalf of the Confederate States, if it was insisted on, that such medicines might be brought into the Confederate lines by the United States surgeons, and dispensed by them. To this offer, I never received any reply. Incredible as this appears, it is strictly true.

JEAN INGELOW.*

WE seem to live in a day, when Beattie's trite line, made familiar to us by our copy-books, can no longer be received as an axiom; since there are many exemplifications before our daily conscious-

ness, that it is not after all so very

— "hard to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple
shines afar."

Imagine one of that jaundiced

* Poems by Jean Ingelow. Two Vols.—Roberts Bros., Boston.

tribe—the Critics—who had been absent for a half a dozen years from the English-speaking world, looking into the literature of the sixty-volumed novels of the Japanese—or taking the gauge of the three hundred Cyclopedias of the Mandarins,—or weighing the claims of the Feejee Islanders' love ditties to poetic excellence—imagine, we say, the confusion of such an one, on his return home—at the strange names that would present themselves to him, as the most popular of the day; or in other words, as having the *greatest run* in literature.

He would find Tennyson crowded aside by the new aspirant, Morris: Browning jostled out of the way by Swinburne,—Alexander Smith, extinguished by Robert Buchanan,—the rising glory of the author of *Ecce Homo*, obscuring the waning majesty of Melville,—Christina Rossetti taking the empty seat of Adelaide Proctor—and Jean Ingelow eclipsing in popularity, the strongest female writer of her own or any past age, Elizabeth Browning.

Reputations are certainly made, like fortunes, much more rapidly now-a-days than they used to be. They may not be worth so much, or have the firm solidity of those of a slower growth; nevertheless they are *bona fide* reputations, and as such, to be by no means depreciated. There may have come to be more of a sleight about literature, as there is about other things which our progressive age is not mistaken in calling improvements. People have discovered that life is too short to allow of lingering over anything, as in the dreamy,

laggard, olden time. Tapestries are woven now, in a day, that throw the famous Bayeux, over which Queen Matilda and her maidens wearied their eyes for years, entirely into the shade.—Illuminations are produced by the thousand, and at small cost, at which an old *Scriptorius* of the mediæval period would have worn away half a life time. Gothic Cathedrals are built in a month; (not, verily, after the exact type of the “Dom of Cologne, which, after several centuries, is yet unfinished:)—and so the names of new poets are sounded from shore to shore, and become ‘household words’ in less time than it took the good Ellwood to persuade his friends that his neighbor, John Milton, had written a poem that was likely to live. It required eleven years to call forth three editions of “Paradise Lost:”—Holland’s “Katharine” passes through *forty* in three months!

Among the names that have thus suddenly sprung into popularity, as it were, in a night, is that of Miss Ingelow. And when we speak of this sudden sort of reputation, we do not mean to intimate that there is any suspicion of fungus growth. It may only be that there is observable, a spontaneousness of recognition in these modern times, which did not exist to any degree in other days. Certainly we make no such charge in reference to the writer before us, who fairly merits all ‘the room and verge’ which her own genius has won for her.

A half dozen years back, Jean Ingelow was a name unknown to the sellers of books, and unrecog-

nized on the literary *Bourse*. To write prose *Sketches*, which were contributed to Dr. McLeod's "*Good Words*," or Dr. Guthrie's "*Sunday Magazine*," seems to have been the limit of her authorly ventures. It is remarkable that a poet of so much originality as well as individuality,—covering too, so wide a space by experiences of which her own inner life afford the transcripts, apparently, should have been able to exercise the rare grace—most rare in these voluble times when everybody is ready to rush into print—of such long restrained reticence. We are all the more willing to listen to the singer who could thus keep pent within her own soul, such gathering, ripening, deepening melodies, through her youth, even on to her maturer years.

We have, consequently, no crudenesses in the volumes before us,—no affectations,—no trivial or false sentiment,—no half-views of life,—no *unfaith* in God or man. We feel beneath us, a clear, defined substratum of truth, and we are sure that we have an earnest, sincere spirit to deal with. The author has waited, to purpose, too: for we are told that in less than six years, some hundred thousand copies of her books have been sold,—a result almost unprecedented in the history of poetry. What volume of woman's verses ever attained such a circulation within so short a space of time, or even within the whole life-time of their author?

Let us question, for a little, the cause of this quick popularity. There seems to be nothing ad-

ventitious about it, and there is not the slightest *soupcion* of clap-trap. No great patrons have taken the poet by the hand: no partizan theme has given her any false eminence. She does not appear to have breathed the questionable atmosphere of over-culture, which surrounded Elizabeth Browning from the cradle,—in which walked influential, scholarly friends, eager to help forward the aspirant. No potent critics have undertaken to 'write her up.' Her best friends seem to have been her publishers: but the most liberal cannot compel popularity. If it could be bribed, her *American* publishers, may be said to have offered all that fine typography, creamy paper, and costly illustrations can devise, as lure. But these factitious things leave the matter where we found it.

We fall back, then, upon the true and only solution of our problem:—that Jean Ingelow has gained for herself, by her own unaided and innate strength,—by her pure womanliness—her breadth of human sympathy—her deep religious feeling—her earnestness and her subtle pathos, the place she now occupies among the poets.

Her first volume contained several poems which took the popular heart by storm. Of these, perhaps the most widely known and appreciated, is "*The High Tide*." There is a captivating quaintness about it, in admirable keeping with the period of the incident on which the ballad is founded: but it is no doubt, so familiar to most readers, that

quotation is wholly unnecessary. Who that has read it, can rid his ear of the old spinner's meditative refrain—

"A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath,
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth!"
or the musical iteration of the call
of the kine from the pasturage?

There are other pieces in the book quite as worthy of admiration. "Divided" is as tender a story of the sad *letting go of hands*, to which many an experience besides the poet's can look back, as we know of, within the range of modern verse.

Crowds of bees are busy with clover,
Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet,
Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,
Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet.

* * * * *

We two walk till the purple dieth,
And short, dry grass under foot, is brown;
But one little streak at a distance lieth
Green like a ribbon, to prank the down.

* * * * *

Sing on!—we sing in the glorious weather,
Till one steps over the tiny strand,
So narrow, in sooth, that still together
On either brink we go hand in hand.

The beck grows wider—the hands must sever:
On either margin, our songs all done,
We move apart—while she singeth ever;
Taking the course of the stooping sun.

He prays—"Come over!"—I may not follow;
I cry—"Return!"—but he cannot come:

We speak—we laugh—but with voices hollow;
Our hands are hanging—our hearts are numb."

"*Songs of Seven*" has been greatly praised, and upon these seven lyrics, perhaps the cornerstone of Miss Ingelow's temple of fame will rest. The idea is a poetically conceived one, and there is no failure in the working of it out: but it is not so perfect a specimen of the writer's powers as "*The Four Bridges*,"—the most finished as well as one of the longest pieces in the book. This is a lover's story—full of pictu-

resque description and fine scenic effect. The level English landscape of the author's childhood, with its reedy river-banks, and its shallow pools, white with floating lilies lies clear before as we read. We will not give the merest hint of the story: let our readers go to the volume for it: but we may be permitted to single out a verse or two, just for their fine, graphic touch:

“ A little waxen taper in her hand,
 Her feet upon the dry and dewless grass,
 She looked like one of the celestial band,
 Only that on her cheeks did dawn and pass
 Most human blushes; while, the soft light thrown
 On vesture pure and white, she seemed yet fairer grown.

Oh, happiness! thou dost not leave a trace
 So well defined as sorrow!—amber light
 Shed like a glory on her angel face,
 I can remember fully—and the sight
 Of her fair forehead and her shining eyes,
 And lips that smiled in sweet and girlish wise.

I can remember how the taper played
 Over her small hands, and her vesture white;
 How it struck up into the trees, and *laid*
Upon their under leaves, unwonted light:
 And when she held it low, how far it spread
 O'er velvet pansies slumbering on their bed.”

There is a picture clearly enough defined for the limning of any artist!

We must pass over “*Brothers—and A Sermon*”—“*Supper at the Mill*,” and many more poems that we would like to characterize, and take up the second volume, which contains the longest and most important of Miss Ingelow’s productions—“*The Story of Doom*.” No severer subject could a poet possibly have chosen.

It is an antediluvian picture—vague and shadowy and weird in its outline, as becomes such a theme, but handled withal, in a most skilful and masterly manner, such as makes Montgomery’s “*World before the Flood*,” seem mere drivel in comparison. Noah, his wife and children are almost the only human characters introduced. The thread of narrative is not Biblical, but perfectly harmonious with the Mosaic record. We think the author mistakes as

regards the clearness of the revelation of his mission, which God made to Noah. Surely he had something more for his guidance than the dim voice which he heard

—“Hollower than an echo fallen
 Across some clear abyss!”

We cannot believe that the great “Master Ship-wright” wrought on through his centurial preparation, weakened by any doubt.

The boldness of handling throughout this poem, is masterful and marvellous. At first, the hoar antiquity of the theme seems to remove it too far from our common sympathy: we wonder if it is possible to become interested in the fears, the cares, the lores, of people whom Job calls “the ancients!” And yet we soon discover that human joys and sorrows were just *as* human then as now.

There is nothing so surprising

about this "*Story of Doom*" as the wonderful way in which our author severs herself from all the influences of the present. The most weird impression of *remoteness* seems like a glamour over everything: a stern simplicity characterizes all the groupings: there is a strange, old-world air about the lightest details of domestic life: there is a statuesque *pose* in every outline and fold: there is a patriarchal transfusion of tone, in the conversations, which yet, in no degree, imitates or travesties Scripture.

It requires great daring to attempt to portray the Arch-Fiend's efforts to thwart God's mercy in offering, through Noah's preaching, safety to the threatened world; and yet it is done without failure. Nevertheless we are free to confess that we think the Poem would be more perfect, as a whole, without the introduction of Satan and 'his Demons,' powerfully as this portion of the poem is managed: and with something like a sense of relief do we turn from the 'infernal' logic, to refresh our human sympathies with the exquisite converse of Niloiya with her husband.

Miss Ingelow deals with the highest philosophies with a masculine grasp of hand, scarce inferior to Mrs. Browning's in her "*Drama of Exile*." Yet there is no similarity in the two productions, although at one point, their themes are co-incident. There is too, an equally reverential and Christian mode of treatment—neither Dantesque nor Miltonic—but better here than either—since it is eminently Scriptural.

The Fifth Book is the most highly finished, and containing as it does the sweet episode, Amavant's love for Japhet, commends itself most to our modern regard. We are very much tempted to quote—but feel

the inadequacy of broken morsels to do any justice to the fine classic unity of the whole: therefore, although, we had run our pencil along various passages with the intention of transferring them to our page, we reluctantly forbear. The *Eighth* and *Ninth* Books are short and finely conceived. The dimly defined outlines of the last (the *Ninth*) are managed with marvellous skill: we seem to see the gliding figures half enveloped in the creeping, shrouding mists that are gradually swallowing up the doomed world.

It would require pages to do justice to this unique poem—the most remarkable, we hesitate not to affirm, which any woman's pen has produced within the last quarter of a century—if we except "*The Drama of Exile*." It is a noble study; and is well calculated to make the female heart swell with pride to be thus made conscious of what a woman's mallet can accomplish in working a breathing humanity into the pure, cold marble of the remotest antique.

Of Miss Ingelow's prose works, we have not left ourselves space to speak, for the present. In England they are said to be more popular than even her poetical ones. "*A Sister's Bye-Hours*"—a collection of fresh, most naturally told and charming sketches, is the latest of her books. "*Stories told to a Child*" are remarkable for their singular purity of diction, and nice characterizations.

About anything Miss Ingelow writes, there is a beautiful and serene, religious coloring which goes far to commend all her productions to the Christian reader. Her muse's pure forehead has been touched by the holy symbol of an evangelic faith, rather than by the pagan baptism of Olympian dews.

THE LAND WE LOVE.

No. II.

DECEMBER, 1868.

VOL. VI.

DIARY OF LIEUT. COL. HUBBELL, OF 3D REGIMENT MISSOURI
INFANTRY, C. S. A.

[LEAVES from the journal of Lieut. Col. Finley L. Hubbell, 3d regiment, Missouri Volunteers; kept while he was battling for the Confederate cause. He laid his *all*, even his noble, stainless life, upon the altar of his country's freedom, but alas! his, was only *one*, of the many generous sacrifices that were made in vain.]

Camp near Tupelo, Miss.,

June 24th, 1862.

This morning, General Bragg came over, and reviewed the Army of the West.

June 25th.—One year ago, our raw, ragged, Missouri army left Cowskin prairie, and took up the line of march towards Springfield. What an age of events has crowded into the intervening space of time! what will another year bring forth?

* * * * *

July 18th.—Lieut. Burnside died to-day about 11 o'clock.

It is very sad indeed to have,

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good, noble-hearted, and brave soldiers to fall thus, in a strange land, and be buried among strangers, to sleep until the last call—at which, both soldiers and citizens, from every part of the habitable globe, must come forward, in an awful parade, to receive the awards, made for their deeds, be they good or evil. Peace to the ashes of the brave, heroic Lieut. Burnside!

July 19th.—We buried Lieut. Burnside in a pasture belonging to Mr. Cassidy, near Saltillo.

* * * * *

Camp near Baldwin, Miss.,

Sept. 11, 1862.

Up by daylight preparing to start; had much trouble getting wagons loaded. Our regiment left, as usual, as rear guard.—

* * * * * One year ago we were marching from Warrensburg to Lexington, Missouri. I can only wish we may be as successful in *this* expedition as *that*. But alas!

many good, brave and gallant men, who were with us then, have fallen bleeding sacrifices to their patriotism. But we will yet avenge them or many more will go to meet them, where oppression is never felt. At twelve o'clock, we moved out in rear of the train; had a very tiresome and tedious march—wagon masters, teams and teamsters all raw. Moved about twelve miles and stopped in a bottom near Marietta. * * * *

Sept. 13, 1862.—Halted to cook up a day's ration to move on to Iuka, where it is reported Gen. Armstrong has encountered a large force of the enemy, driving in their pickets. * * * *

Sept. 14.—No news of the enemy until we arrived in two or three miles of town, when Gen. Price's Aid rode back with the information that the Federals had evacuated the place in much haste, leaving large amounts of commissary and other stores, which on reaching town, we found to be true; captured a number of prisoners, and a good many contrabands. The men, all much fatigued, and in want of sleep, went into bivouac near town. Got a good many Northern papers of recent date, from which it appears the people are as deluded as ever.

Iuka, Sept. 15, 1862.—Spent the morning reading Northern papers and Yankee letters, of which we picked up quite a quantity. A number of prisoners brought in, and numbers of negro children that had been most inhumanly abandoned in the woods on the side of the road by these inhuman, Yankee, pretended, philanthro-

pists. Their atrocities are disgraceful to civilization. In one neighborhood we passed through, they had burned every house, and in one instance the occupants in it.

This evening, reports came in that they were moving back this way, and we were ordered out, and bivouacked in the woods about a mile from town.

Sept. 16.—Moved into camp this morning. * * * About 4 o'clock in the evening, the Federals ran in our pickets, and commenced firing artillery in a mile or so from town. We quickly fell into line, marched out, formed line of battle, and lay on our arms all night.

Sept. 17.—Remained all day in line of battle—very uncomfortable in the drenching rain. I rode out three miles on Burnsville road, no force of the enemy to be seen.

Sept. 18.—The anniversary of the battle of Lexington, which resulted so gloriously for Missouri arms.

We are now lying on our arms, waiting and inviting an attack by Gen. Rosecrans. * * * *

Sept. 19.—Last night, we had just laid down and got into the first sound sleep when we were ordered to get into line and march out immediately; we were quickly en route for the field of battle, or any other emergency. Moved about two and a half miles west of town, stacked arms, and lay down in the cold dew to sleep. * * * *

Returned to Gen. Little's headquarters, and found him very anxious, having just heard of the advance of the enemy on the Jacinto road. He ordered General

Hebert, 2nd brigade, Col. Martin, 4th brigade, to move rapidly in that direction. In a short time our bugle sounded the assembly, and we were informed that the 2nd and 4th were encountering the enemy, near town, on the Jacinto road. We took a double quick for the scene of action, and soon the sound of artillery and musketry announced that a terrible conflict was going on in front. Pushing rapidly forward, we reached the ground just as darkness closed the conflict for the night; our forces having driven the enemy three-fourths of a mile, capturing six pieces of artillery in a brilliant charge. Our loss was heavy, but from the appearance of the field, the enemy's much heavier.

Gen. Little, commanding division, was killed almost at the commencement. About 9 o'clock we were moved up, and relieved 2nd brigade, and lay on our arms not over one hundred yards from the opposing forces; our guards bringing in several prisoners during the night.

The horrors of war and battlefields are terrible. All night we could hear the cries, yells, and prayers of the wounded and dying around us, without the power of relieving their distresses, being just between the opposing lines.

Sept. 20th.—A little before day this morning, we were ordered to withdraw quietly from our position, and fall back towards town. Moved out just as day began to break. * * * * *

Finally, without loss, or other casualties, we commenced moving off rapidly, on the Tusculumbia and

Fulton road. Traveled about twenty miles, the enemy coming up in our rear, and once, attacking our rear guard, were repulsed. Bivouacked for the night, very tired.

* * * * *
Sept. 23d.—Our trip accomplished, and we are again in camp at Baldwin. But I am totally at a loss, as well as every body else, to know what we accomplished by it.

(Gen. Price informed Colonel Pritchard, that the movement on Iuka was not his, but made, in obedience, to orders from the War Department,—M. F. P.)

CORINTH.

Sept. 29th.—Received orders to cook up three days' rations, and be ready to move at a moment's notice. One year ago to-night, I spent the last night at home, with loved friends. Shall I ever meet them again? Will this unhappy and horrible war ever cease?—Shall the brave Southern hearts, engaged in battling for freedom, from oppression and wrong, gain their independence, or be exterminated? Time alone can tell. Got ready to move about sundown. Took up the line of march and reached Ripley, about 9 o'clock, where we bivouacked for the night. Formed junction with Gen. Van Dorn.

Oct. 2d.—Took the Corinth road, a very puzzling move for me. Moved on to within ten miles of Corinth, and bivouacked in line of battle.

Friday, Oct. 3d.—Fell into line about day-light, and moved to within three or four miles of Corinth, and formed line of battle

about 12 o'clock. Firing commenced from a battery on the breastworks, returned by our artillery, when a general artillery duel commenced, without other damage to us, than the loss of Lieut. Sam Farrington, of St. Louis, Lieutenant of Wade's battery, an intimate friend, and one of the noblest spirits of the war, beloved by all who knew him. He was shot by a twenty-four pound cannon rifle ball. An honored soldier, buried on the field of Corinth. Half-past 12, we were ordered to move forward on the breast-works, when, with an enthusiastic shout from the entire line, the first brigade, with the third and fourth on the left, moved forward; having an almost impassable abatis to pass, which, if it had been properly defended, would have proved desperately fatal, but from some cause, we met with small resistance, the enemy flying from their position, before our men got close enough to do them much damage. We captured a fine battery of artillery on the breast-works. Our loss in the brigade was small, none in our regiment. Col. Martin, a gallant officer, commanding the 4th brigade fell, mortally wounded. After crossing, rallying and drawing up our lines, we moved forward, but encountered no resistance, until about 4 o'clock in the evening, the 3d brigade, under Gen. Greene, became engaged, and a very hotly contested fight ensued, lasting, furiously, for about two hours, forcing back the enemy, and holding their position until night. The loss in the 3d was very heavy.

Colonel McFarland dangerously wounded; Col. Irwin mortally wounded; Lieut. Col. Hudspeth mortally wounded; and the gallant Major Joe. Vaughn killed. When the engagement with the 3d was going on, the 1st brigade was placed so as to support it, our position being a few hundred yards in rear, under cover of a ridge, where the minnie balls whizzed over our heads in showers. We were next moved round to flank the enemy, and support Gen. Greene, on the left, but got around too late to render much assistance. It being late in the evening, we were put into position on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, where we lay on our arms for the night, prepared for a desperate battle in the morning. The movements of our army as far as I could learn, were highly successful, having driven the enemy from every point to-day. So closed the operations of the first day's fight.

Oct. 4th, 1862.—After a sleepless night to me, the morning was ushered in by the booming of artillery from the opposing lines, we, still in position behind the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. The sun rose fair and brilliant on the field in front, soon to become crimsoned with gore, from the best blood of the bravest hearts of a once united brotherhood; but now, alas! arrayed in deadly hostility to each other. What a shame to humanity and civilization! when will these horrors cease? The sharpshooters were constantly skirmishing in front, but our regiment had only one wounded by them, *Lieut. John H.*

Sterne, badly, in head and arm. Gen. Greene, who had been placed in command of the division, ordered the brigade all to be ready to charge simultaneously. The word was given at about 9 o'clock, when, with a wild shout, our whole brigade jumped swiftly across the railroad, and charged towards the enemy's line, met by a most terrific fire of infantry, grape, bomb, ball, and all other kinds of shot. But, through smoke, fire, and dust the gallant Missourians moved on, right forward to the breast-works, from which they were pouring forth a perfect storm of canister and minnie balls, with battery, both from the right and left, cross-firing upon us. But onward—with shouts of forward! waving of swords—firing of guns—on—they went. Col. Cockerill on our left captured and silenced a battery; while onward went our *glorious third regiment right up to the breast-works*; when the enemy became panic-stricken, and from behind the breast-works commenced to break away. Soon we were in the ditch, pouring balls into them. Several of our brave regiment fell before reaching there; but nobly stood the little band, amidst the booming of artillery, and fire of musketry. Some of our opponents stood bravely, ineffectually trying to rally and lead back their retreating columns. Never will I forget the sight that now presented itself to my eyes as I stood upon the breast-works. That our small force had obtained the position they now occupied, could hardly be believed; around us stood about forty pieces of artillery, deserted by the enemy.

By this time several of our brave officers lay dead at my feet in the ditch below. Lieut. Duval who died waving his sword and shouting "*victory!*" and Lieut. Bradshaw, of Company D., who nobly led forward his column, were struck instantly dead. Lieutenant Adams and Capt. C. Kemper, of Company G., wounded. Captains McDowell, Samuel Price both wounded. Lieut. Col. Gaure had been disabled on the field and did not reach the fortifications. Col. Pritchard had received a severe wound in the shoulder; he had dismounted from his horse, right up at the breastworks, and was waving his sword cheering on his men, when he received a minnie ball in his shoulder; and I forced him to leave the field. The command of the regiment had now devolved upon me, and with deeper mortification and regret than I ever before experienced, I noticed that no reinforcements came to our assistance, and that the lines on our right were beginning to falter, after we had, by the most exalted valor and desperate charge on record, won the whole day.—But on threads hang the decision of battles—and the fate of armies. A panic seemed to seize all the men on the right and left, until I stood alone, with only about fifty of my own brave boys, who all offered to die with me. But I thought it would be sacrificing their lives to no purpose, and finally gave the painful order to fall back, which was obeyed. And our gallant boys, almost exhausted, reached the Railroad. * * It soon became evident, from the appearance of the troops we met,

that we would have to retreat under the most galling and trying circumstances; our wounded lining the roads, making the heart bleed with sympathy. I found that Col. Pritchard had been sent forward in an ambulance. Left our assistant surgeon, Chew, at the hospital, to attend to the wounded, and with the remnant of the regiment, we commenced our dispiriting retreat, having done the most brilliant and unexampled fighting. But even the desperate valor of our troops failed against the superior number and position of our opponents. I fear the disaster will be a national one. But it certainly was at a terrible hazard we made the attack. Saw Col. Pritchard this evening on the road, and fear he is very badly hurt. But he has spirit and determination enough in him to bear any thing. He is a brave, cool, honest and just man, and cannot well be spared. May Heaven protect and preserve him.

Camp near Holly Springs,

Oct. 20, 1862.

A messenger arrived this morning with the painful intelligence that Col. Pritchard was much worse, and would probably not live until I could reach there. I immediately made preparations to go down with Dr. Allen and Prof. Rogers to see him. Took the train at 7, p. m. and got down to the depot at Coffeerville at 11 o'clock at night, where we received the painful intelligence that our brave and loved Colonel had breathed his last about 12 o'clock. Alas! what a sad and irreparable loss to us! It seems

as if all the dearest and best friends I have are to be sacrificed in this terrible war. Of the three field officers of our regiment at its organization, the other two have been killed by my side, and I, who am of the least value, have been spared. I am determined to strive to prepare for the same fate.

Coffeerville, Oct. 21st.—Early this morning, with Dr. Allen and Prof. Rogers, took a wagon, and rode out to where the body of our noble friend lay, at Mr. Pearson's in Yallabusha county, about six miles from Coffeerville. After reaching there, went in and took a view of the lifeless body of the dear friend who had been my constant companion for so long in camp, on the march, in the hasty bivouack, and on the exciting and dangerous field of battle. From friends that were with him, I learn that he had died as he lived, calm and fearless, perfectly confident that he was going home to rest, where cruel war, strife, and turmoil should disturb him no more. We buried him in the grave-yard at Coffeerville. In the land of strangers, the departed, noble and heroic soldier sleeps his last sleep. Would I could be laid beside him, with the same faith in a joyful awakening in the last great day. I *will* try to meet him where all is peace and joy forever.

Near Holly Springs, Oct. 31st.—Mrs. Pritchard, wife of our late, lamented and loved Colonel, arrived in camp this morning. Oh! how sad and heart-breaking to meet her. She had encountered innumerable perils and hardships,

having come alone and unattended through the Federal lines by way of Corinth, with the bright hope of meeting the loved object that was all the world to her—to receive suddenly upon arriving at Gen. Price's head-quarters the heart-breaking intelligence that *her loved one was gone!* That never, never more could she clasp him to her bosom! That his strong, manly arm was now powerless to protect her. Alone, among strangers, in a distant land, with no sympathizing female friend to soothe and console her. Oh! how my heart bleeds with sympathy for her. Alas! I am powerless to console her, but with a brother's interest will I attend her. Only He, who can bind up the broken heart, can alleviate her distress. She wished to go to his grave, with the friends that were with him in his last hours. So sorrowfully we took the train, and arrived at Coffeeville at 11 o'clock. Got her a room, and retired into the next room; but there was no rest for the poor, heart-broken, agonized wife of my lamented friend. All night I could hear her walking the floor in grief too poignant for utterance.

Coffeeville, Nov. 1st, 1862.—I was again shocked by the painful intelligence of another gallant and noble officer's death, Captain Kemper, who died about 10 o'clock, yesterday. Thus they depart one after another, the brightest spirits amongst us.—Got news yesterday of the death, at Iuka, of Lieut. J. H. Sterne, first lieutenant of company C., a brave young officer, who has been our constant companion in arms,

for the last eighteen months.—Major Mellen took Mrs. P. to the grave of her martyred husband, while I went to pay the last visit to the remains of the gallant Capt. Kemper. Oh! how his mother will mourn for her lost son. We buried him by the side of our revered Col. Pritchard. In the grave-yard at Coffeeville, the two gallant comrades-in-arms lie side by side. Buried in soldiers' graves, far away from the homes and friends they loved so well. May strangers in after years tread lightly on their graves—they are honored dead. * * * *

Coffeeville, Jan. 13, 1863.—My thoughts, even in gayety, would turn in sadness to the last time I was here. And to the memory of the bright, beautiful and accomplished Miss Jenny Bridges, then full of life and gayety, full of bright hopes for the future; now, alas! she sleeps in the same quiet little graveyard with my lamented friend and leader, Col. Pritchard. A very short time ago she stood with me by the grave and promised, with early spring, to visit his grave again and plant on it the fairest flowers of the sunny south. Oh! what a striking proof is this that the youngest and loveliest of earth's fair daughters are not exempt from the relentless tyrant '*death!*' Like a beautiful young rose just opening its delicious colors, she was cut down. Her image will not soon fade from my memory. She had treated me with marked kindness, and had made a deep impression upon me. Had she lived my history and destiny might have been closely linked with hers. But

like a sweet dream she has passed away. * * * And may her young spirit rest where it will find more congenial associations with the bright angels above. She was too pure and bright to linger longer here.

Near Vicksburg, Feb. 12, 1863— One year ago to-day we left our winter quarters at Springfield, Missouri, on our hasty retreat.— What a history crowds itself in the interval since then! Many a brave spirit of our Missouri army, who left with us on that eventful occasion, now fills an honored, lonely soldier's grave. First, my warmest personal friend, Col. B. A. Rives, fell gloriously on the field of Elkhorn. With him, Lieuts. Bingham, Company A., Glasscock, company F., Sergeant Simpson of Company E., and numbers of other patriot heroes, there poured out their life blood on the altar of liberty. Since then Lieut. Gunn and several other noble heroes lie under the sod in the vicinity of Rienzi. At Priceville, Ed. Bowen and young Mason, a favorite soldier of my own company, are sleeping. The turf at Saltillo covers the stalwart form of the brave Lieut. Burnside. While on the historic battle ground of Corinth were left for a soldier's burial, the chivalrous Lieut. Duval and Bradshaw, Has-ton of Company F., and many other brave and honored soldiers. At Iuka, of wounds received in the same terrible conflict at Corinth, repose the earthly remains of Lieut. John H. Sterne, of Company C., John D. Price, of Company D., (my own cousin,) and many others. Oxford contains

the grave of another one of my favorite soldiers, the bright, enthusiastic Henderson, and young Ben. T. Cleaveland, a high-spirited boy. Whilst in Coffeeville sleep the gallant Capt. J. W. Kemper, and Col. James A. Pritchard, both of wounds received on the bloody field of Corinth. I laid them both to rest. A marble slab marks the resting place of the gallant soldiers.— Mississippi soil covers no more gallant or heroic dead than ours. May strangers pause and cast a kind regret over the graves of the fallen heroes, who fell far away from home and friends, battling for a principle dearer to them than life, and valuable to their survivors. When our liberty is gained it will have cost a precious boon. Sleep on, my gallant comrades, sleep! many more of us will yet join you, before accomplishing the object for which *you* struggled.

* * * * *

Grand Gulf, March 10, 1863.— Beautiful time of year, trees budding out and all nature seems to be putting on her blindest smiles. What a shame it is that a whole nation, boasting more enlightenment than any other, should be exhausting all its energies in this relentless, unhappy, and unnatural war.

Grand Gulf, April 26th, 1863.— This is my birth-day! thirty-three years old to-day. How time flies! I am now in the meridian of life. And alas! what a profitless life I have lived. I can scarcely realize that so many years have passed over me. What will another eventful year bring forth?

THE LAST LEAF.

On the Big Black, May 5th, 1863.—Resting up a little to-day. Ordered to cut down our baggage to nothing. The boys keep up their spirits though, through all difficulties. Noble fellows, they deserve to be made famous in all time to come. Our future looks dark, but surely freedom's battles once begun, can but end in victory.

—
This is the last leaf, gentle reader of "The Land We Love," of the journal of the generous, whole-souled "Hubbell;" written at odd times in the soldier's life, upon the hasty march—by the camp-fire, and never intended by him, for *your* eye, for his unassuming modesty was only excelled by his great merit. But he is gone now—numbered with the other "Confederate dead," he so affectionately remembered in these leaves; and *I* take the liberty of giving them to *you*, recording as they do, the unflinching energy of our Missouri army, and also revealing much of the inner-life of their noble writer; tender, loving, pure, true and brave.

Soon after this last leaf was written, on the 16th of May, 1863, Lieut. Col. Hubbell received a wound in the arm, in the battle of

Champion Hills, from which he *died*, June 3d, 1863, and was buried by the side of his lamented friend and commander, Colonel Pritchard, in the grave-yard at Coffeeville, Miss. Side by side, three martyr heroes sleep, the last dreamless sleep of death; mercifully spared the humiliating sight of their country in chains, and slavery so abject, that their noble souls would have writhed in agony to behold it. They *died* to free her from Radical rule and despotism, *but died in vain!* On his last birth-day, Col. Hubbell lamented his "profitless life," in the beautiful humility of his grand magnanimous soul. Would to Heaven the world had been filled with such *true brave* lives as his; with such noblemen as *he* was! Had it been, this land would not now be draped in mourning for her noblest sons—would not have been drenched in fraternal blood—would not now be groaning in chains and slavery. But he is gone—the proud and dauntless Rives is gone.—The self-sacrificing, unswerving Pritchard is gone—to say nothing of other Confederate dead, *and the world is much poorer than it was!*

M. F. P.

Carrollton, Mo.

ANITA.

(To a Little Spanish Girl:)

O! my little Tropic bird,
How I love you!; deeply stirred
To their inmost crimson seat,
How my heart's warm pulses beat,
When you rest your glossy head
Here beside me, on the bed,
Or securely twined around me
Both your little arms have bound me—,
And your pure and rosy mouth,
Sweeter than the balmy South,
Whispers secrets in my ear,—
(Childish myths I smile to hear!);
Or with quick unconscious Art,
And a fairy shriek, you start
Lightly from me, when I'd know
Who may be your tiny *beau*,
Hiding for a moment's space
In your hands that laughing face,—
All a shy Coquette's delight
Shortly peeping into sight,—
Tempered by a pretty shame,
Dawning on your cheek in flame,—
And a tremulous shyness hid
'Neath the snowy, half-shut lid,
Which anon doth archly rise
O'er those flashing Eastern eyes!

As your merry, twinkling feet
Gayly trip towards me, Sweet!,
And your raven locks I press
Softly, with a fond caress,—
Feeling that my heart's a nest
Where my murmuring dove might rest,

Guarded by this Care of mine,
 Safe as in some happy shrine,—
 Thoughts of mingled joy and pain
 Steal along the musing brain;—
 Can your brow so frankly bright,
 Keep for aye its morning light,
 Or shall grief which comes with years
 Dim those marvellous eyes with tears?:
 What shall be my rose-bud's doom,
 Weary blight, or golden bloom?

O! if Love could shield from Hate,
 O! if Prayer could vanquish Fate,
 YOU should ne'er be desolate,
 But an innocent Bliss should cover
 All your soul, and life-path over,
 Pure as childhood's stainless skies,
 Soft as childhood's dreaming sighs!

No! it cannot, cannot be,
 SIN hath crowned Mortality,
 And from Grief what soul may flee?—

Yet, a little while I'll bend,
 Thus—above my fairy friend;
 Closer, closer, closer come
 To the heart that clasps you home,—
 Would my arms that bind you now,
 (Throbbing breast, and star-like brow,)
 Might about your beauty met
 Prove a mystic amulet,
 In whose circling warmth a spell
 Evermore may deeply dwell,—
 Whence all spirits of the Night
 Baffled, shall recede in flight,—
 But whate'er is born of grace,
 There may find a trysting place,
 Joy and Hope, and maiden Trust;—
 So when he who sings is dust,
 And your mind a mournful, dim
 Memory only holds of Him,
 You shall think how undefiled

Was that love he bore his child,—
 (His by all the sacred stress
 Of enduring tenderness,—)
 And perchance, that not in vain
 Rose your Poet's earnest strain,
 But a benediction meet
 Followed on the Muse's feet,
 Waxing brighter round your way,
 When on some far future day,
 You shall read his tender Lay,
 Which to woman's noon may bring
 One sweet note of Youth and Spring!

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.*

BY

R. L. DABNEY, D. D.

Young gentlemen of the Eumenean and Philanthropic Societies:—awful sovereignty, to deny you that success which you hoped. It I am here to-day, in response *has* pleased Heaven that you not only to your call, but to an should be so disappointed of your imperative sentiment. This is a deserved victory, as that fools sense of the value of the young should say you have bled in vain. men of the South, and their claims But be assured that as the afflicted upon every patriot. When I remember how your class has lately mother's heart, your disasters striven and died for us,—how this only cause your country to press seat of learning, like every other you closer to her bosom. Amidst shrine of the Muses, was emptied at her cruel losses, her children alone the call of a bleeding country; I remain, her last, as her most precious upon our sympathies and aid, from their energies, their virtues, which cannot be refused. Nor their fortitude under obloquy and oppression, that she hopes for was this devotion of our youth restoration. We assuredly believe it is only the more touching—believe, young gentlemen, that no cause it has pleased the Divine drop of blood, generously shed in Disposer, in his mysterious and the right, ever wets our mother

* Address delivered at Davidson College, N. C., 1868.

earth in vain. The vision of the harvest from this precious seed may tarry: but in the end it will not fail, and we wait for it. The holy struggle may meet with seeming overthrow. But if our immediate hope is denied, amidst the manifold alternatives of Almighty Providence, some other recompense is provided, which will gladden and satisfy the hearts of our children, if not ours, in God's own time and place.

Now, that this expectation may not fail, it is needful that you cherish jealously the virtues and principles which ennoble your cause. Your steadfast and undebauched hearts must be the nurturing soil to preserve the precious seed of martyr blood during this winter of our disaster, to the appointed summer of its resurrection. The urgency, the solemnity of this era of darkness and danger warn me that it is no mere literary pastime, but a high and serious duty, which should occupy this hour. Pardon me, then, for passing to a topic which is fundamental at once to the dearest hopes of your country and of her dead heroes. I would employ this season of communion with my young fellow-citizens, in uttering my earnest warning to them, of a danger, and a duty, arising out of the misfortunes of our country; a danger most portentous to a thoughtful mind; a duty peculiarly incumbent on educated men.

This danger may be expressed *by the fearful force of conquest and despotism to degrade the spirit of the victims. The correlated duty is that of anxiously preserving our integrity and self-respect.*

A graphic English traveler in the East describes the contrast, so striking to us, between the cowering spirit of the Orientals, and the manly independence of the citizens of free States in Western Europe. These have been reared in commonwealths, which avouch and protect the rights of the individual. They are accustomed to claim their chartered liberties as an inviolable inheritance. The injuries of power are met by them with moral indignation, and the high purpose of resistance. But the abject Syrian or Copt is affected no otherwise by Turkish oppressions, than by the incursions of nature's resistless forces, the whirlwind or the thunderbolt. The only emotion excited is that of passive terror. He accepts the foulest wrong as his destiny, and almost his right. He has no other thought than to crouch, and disarm the lash by his submissiveness. And if any sentiment save that of helpless panic is excited, it is rather admiration of superior power, than righteous resentment against wrong. He who is the most ruthless among his masters is, in his abject view, the greatest.

When we remember the ancestry of these Orientals, we ask with wonder, what has wrought this change? These are the children of those Egyptians who, under Sesostris, pushed their conquests from Thrace to 'farthest Ind' beyond the utmost march of Alexander, and who, under the Pharaohs, so long contested the empire of the world with the Assyrian. Or, they are the descendants of the conquering

Saracens, who, in later ages made all Europe tremble. Or, these Eastern Jews who now kiss the sword that slays them, are the posterity of the heroes who, under the Maccabees, wrested their country from Antiochus, against odds even more fearful than our Southern soldiery were wont to breast. Whence, then, the change?

The answer is, that this mournful degeneracy is the result of ages of despotism. These base children of noble sires are but living examples of the rule, that not only the agents, but the victims of unrighteous oppression are usually degraded by their un-avenged wrongs: a law which our times now render so significant to us.

Illustration of the same truth may be found also in the more familiar scenes of domestic life. Few observant men can live to middle life without witnessing sad instances of it. We recall, for example, some nuptial scene from the distance of a score of years. We remember how the bridegroom led his adored prize to the altar, elate with proud affection. We recall the modest, trembling happiness of the bride, as she confidently pledged away her heart, her all, to the chosen man whom she trusted with an almost religious faith. Her step, diffident, yet proud; the proprieties of her tasteful dress, her spotless purity of person, her sparkling eye, all bespoke self-respect, aspiration, high hope, and ennobling love: They revealed the thoughts of generous devotion with which her gentle breast was filled. Had one

whispered at that hour, that the trusted man would one day make a brutal use of the power she now so confidently gave, she would have resented it as the foulest libel on humanity. Had the prophet added that she was destined to submit tamely and basely to such brutality, she would have repudiated this prediction also with scorn, as an equal libel on herself. But we pass over a score of years. We find the same woman sitting in an untidy cabin, with a brood of squalid, neglected children around her knees; her shoulders scantily covered with a tawdry calico, her once shining hair now wound like a wisp of hay into a foul knot. She is without aspiration, without hope, without self-respect, almost without shame. What is the explanation? She has been for years a drunkard's wife! She was wholly innocent of her husband's fall. Long has she endured unprovoked tyranny and abuse: not seldom has she been the helpless victim of blows, from the hand which was pledged to cherish her. Often has she meditated escape from her degrading yoke; but the unanswerable plea of her helpless children arrested her always. She has found herself tied to a bondage, where there was neither escape nor resistance; and these wrongs, this misery have at last crushed her down into the degraded woman we see. The truthfulness of this picture will only be denied by those who judge from romance and inexperience, instead of facts.

We need only to look a little at the operations of moral causes on man's nature, to find the solution

of these cases. We are creatures of imitation and habit. Familiarity with any object accustoms us to its lineaments. The effect of this acquaintanceship in reconciling us to vice has been expressed by Pope in words too trite to need citation. And the fact that one is the injured object of repeated crimes does not exempt him from this law; but, as will be shown, only subjects him the more surely to it. Not only is every act of oppression a crime; but the seasons of despotism are usually eras of profuse and out-breaking wickedness. The baleful shadow of the tyrant's throne is the favorite haunt of every unclean bird and beast. And if the oppressing power be the many-headed monster, a tyrant faction, this is only more emphatically true. At such a time, the moral atmosphere is foul with evil example. The vision of conscience is darkened and warped. The very air is unhealthy, even for the innocent soul. For the common mind, the standard of rectitude is almost overthrown in the guilty confusion.

But this is the consideration of least weight. A more momentous one is found in the law of man's sensibilities. The natural reflex of injury or assault upon us is resentment. This instinctive emotion has evidently been designed by our Creator, as the protector of man in this world of injustice. Its function is to energize his powers for self-defence. But its nature is active: in exertion is its life. Closely connected with this is the sentiment of moral disapprobation for the wrong

character of the act. This emotion is the necessary correlative to approbation for the right: so that the former cannot be blunted without equally blunting the latter. The man who has ceased to feel moral indignation for wrong, has ceased to feel the claims of virtue. Nor is there a valid reason for your insensibility to evil, in the fact that you are yourself the object of it.

Now when man is made the helpless victim of frequent wrongs, when his misfortunes allow him nothing but passive endurance, resentment and moral indignation give place to simple fear. And this by two sure causes. Not only is the very power of sensibility worn away by these repeated and violent abrasions; not only is the nature dulled by the perpetual violences to which it is subjected; but that activity being denied which is the necessary scope of these sentiments of resistance, they are extinguished in their birth. The soul which first rose against injustice with the quick and keen sense of wrong and heroic self-defence, at last brutalized by its very injuries, subsides into dull indifference, or abject panic.

Should it not make the thoughtful patriot shudder, to compare the present temper of our people with that of the revolutionary sires who bequeathed to us the liberties we have forfeited? With how quick and sensitive a jealousy, with what generous disdain did they spurn at the imposition of a tax of a few pence, against their rights as Englishmen; while we seek to reconcile ourselves

with a jest or a sophism to wrongs a thousand fold as onerous? In the words of Burke: "In other countries the people judge of an ill principle in government only by an actual grievance; here they anticipated the evil, and judged of the pressure of the grievance by the badness of the principle.— They augured misgovernment at a distance, and snuffed the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze." But we, their miserable children, are compelled to inhabit the very miasm and stench of extreme oppression: until our tainted nostrils almost refuse their office, and leave us unconscious while stifled by the pollution!

We need not go so far to find this startling contrast. We have only to compare our present selves with ourselves a few years ago, to find fearful illustrations of the working of these influences. Let us suppose that on the evening of July 21st, 1861, I had stood before that panting citizen-soldiery, which had just hurled back the first onset of our gigantic foe; and that I had denounced to them that seven short years would find them tamely acquiescing in the unutterable wrongs since heaped upon us: in the insolent violation of every belligerent right, in the sack of their homes, in the insult of their females, in the treacherous arming of their own slaves, and their subjection to them: with what anger and incredulity would they not have repelled me? Let us suppose that I had made the imputation that they would some day consent to survive such infamy: that it would be possible for

them to make any other election than that of death with their faces to the foe, rather than such a fate: Would they not have declared it a libel upon the glories of that day, and upon the dead heroes even then lying with their faces to the sky? But we have consented to live under all this, and are industriously persuading ourselves to submit to yet more! Do you remember that unutterable swelling of indignation, aroused in us by the first rumor of outrage to Southern women; how that you felt your breasts must rend with the anguish, unless it were solaced by some deeds of defence and righteous retribution? But we have since had so ill-starred a tuition, by a multitude of more monstrous wrongs, that the slavish pulse is now scarcely quickened by the story of the foulest iniquities heaped upon a defenceless people. Thus does our own melancholy experience verify the reasonings given.

But, my hearers, this deterioration of the moral sensibilities does not place man above the promptings of selfishness: it rather subjects him more fully to them. We may not expect that the sense of helplessness and fear will reconcile him to suffer with passive fortitude, without a struggle. As well might we look to see the panting stag bear the bit and spur with quietude. The instinct of self-preservation goads the oppressed to attempt some evasion from their miseries; but their only remaining means is that common weapon of the weak against the strong, *artifice*. Every down-trodden people is impelled, almost

irresistibly, to seek escape from the injustice which can no longer be resisted by force, through the agency of concealments, of duplicity, of lies, of perjuries. The government of the oppressor is, therefore, a school, to train its victims in all the arts of chicanery and meanness. Mark, I pray you, the cruel alternative to which it shuts them up: They must suffer, without human help or remedy, evils unrighteous, relentless, almost intolerable; evils which outrage at once their well-being and their moral sense, or they must yield to temptation and seek deceitful methods of escape. And the only motives to nerve them to elect suffering rather than dishonor are the power of conscience, the fear of God, and faith in the eventual awards of His justice. What portion of any people may be expected to persevere in this passive heroism without other support?

In answering this question, we must not forget the inexpressible seductiveness and plausibility of that temptation. It pleads with the injured victim of wrong that his oppressors had no moral right to inflict these evils: That their injustice and treachery forfeit all claim upon his conscience: That to deceive them is but paying them as they deserve, in their own coin. An embittered hatred, which pleads its excuse from a thousand unprovoked injuries, impels the sufferer by a sting as keen as living fire, to seek the revenge of deception, the only one in his reach. And last, the specious maxim that "necessity knows no law" completes the tri-

umph of the temptation with the plea, that the endurance of the tyrant's unmitigated will is impossible, and therefore the case justifies the means of evasion.

Now, I need hardly pause, before this assembly, to say that all this pretended argument is a guilty sophism. You know that, however plausible it may be, it is grounded in a profane forgetfulness of God, of his holy will, and of his omnipotent government over oppressors and oppressed. You see how it involves that maxim of delusion, of whose advocates the Apostle declares "their damnation is just;" that the end sanctifies the means. At the day when God shall bring him into judgment, no man will dare to obtrude these specious pleas, for his violation of the eternal principles of truth and right; principles on which repose the welfare of all creatures and the honor of God: principles whose sanctity only finds illustration in the very evils which he experiences from their breach. But none the less do we find my anticipations of seduction verified, by ten thousand lamentable lapses from honor among our suffering people; in their tampering with ensnaring and oppressive oaths, in the evasion of pecuniary obligations, in the deceitful avowal of pretences abhorrent at once to the political pride and convictions of our country. The facts are too melancholy to be pursued.

Meantime, the efficiency of all these seductions is made more fearful by the causes which hedge our young men up from wholesome activities. There is no

longer a career for their individual energies. Scarcely any profession offers a prize worthy of their exertions. If they turn to agriculture, or the pursuits of the merchant or artisan, the ruin of trade, and the crushing burden of unequal taxation compel them to labor for a pittance. Hence, the danger that they will succumb to an apathetic despair. We see too many of our youth, whose fortitude should sustain a fainting country, sitting down in skeptical doubt to question the control of divine providence, or sinking into an indolence which they persuade themselves is inevitable, and seeking a degrading solace in Epicurean ease. Take heed, Gentlemen, lest these insidious discouragements transmute the sons of the heroes of Manassas and Shiloh, as the despotism of arbitrary rulers has changed the modern Roman. In the eternal city we see the descendants of that race who gave laws and civilization to a conquered world, now, in the words of their own sensual poet, *Porci de grege Epicuri, cute bene curata*, filling their idleness with the criticism of cooks and singing women. Rather than risk the yielding to this, arise, and go forth sturdy exiles, to carve out a new career on some more propitious soil.

It has been made my duty, by my appointed pursuits, to examine the history of previous conquests: and it is my deliberate conclusion that no civilized people have ever been subjected to an ordeal of oppression, so charged as ours, with all the elements of degradation. I have explained

how the unrighteousness of the despotism becomes a potent influence for temptation. We experience a domination, the iniquity of which is declared by every patriot of every previous party, and constantly avowed by the very men who impose it up to the day, when their reason was swept away by the torrent of revenge and lust of domination. Our people have been violently thrust down from the proudest ancestral traditions, and highest freedom boasted by any commonwealth on earth, to the deepest humiliation and most grinding exactions. They have been overpowered, not by manly force, but by filthy lucre, which bribed the proletaries of the whole world to crush us. We stooped our banners, not like the conquered Gaul or Briton, to a hardy and generous Cæsar who knew how, *debellare superbos, parcere victis*; but to a rabble who are not ashamed to confess that their four-fold numbers and ten-fold resources were unable to subdue us, until they had armed against us all the mercenaries of Europe, and our own poor slaves besides. And to crown all, the favorite project is to subject us, not to the conquerors only, but to these alien serfs, to be invested with our plundered franchises. Thus are our people robbed, not only of their possessions and rights, but of their dearest point of honor. Now, every one experienced of human nature knows that when you break down the chosen point of honor, the man is degraded to a brute, unless he is sustained by the vital grace of God. Thus it

appears that the influences and temptations by which conquest depraves its victims, are now applied to our people in their most malignant efficacy. The lesson we should learn from this fact is, that we should be watchful in equal degree, to preserve our own rectitude and honor.

For, young Gentlemen, as the true dishonor of defeat lies only in this deterioration of spirit, so it is the direst wrong which the injustice of the conqueror can inflict. A brave people may, for a time, be overpowered by brute force, and be neither dishonored nor destroyed. Its life is not in the outward organization of its institutions. It may be stripped of these, and may clothe itself in some diverse garb, in which it may resume its growth. But if the spirit of independence and honor be lost among the people, this is the death of the common-wealth: a death on which there waits no resurrection. Dread then, this degradation of spirit, as worse than defeat, than subjugation, than poverty, than hardship, than prison, than death.

The law, on which I have commented, has ever appeared to me the most awful and obscure of all those which regulate the divine providence over men and nations. That the ruthless wrong-doer should be depraved in his own soul by his crimes, that he should find a part of his just penalty in the disorders and remorse infused in his own nature by his acts; this is a dispensation as adorably righteous as it is terrible. But, that not only guilty agent, but guiltless victim should, by a law

almost natural, find his moral being broken down: that a necessity which his will had no agency in procuring, should subject his heart to an ordeal so usually disastrous. This is, indeed, fearful. "Clouds and darkness" here surround him. Yet "justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne." One thing I clearly infer hence; that He hath ordained the virtuous man's life in this wicked world, to be often a battle, in which we may be called "to resist unto blood, striving against sin." We learn from these mournful histories how it may be our duty to surrender life, rather than conscience and moral independence. Man's first duty to himself is the preservation of his own virtue. His prime duty to his God may be said to be the same. For how shall the *depraved* creature fulfill that 'chief end,' glorifying God? With no little seeming then, was it argued of old, that a dishonored life was no longer life indeed; so that the imposition of unavoidable degradation of soul was equivalent to the Maker's decree dismissing us out of the scene of defiled existence. Here is the most plausible excuse of that antique self-sacrifice, by which the heroic souls of the Pagan world claimed the privilege of escaping subjugation, and defying the oppressor from a voluntary grave. For, they knew not the only adequate power by which the inward stain of oppression can be countervailed. They had never heard of gospel-grace; of regeneration and adoption; of a hope anchored beyond the grave; of a reward in

glory, ennobling all suffering and endurance for conscience' sake.

Let us not, however, palliate the error of those who thus retired from life's battle without the word of command of the supreme Captain. But, from this danger of the soul's subjugation along with that of the body, we may infer, the duty and privilege of preferring the surrender of life, to the desertion of duty. It is your's, young Gentlemen, to boast among the *alumni* of your College, more than one illustrious instance of this fate, which may prove so enviable, compared with ours. First among these, I am reminded of one whose youthful face, then ruddy as that of the hero of Bethlehem, is fixed in the memories of my first visit here, Gen. Ramseur. Nowhere, in the rich record of Southern chivalry, can there be found the name of one who more deliberately resolved for death, rather than the forfeiture of duty and honor. Twice within a few weeks, at Winchester and at Fisher's Hill, his command had yielded to numbers, in spite of his most strenuous and daring exertion. On the morning of the battle of Belle-Plain, which began so gloriously for the Confederates, while marshalling his troops for the strife, he exhorted them to stand to their colors; and calmly declared that if they had any value for his life they would be henceforward staunch: for he was resolved never to participate with them in another flight before their foes. It was with this deliberate purpose he joined battle. But as the bravest are ever the most gentle,

this stern resolve did not exclude the thought of the domestic tie which his country's call had sundered almost as soon as it was bound around his heart, and of the infant which had never received its father's kiss. His courage was only reinforced by these remembrances. For as he began the onset, in the second movement of the tragedy, he exclaimed to the officers near him, "Now, Gentlemen, let us so fight to-day, as to finish this campaign: I want to see my first-born."— After performing his whole duty during the changeful day, he saw all the line upon his left giving way. With his own command, he strove to stem the torrent of enemies: and when they, too, broke in panic, he refused to flee with them, but busied himself in rallying a few determined spirits like himself. When the last fugitive left the field, they saw him with a handful breasting the whole pursuing host: until, according to his pledge, he fell with his face to the foe. Let this example inspire you to *endure* as he *fought*, and you will be secure against all the degradations of defeat.

This degradation then, does not necessarily accompany our prostrate condition. Divine Providence often makes the furnace of persecution the place of cleansing for individual saints. Why may it not be so for a Christian people? Why may not a race of men come forth from their trials like the gold seven times refined in the fire, with their pride chastened, and yet their virtues purified? This can only be from the same

cause which sanctifies the sufferings of the Christian, the inworking grace of God. Nothing is more true than that the natural effect of mere pain is not to purify, but harden the sinful heart of man, exasperating at once its evils and its miseries. The cleansing Word and Spirit of God alone, interpret its sufferings to it, and convert them into the healthful medicines of its faults. So, it is the power of true Christianity, and that alone, which can minister to us as a people, the wholesome uses of adversity. The salvation of the life of Southern society must be found by taking the Word of God, as our constant guide.

But, it may be asked: To what course of action should this spirit of unyielding integrity prompt us? The answer from those infallible oracles, is easy. While you refrain from the suggestions of revenge and despair, and give place, as of necessity, to inexorable force, resolve to abate nothing, to concede nothing of righteous conviction. Truckle to no falsehood, and conceal no true principle; but ever assert *the right*, with such means of endurance, self-sacrifice, and passive fortitude as the dispensation of Providence has left you. If wholesale wrongs must be perpetrated, if sacred rights must be trampled on, let our assailants do the whole work, and incur the whole guilt. Resolve that no losses, nor threats, nor penalties shall ever make you yield one jot or tittle of the true or just in principle, or submit to personal dishonor.

And let us remember, young

Gentlemen, that while events, the success of ruthless power, the overthrow of innocence, may greatly modify the *expedient*, they have no concern whatever, in determining *the right*. The death of a beloved child may determine its mother to bury its decaying body out of her sight: even to hide in the wintry earth that which, before, she cherished in her bosom. But its death will never make the true mother repudiate the relation of maternity to it, or deny its memory, or acquiesce in any slander upon its filial loveliness. You must decide then, each one for himself, what things shall be conceded to the necessities of new events, and what things shall be disdained as contaminating to the unconquered soul. May I not safely advise that, in making these decisions, you should always refer them to that standard of judgment which we held before our disasters, as the truer and worthier one; rather than to that standard to which men are seduced by their humiliations? Judge, then, from the same principles (however new their special applications) from which you would have judged in happier years, when your souls were inspired by the glorious traditions of your free fore-fathers, and saw the truth in the clear light of your conscious manhood; not as men would have you judge, from hearts debauched by defeat, and clouded with shame and despair.

We are a beaten, conquered people, Gentlemen; and yet, if we are true to ourselves, we have no cause for humiliation, however much for deep sorrow. It is only

the atheist who adopts success as the *criterion* of right. It is not a new thing in the history of men, that God appoints to the brave and true the stern *task* of contending, and falling, in a righteous quarrel. Would you find the grandest of all the names upon the rolls of time? You must seek them amidst this 'noble army of martyrs,' whose faith in God and the right was stronger than death and defeat. Let the besotted fools say that our dead have fallen in a "lost cause:" Let abandoned defamers and pulpit buffoons say that theirs are "dishonored graves." I see them lie in their glory with an illustrious company: with the magnanimous Prince Jonathan, on Mount Gilboa; and the good king Josiah, in the vale of Megiddo, with Demosthenes and Philopœmen; with Hannibal the pillar of Carthage; with Brutus and Cato; with the British Queen Boadicea; with the Teuton Herman; with Harold the Saxon, on Hastings' field; with Wallace; with Kosciusko; with one grander than all, their own Jackson. We have no need, Sirs: to be ashamed of our dead: Let us see to it that *they* be not ashamed of us. They have won the happier fate, "taken away from the evil to come, they have entered into peace; they rest in their beds, each one walking in his uprightness." To us they have bequeathed the sterner trial of asserting, by our unshaken fortitude under overthrow, the principles which they baptized with their blood. Let the same spirit which nerved them to do, nerve us to endure, for the right: and

they will not disdain our companionship on the rolls of fame.

Before I end, let me invoke the aid of the gentler sex, whose sympathizing presence I see gracing our solemnities. The high mission of woman in society has been often and justly argued. But never before was the welfare of a people so dependent on their mothers, wives, and sisters, as now and here. I freely declare that, under God, my chief hope for my prostrate country is in her women. Early in the war, when the stream of our noblest blood began to flow so liberally in battle, I said to an honored citizen of my State; that it was so uniformly our best men who were made the sacrifice, there was reason to fear, the staple and pith of the people of the South would be permanently depreciated. His reply was: "There is no danger of this, while the women of the South are what they are. Be assured such mothers will not permit the offspring of such martyr-sires to depreciate."

But since, this river of generous blood has swelled into a flood. What is worse, the remnant of survivors, few, subjugated, disheartened, almost despairing, and alas, dishonored, because they have not disdained life on such terms as are left us, are subjected to every influence from without, which can be malignantly devised to sap the foundations of their manhood, and degrade them into fit materials for slaves. If our women do not sustain them, they will sink. Unless the spirits which rule and cheer their homes can re-animate their self-respect,

confirm their resolve, and sustain their personal honor, they will at length become the base serfs their enemies desire. Outside their homes, everything conspires to depress, to tempt, and to seduce them. Do they advert to their business affairs? They see before them only loss, embarrassment, and prospective destitution. To the politics of their country? They witness a scene of domination and mercenary subserviency, where the sacrifice of honor is the uniform condition of success.— Only in their homes is there, beneath the skies, one ray of light or warmth to prevent their freezing into despair.

There, in your homes, is your domain. There *you* rule with the sceptre of affection; and not our conquerors. We beseech you wield that gentle empire in behalf of the principles, the patriotism, the religion, which we inherited from our mothers. Teach our ruder sex that only by a deathless loyalty to these can woman's dear love be deserved or won. Him who is true to these, crown with your favor. Let the wretch who betrays them be exiled forever from the paradise of your arms. Then we shall be saved; saved from a degradation fouler than the grave. Be it yours to nurse with more than a vestal's watchfulness, the sacred flame of our virtue, now so smothered.— Your task is unobtrusive: it is performed in the privacy of home, and by the gentle touches of daily

love. But it is the noblest work which mortal can perform; for it prepares the polished stones with which the temple of our liberties must be repaired. We have seen men building a lofty pile of sculptured marble, where columns with polished shafts pointed to the skies, and domes reared their arches on high like mimic heavens. They swung the massive blocks into their places on the walls with cranes and cables, with shouts and outcries, and huge creaking of the ponderous machinery.— But these were not the true artisans: they were but rude laborers. The true artists, whose priceless cunning was to give immortal beauty to the pile, and teach the dead stones to breathe majesty and grace, were not there. None saw or heard their labors. In distant and quiet work-rooms, where no eye watched them, and no shout gave signal of their motions, they plied their patient chisels, slowly with gentle touches evoking the forms of beauty which lay hid in the blocks before them. Such is your work: the home and fireside are the scene of your industry. But the materials which you shape are the souls of men, which are to compose the fabric of our Church and State. The politician, the professional man is but the cheap, rude, day-laborer, who moves and lifts the finished block to its place. You are the true artists, who endue it with fitness and beauty; and, therefore, yours is the nobler task.

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

The snowflakes are falling swiftly
 The children are wild with glee,
 As they dream of the merry pastime
 The morrow's morn will see,
 And faces are bright in their youthful glow
 As they watch the falling, beautiful snow!

Within that pleasant parlor,
 The mother alone is still,
 She feels not the snow that falls without,
 But her throbbing heart is chill,
 As she turns away from the fireside glow
 To look abroad on the beautiful snow!

God help those eyes despairing
 That gaze at the snow-clad earth,
 God pity the mad rebellion
 That in that heart has birth!
 The children are gone—and a sound of wo
 Breaks thro' the night o'er the beautiful snow!

The woman's face all ghastly
 Lies pressed to the window pane,
 But no sound of human anguish
 Escapes her lips again;
 'Twas the cry of a woman's heart crush'd low,
 Whose hopes lay dead, 'neath the beautiful snow!

The firelight glanced and sparkled;
 Despite of its inmate's gloom
 It gilded the books and pictures,
 And lit up the cheerful room
 While thro' the casements, the crimson glow
 Threw a band of light on the beautiful snow!

She shrank from the mocking brightness
 That sought to win her there,
 Far better to watch the snowflakes
 Than gaze at a vacant chair,
 A chair that never again could know
 A form, *now* still 'neath the beautiful snow!

Many a night-watch had he known,
And many a vigil kept,
While the snowflakes fell around him
And all his comrades slept.
For his heart was strong in its patriot glow
As he gazed abroad at the beautiful snow!

He, too, had watched the snowflakes,
And laughed as they whirled him by,
Had watched, as they drifted round him
With bright, undaunted eye,
But *now* there rests not a stone to show
The soldier's grave 'neath the beautiful snow!

The mourner's eye roved sadly
In search of the vacant chair,
To rest in loving wonder
On a young child slumbering there,
And she caught from his baby-lips, the low,
Half murmured words—"the beautiful snow!"

With a sudden, passionate yearning
She caught him to her breast,
And smil'd in the eyes, that in *their* calm
Rebuked her own unrest—
Eyes that had caught their kindling glow
From the father that lay 'neath the beautiful snow!

Again she stood at the casement
And smil'd at her baby's glee,
As he turned from the feathery snowflakes
Her answering smile to see:
Her little child, that never could know
The father that lay 'neath the beautiful snow!

LETTERS FROM MOUNT VERNON.

MOUNT VERNON,
Nov. 22, 1799.

WHEN near you, my dear N—, I have often a great fancy to express my feelings in an epistolary way. How is it to be wondered at then that now we are a hundred miles apart, this propensity should still exist: particularly when seated at a spot of all others best calculated to produce a letter most acceptable to you. We arrived here on the 20th, just in time for dinner, after a pleasant journey made more than ordinarily agreeable by a continuance of fine weather, which enabled us to make several pleasant calls on my friends, who are agreeably scattered on the way from Fredericksburg to Alexandria; that is to say, if you take the road up the Potomac. Yes, we arrived at this venerable mansion in perfect safety, where we are experiencing every mark of hospitality that the good old General's continued friendship for Col. Carrington could lead us to expect. His reception of my husband was that of a brother. He took us each by the hand, and, with a warmth of expression not to be described, pressed mine and told me that I had conferred a favor never to be forgotten in bringing his old friend to see him; then bidding a servant call the ladies, he entertained us most facetiously till they appeared. Mrs. W., venerable, kind and plain—very much resembling our aunt Ambler; Mrs. Steward, her daughter-in-law,

once Mrs. Custis, with her two young daughters, Misses Stewards—all pleasant and agreeable; Mrs. H. Lewis, formerly Miss P—d of Richmond, and last though not least, Mrs. L. Lewis. But how describe *her*? Once I had heard my neighbor, Mrs. Tucker, give a romantic account of her when Miss Custis: How her lovely figure, made doubly interesting by a light fanciful summer dress, with a garland of flowers she had just entwined, and an apron full she had selected and come to throw at her Grandma's feet—all which I considered as the fanciful effusions of my friend's romantic turn of mind. But now, when I see her the *matron*—for such her situation would indicate, though she has only been ten months a wife—lovely as Nature could form her; improved in every female accomplishment, and what is still more interesting, amiable and obliging in every department that makes woman most charming; particularly in her conduct to her aged Grandmother and the General, whom she always calls "Grandpa," I am actually transported at beholding her! Having once seen her as she passed through our town seemed to give me a claim to her kindness, and her attentions are unremitted.—On retiring for the night, she took me into her apartment, which was elegantly prepared for an expected event. When we separated, "how glad I am that you are here," she said; "what a pleas-

ure will it be to me to retain you till this dreaded event has passed!" I assured her nothing could give me more pleasure than to remain and offer every friendly aid in my power. In this promise, I thought this morning I should be indulged; for on entering the breakfast room, I understood she had been all night complaining. But, unfortunately, my husband spied the *arm chair* carried up stairs, and a moment after, ordered our carriage. In vain does the General insist upon our stay: promising to take him over the grounds, and farm, and show him the mill, &c., &c., which will occupy them till 3.—No—the *world* should not tempt him to stay, at a time when he says every one should leave the family entirely undisturbed; but that after a few days, when we shall have finished our visit to my friends in Maryland, we would again see them and prolong our visit. Is it not vexatious to have so scrupulous a husband? Nothing could distress me more than to leave this charming family at such a moment. But I am bound to obey; and at 12 we are to leave this place for Washington. When I return you may expect to hear further from me.

29th.—After passing a week most charmingly with my numerous friends in and about the City, we returned to finish our visit to this revered mansion. While in the City, our Headquarters (for I shall have no terms to use but what are *military*, hearing, as I do, a repetition from these dear veterans, of battles, fortifications, marches and countermarches,

which are familiar as every day topics to one connected, as I have long been, with soldiers and heroes;) then, as I said, our Headquarters were at D. C.'s., the husband of your old friend, Anny Brent. Oh! how delightful, after a separation of so many years, from the sisters of my ever-to-be-remembered Col. Brent, (and in that separation to have formed other connections which might or might not have been agreeable to that much loved family) to be received by them with open arms! and to experience all that tenderness which they were wont to show me while the wife and widow of their idolized brother! I cannot describe to you, my dear N—, the various feelings excited in this long wished for visit. This visit of a week would furnish subjects for a series of letters instead of one. I must, therefore, only tell you that I found myself, while in Washington, in a new world! though in the self same *spot* where, a few years before, I felt quite *at home*. On those very farms—where dwelt my dear old friends, the Youngs, the Carrolls, &c., did I see the stately edifices of the Capitol, President's House, &c., all appearing to me like enchantment. But a few years since, when passing an autumn with these dear loved friends, I saw the first trees fallen on their farms. (Now) avenues and streets intersecting each other, which I drove through, losing all recollection of the different places that were as natural to me as my own—they tell me are what I have so often passed in going from one friend's house to another! It is

absolutely magic. I could not have imagined that the cutting down trees and rearing a few houses (for as yet there are but few in the city) could so totally have metamorphosed this charming spot. It certainly has great advantages in situation, and must be a great city. Still, I am of opinion, that in point of prospect, it must yield to Richmond, which doubtless affords as fine a view as any in the world. Nevertheless, you know I have never been very partial to Richmond, and but for you and some other very dear friends I should be well content to have my residence any where else. But it is my destiny to be fixed there, and you may soon expect me at home—perhaps by the last of the month. Having missed the Post, I continue to scribble, and am well pleased that my letter was not ready, as I have much to say. I am really delighted that our first visit here was shortened, so that we are at liberty to finish it at a time, when our presence is of more consequence to this amiable family than it would have been before. It is really an enjoyment to be here and witness the tranquil happiness that reigns throughout the house; except now and then the bustle occasioned by the young squire Custis, when he returns from hunting; bringing in a “Valiant Deer,” as he terms it, “that Grandpa and the Colonel will devour.” Nice venison, I assure you it is; and my taste in seasoning all the stew is not passed unnoticed, while the whole party, I will not say “devour” it, but do it ample justice. My mornings are spent charmingly; alternately in the different chambers. First, an hour after breakfast with the lady in the *straws*; dressing the pretty little stranger, who is the delight of the Grandmama. Then we repair to the old lady’s room, which is precisely in the style of our good old aunt’s; that is to say, nicely fixed for all sorts of work. On one side sits the chamber maid with her knitting; on the other, a little colored *pet* learning to sew. An old decent woman, with her table and shears, cutting out the negroes’ winter clothes; while the good old lady directs them all, incessantly knitting herself. She points out to me several pair of nice colored stockings and gloves she had just finished, and presents me with a pair half done which she begs I will finish and wear for her sake. Her *netting*, too is a great source of amusement, and is so neatly done that all the younger part of the family are proud of trimming their dresses with it, and have furnished me with a whole suit, so that I will appear a la domestique at the first party we have when I get home. It is wonderful, after a life spent as these good people have necessarily spent theirs, to see them in retirement assume those domestic habits that prevail in our country, when but a few years since they were forced to forego all those innocent delights, which are so congenial to their years and tastes to sacrifice to the parade of the drawing-room and the *levée*. The recollection of these “lost” days, as Mrs. Washington calls them, seems to fill her with regret; but the extensive knowledge, she has

gained in this general intercourse with no company here, but are with persons from all parts of the world, has made her a most interesting companion. Having a vastly retentive memory, she presents an entire history of half a century. The weather is too wintry to enjoy out-door scenes, but as far as I can judge, in a view from the windows, the little painting we have seen that hangs up in my friend Mrs. Wood's drawing-room, furnishes a good specimen. Every thing within doors is neat and elegant, but nothing remarkable, except the paintings of different artists which have been sent as specimens of their talents. I think there are *five* portraits of the General; some done in Europe and some in America, that do honor to the painter. There are other specimens of the fine arts from various parts of the world that are admirably executed and furnish pleasant conversation.— Besides these, there is a complete Green House, which, at this season, is a great source of pleasure. Plants from every part of the world seem to flourish in this neatly furnished apartment. From the arrangement of the whole, I conclude that it is managed by a skillful hand; but whose, I cannot tell. Neither the General nor Mrs. W. seem more interested in it than the visitors. We have met

told that scarcely a week passes without some, and often more than is convenient or agreeable. These transient persons that call from curiosity are treated with civility, but never interfere with order of the house or the General's disposition of time, which is as regular as when at the head of the army or in the President's chair. Even friends, who make a point of visiting him, are left much to themselves, indeed scarcely see him from breakfast to dinner, unless he engages them in a ride, which is very agreeable to him. But from dinner till ten, our time is most charmingly spent. Indeed, one evening the General was so facetious, and drew my husband out into so many old stories, relating to several campaigns where they had been much together, and had so many inquiries to make respecting their mutual friends—particularly, Kosciusko and Pulaski, who have always corresponded with Col. Carrington, and whose characters afforded great interest, that it was long after twelve before we separated. By the by, I will shew you some of these letters on my return, for I know you will find great pleasure in reading them.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

ONE of the most unmistakable tendencies of modern civilization is that of mankind to congregate in large cities.

To see this we have but to look around us. The rural population of England and France is stationary, and in some parts even decreasing, while that of the great cities is increasing in a progressive ratio. The additional numbers shown by each decennial census in those two countries, are to be assigned to very few localities.

As England and France are conceded to lead the van in modern progress, we may take theirs as the normal condition to which that progress tends, and it is our conviction that, eventually, the rural population of every civilized country will consist of just the number requisite to produce subsistence for the towns, and to meet the demands of commerce; while the great bulk of the human race will be crowded into a few vast metropolises.

Gravitation in our times has assumed the functions of a social, as well as physical law, and the gregarious instincts of man are acuminated and developed by what appears to be the law of necessity. The very genius of our Civilization is the merging of the individual into the mass, the tightening of the rein of society as a whole, over its component parts.

In proportion as man singly is weak will be his desire to secure protection by congregation. It is

this tendency to herd together which first made manufactures possible and then necessary, and now manufactures draw population like a magnet. They act and react on each other until it is difficult to distinguish the cause from the effect.

The altogether exceptional circumstances, which exist in the United States render it impossible that they should, for many years to come, arrive at the condition which we have remarked in France and England.

Thousands of square miles of the most fertile land in the world woo mankind to agriculture, and territory, which would furnish comfortable homes for half the human race, yet remains to be reclaimed.

But, so sure as years roll on, the time will come when that condition will be arrived at, for every tendency is in that direction.

This being the case, it must be a matter of profound interest to every American to know what cities on our continent are destined to become the great foci of population, and consequently of wealth.

Dr. Scott, of Toledo, Ohio, in a recent ingenious work on "The future Great City of the World," wavers between his own city and Chicago, but is convinced that one of these two is the destined Yeddo.

In support of his opinion, he quotes the oft-used words of Bishop Berkeley: "Westward the Star

of Empire takes its way, Toledo, Time's noblest Empire is his last." We think that a glance at the map, and observation of the tendency of trade, which, after all, is the secret of population, must furnish very strong grounds for differing with the Toledo prophet. There can be but little doubt that in the natural course of events the struggle for primacy lies between New York and San Francisco, with many advantages on the side of New York. But between these two lies the great valley of the Mississippi, where the Father of Waters drains a continent teeming with vegetable and mineral wealth. Here must rise a city, as the counterpart and distributor of this great wealth, and which, when the Territories claim their places in the constellation of States, is destined to be the seat of empire.

The contest for this proud position has been, and will be, between Chicago and St. Louis. Of the former city, we have spoken in a previous article. We have shown its enterprise, its wealth, its ambition, and the many obstacles which it has overcome.— It remains now to examine the claims of the latter.

St. Louis is situated on the Mississippi River eighteen miles below its confluence with the Missouri, and one hundred and eighty above the mouth of the Ohio. The city occupies two terraces along the river, rising above the flood 20 and 60 feet respectively and has a river front of seven miles.

In the summer of 1763, Pierre Laclede Ligest, a Frenchman,

left New Orleans for the purpose of establishing, at the mouth of the Missouri, a depot for the trade in furs which was already assuming respectable proportions. Arriving in December of that year, he selected the fine bend of the Mississippi which forms the site of the present city, and marking the spot by blazing the trees, returned to his winter quarters, a short distance below, to await an auspicious season for commencing the projected settlement. On the 15th of February, 1764, Ligest landed with about thirty young trappers and proceeded at once to the erection of sheds and temporary cabins. This was the birth-day of St. Louis. In the course of the year, many other adventurers arrived, and the growth of the city since then, though slow, has been steady and unwavering.

Unlike her feverish sister, Chicago, which has sprung up, as if evoked by the spell of Prospero, within the memory of men who are yet young, St. Louis has expanded quietly and almost unnoticed into the splendid metropolis, it is at present. Her own inhabitants are surprised, so little noise has she made, to find themselves thrust all at once into celebrity, and their city prospectively settled upon as the future centre of Civilization in this Western Hemisphere. They went to sleep one night, calmly thankful for their peaceful and tranquil prosperity, and awoke next morning to find themselves in thundering competition, with their restless and ambitious neighbor. But they have proved equal to the

crisis, and if the Chicagoans are fairly tremulous with excess of steam, the cool and cautious, but energetic and tenacious Missourian of to-day, contains within himself all the elements of success. The man, who goes from Chicago to St. Louis, is rather disappointed at the apparent lethargy which prevails, and, as has been too often done, draws a comparison between the two cities unfavorable to the latter, but if he goes down into those streets which line the river, or looks into the faces of the merchants who compose the Board of Trade, he will find that practical intelligence and sturdy energy, which will bring St. Louis triumphantly through the contest with her brilliant rival. The springs of action here are like subterranean forces, hidden, but of wondrous potency. But of this more anon, we must not, in the splendor of the present, ignore the day of small things.

Liguest, like William Penn, at Philadelphia, had a prophetic confidence in the future greatness of the city, whose foundation he was laying a century ago with a few upright poles. He proceeded at once to the conciliation of the contiguous Indian tribes, which the volatile and malleable French seldom found any difficulty in doing.

Having no objection to taking a squaw, and if necessary half a dozen, the Frenchman, unlike the stern Anglo-Saxon, never failed to affiliate with the Aborigines of our continent, whenever he came in contact with them.

While yet consisting of a few

log huts, St. Louis was surveyed and laid out very much after the plan of the present city.

Main-street was first called La Rue Royale and afterward, Rue Principale. Chestnut-street was called La Rue Des Granges, and what is now plain Centre Square, glittered under the pretentious name of La Place d'Armes; for St. Louis has gone through many vicissitudes, and has more than any other city, on this continent, been affected by the ebb and flow of European politics.

First settled and ruled by the French, whence its name, it was ceded by Louis XV. to Spain, and for the next thirty years was dominated by that haughty and bigoted power. Wealth and numbers increased slowly, until in 1804 the territory of Louisiana was purchased by the United States, and for the first time the sturdy English element which has made St. Louis what it is, was introduced into the population. Still, progress was very gradual and it was not until the great impetus given to emigration in 1833, which led to the settlement of Chicago, that St. Louis began its prodigious strides, so that the relative progress of the two cities has been more nearly equal than is generally supposed. The subjoined table shows the population of St. Louis, at different periods:

1763	-	-	-	-	30
1764	-	-	-	-	120
1780	-	-	-	-	687
1785	-	-	-	-	897
1788	-	-	-	-	1,197
1799	-	-	-	-	925
1811	-	-	-	-	1,400
1820	-	-	-	-	4,928

1828	-	-	-	-	5,000
1830	-	-	-	-	5,852
1833	-	-	-	-	6,397
1835	-	-	-	-	8,316
1837	-	-	-	-	12,040
1840	-	-	-	-	16,469
1844	-	-	-	-	34,140
1850	-	-	-	-	74,439
1852	-	-	-	-	94,000
1856	-	-	-	-	125,200
1859	-	-	-	-	185,587
1866	-	-	-	-	204,327
1867	-	-	-	-	220,000
1868	(estimated)				250,000

It will be seen from the above statistics that since 1833, when the wondrous fertility of the Great American Desert began to attract the attention of emigrants, the population has trebled about every ten years. Even the disastrous four years' war scarcely impeded its growth.

The first marriage in St. Louis occurred on April 30th, 1766.— There are more divorces during a single year now than the whole number of inhabitants at that time.

The first city charter was granted in 1822. A voyage to New Orleans and back then required ten months for its accomplishment; now, so rapid have been the strides of "civilization," that in 1866 seven steamboats were exploded, twenty-two were burnt, forty-nine were sunk and lost, twelve were sunk and raised, twenty-nine barges were sunk: and the expenses of the finest steamers which swarm along the wharves, are about one thousand dollars per day.

The year 1815 saw the first steamboat ascend the Mississippi to St. Louis, but though the in-

creased facilities ran the population up from 1,400 to 4,928 in five years, the effect was not such as was generally expected.

Progress is always very gradual in a new country, unless some exceptional impetus is given to immigration, and notwithstanding its position as the entrepot of the great Mississippi Valley, and the gate of the illimitable prairies of the West, the city rose but slowly.

In 1842, Charles Dickens visited St. Louis and thus describes its appearance at that time:

"In the old French portion of the town, the thoroughfares are narrow and crooked, and some of the houses are very quaint and picturesque, being built of wood, with tumble-down galleries before the windows, approachable by stairs, or rather ladders, from the street. There are queer little barbers' shops and drinking houses too, in this quarter; and abundance of crazy old tenements with blinking casements, such as may be seen in Flanders. Some of these ancient habitations, with high garret gable-windows perking into the roofs, have a kind of French shrug about them; and, being lop-sided with age, appear to hold their heads askew, besides, as if they were grimacing in astonishment at the American improvements.

It is hardly necessary to say, that these consist of wharves and warehouses, and new buildings in all directions; and of a great many vast plans which are still "progressing." Already, however, some very good houses, broad streets, and marble-fronted shops have gone so far ahead as to be in a state of completion; and the town bids fair in a few years to improve considerably, though it is not likely ever to vie, in

point of elegance or beauty, with Cincinnati.”

Since Mr. Dickens wrote, those “vast plans” have continued “progressing” until they have developed into a metropolis as solid, as elegant, and more beautiful than Cincinnati. Those marble-fronted stores and fine dwellings have extended along the river for miles, and the march onward is going on steadily year by year. The click of the hammer and the grating of the spade is heard in every direction, and deep down in the bowels of those two plateaus are being laid the foundation stones of one of the most majestic cities the world ever saw.

Here rises the roof of a depot a quarter of a mile long, and here, again, the towering spire of some magnificent cathedral lifts the golden cross far up towards Heaven, while out toward the setting sun, St. Louis extends her ever-lengthening arm to the city of San Francisco.

The traveler, who approaches St. Louis, is astonished to find himself shot without premonition right into East St. Louis on the opposite bank of the river. All the railways now converge and terminate here, but a bridge will soon be completed, which will send the trains thundering through the town.

As we tumble out of the car, we find ourself on the top of a paved Levee, which, with a similar one on the opposite shore, dips at the angle of forty-five degrees down to the very verge of a turbulent and rather insignificant looking stream. This stream our reason flatly refuses to recognize

as the great Father of Waters which we had always pictured to ourself as a kind of Atlantic Ocean flowing between banks indefinitely distant from each other; but we feel rather mollified when told that the river rises sometimes “up to where you are now standing, boss!” We are here transported across to the city by clumsy ferry-boats, which have a striking resemblance to a huge turtle with a stove-pipe stuck in its back. The river is very rapid, and the engine is only used to prevent the boat being carried down stream, while we swing slowly across in obedience, probably, to the laws of gravitation.

In getting to the boats, we descend the precipitous Levee in an omnibus, and we come to the conclusion that no sane man would have the temerity to attempt the descent a second time, unless he had a wife and a Life Insurance policy.

The only sensation during the transit is that peculiar heart-in-the-mouth feeling, with which, in childhood, we used to look upon that wonderful historic picture in Peter Parley, yclept, “Hannibal crossing the Alps,” and a sentiment of deadly animosity toward the fat gentleman opposite.

It is these steep Levees and the variable level of the river which excites the joyful derision of Chicago when one intimates the possibility of St. Louis competing with her as a grain Emporium. For many years, St. Louis desponded, and thought that an Elevator on the banks of the Mississippi, was really an impossibility, but the difficulty has been

overcome by the simple expedient of lengthening the huge spout when the river is low, and shortening it when the river is high.

Great facilities for the shipment of grain have been made within the past eleven months, and there is now one Elevator which will hold 700,000 bushels and another holding 200,000.

A Mr. Higbee is also constructing an immense one, for the transshipment of grain to New York. The grain will be blown by fans and cooled that it may not be stored in a heated state. A barge line exists in which one steamer can draw barges containing 200,000 bushels of wheat and 40,000 barrels of flour. Let Chicago look to her laurels, especially as it will presently be shown that shipments can be made from St. Louis to New York in a shorter time and at a smaller cost than from Chicago, and time and cost are the two factors which determine the tendency of trade.

St. Louis, as seen from the deck of the ferry-boat, looks like a confused mass of houses and chimneys with an impenetrable chevaux-de-frise of steamers extending around the periphery of a vast semi-circle. Huge factory flues belch forth incessant clouds of smoke which envelop the city in a murky drapery, day and night, and magnificent blocks of stores extend down to the very Levee,—too near in fact for safety. Every ten or fifteen years, the swollen Mississippi inundates the lower floors. The public buildings are solid and elegant, as is the whole city. A quiet, settled, Phila-

delphian atmosphere pervades the place.

The Mercantile Library is a very fine edifice, and contains about 30,000 volumes. In its Reading Room is the best collection of Miss Harriet Hosmer's statues extant, of which the citizens are very proud. This Library is one of the most potent educational influences in St. Louis, and in taste and elegance is unequaled by anything of a similar kind in any Eastern city.

The churches are about one hundred in number. The finest are the Roman Catholic Cathedral and the church of St. George, (Episcopal,) both monuments of architecture of which any city might be proud.

The Southern Hotel, recently erected, is the most superb in the United States, and is said to be unsurpassed in the world. The facade of yellow magnesian limestone, 270 feet in length, is very imposing; but it is the interior decorations which give it the palm of superiority. The furniture is of the very best description throughout the house, and the magnificent suite of six parlors is not surpassed by any in Europe. 17,000 yards of carpeting were used on the floors of this Hotel, 1,400 gas burners convert night into day, and the total cost may be put down in round numbers at \$1,250,000. Verily, St. Louis is a paradise for travelers.

The Roman Catholic, introduced by the early French settlers, is still the principal religion. Fully one half the population is Roman Catholic, and the property of the church amounts to upward

of fifteen millions of dollars.— Many of the best educational institutions are conducted by them, and one-third of the children who attend are of Protestant parents. And it is due to them to say that their influence is eminently beneficial—those, who are in the habit of traducing the Catholics as social corrupters, would do well to visit St. Louis.

If, as De Tocqueville predicts, Roman Catholicism is to be the religion of the future, its reign will be, and deserves to be inaugurated at St. Louis. The proportion of the foreign element in the population, the percentage being greater than in any other city in the Union (59.76) may in some measure account for this preponderance, but Romanism is on the increase, and this fact with its possible results deserves the thoughtful attention of Protestants.

The ravages caused by the War have rapidly disappeared, and St. Louis does a larger trade now than at any period of her existence. Her merchants are sanguine and energetic, and are steadily pressing her claims. The following table shows the quantity of corn alone received and disposed of during the past few years:

1860	4,200,000	Bushels
1863	1,500,000	“
1865	3,000,000	“
1866	9,233,671	“
1867	much larger (no figures.)	

This looks like progress, but the end is not yet.

And now that we have looked at St. Louis, past and present, let us conjure up the St. Louis of

the future. We see her the seat of Empire, and of Civilization on this continent—the imperial metropolis of the West—the great grain emporium of the world. We see her distributing the produce of millions of acres, and reaping therefrom a golden harvest. But let us give a reason for the faith that is in us.

St. Louis is in the very heart of the continent, 1,060 miles from New York and 2,300 from San Francisco. Beyond the western banks of the Mississippi and Missouri are more than two millions of square miles of the American Union. In less than half that area, east of the Mississippi, in 1860, were more than twenty-seven millions of people. If we should divide the whole human race into families of five, this territory would give to each family a farm of about four acres. The Territories which are now being traversed by the Pacific Railroad, have already given us over twelve hundred millions of dollars in the precious metals, and are yielding seventy-eight millions annually.

And St. Louis is the natural entrepot of all this vast area destined to contain 300,000,000 of inhabitants, and all this fabulous wealth. Through her it must be distributed to the world. The navigable tributaries of the Mississippi and Missouri, eleven thousand miles in length, drain a valley of twelve hundred thousand square miles, more fertile than any other on the Continent. And St. Louis is the very key to both these rivers.

All the way-freight of the Pacific Railway and the scores of

branch roads, which will ultimately radiate from it, will come here for shipment, and this is already no small source of revenue. The canals, which Chicago will speedily create, will open to St. Louis also the Lake route to New York.

In fact everything seems to point to it as the distributing centre of the continent, and when the great Railway is completed and the Territories have all become States the Capitol cannot long refuse to recognize its natural seat.

The mind falters in attempting to grasp the import of figures such as these. Mathematics, when carried beyond our practical experience, becomes the most mysterious of the Sciences.

But let us see what St. Louis would be were it the metropolis of the State of Missouri only. In this connection, we quote from a very able sketch of St. Louis by Mr. James Parton:

"Has the reader ever taken the trouble to observe what a remarkable piece of this earth's surface the State of Missouri is? Surface, indeed! We beg pardon; Missouri goes far enough under the surface to furnish mankind with one hundred million tons of coal a year for thirteen hundred years! Think of 26,887 square miles of coalbeds,—nearly half the State—and some of the beds fifteen feet thick. With regard to iron, it is not necessary to penetrate the surface for that. They have iron in Missouri by the mountain.—Pilot Knob, 581 feet high, and containing 360 acres, is a mass of iron; and Iron Mountain, six miles distant from it, is 228 feet high, covers 500 acres, and contains 230,000,000 tons of ore, without counting the inexhaustible supply that may reasonably

be supposed to exist below the level. There is enough iron lying about loose in that region for a double track of railroad across the continent. The lead districts of Missouri include more than 6,000 square miles, and at least five hundred "points" where it is known that lead can be profitably worked. In fifteen counties there is copper, and in seven of these counties there is copper enough to pay for working the mines. There are large deposits of zinc in the State.—There is gold, also, which does not yet attract much attention because of the dazzling stores of the precious metal farther west. In short, within one hundred miles of St. Louis, the following metals and minerals are found in quantities that will repay working: gold, iron, lead, zinc, copper, tin, silver, platina, nickel, emery, cobalt, coal, limestone, granite, pipe-clay, fire-clay, marble, metallic paints, and salt. The State contains forty-five million acres of land. Eight millions of these acres have the rich soil that is peculiarly suited to the raising of hemp. There are five millions of acres among the best in the world for the grape. Twenty million acres are good farming lands, adapted to the ordinary crops of the Northern farmer. Two millions of acres are mining lands. Unlike some of the prairie States, Missouri possesses a sufficiency of timber land, and most of her prairies are of the rolling variety."

As we have before remarked, time and cost are the sole factors which determine the tendency of trade, and in this respect St. Louis has the advantage of her rival.

Col. Coloney, commercial editor of the Missouri Democrat, in a recent speech before the New York Produce Exchange said:

“ St. Louis lies at the confluence of the two mightiest streams on the North American continent, and can easily transport her produce down the Mississippi to New Orleans and thence to New York by sea, or by means of the canals and the great lakes. Bulk need be broken but once on each route, at New Orleans and at Buffalo. Produce from Chicago requires twenty-eight days for transportation to New York, from St. Louis only sixteen. The expense from Chicago is 28 cents a bushel for freight, from St. Louis only 22 cents.”

We have said nothing of the social characteristics of the inhabitants. What they are now, may be inferred from the general tenor of the article, but in a city where population is trebled every decade by immigration from without, social land-marks rapidly disappear, and progress obliterates custom. As everywhere throughout the West, an easy, graceful and cordial hospitality is extended to every stranger.

The South must ever feel an interest in the progress of St. Louis, for she is essentially a Southern City. Her fortunes and misfortunes have been one with her sister cities, and together they must tread the paths of Destiny. New Orleans, particularly, must grow with her growth, and be-

come rich with her traffic, and the two must form a commercial alliance on the Mississippi, their common highway.

A railroad on the right bank of the Mississippi which shall connect the two cities is projected, and the stock company is already formed.

At the time of organization, a few weeks since, it was resolved to commence operations at once, and it is probable that a portion of the road will be opened during the coming year.

This enterprise must have a powerful influence upon the prosperity of the whole Mississippi Valley, but more particularly will it redound to the benefit of the two territorial cities.

In thus investigating the respective claims of Chicago and St. Louis, we hope we have done justice to both.

Whatever may be the correctness of our conclusions, they are the results of study and conviction.

We admire Chicago. We honor her for her energy and her enterprise, and we marvel at her success, but as we forecast the future, the eye turns with a prophetic inspiration to the City of Magnificent Possibilities.

BEAST BUTLER DEFENDED.

THERE is implanted in man's heart a strong tendency to seek atonement for sin, by the sacrifice of some vicarious victim. This has manifested itself in all ages, and every condition of society. Faith in the vicarious expiation of human guilt was the foundation of all Jewish and heathen sacrifices. We have no doubt that this instinct of our race was typically prophetic of the central doctrine of Christianity, the profoundest of all truths, the necessity of the suffering of the innocent for the guilty; and therefore, the lamb, the emblem of innocence, was the most frequent victim.

The Jewish rites abound in typical and prophetic illustrations of this vicarious bearing of the burden of sin. One of the most curious is that of which we find an account in the 16th chapter of Leviticus. "And Aaron shall lay both his hands on the head of the live goat, and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions in all their sins; and shall send him away by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness; and the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities into a land not inhabited; and he shall let go the goat in the wilderness."

Although this ceremony is obsolete, yet the spirit of it exists as strongly as ever; and the term scape-goat has become proverbial in the English, and we believe, in

many other languages. While humanity remains the same, neither the thing nor the name can pass away. But they can be perverted; for man has no where shown more ingenuity than in perverting the ordinances of God. That which was designed to recall men's sins to their remembrance, is perverted into the relief of their consciences by seeking out some notorious offender—accumulating on his head the sins of the multitude, and blackening him until they seem immaculate by contrast.

We see this every where in society. Certain sins become prevalent, and even fashionable.—Gaming, dueling, drunkenness, conjugal infidelity, luxurious epicurism, boundless extravagance, wild speculations, or commercial frauds, are tolerated and overlooked, until they sap the foundations of private morals and social order. Then the popular conscience and indignation are aroused, some noted offender is selected out of the crowd, gibbeted by public opinion, held up to universal abhorrence—thus affording an expiatory sacrifice to the infinite relief of the consciences of the community embracing a host of less notorious offenders. Every age, country, and vice afford examples of these moral scape-goats—whose names have become by-words for particular forms of iniquity. But the community is often never

further from repentance and reformation than when loudest in its denunciation of guilt.

Perhaps, the most remarkable example of a moral scape-goat for the sins of a whole people, is to be found in our own day, and our own land. But a less innocent beast has been selected than the veritable scape-goat of the Hebrews of old. If we may believe a multitude of paragraphs in Northern journals, numerous caricatures in Northern print-shops, the frequent denunciations of Northern orators, and repeated demonstrations of the Northern mob—there is at this day, at the North, a certain B. F. Butler who, when put at the head of a United States army, distinguished himself by a series of exploits, which won him world-wide renown. It is true that he won no battles, took no cities, shook no fortresses into ruins. He signally failed in all these attempts, or rather left these preliminary tasks to other hands. But when rebel regions were occupied and placed under his jurisdiction, he expended his energies in operations that came home to the tables, sideboards and strong boxes of the rebel population. He knew that money is the sinew of war; and these wretches having waged parricidal war against a parental government, or suffered their neighbors to wage it—he proceeded quietly to cut the sinews of war, by stripping them of their money, and all the equivalents of money, as plate, cotton, and other marketable commodities, by way of at once punishing the crime, and preventing its repetition. He

thought this the best way to pacify rebellion.

Having an organizing mind—he established a complete, but secret bureau for the administration of the spoils—and by judicious regulations, stringent oaths, and inquisitorial searches to prevent unlawful trade with the rebels, and the concealment and removal of rebel property—he collected a heavy toll on all movables, infected with the taint or suspicion of disloyalty. Much of this was done so quietly that the results of his operations were rather felt than seen. He, doubtless, greatly weakened the rebels, for nothing is weaker than an empty purse. But when one scale of the balance goes up, the other comes down; the purses of the loyal agents employed in thus weakening the enemy became heavier every day; and Butler's own became so plethoric, that with all his art, he could not conceal its monstrous bulk. Notwithstanding the compactness he tried to give to his acquisitions, they can only be paralleled by those of Junot, one of Napoleon's *robber* marshals, for some few of his marshals were not robbers. When Junot entered Portugal, one mule carried all his baggage; but after his capitulation, under the convention of Cintra, with the blundering English—he had the impudence to demand five ships to remove his own personal effects—the proceeds of the indiscriminate plunder of churches, convents, palaces and private houses, in some of which he had been entertained as an invited guest.

But professing to love justice even to the extent of giving the Devil his due—and having yet a little remnant of chivalry left in us, we cannot stand by and see one man beset by a multitude. We feel compelled to take up the cudgels for Butler, and defend his character on one point. However grasping he may have been, and however skillful and successful in making up his pile, and in concealing its value from public view; in which he was much aided by his predilection for plate, jewelry, and such articles as combine great value with small bulk; he does not appear to have covered and concealed his thefts by wanton destruction of property.—With all his contempt for proprietary rights, the same high appreciation of the value of property, which made him carry off all that was portable, led him to leave, uninjured, what he could not carry off. We know of no instance of his following the established practice, more rigidly observed than many of the Yankee army regulations, of burning the house in order to conceal the stealing of the spoons.

In truth, much of this out-cry against Butler, which echoes through the North, springs from envy of his earnest skill and success in a field of operations, in which he had a multitude of rivals; not a few of whom, wishing to turn attention from themselves, join in the cry of "stop thief." They run after Butler shouting, 'stolen spoons!' with the silver forks, which they have stolen, still rattling in their pockets.

We suppose that there were officers and privates in the Yankee army who neither robbed nor stole; but any such must have been marvelously out of countenance at the company, they found themselves among.

To unmask the hypocrisy of this pretended horror at the unscrupulous appropriation of other men's goods, we have only to look back upon the history of Northern dealings with the South. The whole aim of Yankee policy for fifty years, to go back no further, has been to pervert the common government into a machine for extracting profit out of the South for the benefit of the Northern people, by unjust tariffs, partial bounties, extravagant government expenditures, laid out at the North, filling the pockets of Northern men with the proceeds of Southern labor.

In the progress of Abolition fanaticism, the North became divided into two parties. With one, fanaticism predominated over greed—with the other, greed outweighed fanaticism. When the aggressions and outrages of the more fanatic party drove the South into secession—what was the universal out-cry in the Northern cities? "What will become of our revenue? What will become of our trade and manufactures? How can we do without *our* cotton crop?" They valued the Southern States as tributaries, and looked upon the cotton crop as substantially their own. If the South had had no cotton; had it been too poor to be worth plundering, the experiment of preserving this glorious Union

by arms would have been too much for their patriotism.

When the cotton growing States first seceded—alarm at the prospect of losing their rich fields of plunder raised up a mighty party at the North—zealous in defence of the rights of the States and of the South. This peace and justice party was loud in its protests upon the unconstitutional outrages of their fanatic opponents. The North seemed on the eve of civil war. But the spirit that moved the peace party was too false and hollow to originate a great popular impulse; and that party fail at once to modify and control the policy of the Federal government, and to beguile the South into reliance on their pledges of justice and the restitution of its rights.

And now they betrayed that their consciences lay in their pockets. When they found that they could not induce the Southern States to stay in the Union to be robbed, they put themselves promptly and foremost in the ranks of the war party, to rescue by arms and conquest, what they could no longer enjoy through the perverted administration of the government. Right or wrong, by guile or by force, they must enjoy the plunder of the South. On that alone was based their devotion to the Union; and the great constitutional, States rights, peace loving party of the North dwindled away to a remnant, 'a seven thousand, who would not bow the knee to Baal'—who, for maintaining their principles were locked up in Fort La Fayette and other Northern Bastiles or escap-

ed that fate by the skin of their teeth.

Notwithstanding the abhorrence of negro slavery professed at the North, the great bulk of the people there were quite willing to tolerate and even maintain it in the South, as long as they were permitted to reap the chief fruits of this enforced industry. All the acts and declarations of the government and people in the earlier part of the war prove this.—It was not until they began to fear failure in their efforts at conquest that they resolved at heart to ruin the South, and added abolition to devastation as a means of success.

The people of the North sought a peaceful union with the South for the purpose of plundering it. Plunder was the motive that urged them to war. Plunder was the reward that they held out to their Irish and German mercenaries, who formed the strength of their armies, to induce them to crowd into its ranks. A small farm in Virginia, or a larger one further South—or the plunder of a rich planter's mansion—such were the bribes the recruiting officers promised in addition to the bounty money. From the beginning to the end of the war, throughout the length and breadth of the land—the hope of plunder was the spur which stimulated the enterprises of the government and the efforts of its vast armaments by land and sea. The North not only overrated the value of the cotton crop as the South itself had done, but it looked upon the annual produce of the South as a certain natural re-

sult. It endeavored to seize by force what it could no longer control by policy and craft; after a desperate struggle it grasped the shadow, but the substance and wealth of the South had vanished forever.

The attempt to concentrate upon Butler the peculiar odium of making war a cloak for robbery, becomes ridiculous when we remember how prominent a motive the seizure of the cotton crop was in both the military and the naval enterprises of the Northern government; how the hope of appropriating a share of this harvest, and other spoils, stimulated Yankee patriotism by land and sea.— When they had penetrated to the cotton regions of the South and West, many generals were far busier seizing cotton than fighting rebels, many quartermasters more intent on shipping cotton to the North than on transporting military supplies for the troops.— Surgeons availed themselves of ambulances, hospital wagons and hospital teamsters for the conveyance of the good things that fell in their way, and the smaller knaves followed the example of their superiors in losing no opportunity of filling their pockets.

Butler had the decency to try and conceal his peculations: and others strove by the smoke and fire of their devastations, at least partially to cover their plundering operations; but many openly displayed their spoils. The Yankee is so imbued with the conviction that acquisitiveness is the first of virtues, that he is often quite unconscious of the dishonor of possessing stolen goods. Plate, books,

jewelry, paintings, even pianos and furniture are openly displayed in thousands of Northern homes, as spoils brought from the South. Perhaps there is no Southern man, who need go beyond his own experience, and that of his kinsmen, to find striking examples of the unblushing cupidity of the soldier robbers, who overran his country.

We will give a sample or two of their achievements. One of our kinsmen had his plantation harried, his house and barns plundered and burned, and his negroes carried off. He would have been completely ruined but for some property preserved at the North; and after the war he went to New York. His wife attended divine service at Grace Church, and while kneeling near the altar to receive the communion, when the lady next her extended her hand to take the chalice, her attention was attracted by seeing on her wrist a bracelet with the miniature of her own father.— Turning to observe her devout neighbor more closely, she discovered that she wore a dress and shawl, which, like the bracelet, had been taken from the house which had been plundered and burnt. We are afraid our kinswoman's Christian emotions were somewhat disturbed by this discovery. She kept her eyes on the lady, and before leaving the church, ascertained from the sexton who she was, and where she lived. The next day, she called on the devout and fashionable lady, was received, and at once related her business: "Yesterday, you wore a bracelet with

a miniature of my father—and a dress and shawl of mine, and now have on another dress of mine—all taken from my house on A—river in South Carolina. What else of mine you have I know not; but I set a peculiar value on that bracelet with the likeness of my dead father. If you will give it up, I will not disturb you in the possession of the rest.”

The devout and fashionable lady, (the congregation of Grace Church are the cream of New York society,) gladly surrendered the bracelet, and with a lightened conscience kept the rest of the stolen goods.

A gentleman, with whom we were connected, had in his house on his plantation on W— river a well selected library that cost at least \$30,000. He died from the effects of fatigue and exposure in military service, and some months after that, some United States steamers penetrated into the river, and some of the officers visited this plantation. Content with the rich plunder they found there, they did not burn the house; for rich plunder sometimes mollified their hatred of rebellion. But they deliberately packed up the library, and shipped it to the North. They, however, preferred money to books. The quantity of plunder of all kinds carried to the North rendered theirs little salable there; and, inferring the wealth of the owner from the style of the mansion and its sumptuous furniture, at the end of the war they wrote to offer to return the books for a consideration. But in this, as in almost every other case, the wealth of the South had

perished, and the library was never ransomed.

Nothing aggravated the tempers of the patriotic champions of the Union so much as being disappointed of plunder. During Sherman's march through South Carolina, by a route still marked by the ashes and ruins of numberless mansions, one of our young kinsmen, less happy than others who fell in battle, retreating with the remnant of his corps before the enemy, died from the effects of fording swollen streams, and other exposures in mid-winter, and was buried in the yard of the Episcopal church at W—. Soon after this a detachment of Sherman's troops reached that place. Seeing a new made grave, they suspected buried treasure, and dug up the body. Provoked at this disappointment, they placed the body upright against a tree, and set fire to the church. While it was burning they taunted the dead Confederate, asking, “What do you think now of your fine church? What do you think of your glorious Confederacy?” and continued scoffing at the dead soldier and the burning church in the spirit of fiends.

It is on numberless such experiences in their own family circles that Southern men can look back. They were characteristic of the war and the victors. Nor can we see any excuse for putting Butler forward in solitary pre-eminence. Plunder was the motive that impelled the Northern hosts. Without it their ranks would have been thin indeed. It out-weighed patriotism, the spirit of military enterprise, and even

the cash bounties lavished upon the hundreds of thousands of Irish and German recruits. It was the ace of trumps, with which the recruiting sergent won bodies and the Devil won souls throughout the war. We will give an example to show how it worked.—The venerable Dr. B——, so well known as a naturalist and a Lutheran divine, spent much time in the hospitals, visiting friend and foe. The great flood of German recruits imported into the North were infidels, believing in neither God nor Devil; for both Luther and the Pope are at a sad discount in Germany. But there are some exceptions to this general unbelief. A German soldier was taken, desperately wounded, in one of the many fights around Charleston—and brought to a hospital. Seeing Dr. B—— active there, and learning who and what he was, he sent for him, and asked for absolution, according to the rites of the Lutheran Church. The venerable Doctor consoled with him, prayed for him, and inquired into the state of his heart. “You are a soldier,” he said, “a dangerous trade to the soul as well as the body—for a soldier is often tempted to unchristian acts. Have you done nothing which, as a dying man you would repent of, and undo if you could?” The soldier’s conscience seemed to trouble him little—yet, when questioned, he admitted that besides what he had done as a soldier under orders—he had turned the war to profit on his private account. He had assisted to plunder more than one house—eased more than one man of his

purse and his watch—and occasionally destroyed valuable property that he could not carry off. Picking up a few spoons here, some jewelry there, and other occasional prizes, he had had a merry and prosperous time. It was all rebel property—and lawful spoil. He had burned no houses, because he expected the houses and lands to be allotted to Union soldiers at the end of the war. “But I shall not live” he said with a sigh, “to get my share.”

Dr. B—— strove to convince him that even war did not license the plundering of private property—and that he, coming into a country of which he knew nothing, and waging war on a people whose very language was strange to him—might be mistaken in supposing that they had no right to the homes they had built, the goods they had acquired, and the lands they had inherited from their fathers. That he had better recognize the possibility of his being in error, perhaps criminal error, and appeal to the mercy of God. But the Doctor reasoned in vain. The soldier had been so well schooled in the dogma, that every man, woman, and child in the South was a rebel, and that rebels had no rights, that he would not tolerate any other supposition. “I did not send for you to talk about these matters,” he impudently exclaimed, “but to get absolution and the rites of the Church.”

“Without confession and repentance,” replied Dr. B——, “there can be no absolution, nor pardon for sin, and you will not

tolerate even a doubt whether a misinformed conscience may not have betrayed you into acts that may startle a dying man" and pressed by other calls, he reluctantly left him unabsolved.

The clergy of the Church of Rome are more chary of the secrets of the confessional, or they might lay open a multitude of similar and worse cases in the Irish, as well as the German wing of the grand army of the North.

"In the infancy of mankind," says a late English historian, "by the usages of war, the persons and property of the vanquished were at the disposal of the conquerors, and from the sack of cities and sale of captures, vast sums were obtained, which constituted the object and reward of such inhuman hostility. But, with the growth of opulence, and the extension of more humane ideas, their rigid usages have been universally softened among civilized nations. It is the disgrace of the leaders of the French revolution, amid all their declamation in favor of humanity, to have departed from these beneficial usages, and under the specious name of contributions, and making war support war, to have revived in the nineteenth century, the rapacious oppression of the ninth." The Yankees improved upon the French revolutionary laws of war. Rule or ruin was their motto—and no country overrun by France

ever was so completely ruined as the South.

We return to our scape-goat. If the object be to revive the ancient practice of expiatory sacrifice, and send forth a scape-goat into the wilderness burthened with the sins of a whole people, it is forgotten that the scape-goat was an innocent animal, and not, like Beast Butler, burthened with abundant sins of his own. If they select him as an exceptional instance of the uniform of the soldier, serving as a cloak to the robber, we appeal to the incidents of every campaign in every part of the South, in proof of the monstrous injustice done to Butler, in burdening him with the sins of a host, besides his own.

Whatever developments of the character of the conquerors may have resulted from this war, its issue exhibits in the people of the South, some eminent Christian features. To love your enemies and to do good to them that persecute you, are truly evangelical traits. Multitudes in the South have already not only forgiven but forgotten the rude experiences of the past, and exhibit a growing love to their Northern brethren, and a growing devotion to the parental government which they lately struggled to throw off. We infer this from their words and their acts. Their motives we must leave to the great Searcher of hearts.

PEN-FEATHER!

BY L. VIRGINIA FRENCH.

THAT was rather a pungent criticism of Haslitt,—“If you would see the greatness of human genius, read Shakspeare; if you would see the smallness of human learning, read his commentators.”

We might, perhaps, with some show of propriety, paraphrase this a little, and suggest that if you desire to see the greatness of human humbug, read the prospectuses of the mass of the periodicals at the present day,—if you wish to behold the smallness of the same humbug, read the periodicals themselves. But then—we *don't* say this: ah! no—on the contrary we have decided to “never mention it.” This much we do say, however, and are prepared to incur the expense of standing up to the opinion—that good literary material cannot, in these days, be procured until it is liberally paid for, and just so long as our periodicals, journals, &c., depend upon what is styled “voluntary contributions,” will they prove ridiculously inferior to the standard of their respective prospectuses. There is a reason for this—simple enough too. To experienced writers, the mere reputation of an author is nothing. They have seen themselves in print, and “got well of

it” long ago. The “noble thirst for fame” (?) has subsided with other juvenile spasmodics; the whooping-cough and “first love,” for instance. Their “insatiate rage” after a pen-feather popularity has simmered down. Some degree of rationality and common sense, now marks the spot where lie entombed all their “mad ambitions,” *et cætera, et cætera*, for newspaper notoriety. Such writers would, in all probability, make literature a profession, and by careful study and thorough cultivation, do credit to themselves and the beautiful “land we love,” could the days of miracles come again, and, among other marvels, literature be made a “*paying* institution.” As it is, however, literary labor, generally speaking, does *not* pay, and our periodicals, &c., are, for the most part, left to the tender mercies of the army of—Pen-feather. (Webster, I believe, writes it *pin*-feather, but I choose the “every day” pronunciation, as being more appropriate in this literary connection!)

Beleaguered editors are daily blockaded by the great unfledged, and hourly bombarded with “voluntary contributions.” “A few more peanuts!” cry the valiant

commanders, after the manner of Gen. Taylor desiring Capt Bragg to bestow "a little more grape." But—the army of Pen-feather means well. Each member has a "mad ambition" or two. Some indeed, have half a dozen, more or less. Having largely "eaten of the insane root which takes the reason prisoner," they hold themselves in readiness to get up "insatiate longings" of best material upon shortest notice. Their pet "ambitions" seem easy and natural enough, (to them.) Such, for example, as crowning themselves with immortality and the editor with everlasting fortune; making their favorite periodical THE leading star of the nation; regenerating society single-handed;—

"Keeping up the sun at night, in heaven—
And other possible ends."

And when, after all, the favored periodical goes down into the Dead Sea of utter failure who is to blame? Not the herculean hosts of Pen-feather, surely! Certainly not. Long live "voluntary contributions!"

"Pay as you go" is, undeniably, the true philosopher's stone, and applies to poets and preachers in as full force as to tradesmen and tailors. Take the dozens of periodicals, which have been from time to time established in the South, and failed:—was there a solitary instance in which this plain principle of right was not persistently ignored? Who heeded the divine law of "*quid pro quo*?" "Voluntary contributions" was the lee shore upon which they met the spectres,—

Wreck and Ruin. And yet, in the frowning face of this inexorable fact, other ventures are being made upon the same false basis. In a late letter, a brilliant woman writes:—"A new literary journal is announced in Richmond, 'The —.' I am not aware whether it expects its contributors to write for pastime, or for greenbacks. I fear much of the former and but little of the latter." What sly and saucy sarcasm in that suggestion of writing "for pastime!" Does anybody write for "pastime," or for "fame," (?) or because they "can't help it," (!) in these degenerate days of Demas, save and except the Impulsia Gushingtons of Pen-feather? If my friend's surmise be correct, it is not difficult to foretell the fate of the new journal. For a time the goodwill offerings of intellect and experience will sustain it—but such writers, though generous as well as gifted, cannot be expected to write for "pastime,"—they will drop off one by one;—the new periodical will be valorously besieged by the brigades of Pen-feather, and the verdict of next year will be,—"Brilliant with promise—but—died with 'voluntary contributions.'"

It is a portion of my religious belief, that we can have nothing in this world, (from our fellow-creatures,) which is worth possessing, unless, in some way, we *pay for it*. God is not one of us—He is "over all, blessed forever," and His dew and sunshine, like His great salvation, are ours "without money and without price." But, between man and

his fellow-man, remuneration is the rule. Compensation, here, is a divine law; and it is even the experience of worldly wisdom that "he who pays the best, wins the best." It seems rather odd, therefore, to see certain proprietors of magazines, journals, &c., stolidly ignoring both the divine law and the world's wisdom, and as stupidly hoping for,—nay, if you can bring yourself to believe their own declarations, insanely *expecting* success! In every journalistic enterprise, with which I have been connected as editor, I exhausted the resources of the English language in vain endeavors to persuade proprietors that "the laborer is worthy of his hire," and what is worth *printing*, (in a literary periodical,) *is worth paying for*. Failing in this, I resorted to a limited acquaintance with the "dead languages" to prove that the only true policy of a proprietor, is,—“pay as you go;” engage none but the best writers, and compensate them liberally. Invariably they—“couldn't afford it.”

“Could they ‘afford’—*to fail?*” was the next cheerful question, put forward with a countenance suggestive of *all* the languages, both dead and alive, that ever flourished at Babel. “Fail?” they “fail!” With benevolent eyes I was regarded as a promising candidate for the nearest Lunatic Asylum.

They “fail” indeed! The star of the great Unfledged was in the ascendant,—the flag of Pen-feather to the fore,—everybody was cramping violently with several “mad ambitions” after

immortality and the usual accompaniments;—“in the bright lexicon of youth there was no such word as *fail?*” &c., &c., “*et cætera* and so on.” *Vive la Impulsia Gushington!*

But—Pen-feather, cramps, “ambitions,” and general spasmodics to the contrary notwithstanding;—failure was *deserved*, and invariably it came. For, to all such, “come he slow, or come he fast” the fiat “Failure” comes at last.

It is to be presumed that I am a remarkable instance of original sin and total depravity,

“By my guardian angel quite given up”

to hardness of heart and irredeemable *savagerie*, for I confess to being possessed by a peculiarly pungent pleasure,—very wicked, and very enjoyable,—when I see such literary “enterprises” (?) go down one after another into the *deadest* sort of a Dead Sea; as they are sure to do, sooner or later. Being personally connected with them does not lessen my saucy satisfaction in the least. I like to believe, once in a while, that shams *cannot* be perpetual, that “right is right,” however wronged, and will (now and then,) assert itself as such! And then, it affords one such a charming opportunity of exclaiming to the advocates of Pen-feather and “voluntary contributions”—in a glow of virtuous triumph—“*I told you so!*” after the oracular manner of the ancient dame whose cow “swallowed the grindstone!”

COMPENSATION! what a pleasant ring the word hath—almost as soothing as “completely com-

fortable." The bards of old most probably had a realizing sense of the beauty of both words, for their compensation consisted in being made thoroughly comfortable. Aside from receiving for their minstrelsy, (like the Hibernian) their "atin' and slapin'," they were the recipients of untold quantities of honors and largesses,—were presented, on all occasions, with drinking-cups of silver, and "fair chains of gold" by the loveliest ladies in the land.—Divers and sundry of our modern bards, could, with such incentives as these, get up the requisite amount of inspiration for a laureate. If you don't believe it, "try it on" them for a season or two. Southern publishers, for the most part, have proceeded upon a different understanding of the bard's requirements. The idea with them, has been to utterly ignore all such vulgarities as bread, butter, and broad-cloth; to elevate the poet into a sort of hemi-demi-semi-angel, who is supposed to exist in some miraculous manner upon nectar and ambrosia, ("no bills") and to be as conveniently insensible to the requirements of Eve's "fig-leaves" as are the ethereal demoiselles of the Black Crook.

Our publishers' philosophy has been hitherto, a trifle too Platonic. I quote, as pertinent to this delicate subject a neat antithesis: as follows:

"The aim of the Platonic philosophy was to exalt man into a God; the aim of the Baconian philosophy was to provide man with what he requires while he continues to be man. The aim of

the Platonic philosophy was to raise us far above vulgar wants; the aim of the Baconian philosophy was to supply those vulgar wants. Plato drew a good bow: but, like Acastes in Virgil, he aimed at the stars, and therefore, though there was no want of strength or skill, the shot was thrown away. Bacon fixed his eye on a mark which was placed on the earth, and within bow-shot, and he hit it in the white."

Now—if I were a news-boy, or a tom-boy, or some other happily irresponsible being, with no dread of the awful "Proprieties" before my eyes, I should assuredly be tempted to shout—"Bully for Bacon!" As it is, I don't for a moment venture upon such freedom of expression, of course,—nevertheless I endorse his philosophy just as cordially as though I *had* said it—a couple of times. And, if it were at all admissible, I would respectfully suggest that Southern publishers study two or three of the rudiments of the Baconian philosophy. Goldsmith (possibly,) had the Platonic publisher and a crowd of Baconian poets in his "mind's eye" when he remarked,

*He went on refining
And thought of convincing—while they
thought of dining."*

This *expose* of a vulgar longing for the "flesh-pots of Egypt" may be humiliating to the devotees of Helicon, but is it not natural enough to beings whom Hamlet so aptly styles "this quintessence of dust?" The poet may as well acknowledge that he cannot live forever in the Andes of his intellect,—(even supposing him *always*

to be supplied with such an airy eyrie,) and the sooner his publisher acknowledges it also, the better it will be for both parties. If this subject still prove dark to the understanding of the latter, let him look at it from another point of view—self-interest. Let him learn somewhat from the experience of "*The Land We Love*,"—the only Southern periodical with which I am now acquainted which practices the Baconian system;—which uses the philosopher's stone "pay as you go,"—and for that reason the only one which is to-day an accredited and acknowledged SUCCESS!

It is frequently "thrown up" to those of us who are not dependent either upon Pen or Press for a subsistence, that we *ought*, as a matter of duty, to write "for the support of Southern literature." That string has been played upon until, to use an expressive vulgarity, it has literally "played out." It is a singular fact that we don't always do just what we "*ought*" to do. Many of us, indeed, have a proclivity for doing directly the reverse of what is laid upon us as our "bounden duty." When a publisher lays such duty upon us with a force as though he said, "The Philistines be upon thee," we are apt to rise like Samson of old to a sense of our independence, and his chains and green withes of obligations are indeed "esteemed as stubble." If he still persists, we might turn upon him with the taunt—"Where is that Southern literature which you urge us to support?" And this—when I come to think of it—reminds me

that several of us for "lo! these many years" have been on a perpetual "reconnaissance in force" after "Southern literature" (so-called,) and, to the best of our understanding and belief, we have never come up with it yet. Like the Kraken, the "Fool-killer," or the "Big Snake" of Tennessee, it is evidently a myth. We have gone forth to its "support" quite a number of times, and always come back about as well satisfied as Ixion after his celebrated love-scene with a cloud. Verily, "Southern literature," *per se*, is a miserably cloudy affair—of the mist, misty. Several of us have come to the very practical conclusion arrived at by an urchin, whose bump of the marvelous was at first greatly exercised in regard to the "late" Tennessee Serpent. In the midst of a group of juveniles who were listening with round-eyed wonder to the accounts of the monster, a sense of Munchausen seemed to steal over him, and he exclaimed with an emphatic dash of his bare heel into the sward,—“Tell ye what,—I ain't going to plank *my* shin-plaster till I see the *snake!*” May we be pardoned, if we begin at last to divine a little of the Munchausen in the marvelous stories we have heard of a "Southern literature," and to feel that it is rather an Ixion-like business to attempt the "support" of a thing unless we see something, which will bear sustaining, and admit of being supported.

But, it irks me to treat so sad a subject thus lightly. One is tempted at times to wonder what would have been the status of

letters at the South to-day, had the Confederacy proved—a fact. In reverie, which, (Hugo says,) is “thought in its nebulous state, bordering closely upon the land of sleep”—we dream wild dreams. Often-times in idling over Hamlet, we sit down under the “gray gleam of the willow-leaf drooping over the death-stream of Ophelia,” and marvel what “might have been,” had the lovely lady lived and wedded the prince of Denmark. So sitting now in the gray gloom of our own mournful willows, we ask ourselves again and again, what “might have been” had the young Confederacy, instead of going down into Fate’s dark stream, stood forth grandly as the bride of Empire, with Glory and Freedom as her ministers? That was a fair vision which came to many of us only a few years ago, “in the land where we were dreaming.” When it darkened down, with it “a thousand lovely dreams seemed retiring, and beckoning as they retired towards isles of palms and, valleys of enchantment; mountains ribbed with gold, and seas of perfect peace and sparkling silver; immeasurable savannas and forests hid by the glowing West,” of a glorious Future. Dreams indeed! when instead of splendid beauty rivalling that of a new creation we awoke to Chaos and its “chimeras dire.”

But the fact, that amid this chaos and confusion, we need more than ever before, our strongest workers and our best writers, is no dream. Where are they? Are they at work for the “land we love,” bringing order out of

chaos, and beauty from blight? Are not our workers for the most part, palsied and prostrate—our writers silent and scattered? Very few centre in any one journal. Many of the finest now lend their strength to build up Northern periodicals. Generally, they write under assumed names, as one of the brightest expresses it—“We work for bread, at the same time holding up our skirts to keep them from the mire.” Another exclaims—“Oh! for a paying engagement with some *very* Yankee magazine!” When such things as these “overcome us like a summer cloud *without* our especial wonder—in fact, without any wonder at all considering the persistent Platonics of Southern publishers;) can we, for a moment, wonder at the statement made in a late number of the “Land We Love”—that in one Southern city 240 Northern journals were taken, to *one* Southern!

Some months since, John R. Thompson was severely censured by unthinking persons because he contributed to *Harper*. The “Advertiser and Register” (Mobile,) defended him manfully and justly. When we have a commodity to sell, we *will* sell to the highest bidder. We may deprecate the *necessity* of selling the best brains of the South to *Harper*, which for years past has undergone torments to prove that the South *has no brains at all*—but is it not a splendid contradiction to this theory that “*Harper*” now buys Southern brains at higher rates than the South itself is willing to accord them? The practice of to-day emphatically contradicts the theory of years past.

I deprecate the necessity of selling Southern brains outside of the South, (and one reason is, because they are grievously needed at home,) but I deprecate still more the necessity, which some think exists for selling under assumed names. If we write for the very Yankee-est of Yankee magazines, let us sign our names in full, and if we don't happen to have enough of patronymic to keep up the requisite amount of excitement, let us "take on" a new installment of initials, after the manner of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, of sensational memory. Seriously, however, if we do a thing, let us do it openly and directly; shouldering the responsibility, and careless of consequences; as Mr. Thompson has done. If one's real name has any influence, don't let us be ashamed to give that influence to any journal, for which we are not ashamed to write. No need to suffer any undue excitement regarding one's "reputation."—Care for the *character* and let "reputation" take care of itself. If it is not strong enough to do that, by all means let it die off at once, and be rid of it, for it is an exceedingly worthless possession, held in estimation only by the ranks of Pen-feather.

A marked change has come

over us. We live now in the down-right days of Demas. As many as ten fair writers have said to me within the past year,—“I can write now *only* for money.” This is just as it should be. Authors develop, and their intellects grow like beautiful and pleasant rivers. The channels of thought widen and deepen,—the grasp is firmer,—the vision bolder and broader;—maturity and experience gazing fearlessly at the imminent *needs* of the hour, feel that to utter words acceptable to such needs, they must *think* deeply before each utterance. To write in consonance with our present necessities requires study, time, and thought—without which the conscience of a true writer cannot be satisfied. But time—which to Pen-feather is *nothing*, is *money* to Intellect and Experience,—and, sorrowful to tell; they have but little of that to give gratuitously. Shall they be paid for their expenditure of time and labor? This question is of even more importance to publishers than to the authors themselves.—I have an intuition that “voluntary contributions” will be as difficult to discard as the cultivation of cotton—therefore let us sing, as usual, long live “failure,” and *Vive la Pen-feather!*

THE WASHINGTON ARTILLERY, OF NEW ORLEANS.

THE "Washington Artillery," Well do we remember the day, of New Orleans, was founded in May 25, 1861, a bright Sunday 1838—a company being organized morning, when the command, under that name. Between 1838 splendidly uniformed and equipped, with their silken colors—presented by the ladies—waving over and 1842, it assumed the name of them, were drawn up in line under "Native American Artillery." the green trees of Lafayette Square to answer to their names, In the latter year it was reorganized as "Washington Artillery," which they had placed upon their under which name it has since muster rolls, as called by the been known. In the Mexican Adjutant of the command and War, it was Company A of the the mustering officer, Lieutenant regiment raised and commanded by Phifer. A finer looking body of Col. Persifer F. Smith, with men we have never seen; how J. B. Walton as Lieut. Colonel. Soon after arriving in Mexico, Col. Smith was made a Brigadier General and Col. Walton was promoted to the command of the regiment. After their term of enlistment expired, the company returned to New Orleans.

When the storm of secession burst upon the country, this company resolved to follow the fortunes of its State, and was enlarged to five companies and organized into a battalion.

Early in 1861, having filled its ranks to the number required by law, it offered its services directly, by telegraph, to Jefferson Davis, then at Montgomery, Ala., and sent a delegation, consisting of David Urquhart, Esq., and Col. E. A. Palfrey, to confer with Mr. Benjamin, then Secretary of State of the infant Confederacy.

Their services being accepted—as offered—"for the war," the command was ordered to be mustered into the Confederate service, and to hold itself in readiness to be transported to Richmond, Va.

On the 26th of May, 1861, the four equipped companies left New Orleans amid the cheering and waving of handkerchiefs of thousands, and the booming of cannon, en route for Virginia. Arriving at Richmond they were cordially met by the hospitable citizens of that now famous city, and there remained, perfecting their drill and putting themselves in complete readiness for the field. On the 31st June, the battalion left Richmond to report to Gen. Beauregard at Manassas, where the Confederates were then concentrating. On the 18th of July, it fought its first battle, at Bull Run,

and engaged in that "artillery duel" with the best batteries of the Federal army, which electrified the country and made its name famous. On the 21st July, at Manassas, it again fought face to face with Griffin's West Point Battery and Sprague's Rhode Island Battery, which were left on the field when the Federal force retreated. On the 17th September, it fought in the affair of Lewinsville, near Washington. On the 8th March, 1862, it broke up winter quarters on Bull Run, and marched with Longstreet's column to Orange Court-House, thence via Richmond to Yorktown, reporting to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. At "Seven Pines," or "Fair Oaks," two of its batteries were present and under fire, but not engaged. By a singular coincidence, a captured battery of light 12-pounders (Bronze Napoleons,) commanded by the Federal Captain Miller, were brought off the field by, and were afterwards presented to, the Confederate Captain Miller, of the 3rd Company of the battalion.

June 5—The 1st company engaged the enemy's batteries across the Chickahominy at New Bridge. During the "seven days' battles around Richmond" the battalion was held in reserve by General Longstreet, and though present and under fire at Gaines' Mill and Malvern Hill, was not engaged. After McClellan's change of base, the 1st Company accompanied Col. Stephen D. Lee, of the cavalry, to Wilcox's Wharf, on the James River, below McClellan's camp, and shelled the passing transports and engaged in a duel

with two of the enemy's iron-clads. This, we believe, was the first instance in the war where light field guns were brought to face the superior calibre of the iron-clads.

August 23, 1862—Engaged in an artillery fight at Rappahannock Station, and lost Lieutenant Brewer, 3rd Company, a most gallant officer, killed. On the 28th August, it contributed its aid in forcing the passage of Thoroughfare Gap, near the battle-field of Manassas. On the 29th and 30th, fought in the second battle of Manassas, with Longstreet's corps, over its old fighting ground of the previous year.

Sept. 6, 1862—Crossed the Potomac with Gen. Lee, and entered Maryland. 14th September, present at fight at Crampton Gap. 15th, 16th and 17th September, engaged in battle of Antietam, or Sharpsburg.

Dec. 13—Engaged in great battle at Fredericksburg, calling forth high praise from Gens. Lee and Longstreet, for its gallantry, coolness and skill in the defence of Marye's Hill against six different assaults of half of Gen. Burnside's army.

Dec. 27—In winter quarters. Here the men built their first theatre, and brought out "Pocahontas," "Toodles," and other pieces, which they performed to crowded houses, drawn from the army and citizens of the vicinity, and even from Richmond.

April 30, 1863—Winter quarters broken up, and command marched to Fredericksburg.

May 3—Engaged in battle at Chancellorsville, part of the com-

mand taking their old position on Marye's Hill. Here they were attacked by Sedgwick's whole corps of 20,000 men, and the two meagre regiments of Mississippi troops, being unable to check the advance of such overwhelming odds, were obliged to retire. The command lost six guns, and Capt. Squires, Lieuts. Owen and Galbraith, and the whole of the 1st company were captured at their posts, the last gun being fired after the battery was entirely surrounded, and the men of the Maine regiment at the very muzzles of the pieces. It was a gallant charge and a gallant defence.

May 9—March to Po River and go into camp to graze the horses. June 3—Officers and men of 1st Company captured at Chancellorsville return to the command, having been exchanged. June 4—Take up line of march for Culpeper Court-House on the road again towards the Potomac. 25—Cross the Potomac at Williamsport, and encamp on the Hagerstown road. July 2—March from Chambersburg to Gettysburg. July 3—Engaged all day in the great battle of Gettysburg. July 4—Ordered with Gen. Imboden as an escort to the baggage trains of the army to Williamsport. July 6—The trains are attacked at Williamsport by Kilpatrick and are defended by the battalion, aided only by a strong line of skirmishers, composed of hastily armed teamsters and quartermasters' clerks, commanded by quartermasters and ordnance officers.—July 24—Encamped at Culpeper Court-House to rest and refit.—Sept. 9—Marched towards Rich-

mond, being ordered to accompany Gen. Longstreet with reinforcements for Gen. Bragg at Chattanooga. Halted at Petersburg for lack of transportation.—Remain in camp at this point all the following winter. During the winter, the 1st Company sent on an expedition to New Berne, and 3rd Company to Lynchburg during Averill's raid. The theatre is again put in operation, and the kind citizens of the "Cockade City" seemed never to tire in acts of hospitality and kindness to the boys. The bright eyes of the fair ones proved in more than one instance more fatal than the cannon shot of the enemy. May 5, 1864—Butler having landed at City Point and Bermuda Hundreds, the battalion is placed in the works defending the city, supported by the hastily organized militia of the city and two regiments of North Carolina troops. Butler demonstrating on the railroad near Walthal Junction, a portion of the command takes part in the affair at that point, repulsing the enemy and taking the railroad.—May 16—Having moved to Drury's Bluff, the battalion takes a prominent part in the defence and battle at Drury's Bluff. Though all the batteries of the command were conspicuous during the day, the 1st Company had the good fortune to engage Belcher's Rhode Island Battery, of the Federal army, at a distance of 150 yards, silencing his guns, killing his horses and causing him to fall into the hands of the Confederates. Captain Owen severely wounded in the head, Lieut. Galbraith mortally. The captured

guns were presented to Captain Owen and his battery on the field by Gen. Beauregard, who ordered them inscribed. Mr. Davis personally complimented the battalion on the field. Private Forrest, of 2nd Company, greatly distinguished. The guidon of the 2nd company having been placed upon the parapet of Fort Stephens, the staff was shot away by sharpshooters. He replaced it under a terrific fire of "minnie."

June 4—Transferred to the lines at Cold Harbor, and guarding the fords of the Chickahominy with Fitz Lee's cavalry.

June 18—Gen. Grant having transferred his army to the south side of the James River, the battalion is ordered to Petersburg.

Jun 20 and 21, 1864—Guns put in position on the lines of Petersburg, and there remained constantly under fire until April 2, 1865.

April 3—The cities of Richmond and Petersburg having been evacuated, the command moves with Lee's army in retreat.

April 8—Having been transferred to the train of reserve artillery, marching at the head of the column, they are surrounded at Appomattox Station by Sheridan's cavalry, and attacked. The attack is repulsed. During the

night, finding escape impossible, and being cut off from the remainder of the army, the guns are buried, the carriages destroyed, and the command scatters to the mountains. No formal surrender with the remainder of the Army of Northern Virginia took place. Officers and men hearing afterwards of Lee's surrender, gave themselves up at various points. Many succeeded in reaching General Johnston, in North Carolina, and accompanied Mr. Davis as part of his escort on his march.

The 5th Company, having been left behind at New Orleans when the four equipped batteries were sent to Virginia, took the field on the call of Gen. Beauregard, before the battle of Shiloh, and under its most gallant officers, Hodgson, Slocomb, Vaught, Chalron and Leverich, carried the guidon of the Washington Artillery through all the battles of the Western Army, from Shiloh to Murfreesboro', Perryville, Jackson, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Jonesboro', and siege of Mobile, vieing with their old comrades of the Virginia Army in deeds of gallantry, skill and daring. It became the favorite battery of Generals Beauregard, Bragg and Johnston.

List of Battles in which the Five Batteries were Engaged, and the Officers and Men Specially Mentioned in Col. Walton's Reports for Distinguished Services.

BULL Run, July 18, 1861.—
Portions of 1st, 3d and 4th Companies engaged.

Special Mention.—Capt. Eshleman (wounded,) Lieuts. Squires and Richardson. Serjts. Owen,

Galbraith, Brown and Brewer. 1862—*Special Mention*—Adj. W. George Muse, 1st Company, M. Owen; Lieut. E. Owen, commanding 1st Company temporarily; Capts. Miller and Squires, killed. Tarleton and Zebal—wounded.

MANASSAS, July 21, 1861.—1st and 4th Companies engaged.

Special Mention.—Adjutant W. M. Owen, Lieuts. Squires and Richardson, Sergeant E. Owen, Joshua Reynolds, killed. E. C. Payne, wounded.

SEVEN PINES, May 30, 1862.—1st and 3d Companies present under Squires and Miller, but not engaged. Brought off captured cannon.

“SEVEN DAYS AROUND RICHMOND,” June, 1862.—Command held as reserve for Longstreet’s right wing of the army. Under fire at Gaines’ Mill and Malvern Hill, but not engaged.

FIGHT WITH GUNBOATS—Wilcox’s Landing, July 7, 1862.—*Special Mention* by Capt. Squires—Lieuts. E. Owen and Galbraith—1st Company only engaged.

RAPPAHANNOCK STATION—Aug. 23, 1862.—1st and 3d Companies engaged; 2d and 4th in reserve; rifled guns only used.

Special Mention.—Capts. Miller and Squires; Adj. W. M. Owen. 1st Company—Lieut. Owen, commanding 1st Company temporarily; Lieut. Galbraith; Sergt. T. Y. Aby; Sergt. Major Dupuy; Taylor Marshall, (killed.) 3d Company—Lieuts. Hero and McElroy; Brewer, (killed;) Sergts. Neill, Handy, Collins and Ellis; Corp. Coyle, Kremmelberg, Pettiss and DeBlanc.

Killed—Brewer, Chambers, Koss, Marshall, Thompson. Wounded—Phelps, Fell, Joubert and others.

SECOND MANASSAS—Aug. 30,

1862—*Special Mention*—Adj. W. M. Owen; Lieut. E. Owen, commanding 1st Company temporarily; Capts. Miller and Squires, Richardson, Norcom, Lieut. Battles; privates J. B. Cleveland and W. W. Davis.

SHARPSBURG, Sept. 17, 1862—*Special Mention*—Adj. W. M. Owen; Capts. Squires, Miller, Richardson, Eshleman; Lieuts. E. Owen, (wounded) Galbraith, Brown, McElroy, Hero, (wounded) Hawes, Britton, (wounded) DeRussey, Norcom, Battles.—Sergts. Dupuy, Ellis, Bier and Dempsey; Ord. Sergt. Brazleman.

FREDERICKSBURG, Dec. 13, 1862—1st, 3d and 4th Companies on Marye’s Hill.

Special Mention.—Adj. W. M. Owen; Capts. Squires, Miller and Eshleman; Lieuts. Galbraith, Brown, McElroy and Norcom, Battles and Apps; Sergts. West, J. N. Payne, McGaughey; Corporals Kursheedt, Spearing (killed.) Ruggles (killed.)

CHANCELLORSVILLE, May 3d, 1863—All batteries engaged.

Special Mention—Major Eshleman; Adj. Owen; Capt. Squires (prisoner,) Miller and Norcom; Lieuts. E. Owen, John Galbraith (prisoners,) DeRussey (wounded;) Capt. Richardson, Lieuts. Britton and Hawes.

GETTYSBURG, July 3, 1863—All batteries engaged.

Special Mention—Major Eshleman; Adj. W. M. Owen; Capts. Miller, Squires, Richardson and Norcom, Lieuts. E. Owen and Brown (wounded;) private Wm. Forrest (wounded.)

WILLIAMSPORT, July 6, 1863.—A fight for the train. Artillery

and teamsters vs. cavalry. All the battalion engaged. Second Company lost eight men out of twelve, at one gun.

PORT WALTHAL JUNCTION, May, 1864.—First company engaged.

DRURY'S BLUFF, May 16, 1864.—All companies engaged.

Capt. E. Owen, distinguished and severely wounded; Lieutenant Galbraith, distinguished and mortally wounded; Wm. Forrest, distinguished; Peychaud and Chambers killed; Phelps, Rossiter and Everett, wounded.

THE MINE, PETERSBURG LINES, July 30, 1864.

APPOMATTOX STATION, April 3, 1865.—Guns buried and carriages destroyed.

The Fifth Company participa-

ted in the following battles with the Western Army:

Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Perryville, Jackson, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Jonesboro, Siege of Mobile.

The papers of the command having been lost, we have been unable to obtain a full list of the killed and wounded of the command from company officers, as yet. We trust we shall be enabled to publish a complete one ere long.

As this is an official record of the services of our Artillery, drafted from the official papers, it will, of course, supersede all others, and take its proper place in the History of the Mexican and Confederate Wars.

IN AN OLD DRAWER.

THERE was a moment's pause in the conversation, and then the younger of the speakers exclaimed, "Now, dear Mrs. Grey, let us talk of something else, and think no more of the dreadful war. I know it is very selfish—Mamma says 'wicked,'—but I sometimes grow so weary of the sad subject, which, in its varied and ever-recurring details, brings tears to all eyes, and painful thrills to all hearts:" And, with a deprecating glance at her companion, Katharine Murray, a bright, fair girl of nineteen, threw herself in the cozy arm-chair and

drew a long breath. Then, as her remark elicited no reply, she continued: "I see you are inclined to agree with Mamma; but indeed, Mrs. Grey, it is not so bad as it sounds. I do sympathize with the sorrows and sufferings of those around, and am too loyal to the dead and living heroes of our land to be insensible to the wrongs and miseries of our beloved South. But God mercifully spared me any immediate bereavement, and I was too much of a child to mind the hardships and privations, which bore with comparative lightness on our seques-

tered home. I am not disciplined to trouble, and the number and power of the painful thoughts aroused by such reminiscences as our conversation has called up, become, at times, unbearable, and I long to close my ears to all such themes, and turn to something new and cheerful. So, dear lady, do indulge my weakness, and don't think me a marvel of thoughtless frivolity."

"Indeed, my dear Kate, I have no disposition to censure your natural shrinking from dwelling upon what is so painful," replied Mrs. Grey. "I have often experienced something of the same feeling myself. But I was thinking how impossible it is to blot out those four weary, agonizing, years, with their blood-stained record of sorrow and hardships, from the book of our remembrance;" and the speaker glanced sadly down at her deep mourning dress. Then, with an effort, she cleared her brow and, smiling on the young girl, said, "Now tell me how you wish to be amused this rainy morning. You can't walk or ride, my sisters will be occupied for several hours with their school and housekeeping duties;—the busy gentlemen in this literary town have no time for paying their devoirs at the shrine of beauty until the afternoon: so you are left to your own resources, and such assistance as I can give you."

"Then I am to understand that you give me *carte blanche* to choose my own employment and amusement for the next two hours:" And Kate sprang to her feet, with a slight laugh.

"Don't look horrified, Mrs. Grey, my pet diversion is nothing *fast*, like smoking or taking a julep, tho' Mamma pronounces it 'shockingly vulgar.' My favorite recreation, my great weakness, is simply to *rummage*: in other words, to open and thoroughly expose the contents of any box, trunk, or drawer, that looks as if it was intended to exclude prying eyes, and meddling fingers. I don't care for apples, and never felt sure I should have joined in Mother Eve's theft, but must confess that, in my hands, Pandora's box would have been opened so wide, it would have been lucky if even hope had not escaped."

"Very well, I give you free permission to indulge in your favorite pursuit, provided"—

"Excuse me for interrupting you, Mrs. Grey, but I have heard that 'provided' so often, I know exactly what will come next, and promise faithfully to put everything back just as I find it."

"Now where shall I begin? Those bureau drawers have a very commonplace expression, and suggest nothing but every day clothes, I am not quite equal to diving to the depths of your Saratoga trunk, I think I will unlock the wardrobe, and see what it promises."

"Oh! delightful. Here is a great deep drawer, that will, no doubt, reveal a store of treasures to curious eyes and hands. Now, Mrs. Grey, promise to tell me all you know, about everything I find:—" And she seated herself on the floor and drew out the great drawer with an energetic pull.

Mrs. Grey laughed at the girl-

ish curiosity of her young friend, and replied: "I'll do what I can, Kate, to gratify your laudable thirst for knowledge; but I have been from home so long that I have no idea what has accumulated in that drawer during my absence."

"Oh! here are heaps of things that promise delightfully: bundles and boxes of old letters, scraps of old finery, ribbons, silks, and laces," said Kate tossing over the contents with rapid fingers. "And here in this corner is a pile of morocco cases, hinting strongly of silver and jewelry.—What are they, and where did they come from?" Lifting some as she spoke from their hiding place to her lap.

"Those! Why, Kate, those are some of my bridal presents; the sole remnants of worldly possessions that the war left me; silver that I have had no use for in the wanderer's life I have led for years, and jewels laid aside in hours of sorrow. I had almost forgotten them, and really had no idea where they were."

"Your wedding presents! That is charming, for each one must have a history, and, as I open them, you shall tell me of the donors. What lovely coral!—What perfect roses and buds!—One might fancy them just pulled from the bush. Where did they come from? The person, who chose them, must have had exquisite taste."

Mrs. Grey's gentle face grew sad as she looked at the lovely jewels blushing on their white velvet cushion, and she said: "Yes, Kate, they are beautiful, and

their beauty is a fair specimen of the taste of the giver. You have often heard us speak of George Gordon, whose witty sayings and merry doings, the girls so often tell. He was my husband's cousin and groomsmen, and that coral set is his bridal offering. Noble, generous fellow, he was as brave and true as handsome and brilliant; a chivalrous gentleman, a gallant soldier. He fell while cheering on his men at the disastrous fight of Gettysburg, and lies in a hero's nameless grave."

Quietly, Kate laid the corals down and took up a large case. "Here are beauties too. Silver dessert knives, with pearl handles. Mrs. Grey your friends chose well. What of these?"

"Those come from my dear friend Lizzie L., not long before a bride herself. They tell a sad story too, Katie. Their donor, from being a happy wife, was, in a few short months, changed to a sorrowing widow, with three fatherless children clinging round her; her husband, the victim of malice and treachery, murdered by inches, under the slow torture of the 'Old Capitol,' and only released at last to die in his wife's arms."

"Sad enough," sighed Kate, as she took up a large box carefully tied up, and was proceeding to open it, when a deep drawn breath caused her to look up and see her companion's eyes filled with tears, and her lips quivering with suppressed feeling.

"Mrs. Grey, I am torturing you with my curious questions, and if all these pretty things are fraught with such painful recol-

lections, I don't want to see them. Ah! I fear you are right; it will be impossible for us to get away from the war!"

"Yes, Kate, I believe they are all more or less sad, and that package in your hands brings back the greatest sorrow of my life; do not open it this morning," and, as the speaker turned her head away, a tear fell on her black dress.

Feeling assured that the package was connected, in some way, with Mrs. Grey's only and darling brother, who had fallen in defence of his country, Kate laid it reverently down, and was about to replace the other boxes, when she espied an old-fashioned oval, of red morocco which she drew out and held up to view, exclaiming in a triumphant tone,

"Now, Mrs. Grey, here is something surely too old to have anything to do with the war, or even with this century. Oh! what a rare, curious, lovely old locket! I know you have a story of your own, you beauty!" and the speaker held up the newly found treasure and scanned it with delighted eyes.

Mrs. Grey responded to her questioning glance. "Before you settle down to hear the story,—for the locket has a story,—look again, and see if you cannot find another red case like this one."

After a moment's search, Kate exclaimed joyously, "Yes, here is another:" and, gathering up her new discoveries, she rose from the floor, and, drawing a low seat to Mrs. Grey's side, opened the second case.

"Why, Mrs. Grey, here is

another one: two of these beautiful things exactly alike! I never saw anything so handsome in my life. This massive, red, gold frame half an inch wide, enclosing this delicately painted picture, a pedestal surmounted by a funeral urn, and two female figures in deep mourning bending over it in attitudes expressive of the most profound sorrow; the whole overshadowed by the drooping branches of a weeping willow. What is this inscription on the monument?"

'Early, bright, transient.

'Pure as morning dew.

'He sparkled, was exhaled,

'And went to heaven.'

"Tell me about them, Mrs. Grey."

"Suppose you turn to the other side first, Kate."

"Oh, they are different on this side, but how lovely! I can't tell which is the prettier; this dark brown curl resting on the white agate back-ground, and confined by a knot of pearls, or this deep blue enamel surrounding these two braids of hair,—one brown, like the curl; the other a sunny golden. This last has a curious monogram of gold upon the hair, and here is something engraved upon the broad, gold frame."

"Well, decipher their mysteries first, and then I will tell their story."

"I have done it, Mrs. Grey. The cipher is 'W. S. N.,' and the inscription on the border 'William N. died, aged 22.'

"Yes, you have read them rightly, and though, I fear, with little of the gift of a genuine *raconteur*, I will do my best to tell the

story, which is in itself most interesting.

“Let us leave all our accustomed associations and surroundings, and transporting ourselves back through those sixty odd years, let us pass up the main street of old York Town. Pausing in front of the noble old N— house, even in that day a historic monument, we ascend the terraced walk, and mount the stone steps to the great hall door.

“With a momentary glance of admiration at the lovely landscape, the storied heights of Cornwallis, and the majestic river, like a blue field of light, stretching off to the Chesapeake,—we turn to lift the knocker and demand an entrance. But lo, it is tied up, and, at the same instant, the door rolls noiselessly back on its hinge, and an aged man-servant, with a countenance expressing deep concern, bows low, and silently motions us to enter.—Every thing about the house,—the close drawn blinds, the perfect stillness in the halls, usually resounding with all the merry din of a large family, the serious faces of the negroes, who, with noiseless steps, pass to and fro, betoken present anxiety, and presage coming sorrow.

“From an upper room, comes a low murmuring sound, as of suppressed talking and weeping. Let us follow the old mammy, who, with sorrowful face, goes swiftly up the broad stair-way, and enters the open chamber door.—Within, all the members of the family seem to be collected, and all eyes are turned tearfully towards the great bed in the corner.

For there, fever-worn, and hollow-eyed, lies young Wm. N—, the pet and darling of the house, who, early orphaned, was received with loving hearts and open arms by his sorrowing aunt and cousins, and, with his young sister, has always held the most cherished place in their affections.

“Deeper and holier feelings grew between him and one fair young daughter of the house; all things seemed to smile upon their love, and before leaving York a year ago, to complete his medical studies in Philadelphia, he had won a promise from his lady-love to become his bride, on his return home. That return took place some weeks ago. The joyous preparations for the bridal were promptly made, and to-morrow is the appointed marriage day.

“But, a week ago, Dr. N— sickened: measles made their appearance, and, spite of all that anxious physician, or loving nurse could do, he lies before us with the death-shadow lengthening across his brow.

“His sorrowing sister kneels by the bed-side, and hers are the deep drawn sobs, which sometimes break the stillness. But we can no where discern the graceful figure, and golden hair of the betrothed bride, the lovely Susan N.

“But now there is a rustle in the hall, and a whispering among the sable attendants gathered outside the door, and the fair young girl comes gliding into the room arrayed in her bridal robes, a vision of snow-white loveliness. The dying man has expressed a wish, as he cannot wed his darling, at least to see her in her bridal

dress; and with woman's tender self-abnegation, she has dashed away her tears, stifled her sobs, in her anxiety to give him every possible gratification; and, with trembling hands, has hastily put on the snowy attire, prepared with so much loving anticipation of a joyous future. Now her cheek is pale with watching, and her blue eyes dim with weeping, but the sick man's face brightens as he catches sight of her, and it is doubtful whether she could have looked more lovely in the rosy flush of a happy bridal than she does now, as, all forgetful of self, and crushing down the outcries of her stricken heart, she hastens to his side and bends over him.

"You remember, Kate, what you read yesterday from 'Louisa of Prussia?' 'There are sacred moments, which, like the wings of the butter-fly, are injured by the slightest touch of the human hand; words which no human ear ought to listen to; tears which God alone should count.' This is one of those hallowed moments, and silently we pass with the family from that death-chamber, and leave those two sorrowing hearts alone with their God.— Their intended bridal morn saw the eyes of the young lover closed in death, and the heart of the girl bride trembling beneath a widow's crushing bereavement.

"In the course of time, it was found that Dr. N. had bequeathed his whole handsome fortune to his betrothed, and some of his beautiful brown hair was sent to England with directions to have it set in the most costly manner for the

sorrowing girls, betrothed and sister, and there the lockets lie in your lap. Those beautiful pictures are rare specimens of the lost art of "hair-painting," in which the hair was ground up and used instead of coloring matter. This locket with the brown curl was sent to the young bride, this other, with the sunny hair, united with the brown, to Dr. N's sister. Both are long since dead, and both the precious relics are mine."

"Thank you, Mrs. Grey, for your beautiful story, but are you sure it is true?"

"Yes, Kate, for this," taking up the first locket, with its brown curl, "belonged to my grandmother, and, as her namesake, she bequeathed it to me, and the other was left me by my dear old cousin, Mrs. B., for the same reason."

"Your grand-mother! Oh, Mrs. Grey, then the beautiful Susan, married again" — and Kate's voice had almost an accent of indignant reproach.

Mrs. Grey smiled. "You forget, Kate, that she was not actually married to Dr. N. She sorrowed long and deeply, but the heart of eighteen will grow strong and hopeful again, tho' its wounds be deep, and its sorrow true. You know how your own young nature turns from painful things, but seeks after brightness and happiness. My grand-mother had many suitors, attracted by her singular charms of mind and person, and her independent fortune. But for eight years, she resisted all importunities, until, at the age of twenty-six, she con-

sented to marry Mr. Francis P. "I have heard my grand-father's contemporaries affirm that, as a young man, he was even handsomer and more agreeable than my youthful memory recalls him in his latter years. But I have often wondered whether my dear grand-mamma would have yielded to those attractions, had not the strange similarity in their experience given them a mutual bond of sympathy, before their feelings ripened into love. For he, too, had been deprived, by death, of his chosen bride, and had mourned for her long and truly. And when, in after years, the young lady's father died, he left a handsome legacy to grand-papa, 'whom he had fondly hoped to call his son.'"

"I am so much obliged to you, Mrs. Grey, it is a treat to hear anything of such deep and true interest. How dearly you must prize these lovely old souvenirs. But I don't think," with a mischievous glance, "that you are quite as careful of them as you ought to be. You did not know where they were; and look how the morocco cases are coming to pieces, and the cipher in this beauty is loose and slips about; while the pearls are discolored,

and the beautiful curl loosened in one place and another."

"Those pearls were discolored long ago, I have heard, by grand-mamma's wearing the locket in her bosom; and the other evidences of apparent neglect bring us back to the inevitable war again. Yes, Kate, the trail of the serpent is over all we see.

"When Gen. Hunter made his murderous, marauding expedition up the Valley in the summer of 1864, it became necessary to conceal all the valuables in the house, in some hiding place where neither spying negroes, nor prying, thieving Yankees could discover them; and these cases, with other things, were thrust, by my sisters, into a crevice high up inside the chimney. For a day or two, it was doubtful whether the house with all it contained would not share the fate of so many fair mansions, and fall before the incendiary fire-brand. But Providence protected it, and nothing of any consequence was destroyed. But, when all danger was over, it was found that the dampness, or some other deleterious influence of the place of concealment, had produced these injuries, which I hope, at some future day, to get repaired."

THE HAVERSACK.

MEN attach very different ideas to the same word. In the loyal North, "repentance for sin" means heart-felt mourning over Southern wickedness. "Piety," with the Tyng and Beecher saints means everlasting hatred towards the South. "Loyalty," with men of great moral ideas, means an all-consuming, all-pervading itching to steal. Artemus Ward said that he was as "patriotic" as any man in New England, because he was willing to sacrifice the last one of his wife's relations upon the altar of his bleeding country. In our good old North State, giving "the last man and the last dollar for the Confederacy" meant shouting for the glorious Union, when the results of the battle of Gettysburg became fully known. Preserving the pen, which signed the Ordinance of Secession as "an heir-loom in the family forever," meant weeping tears of joy at the sight of the dear old flag restored once more to the gaze of the latently loyal. "Unalterable opposition to negro suffrage" meant being made Fetic Chief by negro votes.

These are a few of the different interpretations given to words and phrases. No word, however, in our language has so many diverse ideas connected with it as "patriotism." We happen to have one illustration, which may serve as a specimen of thousands of the same kind. We were traveling in a county in Missouri, which had

been the scene of many bold exploits of the famous rebel guerrilla, Bill Anderson, and there we fell in with a fire-eating dentist, an ardent Southern man, who was as fierce and implacable in his hatred of Yankeedom, as any war-editor at the South, who never heard the whistle of a Yankee bullet. We had a conversation with this warrior-patriot, and by *we* is meant the uncompromising Union editor of this magazine.

Patriotic Dentist. I hate the whole Yankee nation and would like to see the last one of them destroyed.

Uncompromising Union Editor. Doubtless, you killed great numbers of them during the war.

Patriotic Dentist. Well, you see I am a man of family and could not go out and fight the villains. But I did all I could for my suffering country.

Uncompromising Union Editor. With your strong Southern feelings, you must have made many sacrifices for our cause.

Patriotic Dentist. That I did. I went into the brush and pulled, at least, two hundred teeth for bushwhackers and never charged them a cent!

This conversation set the Uncompromising Union Editor to thinking, and it brought up a very pleasant train of thought.—"If," said he to himself, "patriotism could be reduced to pulling teeth, what a happy man I would be. I would spend the rest

of my days in the genial and charming occupation of the dentist. I would extract all the molars of the Freedmen's Bureau, and I would take out all the incisors of the loyal Fetich, Governors, Judges and all, and I would not charge a cent for the job!"

The world is fond of panaceas for all the ills that flesh is heir to. Patent medicines have a "run" just in proportion to the claim of universal curative properties.—The largest income rendered last year in Kentucky was by the proprietor of a patent medicine. So it is in many States. In like manner, the best Government the world ever saw found in the oath of loyalty a Radway's Ready Relief for all sorts of rebellious ailments. Poor Missouri was dosed and over-dosed with the nostrum until the stomach refused to take any more. Some of the mayors of cities and towns kept written forms of allegiance constantly on hand, which they subscribed when the Union troops took possession, when the "meelish" quartered on them and when the bush-wackers drove the "meelish" out again. The mayor of Mexico, Missouri, took all three oaths one day and thought that he was through for that day, when the bush-whackers were driven out and he had to resume his oath to the dear old flag.

N. C. K., of Fulton, Missouri, gives the experience of a hotel-keeper at Fulton during the reign of oath-givers and the rain of oaths:

Maj. W. was so persecuted with

oath-taking during the four years of war that Boniface grew weary of his life, and was ready to swear that he was willing to die. He had twenty-seven (27) specimens of oaths inflicted upon him by military officials, binding him to support every sort of political party, and in every possible way. He had been sworn in and out, back and forwards, front and rear, until he took to it so naturally that whenever a stranger rode up to the hotel, he came out and held up his right hand. This apparent willingness to swear any and every thing bluffed a good many of the truly loyal, and he began to hope that his case was generally understood, and that no more oaths would be required of him.

One day, a long, lean, lank, slab-sided Yankee captain rode up, followed by 30 boys in blue.—Boniface went to the door, took off his hat, held up his right hand and put on a solemn, reverential look.

Yankee. What dew yeou mean by standing thar, with yeour hand up?

Boniface. Every officer who comes here swears me to something, and I suppose that you are going to put me through like the rest. I am ready.

Yankee. Waal, yeou are smairt. I'll swear yeou. Yeou dew solemnly swear that yeou will get the best dinner yeou ken for 30 men, and get it in 30 minutes.—There now, yeou are through. Attention company! Prepare to dismount! Dismount!

Boniface never came out again

to meet his guests with uplifted hand.

Elizabeth, Kentucky, gives another swearing anecdote:

In the fall of 1862, I was a political or *civil* prisoner in that Andersonville of the loyal North, known to the unreconstructed as Camp Chase. We received an accession to our mess of a young soldier of the rebel persuasion from Virginia. He was a tall and handsome young fellow, full of quiet fun and good humor.— In the course of a few days after his arrival, an exchange of prisoners was ordered. The roll was called, and our young friend was among the number. At the close of the roll-call, the Commandant of the pen, one Major Linn, made a harangue setting forth the wickedness of the rebellion, the enormity of our offences in wishing to overthrow the best Government the world ever saw, founded as it was in another rebellion against the next best Government the world ever saw, &c., &c. He ended his long-winded speech, by offering a full and free pardon to any one, who would take the oath of allegiance to the first and best of these best Governments aforesaid, and would swear, moreover, to remain in the Federal lines till the huge and unnatural rebellion should be crushed out by the Irish and German savers of the life of the nation.

During all this harangue, our young Virginian stood with bowed head and contrite looks, the picture of a truly penitent rebel. The Commandant noticed his repentant attitude and approached.

Commandant. My young friend, ain't you tired of this unnatural war?

Reb. (Sighing deeply.) Yes, Major, it *is* an unnatural war.

Commandant. I am pleased with your penitence. Take the oath and quit the unholy and unnatural struggle.

Reb. It *is* unholy and unnatural, and I would quit it, but for one thing.

Commandant. Well, my dear Sir, it is never too late to turn from evil. If you have any scruples of conscience, tell them to me, and may be, I can remove them.

Reb. (Sighing again.) I am afraid that you cannot relieve me, or remove my difficulty.

Commandant. Tell me what it is and I will see.

Reb. (Sorrowfully.) Ah, Major, I can't take the oath till Old Abe and all of his nigger-thieves are comfortably in hell!

The Major drove us all out ignominiously. T. H. G.

F. O. S., of Shreveport, La., sends us another of his always welcome tit-bits, for the Haversack. It is a Federal Captain's account of the famous Red River expedition of that renowned warrior, N. P. Banks.

I made one of a group on the War Horse steamer, who were looking out for Rebs and other "obstacles" in the shape of torpedoes, &c., as we gracefully glided over the waters. I noticed a log projecting its head near the bank, and upon it sat a tremendous bull-frog croaking, Bloody nouns, big thing! *big thing!*

BIG THING!!! I looked around on the enormous fleet, steamers, sail-vessels, barges, boats, iron-clads, tin-clads, cotton-clads—three or four abreast, all pressing eagerly forward to crush the rebellion and to—pick up cotton. Surely thought I, the bull-frog is right, it is a BIG THING!

But the disaster came. Turn which way we would, the Rebs were there. Not only was our noble army beaten, but our fleet was scattered and the sole thought was, about getting back as rapidly as possible. The Commodore and General vied with each other in the celerity of their *back-out* and we had the 2.40 races of Winchester repeated on Red River.

Once more, I was on the look-out. Our boat had been struck, not once, but ten thousand times by musketry and artillery, and we got a fresh salute from every bluff and swamp. I saw once more the identical log, upon which the flattering bull-frog had fed our vanity with his complimentary BIG THING. The big fellow was not there, but a keen-eyed little bull-frog had taken his place and he seemed to comprehend the situation at a glance. For he set up the croak, Bloody nouns, played out! *played out!* PLAYED OUT!!!

Our next two anecdotes are from Natchez, Mississippi:

On the retreat from Bristoe to Culpeper, Va.; we were marching quietly along the road, about 4 o'clock in the morning, when we passed a smouldering fire by which, a straggler from some regiment before us, was peaceably

snoozing; utterly oblivious that war was in the land and dreaming, may-be, of his sweet-heart on Turpentine Creek, Tar River or Rosin Swamp. As our regiment passed, Sergt. D., of the 12th Mississippi, slipped out, and shaking him roughly, said,

“Mister, wake up and look at the soldiers!”

The man *did* wake up and he *did* let off some “cuss words,” but the laugh was so decidedly against him that he soon had to “dry up.”

Every soldier knows how angry the boys will get, when tired and weary, if a bungling or martinet officer is long in putting them into position. On the night of the 6th May, 1864, after a hard day's fight, Brig. Gen. — of —'s division, kept marching his brigade back and forward until a Yankee bullet would almost have been welcomed. One of Wright's Georgians seemed to appreciate the “fix” of the baffled and befooled brigade, and hallooted in a voice, which was heard above the growls, mutters and ‘cuss-words.’ “Boys, why don't you swap General — off for a brush-pile and set it on fire?” The brigade soon got into position! w.

Many curious anecdotes are told of the plain country-women of the “late so-called.” Always kind and hospitable, full of sympathy with the suffering of the soldiers, they were often imposed upon by stragglers with the oft-told tale of “had nothing to eat in three days.”

We had, some time since, an

anecdote of a good old woman, who was either too cute for one of this class, or so simple as to take him literally at his word and to insist upon feeding him on gruel, until she "brought him around a leetle and made him pert enough to eat something stronger."

From Tupelo, Mississippi, we get an account of another of those worthy dames.

During the Georgia campaign of 1864, while we were lying still in camp, and growing weak for the want of butter-milk, two of our noted butter-milk rangers, Lieut. W. and Sergt. S. Mc— of Co. K. 1st Mississippi cavalry, started out in search of the much needed refreshment. After a ride of some hours, they came across a cabin in the woods, and upon inquiry found that they could get something to eat. They went in and were kindly treated by the good dame, who chatted quite pleasantly, while the smoke rose from her short pipe and curled gracefully around her nose and spectacles. At length, when the rattle in the adjoining room indicated that dinner was almost ready, she called to her daughter, and this conversation took place:

Old Lady. Is the dinner most ready, Silvy Ann?

Silvy Ann. Yes, marm.

Old Lady. Is the knives all thar?

Silvy Ann. Yes, marm.

Old Lady. Call 'em out and let me see if all is thar.

Silvy Ann. Big butcher, little butcher, razor-blade, shackle-back, cob-handle and Grannie's knife.

Old Lady. They is all thar.

Now, *gentle-men* you kin go in to dinner.

They went in and found a really excellent dinner served up by the fair and gentle maiden, for which no compensation would be received. "No, no, *gentle-men*, you is soldiers fighting for your country. I'll not take a red cent." In the condition of the Confederate currency, it hardly need be said that not a red cent had been offered, nothing but Mr. Memminger's promises to pay "six months after the ratification of a treaty of peace between the Confederate States and the United States." Will the peace ever come?

So well content were they with their day's work, that they started off leaving a haversack and a canteen behind. The old lady discovered the missing articles before they had gone far, and ran after them bawling,

"*Gentle-men*, you is left some of your things, here's your *war-bag* and your *suck-jug*!"

When Confederate soldiers marched through the villages, towns and cities of the South, the patriotic ladies were wont to receive them with waving of handkerchiefs, display of little Confederate flags and presentation of flowers. They too often forgot that the poor fellows were hungry and, however appreciative of beauty and patriotism, would have preferred bacon to flowers, and rye coffee to the sweetest smiles of welcome.

A member of Hagood's South Carolina brigade, now in St. Louis, Missouri, relates an inci-

dent of this kind, connected with the march of his command through Petersburg, Va., to meet the hero of many spoons, the great man of Massachusetts, the idol of New England, the renowned Bethel-Fisher, B. F. Butler. By the way, when this distinguished individual landed at City Point, a few hours' march from Petersburg, with his 30,000 men, there were but two fragments of regiments in Petersburg. But he sat down and fortified against this handful, until Beauregard was upon him.

But we let our correspondent tell the incident in his own words:

It is highly gratifying to an old soldier of the "lost cause" to be able now and then to live over some of the scenes, which happened in the days of the Confederacy, and I know of nothing more calculated to revive these loved associations than a perusal of your charming monthly. Many a hearty laugh have I had over the funny things, which grace the columns of the "Haversack," and I send you an anecdote highly illustrative of a species of the "genus homo," who was sadly deficient in sentiment:

About the time that Kautz made his raid on Petersburg, Virginia, Hagood's brigade, which happened to be then stationed in the vicinity of Richmond, Va., was ordered to repair immediately—by one of those forced marches "which try men's soles"—to Petersburg, to assist in repelling the invaders. As a matter of course the citizens were highly rejoiced at the arrival of the brigade, and as it filed through the streets of the city, endeavored, by every demon-

stration in their power,—cheering and throwing of bouquets, to instill into their hearts fresh courage for the fight. As Nelson's battalion, which was in front, filed down the street, the line of march passed a dwelling where a large concourse of young ladies, armed with bouquets, had assembled. In Company G., 7th South Carolina battalion, there marched a tall, brusque, weather-beaten high private, glorying in the name of Rance Gardner, and known to almost every man in the army as a gallant soldier. Probably, owing to the scanty supply in his haversack of the good things of this life, Rance was evidently not participating to any great extent in the common enthusiasm, yet, still owing to his manly physique, he managed to attract the attention of a beautiful young damsel, who presented him with a most magnificent bouquet, accompanied with a many a "God bless you." Rance, who probably cared very little for flowers, except in the shape of a corn tassel, doffed his hat very politely and said—evidently much to the discomfiture of the young lady: "Look a hear, young miss, what are you throwin' them blossums at me fur—why don't ye heave me an ingan?" (onion.)

A. W. P.

—

In our boyish days, before we became an uncompromising Union editor, it was our fortune, or misfortune, to be in an academy presided over by one Richard D—, who had as little regard for truth as any loyal Fetich of modern times. We boys were too polite to characterize his lapses from

truth by that ugly monosyllable beginning with an l. So we called them "puns," or "Dickey's puns," and our Chief was called "Dickey the Punster."

The Preamble to the Reconstruction Bill has often brought to our mind this little episode of boyish politeness. It is a huge "pun," and its authors and supporters were enormous "punsters." They all knew that there was no truth in the statement that life and property were *then* insecure at the South. But they have taken good care to make them insecure *since*, probably from the tenderness of their consciences and their great regard for truth.

Mankind is imitative, and all the loyal Fetich have had an itching to perpetrate as big a "pun" as that of the venerable Fathers at Washington. Some of these "puns" have been duly preserved in the Haversack. We will make room for another, which, for sly humor and waggish untruth, is hard to beat.

Just after our Fetich Chief had made a call for U. S. troops, upon the ground that the rebels were arming for another uprising, he published a Proclamation in which he says: "It (the Fetich Government) has been lawfully and constitutionally established by the whole people of the State. *It is operating smoothly and harmoniously!*" We will leave it to the curious to decide which is the pun, the appeal for help or the Proclamation!!

A young lady sends us from Sparta, Tennessee, an anecdote which has been before published,

with the request for its republication. Gallantry compels us to depart from our rule in regard to original anecdotes alone. We will not disoblige our fair young friend. The hero of the story was a Confederate colonel distinguished alike for his soldierly qualities and his love of fun:

A group of idle soldiers, was, the other day, standing upon one of the street corners in Dalton.— The lads had nothing else to do, and were looking out for a victim to one of those uncouth jests which the soldier is too apt to pass upon the inoffensive passer-by. At last, a figure appeared in the distance, which seemed to combine all the requisites desirable upon such occasions—simplicity, ill appearance and age. He was an old man, in an old overcoat, with padded velvet collar and patched sleeves. He wore a greasy bell-crowned hat, tough brogan shoes and was mounted upon a sorry beast. As he reached a point a little in advance of the party, the ringleader sang out at the top of his voice—

"Come out o' that coat! I see you in there! Mind your legs are wriggling out! Come out, come out o' that coat."

The old man turned fiercely.— For a moment a fit of anger seemed to flash across his face, but he regained his self-possession and rode on as the rest of the group joined in the chorus—

"C-o-m-e out o' that c-o-a-t."

When he had gotten off some hundred yards or more and the noise had lulled, he slowly turned his horse's head, and rode back.— He had noticed the individual who

had started the row, and approaching the curb where he stood, said very mildly—

“Young man, what is your name?”

“Jeems Jones,” was pertly replied.

“And where are you from, Jeems?”

“Lawrence county, Tennessee.”

“Ah, indeed. And what was the name of your father and mother?”

“William Jones and Sarah Jones.”

The old man heaved a sigh.

“Yes, I thought so,” he continued, “for I recognized the familiar likeness the moment I laid eyes on you; and little did I think, when I last saw your father and mother, my old friends William and Sarah Jones, to meet a son of theirs who would insult an inoffensive old man, and a minister of the gospel, here on the streets of Dalton. Yes, Jeems, I know both of your parents well. I was raised with them. I’ve knelt down and prayed with them many a time in the blessed time of peace, when you were a BABY in the cradle. And only think of what you have done to me. Here we are, poor exiled Tennesseans, fighting in a strange land to get back to our own fire-sides. Some of us are dying or falling in battle every day. The green sod is scarce dry of the tears we have shed over some of their graves, and the air is yet full of the prayers we send up to God on high.

And yet, you, Jeems Jones, so far forgot your good old mother, and her training, and all, as to

stop and insult me, an old man, and a minister of the gospel, while I am riding along, molesting nobody, but going my round of duty. I’m grieved; I ain’t angry, but I’m mortified.”

The old man paused. He had spoken eloquently and earnestly. The young soldier, who was doubtless a good-hearted fellow at the bottom, but thoughtless, felt the stinging reproach keenly.—Visions of home rose before his eyes as the words of a home-being fell into his ear, and the tears began to trickle down his cheeks. The crowd standing by looked alternately serious and quizzical. Some were inclined to giggle, but most of them were serious.

The old man saw that he had spoken with effect, and like a prudent orator, took his departure, commending “Jeems to be more thoughtful in future, and think oftener of home and home folks!”

The crowd was about to disperse, when the hero of the occasion, who had gotten a hundred yards off, turned back and approached it a second time:

“Jeems Jones!”

“Yes sir!”

“You say you are the son of William and Sarah Jones?”

“Yes sir.”

“Of Lawrence county, Tennessee?”

“Yes sir.”

“Well, where is that collar?”

Jones opened his eyes—

“What collar, sir?”

“That collar of hemp around your hell-fired neck, you damned, lousy, ill-mannered son of a gun!”

It was Col. Colms, of the cavalry.

EDITORIAL.

THE language of every nation is subject to three constant modifications: 1st. Words become obsolete and fall into disuse; 2d. Words lose their primitive meaning and take up a secondary one; 3d. New words are introduced to meet the wants, or the whims, of the people. The English Bible, the King James' version, marks these changes in our tongue, since the translation in 1611. There is this caution to be observed, however, in judging of alterations in the English language, by using the Bible as our standard of comparison. A word, which has once been admitted into this translation, acquires thereby, a sort of sacredness in the public mind and runs but little risk of becoming obsolete. Perhaps, it will be found upon a careful comparison, that there are more words of rare occurrence in the King James' Bible, which have come into general use than there are words of frequent occurrence in it, which have fallen into disfavor. This is owing, of course, to the reverence felt by Anglo-Saxons everywhere for this authorized version of the Holy Scriptures. As a simple illustration of this, we refer to the word "wedlock," now so frequently used, and which occurs but once in our translation. "Usurp" is found but once, and "usurper," not at all. They had no loyal Congress in the days of King James. It might surprise our sailors to learn that "water-spout" occurs but once. The

word "windy" is found only once. There were no Buncombe orators in those good old days. "Loyal," is no where in the sacred volume. Thieving had not been reduced to a science, when the translation was made. The word "seducer" is found but once. The "Black Crook" and obscene pictures were not then in vogue. It will be difficult to make an old nullifier, whom craven fear has changed into a loyal Fetich and a fawning spaniel at the foot of power, believe that the word "crouch" occurs but once. His daily attitude was almost unknown to those learned translators. "Kite" is found but once; "vulture," three times; "carrion-crow," not at all.— There was no Freedmen's Bureau in those days! The lawyer may be surprised to learn that "plea" is found only once, and the politician that "follower" occurs but once.

We can recall only one word in our translation, which is wholly obsolete. The prophet Isaiah uses the word "peep," the cry of distress of the young chicken, when lost from the hen. We remember to have heard a celebrated preacher use this word with great effect, at Indianapolis, in 1859. So even it may not be obsolete. The words "sith" and "wist" are probably the next after it in least use, though still sometimes found.

We find, however, in the Acts of the Apostles, a singular expression, which can no longer be

found in our best writers, though it is eminently suited to our times. Luke, in describing the voyage to Rome of the great Apostle to the Gentiles, tells of the landing at Syracuse and then adds, and "from thence we fetched a compass to Rhegium." What is meant by "fetched a compass?"

A scientific writer contends that the mariner's compass is an English invention, because the word compass occurs in the English Bible. However, in every instance, whether employed as a verb or noun, the carpenter's compass is referred to—an instrument for describing a circle. Thus we read, "they journeyed to compass the land of Eden," i. e., to encircle or surround it. "Ye shall compass the city all ye men of war," i. e., ye shall surround it. "Thine enemies shall compass thee round about" was the prophecy in regard to Jerusalem: a line of circumvallation was to be thrown around the wicked city. Many other passages might be quoted, in which the word has a kindred signification. Our translators employed it in the same sense, in the expression under consideration. We made a circle and came to Rhegium. The French Bible expresses the sentence in this way, "*in coasting* we came to Rhegium." The Greek text sustains this rendering, and we believe that this is the accepted translation in all the modern tongues in Europe.*

The coast of Sicily is very much indented. Hence a vessel, which followed the line of the coast,

would have to make many *tacks* and describe many *circles*. Their disasters had made the centurion very cautious, and he would not venture far out to sea, but coasted along in sight of land, tacking frequently to run around the numerous head-lands of the Sicilian shore. One of these tacks brought him to Rhegium, or Regium, the Royal Port, on the southern point of Italy. This city was, indeed, a royal one, owing to the munificence of Julius Cæsar, who had it built up with great splendor.

Now this expression in Acts is so expressive that we regret that it has fallen into disuse. It tells the history of one notorious renegade and doubtless of many another, who has got into Regium, the Royal Port of favor and patronage, after numerous tacks and curious circles, *all made in sight of land*, without risking life and limb far out at sea. First, he was a Democrat, a tack brought him round to be a Whig. The ship is brought about, and lo! a Democrat once more, and a fierce Yankee-hater and fiery pro-slavery advocate. Another tack, the glorious Union light-house looms up. Tack again, the Ordinance of Secession is passed. "Keep close to shore and tack once more," (the Ode to Calhoun has inspired a rhyming mood) Gettysburg and the dear old flag come in sight. Tack again, what now? "unalterable opposition to negro suffrage." Tack again, "manhood suffrage, all men must be equal before the law." A favoring breeze, the Royal Port is in view! No tack-

* Literally, to come round, to wander about.

ing needed now! lo! Regium is just ahead! the Fetich crown awaits him!! Home at last!!!

The second modification of language relates to the change in the meaning of words. It is a curious fact and proving the corruption of human nature, that the change is generally from a good sense to a bad one. The most noted instance of this is "prevent" and its derivatives, which is always used in a favorable sense in our translation. The word literally means to "go before," but as the first comer is always first served or always first serves himself, the original import has been changed into to obstruct, to hinder, to debar. Daniel says: "Thou preventest him with the blessings of goodness," i. e., thou goest before him with these blessings.— Similar to this is the prayer in the Episcopal Liturgy: "Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings." Paul tells us that at the resurrection, the living "shall not prevent them who are asleep," i. e., the living will be no sooner at the Judgment Bar than the dead.— "Jesus prevented him, saying, Simon, &c.," i. e., he *anticipated* the question of Simon.

One of the most remarkable uses of the word, in a favorable sense, is to be found in Job. "Why did the knees prevent me?" why was I dandled on the knee? What a sad proof is this deterioration of words of the deterioration of morals in 277 years. *Then*, the one before, the ruler, the man in authority, was supposed to be there to bless. *Now*, he is known to be there to hinder, to obstruct, to debar, and

to destroy. Let us have peace.

In the third place, the wants of society or its caprices have introduced a variety of new words, not in vogue, two hundred years ago. As we have seen, the English version is without the word "loyal," and the lack of it must have been a serious inconvenience to the preachers of blood-shed and rapine, during the four years of war. This defect may, possibly, account for their abandonment of the Scriptures during that period, and the substitution of politics as more appropriate to the season.

This word first came into repute during the reign of Charles II. from 1660 to 1685. The truly loyal of that period were those, who like the monarch, were drunken, profane and licentious. The sober, reverential and chaste were regarded as rebels, unworthy to live or to hold property. At this time, we understand the truly loyal to be the enormously thievish. At least, Don Piatt, honest Ben Wade, Mrs. Susan B. Anthony and other Republican authorities, quoted previously in this Magazine, authorize us to understand the phrase in that sense. It may be, however, that the style of the Court of Charles II. will be adopted and only those, who act like the sovereign, will be entitled to the distinction of being regarded as truly loyal. The men, who smoke cigars all day long and fall down before a glass of whiskey, will bear the proud title.

The most remarkable omission in the text of 1611 is the "old flag." It is hardly to be wondered at, that loyal preachers gave up

such a Bible. When they turned to their Calmet and Cruden, they found "flag" to mean simply a flaunting, worthless weed, which was painfully suggestive of Greeley's "flaunting lie." In this translation of 1611, there was a great deal said about charity, brotherly love, forgiveness of injuries, justice, mercy, holiness. No wonder that these men of blood scouted at such a book and preached their own gospel of hate, revenge, wrong-doing, cruelty, theft and murder. Let us have peace!

—
A Contented Philosopher.—There is nothing like calm resignation under unavoidable misfortunes. The heroism of fortitude is not less admirable than the heroism of courage. His Excellency, the Governor of Tennessee says, that he would rather go to hell with a loyal negro, than to Heaven with a white rebel. We are pleased that His Excellency has reconciled himself to his future prospects. He accepts gracefully the inevitable situation!

—
 The recent elections demonstrate the power of hate. The men, who denounced Grant as a drunkard and a nincompoop, wrote for him, lied for him, bribed for him, fought for him and voted for him. The men, who declared that the Republican Party was the most corrupt upon earth and that every office-holder was a thief, used every effort to perpetuate the rule of the thieves. The men, who went frantic at any allusion to Andersonville, compassed sea and land to effect the election of Grant,

after they had learned assuredly that he was responsible for all the suffering there. The men, who looked with horror at the proposition to let a few negroes vote in their own State, where this vote would amount to nothing, gave their support to the Party, which avows as its main principle, negro-supremacy over ten States. The men, who wished for economy and reform, voted for the continuance in power of a wasteful, an extravagant and a thievish set of miscreants. The men, who are most noted as levelers in society and opposed to all social distinctions, voted for the establishment of a shoddy aristocracy founded upon the bonds of the Government. The men, who profess to idolize the Constitution of the United States, gave their hearty, earnest and cordial support to the Party, which seeks to destroy it and two of the co-ordinate Departments of the Government. The men, who know that without the products of the South, the Government must soon become bankrupt, voted for the continuance of the negro Bureau and the other measures, which have destroyed the rice crop totally, reduced the sugar crop to a fifth of its former yield, the tobacco crop to a third, and the cotton to less than half.

The explanation of this inconsistency is found in the fact that hate is stronger than convictions of duty, than professions, than principles, than self-interest itself. These men, who allied themselves with the party of hate and ruin, wish not merely the subjugation and degradation of the South, but

the extermination of the Southern race of whites.

The good Old North State has got into the glorious Union at last! We are as happy as—Tennessee!! We were promised great blessings upon getting home under the dear old flag. Well, we *have* got great things, but a comparison of the past with the present will be necessary to determine whether they are blessings.

Then, we had orderly white troops among us under the command of United States officers, and gentlemen. Now, we have over us a negro rabble in the United States service. Then, we had county and municipal officers of our own choosing. Now, we have the appointees of our Fetich Chief, negro - aldermen, negro-police, negro - magistrates, &c., &c. Then, we were under the control of Bomford and Lazelle, gentlemen by birth and education. Gentlemen in culture, refinement and good-feeling. Now, we have as our rulers the vilest of mankind, whom no gentleman would allow to enter his kitchen. One of the highest of these officials was detected in a beastly crime: another served a term in a Northern penitentiary: a third was a brutal negro-trader, notorious for his cruelty: a fourth is openly charged with horse-stealing by more than one newspaper in Indiana. Room for the lepers!

In all the Southern States except two, the negroes have preferred the carpet-bagger to the scallawag—the Yankee adventurer to the Southern renegade.

Masser Brownlow and Masser Holden constitute the sole exceptions. The former was so strong a pro-slavery man that he went to Philadelphia and had there a very disgraceful debate with an Abolitionist, as low as himself. The latter was the special pro-slavery champion in this State, and persecuted every one who did not recognize slavery as the greatest of blessings. He succeeded in driving out of the State, Hedrick and Helper because of their opposition to this institution. The negroes, like the party of great moral ideas, do not seem disposed to inquire about the antecedents of their Fetich leaders. The simple question is, “are they base enough for our present purposes?”

The Wrong Deity.—In the palmy days of Rome, it was considered unpatriotic to invoke any stranger God—one, whose image was not in the Pantheon. A Fetich leader at Raleigh, N. C., in a recent inflammatory speech to his negro compeers said: “I invoke the God of turpentine to envelop with flames the houses of rebels.”—The Fetich leader violated the Roman rule, he had no right to invoke a stranger God, he should have called upon the Deity of his own region—the God of *brimstone*, and not of turpentine.

The sketch of the celebrated Washington Artillery, of New Orleans, is an extract from the *Picayune*. It was sent to us by an esteemed officer of that command, with the request for its publication. We regret that we

had not space for the names of the officers, who took the field and surrendered with this famous command. We are always pleased to see such sketches as these. The French have an admirable rule of furnishing what are called *memoires pour servir* at the close of a war. It is considered indecorous and in bad taste to write a history till the actors have passed off the stage. These *memoires* furnish the data for the future historian.

Had this simple rule of good taste and good feeling been observed, the South would have been spared the deep humiliation of the "Lost Cause," of Mr. E. A. Pollard—a pretended history, but in fact, a rare amalgam of venom and ignorance. There was not a drummer boy or colored servant in Lee's army, who had not more accurate knowledge of the battles of the late war than the bomb-proof penny-a-liner, who set himself up as their chronicler.

Mr. Manigault's "Defence of Beast Butler" is unjust to the troops, which fought under McClellan. We never once heard "Little Mac." or any of his officers accused of soiling their hands with plunder. The Army of the Potomac under his leadership conducted war upon civilized principles. He did all in his power to ameliorate its horrors. Porter, Franklin, Gibbon, Stone, Sykes, Newton, Clitz, Buell, Hayden and scores of others were as distinguished for their courage on the field, as for their chivalry and courtesy in private life. As a general rule, the officers the most

to be feared in battle were the most generous and humane. The thieves and plunderers, the murderers and bummers were the veriest imbeciles on the field.—Butler, Schenck, McNeill, Geary, Burbridge, Turchin, Schurz, Milroy and Kilpatrick were as harmless as sucking doves in the presence of enemies one-third their strength. Still, it is undeniable that with thousands, including officers of high rank, it was a war for plunder. The atrocious declaration of Sherman that rebels had no rights of person and property gave sanction to theft, robbery, rape, arson and murder.—The "march to the sea" was as infamous as any of the desolating raids of Attila, the Hun.

We copy from a valued Democratic exchange, the *Idaho World*, the following choice extract:

Rough but Graphic.—Col. E. H. Townley, late of the Federal army, and a prominent convert from Radicalism, made a facetious speech before the Democratic club in Baltimore, a few nights since. His experience of army life is edifying, and we extract a leaf from it for public delectation. Read this:

"I will bet that they will not get a Jew vote; I was there when that order was issued. It was just before the Yazoo Pass expedition at Helena. Every Jew was put ashore. A Jew friend of mine was placed at night on the river bank with \$7,000 worth of goods. The next morning there was not a remnant of his property left. Why did they send them back? Was it because they feared their honesty and patriotism?—No; because some generals were fearful that somebody would get more cotton than they did. I have seen officers buy whole

steamboat loads at twenty-five cents a bale. I once bought thirty-six bales from a negro for \$2.60 and thought I was paying a high price. [Laughter.] It was worth 65 cents a pound.

"The war was for plunder and to dissolve the Union. I tell you so because I was in it. I never took a red-hot stove, but I waited one day four hours for one to cool. [Laughter.] I happened to turn my back for a minute and some one had taken it away."

Buffoon Beecher tells us that the Confederates, who fell in resisting this plunder and robbery, are now filling "dishonored graves." We repeat a sentiment expressed once before. We had rather be the plundered than the plunderers. We had rather belong to the desolated region, than to the country which desolated it. We will gather our rags around us and believe them to be more honorable than the royal robes of victory. We will sit down in "the ashes of southern homes" and cast no looks of envy towards the palaces built in the tears and blood of a once happy nation.

We believe that at no period in our history have the illustrated papers of the North been so freely taken at the South. These belong invariably to three classes, the trashy, the sensational and the libelous. Bonner's *Ledger* is the type of the first class; *Leslie* and *Day's Doings* of the second; and *Harper* of the third. The first is simply worthless, the second is licentious, and the third slanderous to the last degree. If time were not a precious gift, for the right use of which which we are responsible to the Donor, the

hours and days wasted over the trashy might be regarded as a trifle. But time is inexpressibly valuable to us now, and it is criminal to throw it away upon frivolous nonsense. We would raise our warning voice especially against the filthy, obscene and terribly licentious sensational papers, which are hawked about our streets and sold in every car that rolls through our impoverished country. The fiends are seeking to make the moral desolation as great as the physical.

The libelous class of weeklies and monthlies are not so mischievous as the sensational. If our people love to read slanders upon themselves, let them do so. But let them recollect that these libels will effect the tender minds of their children, and that persistent falsehood often becomes a part of history. The next generation may believe that their martyrs did fill "dishonored graves."

We transfer to our columns some pertinent remarks on this subject from the Raleigh, N. C. *Sentinel*, a journal which has endeared itself to every honest man in the State, by its noble conflict with the loyal Fetich and the powers of darkness.

Illustrated Papers.—Some Southern people have a very strange appreciation of their own self-respect and personal honor, who will patronize the Harper's *Illustrated* publications and others, which are constantly representing falsely, by ill-tempered caricatures, the manners and *status* of Southern people. We believe sensational papers of any kind and in the interest of any party are grossly demoralizing and injurious to the peace and well being of so-

ciety. The Radicals charge the Southern people with being rebellious and hostile to the North. If so, the Southern people have a strange way of showing it. There are three Northern papers taken in the South to every one of their home papers, and it would seem that frequently the more abusive of, and lying they are upon, the Southern people, the more they are patronized. We want peace; hence, we should cease reading those papers, which misrepresent us and excite ill-feeling in us towards the North.

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We have received a letter from Capt. E. W. Hoffman, now at Charleston, S. C., and lately Assistant Inspector General of 1st division, 19th Army corps, (Federal troops,) correcting some alleged errors in Col. Bonner's account of the battle of Mansfield, Louisiana.

As the aim of both our correspondent and ourselves, is to do justice to all parties, and as the letter of Capt. Hoffman is courteous, we publish his statement with pleasure:

GENERAL:

I have perused the description of the "Battle of Mansfield, La., by Col. Bonner," in your October number, and for the sake of justice to both parties engaged in said battle, I would beg permission to correct an error into which the Colonel, unknowingly, has fallen, and to add a few items of explanation.

The troops engaged on the Federal side, with Gen. Mouton's division, were the "Advance Guard" of the army, under Gen. Banks, composed of Mounted

Infantry and Cavalry, about 2,500 strong.

You, General, are aware, that "Mounted Infantry" does not fight mounted, and of how many (only too willing) men it takes to hold the horses during a fight; I will, therefore, leave to you the approximation of the force actually engaged on the "Federal side" in the commencement.

The (six) guns captured, were not taken in action, but were left hemmed in by baggage-wagons, of the (driven back) Advance Guard, in a forest road, where it was impossible to remove them.

The large Federal reinforcement, did not consist of the 16th Army Corps, but was only the 1st division, 19th Army Corps, numbering at that time, about 5,000 men.

This division was in the act of going into camp (after a 12 mile march) when the order came "to go to the front," to assist the cavalry; after double-quickening about 8 miles, it was brought into action by a "forward into line," and by its steady fire brought the advancing, and up to that time, victorious Confederates to a halt, and finally made them fall back.

Thus ended the Battle of Mansfield, Louisiana.

P. S. I neglected to state "that the stand the Colonel speaks of seven miles from the first field, was not made by the retreating cavalry, but by a brigade of the 13th Army Corps, under Gen. Ransom.

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We stated in our July number that four or five articles in Mr. E. A. Pollard's book, "Lee and

his Lieutenants" were taken, without acknowledgment, from this Magazine. We have since seen a book called "Grey Jackets" which is almost a compilation from our monthly; credit being sometimes given, but most generally no acknowledgment whatever.

We have come near being amenable to the same charge of plagiarism. The poem called "Anita," was sent to us in manuscript, by the author. After it had been printed, we found the same poem in the *School Day Visitor*, of Philadelphia. The author explains that he had sent it a year ago to the Philadelphia publisher, and not hearing of its acceptance, had sent it to us.

To Contributors.—We have poetry (?) enough on hands to last us seven years and five months. If, at the end of that period, we are alive and well, we will lift the flood-gates and let the deluge in. Until then, we will keep them *down*; by *them*, we mean the flood-gates and not the poets.

Persons sending serials and lengthy articles will oblige us by enclosing stamps. Their pieces will, in that case, be returned, invariably, on the day of their reception.

We regret exceedingly that we overlooked till too late for insertion in this number, an article from our gallant and esteemed friend, Col. Wm. Byrd, of Virginia. The Colonel thinks that his command and himself have been reflected upon, by the article in a previous number called the

"Battle of Mansfield." We feel sure that no reflection was intended, and upon such a man was impossible. We will give place in our next number to the paper of Col. Byrd. In simple justice to ourselves, we would state that if we had dreamed that any reflection was intended, we would have instantly rejected the article. We leave the censorship of Confederate officers to the non-combatant school of writers. But we would reject, with indignant scorn, the publication of any article imputing fault to so tried and true an officer as Col. Byrd.

The speech of Hon. John Q. Adams, of Massachusetts, at Columbia, S. C., was so much in the mystic style of the Delphic Oracle that it has been quoted upon both sides. The Democrats find great comfort in it, and the Radicals are charmed with it. A Philadelphia lawyer cannot tell from the speech, to which party the great man belongs.

The explanation, of the dual utterances of the illustrious descendant of a line of Presidents, is easy. Having left the land of steady habits, and got beyond the malign influence of a certain odious Maine law, the renowned statesman *saw double* at many points on the road, and it is not wonderful that he *talked double* occasionally.

OUR ADVERTISEMENTS.—We would call especial attention to our Baltimore advertisements.—That noble city, which has done so much for the suffering South, has peculiar claims upon our people. The two Universities, Washington University and Maryland

University deserve the fullest patronage. The former admits, without charge, into the Medical Department one wounded Confederate soldier from each Congressional District, in the late slaveholding States, who has proper recommendations. Baltimore being an importing and manufacturing city, every thing can be found there which the Northern cities make or import. In the Dry Goods line, Whitely Brothers, and W. Devries & Co., can be fully relied upon as merchants and honorable men. Gaddess Brothers, and Bevan & Sons have as beautiful marble work as can be found in this country. Bickford & Huffman's Grain Drill is a deserved favorite in all parts of the United States. Our genial friend, R. Q. Taylor, keeps an elegant assortment of hats and furs. Thos. Godey and R. Renwick & Son are large manufacturers of

beautiful and substantial furniture. The pianos of Knabe and Stieff are favorably known everywhere. We can only refer in general terms to the Bankers and Brokers, Wilson, Colston & Co. and Brown, Lancaster & Co: for Clothing, to Noah Walker & Co., and Shipley, Roane & Co.: for Drugs, to Burrough Brothers: for Fertilizers, to G. Ober, B. M. Rhodes and Patapsco Guano Company: for Guns and Pistols, to Alexander McComas: for Hotels, to the Howard House: for Hardware, to Cortlan & Company: for Millinery, to Armstrong, Cator & Company: for Cedar Ware, to Lord and Robinson: for Jewelry, to Canfield & Brothers: for Sewing Machines, to Grover & Baker: for India Rubber Goods, to W. G. Maxwell: for Saddles, Harness, &c., to John D. Hammond: for Hominy Mill to Richard Cromwell.

 BOOK NOTICES.

THE LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS, By Frank H. Alfried, late Editor of "The Southern Literary Messenger." Caxton Publishing House—1868.

There is a disposition in the whole human race to admire those qualities in others, which we do not possess ourselves. This disposition may prompt us to covet those qualities and envy their possessor, or it may expend itself in sincere and simple admiration. Thus, the weak covet strength, and, it may be, envy the strong. The ignorant often envy the

learned. The poor may envy the rich and covet his stores.

To the honor of human nature, be it said, that there can be admiration without envy or covetousness. Women admire courage and honor the brave without a particle of invidious feeling. The most unsightly hero is a charming object in their eyes. Lady Hamilton thought Lord Nelson was an Apollo in beauty and grace. Women adore courage and Quakers love to talk of military men.

The principle was illustrated

during the war by bomb-proofs and non-combatants. These would collect in the corners of the street, criticise army movements and tell how the victory would have been won, but for the blunders of this and that officer. It never seemed to occur to these *savans* that they were bound as patriots to go to the front and give Lee, Johnston and Beauregard, the benefit of their military knowledge. But they had an irrepressible mania to talk about the war, because they had all a woman's admiration for feats of prowess. These street-warriors were the laughing-stock of the soldiers, and their criticisms made rare sport around the camp-fire.

But it is quite another thing, when the lecture at the lamp-post is put in a book and called *history*. We could smile at the rant in the street, but we feel bound to rebuke the profanation of history. Mr. E. A. Pollard, who never saw a battle-field, criticises quite freely the strategy of Mr. Davis, and the campaigns of Gen. Lee. Mr. Frank H. Alfriend, Editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, Non-combatant, &c., &c., points out the faults of Joe Johnston and the blunders of Beauregard! We live in a modest age!!

We regard this book as a great misfortune to Mr. Davis. In his arduous and responsible position, he had made many bitter enemies. But as the scape-goat for our people, the vicarious sufferer for a whole nation, he is sacred in the eyes of all of Southern birth and noble sentiments. It is then deeply to be regretted on Mr. D's account, that a book should come

out at this time, which assails all whom he was supposed to dislike, and commends all who were considered his "pets." The country has its opinion of certain civil and military officers, and we imagine that neither the partiality of Mr. Davis, nor the eloquence of Mr. Alfriend can alter that opinion. In fact, no one will care that he estimates the ability of men by the greatness of their failures,—the officer, who inflicts the greatest disaster being, in his view, the most meritorious. The poor Confederate has nothing left him but his good name, and it is always pleasant to learn that one has been praised, whether deservedly or otherwise.

For the same reason, it is painful to see a Confederate soldier traduced, especially, if the censure comes from one who encountered no perils, and endured no sufferings in our unequal struggle for Constitutional freedom. The book everywhere shows a very bad spirit towards Gen. Joe Johnston. We will quote a single passage in proof: "The destruction of valuable material, (at Manassas) including an extensive meat-curing establishment, containing large supplies of meat, and established by the Government, which ensued upon the evacuation of Manassas, elicited much exasperated censure. Similar occurrences at the evacuation of Yorktown, a few weeks later, revived a most unpleasant recollection of some incidents in the retreat from Manassas. The extravagant destruction of property, in many instances apparently reckless and wanton, marking the movements

of the Confederate armies at this period, was a bitter sarcasm upon the practice, by many of its prominent officers, of that economy of resources which the necessities of the Confederacy so imperatively demanded."

The "late editor of the Southern Literary Messenger" has thought proper to make his sentences somewhat obscure, and his English difficult of comprehension. But it is plain that he intends a fling at Johnston for wasteful destruction or abandonment of property at Manassas and Yorktown. Now we were not at the former place, and will not imitate Mr. Alfriend, in speaking of things of which we have no personal knowledge. But we were at Yorktown, and we give it as our deliberate opinion (and would do so on oath) that there never was, in history, a retreat of so large a force with so little unnecessary destruction of property.— Gen. Johnston divided his line, extending from York river to the James, into three parts, right, centre and left. The editor of this magazine commanded the left wing, which included Yorktown and the adjacent posts, where were all our stores. The infantry left Yorktown at dark on the night of the retreat. The heavy artillery remained till midnight and kept up an incessant firing. The writer remained in Yorktown after the artillerists had all gone, and he inspected every thing left behind and knows that nothing of value was abandoned which could be removed, save some medical stores of no great amount. The medical officer

(Dr. Coffin) had neglected to remove them, as ordered, and charges were brought against him for his neglect. The heavy guns could not be removed, of course; and, besides them, there was nothing of any importance left behind, and *nothing whatever was destroyed.*

We think that Gen. McClellan would be as much surprised as any one else to learn, either that he had taken vast stores from Johnston, or that he had compelled Johnston to destroy vast stores to avoid capture. He assuredly found neither the plunder nor the evidences of its destruction.

The whole thing is a myth.— Yorktown was not so far from Richmond that Mr. Alfriend, a resident of Richmond, could not have gained accurate information of what occurred on the retreat. The writer of this was in charge of all the stores at Yorktown and never heard of this wasteful destruction, until the publication of Mr. Alfriend's book. In other parts of his book, when Mr. A. assails Gen. Johnston, it is in order to vindicate the hero of his story. But in this instance, it seems to be a gratuitous and uncalled for wrong.

There is much of real value in this book, and it is to be regretted that Mr. Frank H. Alfriend did not confine himself to the matters he understood. His military criticisms are not worth a button.

It will be seen that, as a general rule, his estimate of men and measures is just the reverse of that entertained by nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thou-

sand of the Southern people. We are inclined to think that Mr. Frank H. Alfriend and the small fraction cannot change the opinion of the overwhelming majority.

No championship of Mr. Davis can add to his great fame, can bring another friend to his side, or soften the asperity of a single enemy. His sublime and uncompromising silence has, hitherto, been his most eloquent vindication. Indiscreet friends can dim the lustre of his bright career, malignant enemies can do him no injury. It is a pity that the biographer did not know this fact. It is a greater pity that he forgot his assumed position of impartial historian, and descended to a partisanship so bitter as to involve wrong and injustice to some of the ablest and noblest of our Confederate officers.

Until the end of time, women and non-combatants will delight to talk and write about military achievements. The former are always generous and love to cover up the faults and blunders of those, who endured many hardships and encountered many perils for a loved and cherished cause. The latter are too often censorious, and with apparent pleasure, undertake the ungracious task of exposing neglects of duty, mistakes and weaknesses. In that case, we may be shocked at the bad taste of the non-combatant writer, and we may think that modesty should have restrained him from daubing with ink a veteran of the war; but we will not question his historic accuracy with the facts and figures on his side. We can, however, find no

language too strong to express our disapprobation of his course, when he adds to the bad taste of the non-combatant critic, the misrepresentations of the prejudiced partisan.

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THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

By Alex. H. Stephens. National Publishing House. 1868:

This is a great book, full of learning, labor, thought and *truth*.

Mr. Stephens has thrown his book into the form of colloquies between three visitors from the North, to Liberty Hall, his residence at Crawfordville, Georgia. The first of these visitors is a Radical, of the straitest sect; the second is a moderate Republican; the third is a war Democrat.

The first conversation opens with the expression of surprise, on the part of the Radical, that Mr. Stephens, a well known Union man, should have identified himself with the South in her struggle for Constitutional liberty.— This brings up the whole question of State-Rights, and Mr. Stephens has produced a historic argument for the truth of this doctrine, which cannot be answered. In fact, we believe that no attempt will ever be made to answer it.— The Consolidationists are afraid of it, else Mr. Davis would have been tried long ago.

The first volume contains 654 pages, on clean, white paper, with excellent typography and finish. It has, moreover, seven illustrations, a view of Liberty Hall, a portrait of Jefferson, of Washington, of Webster, of Clay, of Calhoun, and of Andrew Jackson.

This volume is very largely

made up of extracts and quotations. Thus more than 40 pages are taken up with Mr. Calhoun's great speech of the 26th February, 1833, upon the Constitution. Mr. Stephens says of this speech, that Mr. Webster made no rejoinder. "He followed with a few remarks only, disavowing any personal unkind feeling to Mr. Calhoun, explaining how he had used the term 'Constitutional compact,' in 1830; and attempting to parry one or two of the blows, but he never made any set reply or rejoinder. He never came back at his opponent at all on the real questions at issue. Mr. Calhoun stood master of the arena. This speech of his was not answered then, it has not been answered since, and in my judgment, never will be, or can be answered while truth has its legitimate influence, and reason controls the judgments of men!"

We believe that no honest and unprejudiced man can read this book, without being thoroughly convinced in his inmost soul, that the Southern interpretation of the Constitution was the true one. It is a most timely addition to the literature of the country, and spite of the madness and infatuation of the hour, may do something towards arresting the tyranny of centralization.

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THE CAROLINA FARMER, A
 Monthly Magazine. Published
 at Wilmington, N. C. Price,
 \$2.00.

This is an admirable agricultural magazine of 31 pages of reading matter. We need just such a publication in our State, and it

should have a large circulation. The time has passed when the farmer could cultivate his fields in a random, careless manner and have full cribs and gin-houses, at the end of the year. Our exhausted soil and demoralized system of labor call for a change in the old, unscientific, routine. We must husband our resources, improve our soil and bring the lights of science and experience to our aid.

The number of the *Farmer* before us has a happy blending of theory and practice, of original and well-selected matter. The name of the Editor and Proprietor, (Wm. H. Bernard) is a guarantee that the monthly will supply an important want.

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THE *Southern Son*

Is a neat monthly of 37 pages, published at Nashville, Tennessee, in the interests of the Sons of Temperance. Price, \$2.00 per annum. The number before us has a handsome engraving of Moses striking the rock.

—
ALASKA.—A SPECTACULAR EX-
TRAVAGANZA,

Is an amusing burlesque of Mr. Seward's great purchase. Those, who wish to enjoy a rich treat of fun and sarcasm, would do well to send to the Publishers, E. J. Hale & Sons, 16 Murray Street, New York.

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THE SEMINARY MAGAZINE

Is a new literary and educational monthly, published at Richmond, Va., 64 pages of reading matter. Price, \$1.50 per annum. There are four illustrations in the

number before us, and the reading matter is excellent.

THE "LOIL" LEGISLATURE, OF ALABAMA

Is an amusing pamphlet of 56 pages, published by R. W. Offutt & Co., of Montgomery, Alabama. The author has wisely confined himself to the sayings and doings of the loyal Fetich. It is impossible to libel them, impossible to say anything half so extravagant about them, as the simple publication of what they did and what they said. The pictures, therefore, are failures. In one of these, the scallawag is represented as blacking the brogans of a dirty corn-field negro. This fails immeasurably to express the degradation of the scallawag. Blacking the brogans of the filthiest and most brutish negro is a noble employment, in comparison with the daily dirty work of the miserable scallawag.

THE LAND WE LOVE

Is a charming piece of music dedicated to the editor of the monthly of the same name, and composed by Professor Charles O. Pape, of Bowling Green, Ken-

tucky. Professor Pape is well known as a scholar and musician, and this tribute from him to our beloved South is gratefully appreciated.

CALLAMURA, By Julia Pleasants. Philadelphia. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Publishers.

This novel is from the pen of one of the most popular writers of the South, and we hope that the fair author may find many readers. She deserves success.

THE CHARACTER OF STONEWALL JACKSON, By John Warwick Daniel.

This is the best analysis, we have had the fortune to see, of the character of *the hero* of the war. It is just and discriminating, and many passages are marked with great power and eloquence. Mr. Daniel has wisely ignored all the anecdotes, which disfigure the sensational biographers. We have never read a single anecdote of the General, from Bee's giving him the name of Stonewall down to the more recent invention of the reliable gentleman, which bore the slightest marks of authenticity.

THE LAND WE LOVE.

No. III.

JANUARY, 1869.

VOL. VI.

THE CAPTURE OF FORT DE RUSSY, LA.

WINCHESTER, VA.,
Sept. 23d, 1868.

GENERAL:—I respectfully ask for a place in your valuable periodical for this communication.

In your October number I find an interesting article entitled "The Battle of Mansfield," embracing a sketch of the Banks campaign in the Trans-Mississippi Department in 1864. On the 2nd page, speaking of the retreat of Walker's division from Simsport, commencing March 13th, 1864, the writer says: "On the day after our departure from Marksville, Fort De Russy, situated on the bank of Red River, three miles from that town, was surrendered with its garrison of 400 Texans, after a *brief and futile* resistance to a combined land and naval force of the enemy." He has, inadvertently fallen into some errors in this statement, which, as the officer commanding the Fort, my duty to those who commanded as well as

those who were commanded by me, requires me to correct.

1st. As to the troops engaged in the affair, the condition of the works, the character and duration of the fight. The attacking column consisted of the army of Gen. A. J. Smith, from Vicksburg, and our garrison embraced some 200 Texan infantry and 75 artillerymen. The garrison had at one time comprised 20 companies of all arms, but the most of them were removed on the eve of the fight. The works were strong, complete and well manned with guns on the water side; but on the land side they were open and incomplete, and contained but two guns capable of service. It is unnecessary to inform your intelligent military readers that, as the commanding officer, I was in no wise responsible for the condition of the works or the position of the batteries. Their condition, however, was no doubt the result of the

want of time, arising from the sudden and unexpected movements of the enemy.

I quote an extract from a letter subsequently written by General Walker to myself. "Your conduct, and that of your men, at Fort DeRussy was admirable and deserves the highest praise." * * "It was a matter of extreme regret that I was obliged to place men in such position. The most that could be done was to make a brave defense and that I well knew you would do. My confident expectation was fully realized by yourself and brave handful."

The following is an extract from the version of the same affair contained in the New Orleans *True Delta*, the organ of General Banks:

"The battle commenced at 2 p. m., and for two hours was confined to artillery. About 4 o'clock, Gen. Smith determined to carry the works by assault, which he did after being twice repulsed; twice did the assailants nearly reach the moat, but were driven back. On the third attack they gained the parapet and Col. Byrd, commanding, surrendered unconditionally."

The New Orleans *Times* said:

"The fighting is represented as being most obstinate on both sides. Three assaults were made by our (Federal) troops, under General Smith, before the garrison surrendered. On the last assault part of the Union forces reached the parapet, and the balance were but some thirty feet away when Col. Byrd mounted the parapet and waved a white handkerchief,

fastened to a bayonet, in token of surrender."

When the Fort was thus taken by assault, it was nearly dark.

2d. As to the responsibility for the defense and its object. The tenor of my orders, verbal and written, required us to defend the Post to the last, and were probably based upon a wise policy. It was projected by Lieut. General Kirby Smith upon the hypothesis that no serious effort to penetrate the Trans-Mississippi Department would be made, by the enemy, except by way of Red River, a large fleet of Iron-clads and transports accompanying the army of invasion *pari passu*. The fort was planned not with the absurd expectation of defending it permanently against powerful land and naval forces combined, but to offer at least a temporary obstacle to their progress, allowing time to save our valuable stores accumulated at the Posts above, and to effect a concentration of detached bodies of our troops separated from each other by hundreds of miles, or at least to prevent an isolated division from being cut off and captured. His sagacity was vindicated by the history of this expedition. Three strong Federal armies were thrown simultaneously upon the Department, A. J. Smith's column of 12,000 hardy veterans disembarking suddenly at Simsport and driving Walker before him, Banks with 30,000 advancing from New Iberia, and Steel with 30,000 from Little Rock, all moving upon converging lines towards Shreveport. At the commencement of this formidable and triple movement,

Gen. John G. Walker, with his Texas division of infantry, was lying near Simsport, La., General Polignac's near Trinity, La., and the cavalry of the heroic Green, scattered over Texas. It was evident that Walker was in danger of being crushed between the heavy columns of Banks and Smith, and Polignac of Smith and Steel. At that crisis any obstruction to the advance of Smith was of the last importance to Walker and Polignac, and such an obstruction was the defense of Fort DeRussy. If finished, well armed and manned, the hostile armies would, perhaps, have been whipped in detail. Notwithstanding the delay at Fort DeRussy, your correspondent, who belonged to Walker's division, says truly, "For several days after our retreat commenced, we

were closely pressed by the land forces."

I have been constrained, unwillingly, to ask the publication of the details of an engagement which, in comparison with ten thousand others, sinks to unimportance; but I owe it to myself and to others to cherish whilst life lasts, the remembrance of my obscure connection with a lost but a glorious cause. Captain King and Lieut. Foggerty, of St. Martinsville, La., Lieut. Hervey, of New Orleans, Maj. Mabry, of Austin, Texas, Capt. Marold, of Washington, Texas, and Lieut. Denson, of Tyler, Texas, served gallantly among many others, under my command, on that occasion, and are familiar with the facts.

I am, General,
Very truly yours,
WM. BYRD.

THE DIAL-PLATE.

BY A. J. REQUIER.

All rusty is the iron-grate
That girds the garden desolate,
But there it stands—the old dial-plate,
A thing of antiquated date,
Right opposite the sun:
The wild-moss and the fern have grown
Upon its quaint, old-fashioned stone,
And earthy mounds about it strown,
Seem each to say, in solemn tone,
"A race is run!"

Of yore, in vernal beauty smiled
This spot of earth, so drear and wild,
And you might chance to see a child,
Up-scrambling on the grey stones piled
 Around the dial-plate;
Then, might you hear his laughter ring,
Clear as the chime of bells in spring,
When, like a pompous little king,
He strutted on that queer old thing
 In mock estate.

Long years have circled slowly round
Upon that Wheel which hath no sound,
The urchin has, in manhood, found
A beauteous maid, and they are bound
 By Hymen's silken ties:
There stand the couple—side by side—
The bridegroom and his dainty bride;
The sunbeams from the dial slide
Down into cells beneath the tide,
 Deep—as their sighs!

Comes tottering Age, with thin, white hair,
And that same youth is standing there;
But now, his head is almost bare,
And twinkles in his eye, a tear
 Fresh from his withered core;
Gone are the loved ones of his breast,
Gone to their everlasting rest,
Grim Death has robbed the old man's nest,
And they are now his mouldering guests
 For evermore.

THE HUMORS OF SYDNEY SMITH.

It is a pleasant thing at times to turn from the sunshine and oppressive glare of business, to the cool shades of such a character as Sydney Smith. A character, which, though, from an American stand-point, we may not entirely approve, we cannot but enjoy.

Happily it does not devolve upon us to sit in judgment upon his consistency as a minister of the gospel; although we are not of those who look on cheerfulness as one of the deadly sins.

His good works live after him in many ameliorations of the condition of the poor, and the relief of the Catholics from some disgraceful disabilities; and his genial humor has given pleasure to thousands, and but little pain to any. "You have been laughing at me constantly for the last seven years," said Lord Dudley, when Mr. Smith went to take leave of his Lordship, on quitting London for Yorkshire, "and yet, in all that time, you have never said a thing I wished unsaid."

It was this Lord Dudley, whom he thought the most absent man he had ever met, of whom he relates the following anecdote:—"One day he met me in the street and invited me to dine with myself. 'Dine with me to-day,' said he, 'dine with me, and I will get Sydney Smith to meet you.' I admitted the temptation he held out to me, but said I was engaged to meet him elsewhere."

The limits of a magazine article

present too small a space for a full sized portrait of a many-sided man like Sydney Smith, and we must content ourselves with some short account of him and his pleasantries.

To a heraldic compiler who pompously informed him that "he was compounding a history of the distinguished families of Somersetshire, and had called to obtain the Smith's arms;" he replied, "the Smiths never had any arms, and have invariably sealed their letters with their thumbs."—This was a jesting exaggeration, as he was of very respectable parentage. He was born at Woodford, in Essex, in the year 1771, and was the second of four brothers. All the young Smiths distinguished themselves at school. On one occasion the boys of their school, addressed a "round robin" to the master, in which they declared they would no longer contend for the college prizes, if the Smiths were competitors, as they always gained them. Sydney describes the system of education at the Dotheboys Halls, of that day, as one of abuse, neglect and vice; the food was coarse and insufficient, and he actually often suffered from hunger.

We believe there are still to be found some persons who affect to regret this old system of fagging, starving and beating in schools, but if, after the manner of Dante's Infernals, we had the assignment of the punishment of such, we should assign them to an eternity of

school-boy-hood under the tender mercies of an irritable Scotch teacher of the old school. On quitting Winchester, Sydney was sent by his father, for six months, to Mount Villiers, in Normandy, to perfect himself in French, which he ever after spoke with fluency. His next move was to New College, Oxford, where he successively became Scholar and Fellow. He escaped drunkenness, the prevailing vice of the day, either by natural taste, or the smallness of his allowance, which prevented him from entering into the dissipations of the place. Jeffrey said of the universities at that time, that they "learnt nothing at them but drinking and playing."

On leaving Oxford his own inclinations led him to the bar, but his father, on account of limited circumstances, pressed him to take the cheaper course of entering the Church. After two years as curate of Amesbury, on Salisbury Plains, he was employed by a Mr. Beach, a prominent member of his parish, as tutor of his son; this engagement was productive of important consequences to himself, and we may say to the world, for it was in the prosecution of it that he was carried to Edinburgh, where he met with that assemblage of talent then in the Northern Capital, to whom he suggested the idea of the *Edinburgh Review*.

He had early engaged himself to Miss Pylus, and in 1799 visited England for the purpose of marrying her. The sole worldly goods with which he could endow her, were six silver tea spoons; she had

some fortune of her own, and the gentleman, to whose son he had been tutor, gave him £1,000 for the superintendance of the studies of his son; which, with about £500 from other sources, enabled the young housekeepers to set up their establishment. In 1803 he was prevailed upon by his wife to take his talents to the Metropolis. For years after his marriage his life was a hard struggle with poverty, until late in life he was made comparatively rich by the death of his younger brother, Courtenay, who had accumulated a large fortune in India; but through it all he stood up manfully for the principles of the Edinburgh Review, thereby destroying all hope of preferment from the ruling party.

We cannot follow him through his various changes and trials, until better times, when he came to the prebendal stall at Bristol, and the living of Combe Florey in Somersetshire in the year 1829, and shortly after to a prebendal stall at St. Paul's. In the interval he became distinguished as a wit, a bold and able writer, and advocate of reform, and a popular preacher in London. His reputation was also widely extended by the celebrated "Letters of Peter Plymly" on the Catholics, and his Lectures on Moral Philosophy.

In this country Sydney Smith is known chiefly as a humorist, and with such a character has to father numberless witticisms of which he is probably guiltless; that is one of the penalties of a reputation. Nothing could be more unjust than such an impression. Macaulay speaks of him as "a great reasoner" as well

“as the greatest master of ridicule that has appeared among us since Swift.” Whether he rendered himself more or less popular in this country by his bold and pungent attacks on repudiation, it is hard to say, but we cannot doubt that at this day he has the sympathy of every right thinking man. The storm raised by his petition to the Congress of the United States in 1843, cannot have been forgotten. One of the most pointed witticisms attributed to him, upon rather vague authority, refers to those days of repudiated bonds; when some young men, to express their admiration for him, said they could desire nothing more than to be like him, he is said to have replied, with certainly too much levity, “I would that you were not only almost, but altogether such as I am except these bonds,” pointing to his Pennsylvania treasures. On equally loose authority, he is said to have responded, with as much levity, to a request from Landseer that he would sit to him for his portrait: “Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?”—From the character of the man and the style of his humor, it is very doubtful, to say the least, that these were his. Many such sayings were current and attributed to him, which led persons to infer that his wit was exhibited in short and pointed repartee.—But nothing was further from the fact; that splendid humor which rendered him so charming as a companion, “consisted in a species of burlesque representation of any circumstance which occurred, the rapid invention of his humor-

ous imagination presenting it under all manner of ridiculous lights; as these grotesque conceptions fell from his lips, he accompanied them with a loud, jovial, contagious laugh.” Of course much of the charm of this species of wit evaporates with the circumstance that gives it birth. Dissociated from these circumstances the comicality is lost and the nonsense remains. Moore records that coming home with Luttrell and Smith they “were all three seized with such convulsions of cachinnation at something which Sydney said, that they were obliged to separate, and reel each one his own way with the fit.”—Yet the poet failed to remember what it was when he undertook to make an entry of this “something” in his note-book. Probably as good an example of this style of wit which has been preserved is found in his exclamation when he was told that a young Scotchman was about to marry a portly widow.

“Going to marry her! going to marry her! impossible, you mean a part of her; he could not marry her all himself. It would be a case not of bigamy, but of trigamy; the neighborhood or magistrates should interfere. There is enough of her to furnish wives for a whole parish. One man marry her! it is monstrous. You might people a colony with her, or, perhaps, take your morning’s walk round her, always provided there were frequent resting places, and you were in rude health. I was once rash enough to try walking round her before breakfast, but only got half way, and

gave it up exhausted. Or you might read the riot act and disperse her; in short, you might do anything with her but marry her." "Oh! Mr. Sydney," said a young lady recovering from the general laugh, "did you make all that yourself?"

"Yes, Lucy, all myself child; all my thunder. Do you think when I am about to make a joke, I send for my neighbors Carew and Geering, or consult the clerk and church wardens upon it?"

The comparison of the House of Lords with the fabulous Mrs. Partington during the reform frenzy of 1831, might be considered as somewhat wanting in that degree of respect an Englishman is supposed to feel for that dignified body. He writes:

"I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon the town, the flood rose to an incredible height—the flood rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mops and pattens, trundling her mops, squeezing out the sea water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic ocean. The Atlantic was roused, Mrs. Partington's spirit was up, but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs.

Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest. Gentlemen be at your ease—be quiet, be steady; you will beat Mrs. Partington."

The conversation of Sydney Smith abounded with brilliant sallies, some fragments of which we shall make no apology for "stringing" together without comment, or much regard to the order of their going, as our object is simply to furnish the reader with a little amusement. Some one in his presence asked if the Bishop of —— was going to marry. "Perhaps he may," said Sydney; "Yet, how can a Bishop marry? how can he flirt? the most he can say is, 'I will see you in the vestry after service.'"

An argument arose, in which he observed how many of the most eminent men of the world had been diminutive in person, and after naming several among the ancients, he added; "why, look there at Jeffrey; and there is my little friend ——, who has not body enough to cover his mind decently with;—his intellect is improperly exposed."

"You will generally see" said he "in human life the round man and the angular man planted in the wrong hole; but the Bishop of —— being a round man, has fallen into a triangular hole, and is far better off than many triangular men who have fallen into round holes" and "It requires" he used to say "a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding. Their only idea of wit, or rather that inferior variety of that electric

talent, which prevails occasionally in the North, and which, under the name of WUT, is so infinitely distressing to people of good taste, is laughing immoderately at stated intervals. They are so imbued with metaphysics that they even make love metaphysically; I overheard a young lady of my acquaintance, at a dance in Edinburgh, exclaim, in a sudden pause of the music, 'what you say, my Lord, is very true of love in the abstract, but'—here the fiddlers began to fiddle furiously, and the rest was lost." Jeffrey was exceedingly bored by an acquaintance of theirs, whose hobby was the North Pole, losing all patience on one occasion with his friend, he irritably exclaimed d—n the North Pole; filled with indignation at Jeffrey he complained to Sydney. "Oh, my dear fellow," said he, "never mind, no one can mind what Jeffrey says, you know; he is a privileged person, he respects nothing; why, you will scarcely believe it, but it is not more than a week ago that I heard him speak disrespectfully of the equator."

"Yes," said he on one occasion, "you find people ready enough to do the good Samaritan without the oil and two pence."

"An American said to me 'You are so funny, Mr. Smith! do you know you remind me of our great joker, Dr. Chamber-layne?' 'I am much honored,' I replied, 'but I was not aware you had such a functionary in the United States.'"

Daniel Webster struck him "much like a steam engine in trowsers." "Nothing amuses me

more," he said, "than to observe the utter want of perception of a joke in some minds. Mrs. Jackson called the other day, and spoke of the oppressive heat of last week: 'heat, ma'am,' I said, 'it was so dreadful here, that I found there was nothing left but to take off my flesh and sit in my bones.' 'Take off your flesh and sit in your bones, sir! Oh, Mr. Smith! how could you do that?' she exclaimed, with the utmost gravity. 'Nothing more easy, ma'am; come and see me next time.' But she ordered her carriage and evidently thought it a very unorthodox proceeding.

Of Macaulay he said: "Oh, yes! we both talk a good deal, but I don't believe Macaulay ever did hear my voice. Sometimes when I have told a good story, I have thought to myself, poor Macaulay, he will be very sorry some day to have missed hearing that;" but he admitted that Macaulay some times had "flashes of silence, that made his conversation perfectly delightful;" he spoke of his memory as "a tremendous machine of colloquial oppression." The following is told by him of Lord Ellenborough.

"A young lawyer, trembling with fear, rose to make his first speech, and began: 'My Lord, my unfortunate client—My Lord, my unfortunate client—My Lord,' 'Go on, sir, go on,' said Lord Ellenborough, 'as far as you have proceeded hitherto, the Court is entirely with you.' This was, perhaps, irresistible; but yet; how wicked! how cruel! it deserves a thousand years of punishment at least."

On one occasion Mr. Jeffrey visited him, at Heslington, when he found the children playing with a donkey in the garden: engaging in the sport he mounted the little animal and was thus met by Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. Murray and Mr. Homer returning from a walk. Mr. S. delighted with the scene and the visit of his friend, met him with outstretched hands, and the following impromptu:

“Witty as Horatius Flaccus
As great a Jacobin as Gracchus,
Short, though not as fat as Bacchus,
Riding on a little jackass.”

He thus amusingly expounds the old complaint of the soporific effect of a dull sermon.

“An accident which happened to a gentleman engaged in reviewing this sermon, proves in a most striking manner, the importance of this charity (referring to the Humane Society) for restoring to life persons in whom the vital power is suspended. He was discovered with Dr. Langford’s discourses lying open before him, in a state of the most profound sleep; from which he could not, by any means, be awakened for a great length of time; by attention, however, to the rules prescribed by the Humane Society, flinging in the smoke of tobacco, applying hot flannels, and carefully removing the discourse itself to a great distance, the critic was restored to his disconsolate brothers.”

Sir James Mackintosh introduced to him a raw Scotch cousin, an ensign in a Highland regiment; on hearing the name, he suddenly turned round and nudging Sir

James, said in an audible whisper, “is that the great Sir Sudney?” “Yes, yes,” said Sir James, much amused, and giving Mr. S. the hint to instantly assume the military character, he performed the part of the hero of Acre to perfection, fought all his battles over again, and showed how he had charged the Turks to the infinite delight of the young Scotchman, who was quite enchanted with the kindness and condescension of “the great Sir Sudney.” After some inimitable acting on the part of both Sydney and Sir James, nothing would serve the young Highlander but setting off at 12 o’clock at night, to fetch the piper of his regiment to pipe to “the great Sir Sudney,” who said he had never heard the bag-pipe. A few days after, Sir James and his cousin, walking in the streets, met Mr. S. with his wife on his arm, he introduced her as his wife, upon which the Scotch cousin said in a low voice to Sir James: “I did na ken the great Sir Sudney was married.” “Why, no,” said Sir James, a little embarrassed, and winking at him, “not ex-act-ly married—only an Egyptian slave he brought over with him; Fatima, you know—you understand.” Mrs. S. long retained the name of Fatima.

A turn for small contrivances, many of a whimsical description, was conspicuous in his domestic arrangements. Having a sluggish horse, he fastened a small sieve at the end of the shaft, which induced the animal to quicken his speed in the hope of reaching the corn; this he called his “patent Tantalus.” Every

one has heard of his "universal scratcher." "I am all for cheap luxuries, even for animals," he said: "now all animals have a passion for scratching their back-bones; they break down your gates and palings to effect this. Look! there is my universal scratcher, a sharp edged pole resting on a high and a low post, adapted to every height from a horse to a lamb.— Even the Edinburgh Reviewer can take a turn; you have no idea how popular it is; I have not had a gate broken since I put it up; I have it in all my fields." No account of his domestic arrangements would be complete without some notice of his butler, a little girl rejoicing in the descriptive appellation of Bunch, who, with the most immovable gravity, stood before him when he gave his orders, the answers to which he made her repeat verbatim to insure accuracy.

"The Yorkshire peasantry are the quickest and shrewdest in the world," said he, "but you can never get a direct answer from them; but I have brought Bunch to such perfection, that she never hesitates on any subject, however difficult. I am very strict with her. Would you like to hear her repeat her crimes? she has them

by heart, and repeats them every day."

"Come here Bunch," calling out to her, "come and repeat your crimes to Mrs. Marcet," and says Mrs. M. who gives this account, "Bunch, a clever, fair, squat, tidy, little girl, about ten or twelve years of age, quite as a matter of course, as grave as a judge, without the least hesitation and with a loud voice, began to repeat 'Plate snatching, gravy spilling, door-slamming, blue bottle fly-catching, and courtesy-bobbing.' 'Explain to Mrs. M. what blue bottle fly-catching is.' 'Standing with my mouth open and not attending, sir.' 'And what is courtesy-bobbing;' 'courtesying to the centre of the earth, please sir;' 'good girl, now you may go.'"

Thus he kept alive his cheerfulness amidst much pecuniary difficulty, and reasonable hope of preferment deferred; doing good to the poor, and advocating with boldness and extraordinary force, all proper measures of reform. We have attempted no portrait of Sydney Smith: that duty has been admirably done by his daughter, Lady Holland, in her Memoir of her father, published in 1855, to which we are indebted for most of the above anecdotes.

ROBERT BUCHANAN'S POEMS.

It has become the habit of critics, of late days, to pour forth Jeremiads about the decline of the poetic faculty—to assert with far-reaching prevision, that the last great Epic has probably been written, and the limit of human capacity been reached in that direction of thought. We do not mean to tilt with our reverent seigniors upon the question of the Epic: but we do take it upon ourselves to say that there has rarely been a period in English literature, richer in *lyric* poetry than the present. Thick and fast, press upon an indulgent public, the aspirants for the fadeless bay; and one claimant has scarce time or opportunity for a proper presentation of his credentials, before another, with his singing robes held daintily from trailing in the common dust, elbows him out of sight.

Even the Nestor of poetry is fain to beckon away his grave "Lucretius," and in his "golden calm," turn aside to avoid the jostling of these younger and more impatient spirits along the highways of thought. Yet we hail them as God-sends—these 'minnesingers' of an unchivalrous age, and would speed them on their way, ministers, as happily so many of them are, of the good, the beautiful and the true. We thank God for the proof their voices afford us, of the yearning towards the refinements of high culture and of the craving after fairer types of heroism than in

general now walk our hard, prosaic earth.

We pass by for the present, Matthew Arnold, Robert Lytton, William Morris and George MacDonald, with their musical sisters, Jean Ingelow and Christina Rossetti—and content ourselves with opening the attractive looking volume before us—Robert Buchanan's "*Undertones*" and "*Idyls and Legends of Inverburn.*"

We take it for granted that the poet is Scotch, as his name would seem to indicate. But apart from that, no man South of the Tweed could give us the 'Norland tongue' in its native strength and crispy richness, as one who has breathed the breath of the heather as his vital air. Among these *Legends* (of which we prefer to speak first, though they have not been thus presented to the public) we would particularly instance *Willie Baird* and *Poet Andrew* as choice specimens of the 'domestic Idyl'. There is just sufficient use made of the terse Doric dialect to give point and piquancy to the poems—with the introduction of scarce a word which the English reader would fail to understand. We envy not the eyes that could pore, unmoistened, over the old Dominie's tender story of his curly-headed, pet-pupil, who used to sit on his knee and puzzle him with curious questions.

"And with a look that made your eyes
grow dim,

Clasping his wee, white hands round
 Donald's neck,
 Ask 'Dominie, do doggies gang to
 heaven?' "

We are tempted to quote; but the poem is such a unity—that any disintegration seems impossible. Many poems are like a mosaic pavement, out of whose cement, separate bits can be safely picked. This is a real "cairn gorm" in which there is no flaw where the pen of the critic may insert its point. "Poet Andrew" is like one of Wilkie's pictures, in its characteristic national touches, and has the delicate and fine natural pathos that so irradiates Prof. Wilson's "Lights and Shadows."

"*Undertones*" is an earlier and more ambitious effort of our poet's genius. It is wholly distinct, and of so different a character, from the Idyls, that it requires some effort to conceive them as coming from the same hand.

They are quite a successful attempt to interpret some of the familiar and most beautiful of the old Greek myths—that inexhaustible time in which the poets of all ages have delved for the golden themes of song.

There is a remarkable turning of the cultured mind back to these ancient classic sources; as witness the subjects of some of our newest singers:—Arnold's "Empedocles"—Swinburne's "Atlantis"—Morris's "Jason," and Owen Meredith's "Tales from Herodotus."

Some recent critic affirms that classical subjects are the safest and most legitimate theme for the poet of the present day—a judg-

ment from which we beg leave to differ. While we unhesitatingly allow that the old Greeks were the truest apostles of the Beautiful that the world has ever seen, we are disposed to question the peculiar fitness of their fastidious culture for our own more muscular times. Their devotion to mere Beauty, as an *end*, had in it something enervating to their national character: it was the sheath of a seed whose gradual expansion helped on their ultimate decay. We fully agree with Mrs. Browning that the Poet should be the exponent of his own age, if that age is to be truthfully represented. When he travels back into the dim past—he ceases to reproduce truly: or if, indeed, in some measure successful—he nevertheless steeps all in the hues of his own occidental fancy. He should remember that,

—"King Arthur's self
 Was commonplace to Lady Guenevere,
 And Camelot to minstrels seemed as
 flat—
 As Regent Street to poets"—

Yet, Robert Buchanan has skillfully wrought out the fine hints conveyed by these "Undertones" of the Greek mythology, and guessed with something of a Seer's insight at the meaning wrapped within them. His "*Pan*" we would indicate as one of the most felicitous of these poems. It is quite original in its handling, and very different from Schiller's or Mrs. Browning's.

With one word more, we would commend this new Poet to the heart of the reading public.—While we feel disposed to quarrel with the little affectation of writ-

ing Olympus according to the that nothing but delicious im-
 true Greek spelling—*Olumpos*, we, pressions can be evoked by a book
 nevertheless award him the praise so pure and true. M. J. P.
 of rare naturalness, and feel sure

CROMWELL.

The Lord Protector's thump—
 Perhaps the heaviest bump
 Ever delivered a Rump!

He came, he saw that the Lord
 Such den of thieves abhorred—
 And conquered it with a word.

The Lord hath no longer need,
 Nor the Land, of your guile or greed—
 The awl to its lapstone! Speed

Hence! and they fled amain
 And never ass-embled again
 Till the late rail-splitter's reign.

Till the stars, in their courses, stop
 To stare at the scum's up-crop,
 At the bottom-rail on top.

But England grew from that hour,
 In grandeur and grace and power,
 A great Victoria flower!

With lilies and leaves that be
 Cradled on every sea,
 Crowned with white Liberty.

And so may the Lord dispense
 To our land in the like events,
 Some Cromwell with common-sense.

A DREAM OR NOT A DREAM.

BY MRS. S. A. WEISS.

MY friend Mark Halton and I were out for a day's shooting amid the game-abounding hills of Coverdale, in Western Virginia. I had not long known him. A few weeks sojourn at the Sulphur Springs had made us acquainted, and had drawn me so strongly towards him that I had invited him to accompany me on a sporting visit to my father's mountain farm, where we now were, enjoying the fine autumn weather, and the almost unequaled grouse and woodcock shooting of these regions.

What it was that had attracted me to Halton, I could scarcely define, even to myself. He was not a man to attract generally. Grave, reserved and retiring, he had appeared to me more fond of books and of solitary walks than of company; and perhaps it was this very circumstance that had interested me, together with a certain dreamy and philosophic vein in which he sometimes indulged. And though I was not myself of this stamp, yet we agreed excellently well together.

On this day we had risen by daylight, and a seven hours' tramp had given us sharp appetites.—About noon, therefore, we paused, and laying aside our hunting accoutrements, established ourselves on a mossy bank beside a stream

which ran rippling and gurgling amid the black rocks which strewn the bottom of a deep ravine.—Here, having done ample justice to the store of cold provision which had filled our haversacks, I stretched myself on the soft mossy bed for a brief rest before resuming our sport. Halton did not lie down. He sat erect on the bank, gazing with a strange, abstracted air, first on the noisy stream, then up at the almost perpendicular precipices on either side over head, and again around him, like a person seeking for some particular object.

"A romantic spot this," I remarked, half drowsily.

"Yes—a *Salvator Rosa* picture." Then he added slowly—"I don't know how it is, but the spot, or something about it, seems strangely familiar to me."

"I have sometimes had such fancies—mysterious impressions for which I could never account. Often I have come suddenly upon some scene or object which I felt as though I had seen before, as in a dream."

He turned to me with a sudden, pleased interest in his eyes.

"It is so with me. Dreams? Every thing not fully manifest to the senses, goes by the name of dreams or fancies now-a-days.—Perhaps the ancients, whom we

call superstitious, were wiser than we. I have more than once found these *dreams* of mine come strangely true."

"About this spot," I remarked, "do you know that it has an evil repute? A most melancholy accident occurred here some four years since. A young man in the prime of youth, strength and manly beauty—Louis Harwood by name—fell from a rude bridge which at that time spanned the gorge above, and was dashed to pieces on these rocks."

Halton had started at my mention of the name.

"Louis Harwood! Is it possible?" he exclaimed.

"You knew him then?"

He did not immediately answer. When he spoke it was in a low voice, and with much emotion.

"He was my chum at college—one of the truest friends of my college life. Poor Louis! He is dead, then? I have wondered often what had become of him, that I had not heard from him in six years."

Again he was silent, and this time apparently in deep reflection, with his hands pressed over his eyes. Suddenly, turning to me with a strange, earnest look in his eyes, and a slight pallor about his lips, he said—

"You say that he met his death here—on these rocks. Tell me all about it."

I told him all that I knew respecting the occurrence. How young Harwood had come into this neighborhood on a visit to an old uncle, a rich, or rather miserly land-owner, of the name of Miller, residing in a large brick

house some miles from this spot. How he had fallen in love, and was engaged to marry Kate Morgan, the pretty and coquettish daughter of the country Doctor, and in returning from a visit to her, late one evening, that he had fallen from the bridge spanning this ravine and been found next morning dead; his body crushed and bruised in a shocking manner.

Halton listened, first with deep interest, and relapsed again into musing.

"Can you give me the date of this occurrence?" he inquired at length.

"It was four years since, some time during the summer—I think in August. I was here at the time for a week or two. I cannot be more definite in regard to the date."

"In August—four years ago. I thought so. On the *twenty-first of August.*"

These last words he uttered while consulting a small notebook which he had taken from his pocket.

"I thought," remarked I, "that you had not heard of Harwood's death until I mentioned it?"

"True—I have never been informed of it, but—" He checked himself, sat for some moments quite still and silent, and with a look as of one who seeks to recall some past recollection. Then turning to me, he said, in a calm, serious tone,—

"Listen to me, Chastain, and when you have heard all that I am now about to tell—and remember, every word of it is strictly true,—then, my friend,

say whether these things are really *dreams*.

"It was just four years ago, on the twenty-first of August, at seven o'clock in the evening, that I sat alone in my own room, in Charleston, South Carolina. I remember the date and the hour exactly, for I had at that moment sat down to write to my friend, Harwood, and had not gotten beyond the date, when, what I am about to relate occurred.

"As I put the last stroke to the date of my letter, I paused an instant to consider how I should commence. In that pause my thought went back to Harwood—to our room at College—and I remembered how he used to appear as he sat at the table writing his Greek exercises. The picture was very vivid—but as I gazed upon it, with my mind's eye, as it were, the scene seemed to change. It was still Harwood's face and figure, a little older than when I had last seen him, and differently clad; but instead of the bare college-dormitory, he appeared walking rapidly along a woodland-path, with a light buoyant footstep, while he hummed to himself a gay and even joyous air. Once he turned, and looked back with a half smile, inexpressibly sweet and tender; and then continued on his way, until he came to a huge trunk of a tree, fallen across a ravine—a ravine just such as this."

Here Halton looked around again upon the rocks, the trees, and up at the edge of the precipices, at the spot where I knew that of old the gorge had been spanned by a rude bridge such as

he mentioned—the trunk of a huge hemlock that had been felled for the purpose.

"As he reached this narrow foot-way," my friend continued, "Harwood paused for an instant, and seemed to brace his nerves for the precarious passage. And at that very instant my eye seemed to fall upon a figure at the opposite end of the bridge—a young man, stout, tall, and with a dark and forbidding countenance, his face pale, and his lips firmly compressed, and his dark eyes fixed upon the handsome, open countenance of my friend, with an expression of evil, such as I can never forget. I do not know why I should have noticed, as I looked at him, that there was a scar on his temple.

"Harwood stepped upon the narrow bridge, and trod lightly and cautiously until he had almost gained the opposite bank; and just here, glancing up, his eye for the first time, fell upon the dark figure which stood there.

"I could see from the motion of their lips, that they spoke, yet I heard not a word. Harwood first addressed the stranger with the same open, happy look that I had observed, and was replied to with a stern and scowling countenance. Then his face changed; his look expressed surprise, haughtiness, and almost command, as he sought to step off the bridge upon the bank, and the stranger, keeping his place, opposed him. Then there were looks of defiance—a grappling of arms—a struggle—and Harwood, slowly yielding to the powerful grasp of his antagonist, was bent

over the abyss, and finally fell. Yet, in his fall, he grasped at a protruding branch of the tree-trunk which formed the bridge, and there hung, suspended over the rocky abyss, and looking up, with white face and appealing eyes to his foe, yet uttering no word.

And then—ah, then—I saw that monster, while clinging with both hands to the supporting boughs of a sapling, grind with his heel the fingers which clung so desperately to their frail support—and when they would not loose their grasp, the cruel heel was dashed into the face of the helpless man savagely—brutishly—fiendishly.—Again and again the blows fell on forehead, mouth and eyes, until blinded, bleeding and senseless, the mangled hands loosed their grasp, and the body fell, crashing through the branches below, into the rocky stream.”

Here Halton paused, in great agitation.

“My God!” I cried, “it was just so that they found him—with his hands and face crushed and bruised, as though by falling upon the rocks.”

“And you—they—never suspected that he was murdered?”

“Never. Why should we? It was said that he had not an enemy upon earth, and the few who knew him here both esteemed and loved him. Murdered! I should not dream of such a thing; though I confess that your dream or vision was a remarkable one.”

“Then you think it was a dream only?”

“How could it have been more?”

“Then how do you account for the fact of this spot, the place where he met his death having been clearly visible in the dream? I recognized it just now as something I had seen before, though I could not then recall when or where, and might have regarded it as a “fancy” such as you spoke of, but for your mention of Harwood, and the train of incident thereby recalled. How, too, do you explain the circumstance of the manner of his death—that is, the fall from the bridge, having been represented in the dream, together with the exact coincidence of the time with that of his death?”

I could give no satisfactory answer. It was, as Halton said, strange—very strange. Yet *murdered*—it was improbable—impossible. Who in this neighborhood could have murdered him? or for what motive or purpose?

“What became of the girl, Miss Morgan, to whom he was engaged?” inquired Halton.

“She is now married—about a year ago—to John Stirling, also a nephew of old Miller. The old man is dead, and the young couple live on the estate, which Stirling inherited from him. You can see the house from the bank above.”

“Come, then, and we will go that way, if it suits you. I should like to see the house at which poor Louis was staying when he met his death.”

It was an old family mansion, built clumsily, of brick and timber, and with nothing to boast of in the way of beauty. Yet it was in perfect repair, the grounds in

excellent order, and every thing bespoke peace, plenty and prosperity. As we approached, Mrs. Stirling, who was busied among the flowers in her garden, came to the gate to speak to us. I had known her of old, the pretty, coquettish Kate Morgan—quite as pretty, if not so coquettish as some years previous, and looking very proud of the two months old baby which a negro nurse was parading up and down the gravel walk before the house; and as I stood at the gate, praising the baby, Mr. Stirling himself joined us—a portly man of perhaps thirty—smiling, hospitable and agreeable, as I had ever seen him, though ours had been but a slight acquaintance in my occasional visits to our mountain farm.

I would have accepted the invitation to enter but for Halton's very evident reluctance, so excusing ourselves, we passed on.

"That is as happy and prosperous a family as any I know," I began, as soon as we were out of ear-shot. "Stirling has married the prettiest girl, and inherited the richest estate hereabout, and—"

Halton's firm, nervous grasp on my arm checked me. Turning to him, I saw that his face was quite pale.

"Chastain," he said in a low, hoarse voice, "that man, Stirling, is the very person that I saw in my dream—the murderer of poor Harwood."

"Nonsense!"

"It is so. I cannot be mistaken. The only difference is that he looks somewhat older, and much better,—but the features,

the form, every line and mark are those of the wretch I saw in my dream. I told you that he had a scar on his temple—I noticed it just now."

Yes. I remembered that in Stirling's face, just above the temple, was a white scar—not very conspicuous—the result of some accident in boyhood.

"But Halton, Stirling and Harwood were cousins—rather distant, it is true, but always on the most friendly, mutual terms. No one mourned poor Harwood's sad end more than did Stirling. He seemed quite overwhelmed by the blow, and it is said, was melancholy for months afterward, visiting no where, except at Dr. Morgan's, where Harwood had been so intimate."

"And he has married the doctor's daughter. Was he in love with her before Harwood's death?"

"I believe he was. There was, in fact, some report that Kate had jilted him for sake of his handsomer and more agreeable cousin."

"So!" returned Halton, significantly—"that accounts for the hatred expressed in his look."

"It was said also," I continued, musingly—"that old Mr. Miller, whose nearest relations these young men were, had designed dividing his property between them. Stirling upon his cousin's death, came in for the whole of it."

"Say no more," said Halton. "This man, Stirling, is undoubtedly, the murderer of Louis Harwood."

Slowly the conviction was now

dawning upon my own mind. I had just been speaking, face to face, with the murderer of Louis Harwood. I remembered having heard, that since the night of his death, John Stirling had even manifested the greatest abhorrence of the spot where it had occurred; had been accustomed to go round, three miles out of his way, rather than cross that bridge, and had finally, just before his marriage, ordered that the old hemlock trunk should be removed, which had been done."

"Halton," said I—"will you denounce this man as the murderer?"

"Certainly not. What good would it do? What proof or reason have we to offer except a dream—a mere dream?"

"And yet are you sure that it was a dream?"

"That is the question, my friend. Are these things dreams, or are they not?"

Can any of the readers of this true story reply to this question?

THE VALUE OF TREES.

ONE of the most striking evidences of the fall of man is shown in his *stupidity*. When we see a stout wood-cutter driving the keen edge of his murderous axe into the heart of a fine chestnut, walnut, oak, or shell-bark hickory, we feel fully ready to agree with the wise man who said: "Though thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar, among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him." In his stupid folly he destroys, in an hour, a magnificently beautiful and beneficent work of God, which it has taken ages to produce, and which it will take ages again to reproduce. That same gleaming axe, with its strong oaken handle, is Pandora's box of evils. It lets loose the malaria and miasma, whose poisons were formerly imprisoned, like the afrite of the Arabian

Nights, in the delicate, glossy leaves, which are now brought down, from their high estate, to wither in the dust. And there is no wise Fisherman, whose cunning can cheat the evil genie back into the prison house, for the fairy prison house is destroyed.—That same gleaming axe which sparkles in the morning's sun, and whose ring sounds cheerfully in the frosty morning air, brings terrible freshets and inundations, as well as droughts, sterility and general desolation. It blights and winter-kills our crops of grain, it dries up our streams, it intensifies the heat of our summers, and gives a sharper sting to the keen blasts of our winters. "The destruction of the grand pine forests which once clothed the Apennines, has rendered the Papal States a region of poverty, disease

and wretchedness. In Greece, the traveler looks in vain for the old legendary fountains, rivers and lakes, with which classic poets had made him familiar; the water-nymphs have vanished along with their sorrowing sisters, the Dryads." The classic lives of these wood-nymphs, which found a home in every tree, went out under the merrily ringing, merrily gleaming axe of the wantonly barbarous woodman, and the lives of the water-nymphs, depending upon the lives of the wood-nymphs, fled with them. Oh, Greece, saddest record of a glorious past, how much of thy glory departed with the Naiads and Dryads.

Having now brought these very grave charges against this popular and highly esteemed pioneer of civilization, the woodman's axe, we proceed to substantiate them, as best we may. First, in destroying trees, it destroys health. The leaves of trees are so constructed by our All-wise Creator as to be constantly engaged in giving out life-giving oxygen, in exchange for life-destroying carbonic acid gas. The health of London has been improved incalculably by the parks established in modern times, and which now act as lungs to this great throbbing mass of conglomerate life.— It has been estimated that over 600,000,000 cubic feet of carbonic acid gas are expired by the population of London every day, and if it were possible to press this poisonous gas down upon the streets, it would fill them to a dept of eight or nine feet, in which no living thing could breathe. Leaves act mechanically

as well as chemically in purifying the atmosphere. It is found to be certain death to live near malarious swamps, unless the exhalations from them are purified by passing through a screen of trees. This is proven to be a fact by many sad experiments, costing a multitude of human lives. Says a writer in *Once a Week*: "Local histories show this most remarkably. Old plagues, such as the sweating sickness in the 15th and previous centuries, were most recurrent and destructive in towns and villages near such tracts. In investigating the history of a town in the midlands the writer had this fact forced upon him by the most irresistible evidence."

The French, whose learned men are entitled to all honor for the zeal with which they pursue scientific investigations, have recently made some important discoveries with regard to the effects of light on vegetable, as compared with animal life. The researches of MM. Gratiolet, Cloëz & Cailetet have proven that leaves act as analyzers of white light, and reject the green rays. If plants were exposed to green illumination only, it would be tantamount to their being in the dark. But this kind of light, which the vegetable kingdom refuses, is precisely that which is coveted by the animal kingdom. From this principle, so fully established by experiment, M. Dubrunfant passes to its practical application to domestic life. All kinds of red should be banished from our furniture, except curtains. Green should predominate in all our other furniture, while its comple-

mentary color, red, should be used for our clothing, as well as curtains. Clothes, in point of fact, play the part of screens. (See *New Eclectic*, vol. 2, page 234.)

The next stupid folly and wickedness of which we accuse the woodman's axe, is the production of freshets and destructive inundations. We have yet before our eyes the terrible loss of property, and sadder still, of life also, occasioned by the late freshet on all that region of country lying between the Northern Central and Baltimore and Ohio Railroads.—The older inhabitants of Maryland remember three destructive freshets, over the same area of country, and gradually increasing in intensity. The first occurred in the beginning of the present century, the second in 1837, and the last and worst, this present year. The land lying between these railroads is a rolling plateau with precipitous sides. So long as this land was covered with forest trees, the water, even in the heaviest rains, was detained by the spongy vegetable matter—half decayed leaves, mosses and grasses of the soil—and thus its passage to the streams made slow and safe. But now, the water not only rushes, without impediment, over the bare earth, but carries what little fertile soil that remains with it, in its swift, destroying sweep. And the fair city of Baltimore and the adjacent country now rue the day when they tolerated the woodman's axe which has wrought them all this evil. This is but one of many instances which may be cited as illustrations of the fact that the

destruction of trees produces floods. "Whole districts have been laid waste in France and Italy, by these inundations, and the proof of their being caused by the clearing away the woods on the hills, is seen in the gradual immunity secured when those heights have been replanted."—As a period of over thirty years has elapsed between the freshets in Maryland, it would be the part of wisdom to plant trees at once upon their denuded heights—in another thirty years they would have a forest. When the balance in the healthful harmony of nature is destroyed, we have first one extreme and then another. Like the ague, which follows in the wake of the woodman's axe; and, with remorseless cruelty, throws its poor victim, first into a chill, and then into a fever; so Nature, under the reign of the same woodman's axe, first deluges the earth with water and then parches it with drought. Spain was once, like Greece, a land of heavenly beauty. "Sir J. F. W. Herschel attributes its present aridity and consequent sterility to the absence of trees. Reutzch attributes the decline of the country after Philip II. to the same cause, coupled with financial embarrassments." In the day of the Spaniard's pride and power, they destroyed whole forests to build ships. The ships, have gone down in storms, or rotted upon the seas and in her ports, but the noble forests have not returned to woo the clouds of heaven to send their life-giving showers. Macmillan says "the fringed forests catch and condense the passing clouds. The pine,"

he adds, "is earth's divining rod, that discovers water in the thirsty desert—the rod of Moses that smites the barren rock and causes the living fountain to gush forth." Marsh estimates that a wood, twenty yards high, will affect the moisture and temperature of a belt of land two or three hundred yards in width. "A lesser height, crowned with trees, is much more potent than a loftier but barren one, in inducing moisture, in retaining mists and in sheltering from chilling winds. The writer has seen this constantly. The lower height has been involved in a cloud, while the loftier one has been clear and unclouded." Palestine, as well as Spain and Greece, has become a parched and barren land on account of the deforesting of its mountains and hills. Not only do trees attract the moisture of the clouds, and thus produce rain, but the annual deposit of leaves creates a receptacle for preserving the moisture after rains have fallen, and gives it out as required by the surrounding air, streams and vegetation. The Chinese sages say "the mightiest rivers are cradled in the leaves of the pine." The streams of our divinely endowed country are fast losing their cradles, like those of Greece, Spain, Italy and Syria.—When the wood-nymphs are destroyed, the loving water-nymphs follow, and the angry water-wraith comes in their stead.—"Streams like the Cuyahoga, could once carry large vessels, and now only a skiff can pass along them. The Tuscarawas is another example. Many a boat,"

says the poet Bryant, "of fifty tons burden has been built and loaded on it at New Portage, and sailed to New Orleans without breaking bulk. Now the river at New Portage scarcely supplies water enough for the canal." The Jordan, described in the Mosaic books as a formidable river, is now a trifling stream.

The woodman's axe causes sterility in more ways than that of merely producing aridity of atmosphere. Leaves enrich the soil, particularly the leaves of certain trees. Blue grass in our climate, is a sure indication of good soil. Plant a grove of walnuts and honey locusts, and the blue grass creeps lovingly around their roots, and no one can imagine where the seed came from, or how its soft verdure originated. Yet it is there, and the chequered shade and sunlight play upon it through the leafy canopy overhead, and children gambol upon it as they gather the walnuts and locusts. In California the grain grows taller and heavier under the oaks than any where else.

The destruction of trees causes rust or blight in our grain crops. J. J. Thomas, a well known agricultural writer of this country, says, that in 1840 the rust destroyed a large portion of the wheat crop in Northern Indiana. "In every instance, however, where the crop was sheltered by woodlands, it was least injured. An extensive farmer, of Ontario, New York, informed me some years ago, that out of two hundred acres of a promising wheat crop, all was completely destroyed, except those portions sheltered by

woodlands." "The farmer's grain is often prostrated by winds that never reached his fields until the protecting forests were destroyed. Fruit growers are seeking for the best means of shelter for their orchards, and a remedy for that dry atmosphere which sweeps through their gardens, shrivelling up their finest specimens and checking, if not annihilating, their ardor for fruit-growing." Trees protect both grain and fruit.

The next evil which escapes from this Pandora's box is felt in the intense heat of our summers, and cold of our winters. Trees break piercing winds and greatly moderate their severity. "On the Norwegian hills, the pines wage successful war with the bitter winds of the North Pole, and in their sheltered rear, the fruits of a milder clime ripen, and the toils of a happier land are carried on."

Coming southward we see "against the fierce storms of the Bay of Biscay, the pines of the Landes offer an efficient barrier; and meadows and pastures, forming the support of an industrious peasantry, where sand-dunes once filled the air with the choking clouds, and spread desolation over the fair horizon." (Macmillan.)

The late spring frosts which have become so disastrous to our fruit crops, are attributed to the want of trees. "The lumbermen of Canada can bear severe weather much more easily than those who work in the open fields, and railway engineers and firemen have observed in America, that they can keep up steam more readily in passing through woods

than in open ground, and that the steam-gauge falls immediately the engine is clear of the shelter. This cannot be due wholly to the prevention of a current, because a train makes a current of its own."

That the destruction of trees intensifies the heat of summer, is felt to be the experience of every one who has passed along a treeless highway, or occupied a country house in the month of August, unsheltered by trees.

The value of trees in producing paying crops has been much overlooked. Orchard trees have been known to produce, at the South, fruit to the amount of fourteen hundred dollars per acre. (See *Southern Cultivator's Report of Warren county Agricultural Society, 1859.*) The English Walnut, which grows well here, will produce, when fully matured, a thousand pounds of nuts. As the trees are large, requiring as much room as any other fine park tree, say an average distance of sixty feet from tree to tree, we may not count on more than twelve trees per acre. But twelve trees producing, in the aggregate, twelve thousand pounds of nuts, would, if retailed at the Charlotte price of 40 cents per pound, bring nearly five thousand dollars. But the farmer will most probably sell at the wholesale price, 20 cents per pound, and realize *only* two thousand four hundred dollars per acre! There is only one drawback to this bright prospect, and that is, he who plants the trees, plants for his children and grand-children, and not for himself. The tree will

bear in ten years, but it requires thirty to bring it to full maturity. Our common black walnut used to sell in Charleston, S. C., before the war, at a dollar per bushel. Chestnuts and pecans are still more valuable. The latter are said to bring a higher price in the markets of Europe than any other nut; sometimes it sells in New York at 80 cents per quart.—It matures its fruit perfectly, as far North as Washington city. If the early settlers had spared, from the wood-man's axe, every walnut, chestnut, shell-bark or other fine hickory, what a scene of beauty our present desolate, impoverished land would present. Goths and Vandals that they were, they paid no heed to the divine command: "Only the trees that thou knowest that they be not trees for meat, thou shalt destroy and cut down." (Deut. 20. 20.) And of trees for meat it is said, "for thou mayst eat of them; and thou shalt not cut them down, *for the tree of the field is man's life.*" (Deut. 20. 19.)

The value of nuts as an article of food, has also been greatly overlooked. There is no other vegetable production which contains so large an amount of strength-producing nutriment.—We cannot help inclining a little to the popular belief, that diet has some influence on character. The Persians use nuts largely as an article of food. They also extract from them a fine limpid oil, which enters into their cookery as lard and butter do into ours.

In the famed province of Cashmere, about 1,150,000 walnut kernels, (divested of the shell,

which counts largely in weight) are annually consigned to the oil press. These nut-eaters of Cashmere and Persia, are far superior, physically, to the rice-eaters of India and China. Although Cashmere now belongs to India, the people, in race, religion and literature, are more nearly allied to the Persians. They have, in common, tall, gracefully proportioned figures, remarkably handsome features, dark bright eyes, and in natural strength of intellect, no people surpass them. Nothing but a pure religion and good system of education are necessary to make the people of Persia and Cashmere the finest people in the world. They are both, lands of genuine poesy and song.

"Who hath not heard of the vale of Cashmere,
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,
Its temples and grottoes and fountains as clear,
As the love-lighted eyes that hang o'er the wave?"

Landscape gardening has been always regarded as one of those costly pursuits, only to be indulged in by the wealthy. But we have seen that those very trees deemed most precious by the park and pleasure ground owner, are those which yield the most valuable crops. The aristocratic land-owners of England, prize beyond all other possessions, their fine old hereditary park trees. Money can build palaces, but it cannot build a park tree. It may buy rare old pictures, and faultless statues, but it cannot buy century numbering chestnuts like those at Tortworth, Gloucester, and Mars-

ham, Norfolk. An old peer, who counts his ancestors back to the Conqueror, in looking at the magnificent house and grounds of a recently enobled millionaire, will say, "Very grand; but the young trees show the new man. A new man may buy a forest, but he can't get park trees." And this high estimate of park trees is not an extravagant one. They are little bits of Eden left upon this sin-defaced and sin-deformed earth. The landscape gardener is as true an artist as the painter and sculptor. One of our most gifted poets placed him above either. Poetry finds on earth four great forms of expression—on the page of the writer, on the canvass of the painter, in the marble of the sculptor, and grandest and truest of all, in the creations of the landscape gardener. The pleasure given us by the bright fancies of the poet is entirely the pleasure of imagination. A beautiful picture or a beautiful statue is comparatively a small object, and from it the eye necessarily turns to something incongruous, but a landscape, formed by a true artist, out of the grandly beautiful materials God has placed in his hands, envelopes you with its beauty, and fills to repletion every sense with enjoyment. The eye takes in the emerald turf, the overhanging boughs, the masses of wood showing all the beauty of their varied foliage in the foreground, and growing blue and hazy in the distance, cloud-mirroring water, and the bright hues of buds and flowers. Art makes every object harmonize with its

surroundings. Then the ear takes in the soft rustle of the leaves, the ripple of the brook, or the murmur of the sea, and the song of birds and the hum of bees. The sense of feeling finds luxurious enjoyment in the pure and balmy air. Therefore no form of poetical expression is equal to that of a gifted landscape gardener who has "the fairest field for the display of imagination in the endless combining of forms of novel beauty."

But to leave the poet and return to the more practical business of the agriculturalist. Trees are worth cultivating for their timber alone. Fuller, in that most interesting little work, the *Forest Tree Culturist*, says: "In all of our large cities, anxious inquiries are made for that indispensable article, lumber. For houses, ships and other innumerable uses, it is always in demand. Trees suitable for piles now command from twenty to thirty dollars each. One of my neighbors recently sold one hundred trees for three thousand dollars. Firewood, on the lines of our great railroads, miles away from our great cities, sells for seven or eight dollars a cord; and if the demand continues to increase, soon it cannot be had for double that amount. The demand increases although coal and iron are persistent competitors; but the supply of wood decreases more rapidly. There is no reason why the supply should give out: there is land enough that lies uncultivated, within reach of our great cities, that might be made to grow forests of good timber, that

would return to their owners a large profit on the investment.—Thousands of men are toiling this day to lay up wealth for their children, when, if they would invest a small amount in land, and then plant a few acres in our best forest trees, their money would grow into a fortune by the time their children had grown into manhood. Suppose we take hickory, which is always in demand for hoop-poles, and when it becomes larger, for other purposes. The nuts may be planted in rows four feet apart, and one foot apart in the row; this will give 10,890 to the acre. At this distance, they can remain until they are 6 to 8 feet high. They would reach this size in from five to eight years, according to the soil and the care they receive. Then they should be thinned, taking out every alternate tree. We, therefore, take out 5,447 trees suitable for hoop-poles. Four cents each in New York would be a low price, and this would give \$217,80 per acre. The next thinning will again take half of the trees, which half will now number 2,722, one quarter of the original number; but the trees being larger will now bring ten cents apiece, or \$272,20 for the second crop. At each successive thinning the trees will be larger and bring an increased price; and still the stock will not be exhausted, for those first cut off have been producing sprouts which have grown more rapidly than the originals; consequently we have a perpetual crop which requires no cultivation after the first few years. As soon as the leaves become numerous enough to shade the ground, no weeds will grow among them, and the annual crops of leaves that fall will keep the soil rich and moist.” Hickory is the most valuable wood for fuel. The black walnut is the most valuable of our native woods for cabinet work. It is richly colored, finely grained, takes a high polish, and a comparatively small tree will furnish lumber enough to bring a hundred dollars, in New York. In good soil it grows rapidly, and for timber may be planted thirty feet apart. This would admit of forty-eight trees per acre, which would be worth, when large enough, four thousand eight hundred dollars. All you have to do, is to plant the seeds,—the leaves and bark being bitter, are not relished by cattle, and they will grow while you are sleeping. It is not surprising that the ancients called the walnut *Jovis glans* (*Juglans*) or Jove’s nut. It is most valuable for its fruit, for its wood, for enriching the soil around it, and for its unsurpassed beauty as a park tree. Fuller says: “I have seen many farms in Southern Illinois which were mainly fenced with black walnut rails. It is probably not more than twenty years since these rails were cut, and there is little doubt, if the trees had been allowed to remain, each tree would now be worth far more than each acre of this land upon which they grew. This is but one instance among the many thousands where, to use the old adage, the goose that laid the golden egg has been killed.” The maple is also very valuable for its timber; and one of the most

beautiful of the varieties for cabinet work, is the sugar maple. For beauty of form and foliage, for the production of sugar, for its value for timber and fuel, it is full of golden eggs. So let us engage, heart and hand, in endeavoring to repair the ravages of the woodman's axe. With patient labor, we can make our new forests far more beautiful and valuable than the old. Where our fruitless pines crowned our hills, let us plant the Swiss and Italian stone pines, and Araucarias and Salisburias, all of which bear edible fruit. Let us fill our impoverished fields with chestnuts, pecans, shellbarks, walnuts, filberts, mulberries, (red and black,) honey locusts, chinquapins, persimmons and the sweet acorned oaks of Europe. They not only produce food for man and beast, but they furnish the most valuable timber for every purpose, they enrich the soil, as well as their owners, and they make our country an Eden of beauty. They fill our streams, purify the atmosphere, protect from disease and accident our grain and fruit crops, they bring the blessing which God's obedient children may expect.

A REVIEW ON JAMES ISLAND.

SKETCH NO. 2.

ONE glorious winter morning of February, a message shortened our morning slumbers. "General Beauregard's compliments, and if the ladies would like to see the review on James Island, his ambulance will call for them at ten o'clock." The ladies had danced something of a German the night before, and had found the shells interfere somewhat with their dreams, but at this call, all weariness vanished, and toilets began to progress, while waiters of coffee visited the more delicate, and merry bursts of laughter from the dining-room gave token that the stronger belles were recapitulating the evening's fun with the young soldiers off duty for the time.

At the appointed hour, four ladies escorted by a captain of the Staff, entered the General's famous ambulance, and drawn by the well-known greys, set off on the sandy drive to "Jim Island."—We overtook the General and Staff, just at the long bridge, and contemplated with amused interest the gallant cavalcade before us, terminating in the athletic back of Aaron Jones of pugilistic

fame, occasionally stopped by a galloping messenger from Headquarters, when the General had to dismount and write orders, and once to dispatch back a discomfited lieutenant. They soon left us, though, to inspect some battery off the road, and we crossed alone the bridge over the creek, where our men so mysteriously "lost" their prisoners some two months later. It was not very cheering to drive through the ruined settlements, and lament over the cut-down groves, and devastated gardens. Small respect had our soldiers shown for other people's houses, and the land was desolate. The unscrupulous fellows grinned us a merry welcome as we passed their posts, however, and evidently enjoyed the sight of prettily-dressed ladies. Of course they could not resist teasing us by remarkable information as to the whereabouts of the review, and kind assurances of being too late, etc.

We finally reached a cluster of shanties on a creek, and an open "old-field." The field was the ground for the review, the shanties, Headquarters, and soon various aids rode out to greet us, and advise our location. This we chose outside the fence, to the right of Gen. Taliaferro's house, and were directly facing the long line of 5,000 troops drawn up across the field. We did not long await the emerging of Beauregard, accompanied by the other generals and their respective staffs, and a beautiful sight, under our glorious sky, was the glittering groups of horsemen, slowly pacing down before the line of soldiers,

saluted by flag and weapon, then rapidly cantering back behind them to circle round, and stationing by the flag planted near us, to await the filing past of the little army. First came the light batteries, and we saw guns captured on the fields of Virginia. If the horses *did* stall occasionally, at precisely the wrong moment, it only gave us time to discriminate between the howitzers and napoleons, which pleased us infinitely. Presently our hearts beat quicker as we noticed the different tread of an approaching brigade, and our escort, turning to us, said, "look! these are Colquit's brigade from Lee's army. Notice their battle-flags." We did notice—seventeen names marked their service, and that day had Beauregard said to them:

"You should have Gregg and Wagner on your flags, but there is no room for more names!"

Those flags grew dim before our eyes, and we felt like rising to wave a reverential salute to their blood-stained glories. All passed by, and were formed into skirmish-line, we following in our ambulance to gain a near view, when out from the group around the Generals—rode a young aid bringing a lovely bouquet to one of our girls. He stayed a little while, giving us information as to the manœuvres which materially increased our enjoyment, and regretfully we saw him gallop hastily back to his post. Oh! sad recollections, inextricably mingled with all those days! Not two months later, that light figure lay stiff and cold, in Florida, and the merry laugh was hushed forever!

Skirmishing over, the line ranged back, came an enquiry, "would the ladies like to see the 'pas de charge,' and hear the yell?" Indeed we would! And soon, with a shout that set every pulse leaping like mad, up charged towards the Generals and ourselves, the heroes of Virginia and Morris Island. A sight, a sound, never to be forgotten while life lasts. As they filed off the field, we heard a grand shouting, saw a great scattering, and inquiring of the officers now surrounding the ambulance, heard the explanation—"a rabbit!"

It so chanced that we who write, had never met Beauregard, and he rode up to be introduced, with that battle-yell vibrating in our ears. As he bowed with bared head, visions of battle-scenes, his the grand leading figure, swept before us, and we fear the effect was to cause Gen. Beauregard a moment's reflective wonder, on the silent stupidity of a woman whom he had heard could talk.

Can we tell how we inspected Gen. Taliaferro's head-quarters, heard the band play waltzes for our especial delectation, adjourned to a splendid lunch in a tent,

and never before or since, eat such turkey, such oysters, such corn bread? How we chattered to Gen. Taliaferro, sparred with Gen. Hagood, and admired the sad, gentle, handsome face of General Colquitt, hero of many a bloody fray? How we even exchanged *jeu-de-mots* with Beauregard, and interspersed all with merriest laughter at one of the aids who lunched at a remarkable structure just behind us, which he called a side-table? We have not space, we have not heart, to recapitulate it all. On our homeward drive with our escort of "Gentlemen of the South," we could not know of proud hopes, and night of dreams too sweet and bright, for weariness to dim, how many of the coming years would we give? We pause, and with closed eyes we see again the open field, the soldier-figure alone beneath the flag, the gallant cluster of horsemen behind him, the rushing column sweeping up to the music of their own fierce shout, and though it be over forever, and though it be over forever, we store up amidst our richest mind and heart-treasures, that picture of an "imperishable Past."

THE VALLEY MANUSCRIPT.

[*From a collection of archives known in our household by the above title, from which I have recently been making excerpts, I take the liberty of sending you the following :*]

THE Common-Place Book of in their places, and that my chair, me Margaret Lewis, *nee* Lynn, of the one which was my sainted Loch Lynn, Scotland, being a father's, sat empty. nest for my soul's repose in the I stood as long as endurance the troublous time which hath befallen. was good, then stole away to a more retired apartment. There they sought, and after a time found me, sleeping in a great chair, like an overgrown baby.

Here nothing burthening myself with style or date, I can retreat when toil and turmoil of the day be past, speaking as into a faithful ear some of my woman's sorrow. So shall I not add to their weight who have, Heaven knows, enough of woe to bear for themselves. I did not like to give cause of offence, but I thought then, as I have often since, of the significance of the blessed Apostles sleeping for sorrow and heaviness of heart as the Master's time drew nigh.

Bidding farewell to the bonny loch and knowes of Lynn, though along with the gallant Huguenot I had taken for my husband, caused surely a woman's grief to my heart, nay, something like a child's I might say. It was not for the bands of retainers, the powerful clans and castle splendor I had grown up withal surrounded, but I almost cried aloud for my mother, for good Dame Darley, our blessed English tutoress, and for old Elliott, my nurse. I thought the first night I came to my husband's mother's and was set up as a lady to receive court, I should blubber like a great child. This with remembrance that at that very hour my mother was taking her cup of comfort, as she called her tea, that the children were with her Well, so be it,—Loch Lynn and its rock-crowned summits and purple heather are all past by now, like as to when one goes on a journey and beareth away in memory only, impression of the landscape.

The crags to be sure had in them nothing loving, but that they grew by home, and for the blue heather, the eyes of my two boys, Andrew and William and their sweet sister, Alice, glad me more than acres of such. Poor Thomas, my oldest born! he hath a defect in his sight, but for all this he looks into his mother's heart deep down enough, leaving there, which is better than the shade of blue heather—sunshine. He is a noble lad.

We have worse trouble come

upon us now, I say, than that of a young wench leaving her mother's fire-side. My poor John is sorely belabored in soul with the grievous malice of this same Lord of Clonmithgairn.

The contentious noble hath said to the good Dean of Ulster, a few nights ago, how that my husband's lease-hold on the estates of Clonmithgairn and Dundery should be revoked at next assizes, or (and he took a vile oath!) blood should be spilt between the contenders.

My husband has amassed much means, but he does not choose, (as what man of spirit would?) to be driven to and fro in the matter of his rightful possession.

So I play with my children, and for John I have words cheery and careless-like, but faithful Nora, she sees it is not in my heart. She essays compassionate sentences and looks, for me, and I tell to her many troubles, yet it is a foe to order and household authority when the heads thereof use to confiding greatly in even the best of servants. Now, when a woman's tongue must not much wag, some corresponding member must take its place, here, then, comes in this book of mine which at one time served John Lewis for his tenantry accounts.

In this Year of Grace 1730, what things are, come to pass!

Blessed Christ pardon the souls of such wicked-minded men as on the last Lord's Day would so rush to arms and blood, making havoc and murder, and sacrifice to evil passion.

I can no more, now, take this my book, my companion, to the

nook of a private withdrawing room in Clonmell Castle. Drawing there the crimson dark curtains, shutting out the world and my noisy little ones, I liked that retirement where I could read, or pray, or talk to myself in writing. My home lies in ashes, but, far worse, ashes lie on my heart too.

My best beloved John is a fugitive from the Law, and for me, I cannot say why my poor sight was not blasted by what it four days since beheld.

My husband had his family around him, as is the custom when we go not to evening service, (indeed our Chaplain was at home sick in bed,) expounding for the soul's health of children and servants, texts of Holy Scripture.

Edward, poor man! begged the reading should go on in the round tower room where he lay. Months he had been ailing, yet being somewhat on the mend, then, he had come with his wife and infants to his brother's house.

Strange to say, as the passage, "are you come out as against a thief with swords and staves?" passed John's lips, a rude shouting was heard without.

On looking to the direction of the noise, we perceived the drunken Lord of Clonmithgairn leading an armed force of ruffian clans. This to eject John Lewis from his rightful domains. The envious heart could not bear the sight of his neighbor's prosperity.

Dark was the shadow upon Clonmell that evening. My husband armed himself like a man; rallied our domestics around him, and even poor, puny Edward girt

on his arms right speedily. Poor soul! he had as well not,—may be better, for he was the first victim of their ferocious raid. Ere he had come three steps one of the marauders cried out “Where will that white pigeon be going?” Then shot him through the head.

He fell, stark dead.

Then John looked like an enraged tiger, surely. He wielded right and left, when lo! first the obnoxious noble, then his favorite steward were dispatched.—Finally our men succeeded in driving off the interlopers, but some of our best were slain. More than this, a very great sorrow which we had not looked for, greeted us as the invaders dispersed, in the slain and trampled body of poor little Eubank, Edward’s eldest son. He was only eight years old. How he came among them we could not tell.—His green tunic was stained with blood and tramping feet, and his white, marble face looked like a sculptured cherub, but on these nor the portly, prostrate form of his father must we stay to anger our eyes. Clonmithgairn was a man of power and weight, and we must hurry away from the scene of that brief, bloody battle.

I and my little ones abide here, (Dunraven,) with good friends, while he, my best-beloved of all, roameth I don’t know where.—Servants have buried our dead long before this time, while I sit weeping tears from different fountains. Of bitterest affliction for John, dear man!—of gloom enough for Edward’s double bereft widow, and the two kin couples, darkening the memory of

our once house and home; tears of thankfulness that he, my life was spared,—and may sweet Christ forgive me!—tears of joy that the persecutor, the mover of this Devil’s work, fell in his evil undertaking.

Last night about sun-setting, Lady Clara sang to her kitar a low, sweet song,—this upon the south balcony. My soul seemed to leave the body as I listened, as though something strange should come to pass to me or mine.

By and by she sudden stopped, and I recall myself. A white kerchief was waved slowly against the dusky park wood. News from my husband! this was to be his signal.

Lady Clara and I started off in the direction whence the sign had come, but John, poor soul! had hidden himself then, lest the sounds he heard might be other than friendly steps. I thought presently to speak aloud, though my heart was up in my mouth, so he knew the voice and came to the edge of the wood again. We three sat talking as long as we dared, and now I know my destiny and he is gone. He has been to Portugal, so he tells, but likes it not much for a living. The Virginia wilds hold out a safe asylum for our oppressed house, and thither we sail at once. The changed life we lead there is nothing to think of; safety from injustice, if we shall find it, covers all the ground.

So far seeing the way clear, the prospect darkens now with doubt and fear lest some unknown evil overtake and intercept or prevent our voyage.

That God is better than our fears is truly said. I look up at the top of my page and see what I last wrote there, in the dear land I shall never see again, and I say—*Evil Heart*—why can we not trust more!

Not only are we safe come hither, but John Lewis standeth clear before all the world of the death of Charles of Clonmithgairn.

My Lord Finnegan hath shown himself a good friend, and one worthy to be entrusted with the concerns of any proper man.

When the right circumstances of the affray were made known according to the written statement my husband placed in his hands, witnesses whereto were at the last found and proved. His Majesty sent full and free pardon and also generous patents, grants of land in this Eden Valley of Virginia.

John Mackey who has come all this way with us, gives good aid in erecting of our house, which I have some impatience to see done. This log cabin may do in times of peace, but should these savages change their policy of amity and good-will, it will go evil if we have not wherewithal to meet them.

It has been enough for me ever since, to hear John Salling tell at Williamsburg, when first we came to this country, how these people did ferociously entreat such as fell into their power. John Lewis was more taken with the newly-freed captive's account of the land in this part, the beauty and abundance of which has not yet been told, to say true.

The broad prairie before our

door at the front looks like miles and miles of gaudy carpeting, with its verdure and flowers.

Our cow, *Snow-drop*, as the children call her, is fastened each day on the meadow border by a tether many a fathom long. They drive her in when required for the use of little Charles,—our *New World* baby—and her white feet are continually dyed red with wild strawberries.

The new settlement begins to look quite lively now, with the gardens around the cabins, the patches of grain and all. About thirty of our tenantry have clung to us through evil and through good report, and these are for the most part able and efficient work-people. Joe. Naseby hath a neat rail to his garden ground, and some sort of ornament structure on the top of his house to entice the wild pigeons,—a cupola like.

When our grey stone dwelling is done I shall feel something like ornamentation, it may be, and for my children's sake, and especially Alice, I shall like to make things look enticing. I think people get beauty of soul with growing up among pretty things, particularly girls, but all, indeed, should have their home beautified so that they may love to stay in it or come to it as the case may be. The holy Pascal said not much of any more worth than these words: "Most of the evil of this world grows out of people's discontent to stay at home."—That is true. Now how shall they love home if home is not made lovely? Here then we have the key to our family's destiny.

I will not wait for the new

house for this. I will take Andrew, William and Alice,—Thomas has gone a hunting with his father and John Mackey,—and plant, this day, some of the prairie-roses to run beside our door and on the roof.

* * * * *

Oroon-ah came by while the children and I set the plants by our cottage. He shook his head. "Wrong," he said, "the Great Spirit put the herbs where he want um ;" and when Alice brought him a bowl of clabber he turned away in great disgust, the while uttering—"Rotten! no good!"

The child gets used to him and the other Indians better than I ever shall. She has many friends among them, as have the boys, too, and they call her a sweet name—"White Dove"—but for all that they give me the same feeling as did those painted Mountebanks of the Christmas festivities at Darley. I always am startled when one of them appears before me.

John Mackey is like many others. He is good in giving help to any outside of home. I think, on the contrary, all good offices should begin and spend their best strength there.

John Lewis prospered with his clearing, his crops and his building, and John Mackey helps him or anybody else who will hunt with him now and then, but he lays up nothing for himself, and his household might gather many comforts around, if he would act different.

My husband hath located one hundred thousand acres of good

land, but when he goes out to explore and choose what is rich and the best, poor Mackey will go along to hunt buffalo.

John said to me a Thursday, "Peg,"—he always calls me Peg after dinner, yet I should say that though he gets his bowl of toddy for dinner, a more sober man is not in the Old Dominion,—said he—"Mackey has laid up not a penny since he came to the settlement."

Indeed I was very sure he had not. Well, if he lives at this gait, I suppose the Indian heaven will be good enough for him hereafter,—broad hunting grounds and plenty of deer and buffalo.

Our town of Staunton goes finely on, thanks to John Lewis' enterprise and energy. It shall descend to his posterity that he has builded the first town in the valley. It is about four miles from our place of Beverly Masson here, which some call Lewis' Fort.

Un-gee-wah-wah and his tribe we find are not friendly to us, but still, if they make farther demonstration, (they captured three of our men yesterday, who made them drunk and then got away,) we shall be able to hold our own against them.

Our fort is formed of block-houses, stockades, and the cabins. The outside walls are ten to twelve feet high. The block-houses are built at the angles of the fort and project full two feet beyond the outer walls of the cabins and stockades.

The upper stories of our houses are eighteen inches larger in dimension, every way, than the

story below, an opening being left at the commencement of the second story to prevent any lodgment of the enemy under the walls. We have port-holes in all, and the savages having no artillery, we should stand our ground if they offered assault.

Oroon-ah, or Tiger-King's son, a lad of sixteen, has crowned my Alice with a prairie rose wreath—Queen of White Doves, he calls her, and has given her a fawn which has become domestic now.

I did not like to hear Thomas say last night,—he is older than Omayah,—suppose sister Alice should grow up and marry Omayah. Youth is romantic and thinks strange thoughts. I hope she may have none such. Then I set me to thinking—the child is fourteen years old in May, and that's just two years younger than I was when I became a married woman. The reflection gave me pain, but I will think of it more. There is nothing gained by shunning the fixed truth, whatever it be. Look God's fact in the face, whether agreeable or not. It's like going up to a white object in the haunting dark, taking hold of it and proving it no ghost.

Last spring, and this is 1737 now, John Lewis, visiting the seat of Government, Williamsburg, met there with one Burden, but lately come over as agent for Lord Thomas Fairfax. John was so pleased with his company and he with the accounts of this fertile land that he must needs come back with him and explore and hunt. This was a gala time for John Mackey, but Burden was a more provident hunter than he.

My sons took, in the chase, a young buffalo calf, which the stranger much affected and it was given to him. This was toward the end of his stay, for he made a pleasant inmate of our home some several months. He took the rude animal and made it a present to the most worshipful Governor Gooch, who never having seen so comical a monster in Lower Virginia, did promptly favor the donor by entering upon his official book full authority to Benjamin Burden for locating 500,000 acres of land nigh to the James River and Shenandoah waters; this on condition he should, within ten years, settle at the least one hundred families within the limits.

The Presbyterians of North Ireland, Scotland, and adjacent portions of England do abide at home uneasily, and they will come freely to Burden's bidding, for the peopling of this new settlement.

While our friends in lower Virginia much carouse and keep up the customs of the old country, we beyond the mountains are for the most part a sober set. So much the more does our departure from our usual way of doing make a great event among us.

John Salling, one of the first explorers of this region hath his land about fifty miles off, down in the forks of the James. A young nephew living with him has seen and admired and made proposals of marriage to Joe Naseby's grand-daughter. The girl has sometime said him Nay, saying it is poor comfort one will find in a hunter's home,—so playing on the word, for her name is Comfort,—but he is a well-looking lad

enough, so turning his perseverance to some account in his favor, they have been married.

Thomas Salling brought many attendants to his wedding, all riding bare-backed, and clad in raw hide. I laughed to see the nuptial procession approach, and said to my husband,—and our chaplain,—the riders seemed to my eyes something as did the Spanish equestrians to the unsophisticated Mexicans,—as though man and horse formed all one animal.

It is a rare thing, indeed in any of the section if there be a merry-making without its attendant work. Weddings form nearly the only exception. Sometimes the settlers come together to make arrangements for mutual safety against the Indians, for we have had our own trouble with them from time to time, sometimes for reaping, building a cabin, and so on, when they will have a repast of bear's meat, buffalo-steak or venison, topping off with a dance and games.

On this wedding occasion it was an odd array of toilettes. Linsey and brocade mingled grotesquely. Some old world relics placed beside the ornaments newly picked up here, produced a mingled effect of savage life and civilization struggling one with another.

I had given to Comfort, who is a much smaller woman than I, the yellow brocade I wore the day the surveyors located the town, which was for me an unlucky day. No sooner had we set to dinner than Mr. Parks, who was one of

them, growing animated in his talk, made a gesture which over-set the gravy-boat upon my lap. I laughed it off right well, though my heart was ill at ease with thinking I had no French chalk to remove the soil, but then a woman early learns such lessons of self command. I forgive Mr. Parks, heartily and do not even wish, while he gives us such a racy paper,* that any one may so misplace his ink as to soil his hose or breeches. I hope the men will be going down in a few weeks, and fetch another [paper].

* * * * *

It is a common practice now to make whiskey, an intoxicating drink, from the Indian corn, and a part of the wedding entertainment is a race for a bottle of this stuff. When the guests are approaching the house of the bride, two of the young men most intrepid in horsemanship, are singled out to run for the bottle. The victor in the race is met at the door by some one of the family who confers the prize. He hurries back to the cavalcade who are halting about a mile off, and gives first to the bridegroom then to the other company a dram, then after forming again they ride on to the destined place. Our steeple-chases are no more trials of fearlessness and good riding than these bottle-races, seeing the competitors do come through mud, mire, woods, brush, and over hill and dale.

Great mirth prevailed at Joe Naseby's, though the wedding-table was only a rude board,—

*Va Gazette, first Published by Wm. Parks at Williamsburg, Aug. 6, 1734.

this was spread with pewter and Queensware, and covered with a substantial repast of meat and vegetables and fowls and bread. The company sat down to it as soon as the wedding ceremony was over, and there was little more ceremony of any kind.

I wished to take leave at dinner and bring Alice away. I do not like her to join in these vulgar sports, but she begged, and her father said better wait and see the end, and I felt some curiosity myself to know what rare thing would at last befall. These new world manners are making queer innovations among our people.

At dark I knew I was wanted here, so Alice agreed to come, though Thomas stayed dancing, and John Lewis went back after conveying us home. He tells me that shortly after he returned, a deputation of young girls stole the bride off and conducted her to her bed up in the loft. By and by some young men took away the bridegroom and safely deposited him there also, and late in the night refreshments of bacon, beef, and cabbage and such like things were sent up to them; and along with all this—Black Betty, which meaneth a bottle of whiskey.

By this time Burden's settlement is fast filling up. There be some of the Established Church among them, but mostly our neighbors are Scotch-Irish Presbyterians. It soundeth like the gathering of the clans to call over the M'Kees, M'Cues, M'Campbells, M'Clungs, M'Kowns, Carutherses, Stewarts, Wallaces and Lyles, together with the Browns,

Prestons, Paxtons and Grigsbys with them associated.

I am led to think of them the more now by an incident which occurred here the last night.—About sun down a traveler, in hot haste, tricked out in the rough costume of the country, rode up and asked lodging. This was readily granted, together with such entertainment as we had at hand. He was an ungainly looking person, though setting his horse well.

An hour afterward other horsemen came clattering up and rushed afool of this first stranger, who happened then to be without doors looking after his horse, for there was quite a good light from the moon.

I heard from my seat by the fireside hilarious voices, and the words "Confess! confess!" echoed in a roughly-jocose way. "We have been seeking you some days!" I then heard, and knew not what to think, but this story which the pursuers told as they came into the house, and to which the culprit did good-naturedly attest,—with somewhat of shame, too, explained all.

When Ben Burden, the younger, came to make deeds to such of the settlers as held cabin rights, the name of Mulhollin so often did appear as to be a matter of wonder to him. He set about making inquiry, and so found that Mulhollin had been a person most efficient in deeds of enterprise among them. So far it was well. Inquiry was now made for one Polly Mulhollin, who, to pay her passage from Ireland, had sold herself to James Bell, who

advanced the money for her. She served his family in all honesty, the time out, then disappeared.

Now it turns out that this same Polly Mulhollin did put on man's gear, hunting-shirt, moccasins, &c., and go into Burden's grant for the purpose of becoming a landed proprietor, and erected thirty cabins. The thing hath caused much merriment wherever known. Polly, with some chagrin and much meekness, hath gotten on woman's attire, borrowed from some one in the settlement, and will betake herself henceforth to womanly pursuits.

Our neighbors in the valley are people of most staid principles and habits and are very diligent in business. They commence their Sabbath on Saturday when the sun goes down, while I think it not a shame to have a hot turkey for my Sunday dinner.

Craig's wife was here a Sunday. One of my children was sick and she kindly came to inquire if she could aid in any way. She is a good soul, and yet like many other good people, hath charity too narrow to believe but that religion is confined to the poor and obscure; to such as herself, in other words. A handsome book of Common Prayer lay on the child's bed, I had been reading. The book was presented by our Governor Gooch, who was my father's friend, and it is handsomely claspt about with golden clasps. She sneered, saying "The thought of Governor Gooch's giving a present of a Prayer-book!" This because he lives in what seems to her much gayety and splendor, the which

many who condemn, like her, would do if they could, but as they have to practice self-denial of compulsion, they think it is accorded to them for piety.

For my part, I hesitate not in affirming I have seen as much sheer vanity go along with a grogram suit as ever with ermine and velvet, and more indeed of that spirit which says "Stand aside for I am holier than thou!"

Like worm in the bud, so doth human nature early develop its unlovely aspects. To-day I bethought to go to our chamber west window and shut in the shutter, for the sun was putting the fire out. I heard our two boys, Charles and his brother Thomas' little son, Edward, discoursing beyond:

"I gave you my possum for your pile of plums"—(this fruit takes to the soil and grows abundantly since first planted,) "and now you should give me Job [so they call him] back again."

"Why so?" Charles asked, who is always reasonable, and I am glad to find, conscientious about taking any undue advantages.

"Because now I have nothing," the little rogue remarks, "neither possum nor plums."

"Nor will I have," rejoins Charles, "if you take Job back; you had my plums."

"Yes," Edward follows up, "then you had my possum, but now that I have nothing of yours, you must have nothing of mine, that is fair," he added.

Charles could not well see through the argumentation, but he will not contend with the little one, and so gave up Job.

I had two minds, then, one to inflict a grievous correction on the baby he should not soon forget, but I thought next, Satan comes to him by rightful heritage from his grandmother, and I let it pass, then resolved to watch my opportunity and bring the matter before them some day, telling his mother of the same.

There have been distractions to draw me yet awhile therefrom.—The father of Omayah has sought the father of White Dove, as he calls our sweet Alice, for his son's wife. He says that the Tiger-King's oldest-born pines to hear her voice cooing among the wild pines about his cabin. It made me tremble to hear him speak, almost as though I thought John Lewis could be persuaded thereto, and give away my tenderly reared lamb. He wished to treat it as a joke, though, and seated Alice at the spinnette, whereon I have taught her to play with some skill. "That," said he, "is all white women are good for, you don't want them,—bah!"

"Fingers fast! fingers jump quick," said Tiger-King—"gut fish!"

My husband still joked with him, which was, perhaps, the better policy, but Oroonah retired discomfited, I could see.

Thomas is a man of books, albeit his sight is defective and he makes out but poorly at hunting. His brothers are stalwart hands, though, in all matters of strength, as indeed he is too, but they have sleight of hunting, fishing, and all employments common to the country, which he, for his infirmity, hath not.

Heavenly Father give strength to bear what is come upon us now!

Last Monday was an holiday, and many of the young folks and their elders did take a repast along in their baskets and go up to see the Tower Rocks, as we call them, a few miles off. I being a stay at home body, remained with my domestic occupations, while John Lewis did take Alice, her older brothers also going along, to join in the frolic.

Omayah was there, sad and silent, and brooding as he hath been of late. He has much attached himself to our race, as seemed his father indeed also to do.

The men and maidens went strolling about, and my daughter went with the young Indian across a branch of the little stream, Lewis River, to gather Good-Luck plant, as we call it, but wo betide the luck to us and her, poor dear lost one! No doubt it was a preconcerted signal, but as the last rock stepping-stone was passed, a savage yell broke forth, a band of red men sprang from the pine woods, and they and Alice and Omayah disappeared in its thickness. Our men fired and ran, but the tangle and brush, and the deep forests, which they will never learn like the Indians, all combine to make the pursuit passing difficult.

The females of the party returned home under escort of some of the men, for there was terror stricken to the hearts of all by what had befallen, and my child's father and brothers, frantic with

rage and distress, dashed off after the artful enemy.

At nightfall, John Lewis came home alone, for he feared to leave me longer, seeing what news the returning party had brought me. I had never showed such grief before him till then,—no, not when we made that little grave on the prairie and piled the white rocks upon it. I was striding the floor as he surprised me, wringing my hands, and—may Heaven forgive me! almost reproaching the Most High that he had mocked me so to hear my prayer and raise her up from that dreadful fever, when she lay, a little one, tossing in my arms,—getting ready for flight, I thought.

He soothed me, poor man, well as he could, his own heart was nigh bursting, and the morning scarce dawned ere he set off again with more of the men to overtake the marauders. Alice's brothers have never yet, all these four days, nor the men that were with them, turned to come home.

I cannot work,—save what duty absolutely demands. I cannot talk, only here may I ooze out the suppressed stream of my sorrow;—carefully, indeed, lest it take possession of me.

I had thought Omayah above the cunning artifices of his subtle race, but they may not be trusted, as individuals or in the mass, and all my instinctive dread of them from the beginning was but a fore-runner of what I was destined to suffer at their hands. O, my Alice! White Dove indeed, in a Vulture's nest!

* * * * *

There is terrible warfare going

on between our settlers and the faithless Indians. What of my gentle child I cannot tell.

Last night our fort was assailed for the second time since this dreadful business broke out, but there was little damage done, for they have no artillery. John Lewis and his boys are still away on the search, but those left at the fort managed manfully. I could feel no fear and the wild war-cries waked no terror, for one strong feeling keepeth another at bay, and I was already possessed with dread and anguish.

Toward day, long after the savages dispersed, our men still having one eye open for them, did see, creeping on all-fours, from the wood and toward the settlement, nay, (indeed, close by my house, when it had been permitted to come so far, then Joshua Grant fired on it,) what seemed to be a stout Indian, all painted and bedizened in full war array. The creature groaned and fell, dropping its bow and arrows on the ground. There all lay till some one should run up,—William Stuart first, and the victim turns out to be Greenlee's mad sister. Some deem her mad, that is to say, some a witch. She rideth all over the country alone, at will, and talks strangely at times. Months she has been missing from Burden's grant where her brother lives, and no one could tell aught of her. She has been a captive, she says. Indeed she will be more angel in my sight than flesh and blood, if she talks not idly in the news she bears me. She can bring Alice, if I but give her a swift horse. Her wound was not deep

though some painful. I could not entreat her to stay for its better healing, but dressed it tenderly as I could and gave her our best animal and prayed her speed.

I can see Nora thinks the pony is gone for no profit. The woman does, to be sure, talk wildly of the palace under the earth where she has hidden White Dove. She knows something of her, giving proof that far in calling her by her Indian-bestowed name. That gives me hope, while I ponder again upon her disconnected harangue of silver palace-walls and pearly floors. She hath an apartment there, so she tells, where she holds communion with the dead, and their voices answer her. Her language is very good, and she commences talk with so rational and plausible an air, that you find yourself listening most intently, and rapt, indeed, then she becomes so excited that mind and tongue run riot together, and a brain of only healthy velocity cannot keep up.

I can write no more.

* * * * *

There promises to be little peace between us and these savages ever again, scarce a day now passes but chronicles some new deprecation. Still they do us the justice to acknowledge the red man was the aggressor. The Great Spirit, they say, is on the side of the white man, and indeed our mode of warfare hath been destructive enough.

My husband has imported the pink clover into the country, but they will have it it is their wild white clover, which Lewis and his

men have dyed red with the blood of the Indian.

My poor Alice looks infant-like and innocent with her bald head.

A threatening fever followed the excitement and terror of her stealing away by the sayages, and her roses in her cheeks are scarce recovered yet.

Mary Greenlee was good as her word in bringing the lost baby to us, and for Alice, she told the strangest tale, the which, did I not have proof better, might almost make me think the child mad as Mary Greenlee. This latter was with the Indians in their assault the night before her discovery of herself to us. They had truly taken her captive, and she, the more readily to pave the way to escape when time should offer, feigned dislike of the whites, and that she had run to them of her own will. She painted her skin like them and dressed like them, but the very night they brought White Dove home a captive, her heart was stirred for her race.— She watched her opportunity, seized her pony they had captured with her, and taking the fear-distraught child behind her, set out at speed of the wind, so Alice tells, and so deftly did she manage that they were not pursued,— to be conscious of pursuit.

The witch, as some call her, be- took her rescued prisoner and herself to a strange great cavern somewhere, which none have since been enabled to find trace of, then let the pony go, so the red men might follow its tracks, nor halt at her retreat, which, indeed, it is a question if it is known to them.

I tell Alice she has become daft, what with her capture and reading of the Arabian Nights, for she talks of the grand marble palace under ground, of its interminable galleries, its statues and its fountains, and withal of stars and moon peering through its roof. Now every one knows no human head would contrive anything so silly as a princely hall of this gait with any of its roof open to the sky. It must be a weird edifice, truly, and worthy the keeper who feedeth herself and chance guests on dried haws and chinquapins. But none of the Lewis name can, forevermore carp at Mary Greenlee, what she does. Blessed creature! I would walk on hands and knees to serve her, to the latest day of my life.

That day of the last siege of our fort, while Alice was lost, as she did demonstrate to us afterward, she showed more wit to give us tidings of our stolen one, than we to make good use thereof. She had shot over the wall, fastened to her arrow, the words, scratched in berry-juice upon a piece of white rag—"The White Dove is safe." She sought for and found the same afterward.—How this strange being fell in with the savages again, after liberating herself, it hath been her freak not to tell, but she comes and goes like a spirit, and some do say, indeed, they are beginning to regard her with a sort of superstition.

My sons do get great praise for their bravery in combatting the common enemy. Such we must regard them. They have been a

long time coming to this, and the pretended affront of refusing intermarriage with them was only a pretext for what they had long ago considered.

Omayah came with downcast looks to visit us again, after the carrying away and restoration of Alice. He protests and we are inclined to believe, truly, he had nothing to do with the treachery thereof. He too was surprised, he says. He adds, that he saw Mary Greenlee's contrivance for getting the White Dove away and kept his mouth bang up. [Shut tight.] She bears him out in this, but we cannot tell from her evidence. At any rate, I am willing and glad to think the boy was not at fault. He has been the play-fellow of my sons so long I can but feel attached to him. Tiger King professes great penitence, but in him I have less faith. In the old I look for more stability, in the young I look for more truth. This for red man and white man. Omayah comes rarely.

The Rev. Morgan Morgan, who hath been chiefly instrumental in erecting the first Church in this Virginia Valley takes much interest in civilizing and Christianizing the savage race, and his labors among them have not been altogether discouraged. Indeed if he might but win one to the light of the Bible it would be great gain, yet I cannot be disabused of my thought that it is an up-hill work, and that a preacher may always be prepared for an ambush, even where he thinks he has gained both ear and heart.

Charles, my New-World child, as I call him, being the first born

here, is a daring spirit. The boy lives in the chase and in war. Among the Alleghanies he was captured some time since by a party of Indians, who took the child on, barefoot, some two-hundred or more of miles, his poor arms girded behind him and he driven on by threats and brandishing of knives of his vile tormentors.

Traveling along a bank some twenty feet high, Charles suddenly and by intense muscular force snapped the cords by which he was bound, dashed himself down the precipice into the bed of a mountain-torrent below, and thus effected his escape. Not but that they followed him fast enough, yet he had some little the advance of them, so, leaping the trunk of a tree which chanced to lay prostrate in the way, a sudden failing of strength did come over him and he sank in the weeds and tall grass which surrounded it. His pursuers bounded over, sundry of them almost touching him as they sprang, but God be thanked! they did not slacken speed and hurried on still seeking him.

As soon as he deemed it safe he essayed to rise from his grassy bed, but here was a new adversary to cope withal—a huge rattlesnake, lying in deadly coil, so near his face he even must hold his breath, lest the bare movement caused by inspiration bring the monster's fangs and his own nose (of which he hath a goodly allowance) in fatal contact. Once, indeed, as he waved to and fro, his huge rattle rested upon Charles' ear. Let him but wink, let him but move one muscle and

lo! the terrible thing would be upon him. He lay thus in painful movelessness many minutes, when the beast, supposing him dead, crawled over the lad's body and went his way. It is a noble characteristic that they will not attack that which hath not life and power to get away.

I wonder if it be not a token of my death that to-day, wiping my spectacles and putting them on, I have taken up this book after so long laying of it aside.

I feel indeed like a traveler whose way has lain by a devious and up-hill road, and now in some peaceful sweet day, when there are no clouds in the sky, turns to survey the way he has come, before entering into his rest and closing the doors about him.

I see my children here and there settled around me,—sons and my daughter. Dear Andrew, who is known as General Lewis, still follows the fortunes of his great chief, Washington. Thomas is in the honorable House of Burgesses, my Alice bears her matronly honors well, and sometimes tells her eldest child how the dying Indian boy, Omayah, Christianized at the last, did wildly crave the wings of the White Dove to bear him up to the home of the Great Spirit.

There is a grave by Great Kanawah's side which tells where Charles Lewis, my blue-eyed American child, fell bravely fighting, honored and beloved, in the fierce affray at Point Pleasant.—God rest him! the gentle at home are the bravest in war, ever. A little hillock on the prairie with

its white mound of stones is not overlooked, though an insignificant object in the landscape to any but mother-eyes.

William is confined by sickness, so we hear to-day, also that his wife, noble woman! has sent off her last three sons, the youngest thirteen, to repel the British at Rockfish Gap. "Go, my children," this Roman mother said, "I spare not even my youngest, my fair-haired boy, the comfort of my declining years, I devote you all to my country. Keep back

the invader's foot from the soil of Augusta, or see my face no more."*

Men with such mothers are the men to form a nation. But the wrangle of wars and rumors of wars sound faint to me now, and I say to the one who standeth hand in hand with me on this height, who hath been a helpmeet every step of the way,—only a little longer, John Lewis, and the Lord of the mountain will open unto us and we enter his doors together.

ABOUT BEGGARS.

BY T. C. DE LEON.

THERE is a proverb, old and unpoetical—old enough to have come from the days of Solomon—unpoetical from being often found embalmed in the mould of ancient spelling books.

Handed down, perchance, from the Hebrew—sifted through intermediate Sanscrit and well-beloved by reason of its trite brevity, it comes often to be quoted in our own vernacular to the effect that "it takes all sorts of people to make a world."

There being nothing in this

proposition either improbable in itself, or very startling to the fixed notions of right and wrong that make our starting point for the worldly pilgrimage, it naturally sets us to thinking more than its more startling and assumptious opposite might.

We admit its truth and come to the conclusion, that, singular and mixed as is the assemblage in which we dwell, there are, perhaps, some in it who deserve especial mention.

Among the "all sorts of peo-

* When this circumstance was related to Washington, his face lighting with enthusiasm, he exclaimed: "Leave me but a banner to plant upon the mountains of Augusta, and I will rally around me the men who will lift our bleeding country from the dust and set her free."

ple" each one seems to differ in some sort, from his kindred. Yet, each proclaims aloud his right to wear the seignorial signet of a lord of creation:—even the smallest specimen of humanity sports, like the shadowy infant in Macbeth—

"Upon his baby brow the round
"And top of sovereignty."

Each one, wrapping around him the mantle of his own individuality, struts his brief hour upon his peculiar stage; each one asserts his right to live, to act and think as his brethren—a right inalienable, perhaps, albeit somewhat aggressive at times in the carrying out.

Humanity is prone to belittle its neighbor and aggrandise itself;—too apt to rely upon its own infallibility, and while industriously searching for the small mote in another's eye, to entirely overlook the prodigious beam in its own.

Foremost in the ranks of the despised—chiefest of those we vote inferiors—stands the Beggar!

Who more reviled—who more misused than he? on whom does his fellow-man gaze with more comfortable scorn?

All the world thinks it right to give him kicks, instead of half-pence. Every man believes himself a better piece of earthenware than he; that the beggar is only common potter's clay while he, forsooth, is genuine "petuntze."

Hereditary Ishmael! thriving upon kicks and thistles! Every man's hand is against his, be the beggar's very dirty hand where it

may. The man of fashion shuns him as if the very sight were contamination to his new stripes: the horny palm of the laborer would as lief grasp that of Asmodeus himself: and the veriest castaway of the rum-mill proclaims his right to exclaim—"Stand aside! I am holier than thou!"

Each and every one would faint cry out with petulant *Sir Anthony Absolute*:

"Don't dare to enter the same hemisphere with me! Don't dare to breathe the same air with me! Hang it! get an atmosphere and a sun of your own!"

Now one might think the beggar would become unhappy under these heaped up abuses; that he would be moved to weeping and shed tears enough to keep his verucous countenance forever clean.

Not a whit! Familiarity with the jeers and scoffs that butter his daily bread breeds a very contempt for them:—contempt for the blows that assail him:—contempt for the world that appreciates him not:—contempt, in short, for every thing but his own supremely ragged self.

He walks the ways of life in the sublime independence of squalor—takes your cuff or your blessing—your shilling or your curse—with equal indifference, and is as like to thank you for the one as for the other.

In fact so habituated does he become to his daily aggravations, that life were monotonous without them, and mayhap his hard gotten hard crust would stick in his gorge without the *sauce piquante* they afford.

Wonderful is the spread of the

beggar's trade and endless its ramifications! Far back in the mouldy forgotten-ness of the past some eleemosynary Egyptian may have dropped from his lazy palm the primal germ—it has branched and multiplied in every soil—has rooted and sprouted afresh under every sky—a Banyan-tree of Beggary. It reaches from sphere to sphere—from pole to pole, and the beggar proper sings in every clime—

“No pent up Utica contracts our powers:—
For whole unbounded continents are ours!”

Under the tender teachings of Ismail's code the beggar is a man of mark—his office holy. Who has journeyed unto Jerusalem, has “gone down to the Jordan,” or tasted the immemorial muddiness of the Nile but has had the plaintive wail for “*Buksheesh!*” ring in upon tympana and pocket book!

Who has basked in the soft sun of Naples and not heard the seductive whine for *bajocci* from each macaroni-encrusted lip; or failed to see, under the frozen skies of St. Petersburg, the mute and time-honored beggar hold his own on every corner with “the rufflers of the camp and court” that throng the streets.

Under the purple clusters that nut-brown maidens pluck near fair Cadiz; on the wild steppes of Asia, and on the far reaching plains where our own red man spears the buffalo, rises the beggar—a lineal descendant of “the daughters of the horseleech, crying—“Give!—Give!”

But perhaps the most remark-

able specimens of the genus the sun shines upon are warmed by his rays in the Emerald Isle. In fact these are hardly so much beggars as vendors of startling quips and happy retorts, ungrudgingly given in exchange for your gingerly bestowed half-pence.

Who does not remember the ancient beggar lady who accosted the Lord Lieutenant and his lady at the Vice Royal gate:—

“Blessins on yer honor an' yer leddyship! But its mesilf dhremt a dhrame! Yer honor was to gie a pound o' tay, and yer leddyship was to gie me a pound o' baccay!”

“But, Biddy, you know dreams are always reversed.”

“Bother! But its mesilf dat's a sthupid wun! not to remimber yer leddyship were to give the tay and yer lordship the baccay!”

Or the equally appointed addendum of the religious beggar who followed the *non-respondent* barrister with the cry:

“May the blissins o' Hevin foller ye!—may the blissins o' Hevin foller ye!—and [as he gets out of ear shot] niver overtake ye—ye durty spalpeen!”

And then its age! If age is beautiful the beggar's trade is surely a joy forever.

What a field for antiquarian research could we hope an Agassiz could find a fossilized and outstretched hand and from it build us up the skeleton of the great progenitor of beggars.

What a relic were he! and to be guarded with what care! An aromatic Pharoah would fade—Mr. Gliddon's male princess even pale his, hers, or its futile fires before such!

We are taught the name of the first sinner; we know who first did murder; but, O! who can lift the veil of mystery that shrouds the name of the first beggar! As easy were it to tell who first wrenched the hinge of the primeval oyster as to guess who in Mesopotamia, or the wilderness, first hobbled round for old clothes and cold manna!

Ancient and honorable are the the tribe of beggars—their's the very Methuselah of occupations—antecedent to the world; coeval almost to the birth of sin itself!

That variety, too, which is the spice of all life, is especially the seasoning of the beggar's. On this it is useless to dwell, for who has not before him every hour, and on each corner, all grades of the guild from the Past Master to the entered apprentice.

From north, from south, from east from west—from every point of the compass and perhaps more—"the beggars are coming to town:" coming in a constant stream that makes us wonder open-mouthed when they will cease and where they all go to.

What a sight would it be if their Grand-Commandery should order a full-ragged parade—a grand numismatic Field-Day!

What a thumping of crutches! What a bumping of ligneous pedals; stumping of timber toes and stumping of bare ones! What a travelling museum of misery! What a curious collection of all the deformities, ills and maladies that beggar flesh has been ever heir to!

Bandaged eyes; running sores on legs that can't run; sprained

backs, disrupted ankles and unhinged joints; railway smashes and bankrupt constitutions; swelled boys and boys with the measles; the man who had his leg bit off and he who was spoiled at Gettysburg: the stairway female with nine babies and her arm in a sling—and many more too miserable to mention—all passing in grand review of every known evil, but with none in common save a common emptiness of pocket and an un-common emptiness of stomach!

And glancing down the line at this grand parade of the ragged army, what a set of faces would we find!

Faces that Carlyle saw when he classified those round the hungry knife of the Revolution! Faces known in the vulgate as "the hardest kind;"—such countenances as we pictured to ourselves in childhood's days, must have grinned at the cremation of a martyr; such sets of features as Doré makes look up from the lake of the Frozen Hell, or weaves with grotesque horror into the web of his Judgment Day! Such prizes as mock us in the dark and dismal silence of winter nights, when the terrors of Lobster Salad are dead upon us!

Beggary seems a phosphorescent exhalation from the fermenting mass of crowded communities; and like all such gleams it is most patent in the older and decaying corporations. But even in the worn out civilizations of the East, and of Italy, it flourishes in ranker growth away from the agricultural districts and round the hot beds of cities. And in our own

happy country—which is surely the greatest, while it is the best governed on the planet—the same rule obtains.

New York alone could furnish a complete *corps* of thoroughly maimed and wretchedly appointed beggars to every town in the country; while in the West the market is far from glutted.

In the cotton-growing regions of the South, beggars were as rare as comets; and even during the war—with all the horrid shifts to make bare food—it was the rare exception to see one. We may account for this fact partly from the force of habit—partly from the necessity for work of all sorts.

Men worked in the front rank of the fight or in the toilsome trench; women worked at home, in the factories and even in the armories; the lithe fingers of children were utilized in a hundred ways. The South “robbed the cradle and the grave” and set both to work for the bare means of life—but none begged!

Meantime, despite the new avenues opened for industry in the North—despite the reckless distribution of the people’s money—despite fat contracts and juicy “jobs”—statistics show a large increase of beggary.

Nor does a single pursy contractor—fattening sloth-like upon the green shoots of the Treasury—seem to have arisen and cries with jolly Jack Falstaff:

“What! a young knave and beg! Is there not wars—is there not employment? Doth not the king lack subjects?—do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side

but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worse side, were that worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it!”

Scrutiny into the subject startles us with the accumulated misfortunes heaped upon the beggar in good business. We are shocked at the invariable load of misery borne upon the failing knees, or the stooping shoulders of yonder eleemosynary! *He* is a perambulating Pandora’s box, with the smallest atom of Hope, hid under a mass of troubles; *she* is a fancy bazaar of every shape and variety of merchantable calamity.

To these, wretchedness, far from being a curse, is a blessing we may sympathize with but pity not. Misery of any size and in any form, is a windfall as eagerly looked for as a smash up by the most hopeful buyer of accidental insurances.

In exact ratio to the increase of affliction are the returns from the business; the more perfect the Lazarus the more lively the trade he drives.

Panoplied in antique rags, and scutcheoned with immemorial dirt, the beggar glories in misfortune, and exhibits his painful catalogue with a gurgle of lively satisfaction. He dwells on his heavy stock in trade of chronic evils; and even an occasional accident may, by judicious management, be turned into a merchantable commodity.

Happy he, who is born with a hump; or has, by the accidents of tender infancy, been twisted beyond repair! But while greater blessings these major curses, a minor mishap becomes—“in hands

entirely great"—a gift of good fortune by no means to be despised.

One special case comes to mind—a grimy and inflamed specimen, who haunted Broadway for years. Plaintive, and with tears in it, his voice was! But an ill concealed flash of triumph ran down his grubby forefinger as he pointed to pants rolled high above his brawny knee, displaying a pet carosity on his left calf! Verily do I suspect that lump an exotic, and that he daily caused it to bloom and blush by careful watering with dilute acid! Only frequent friction with emery paper could have brought to the surface its latent properties for drawing pennies! for that excrement netted its happy possessor a handsome average of fourteen cents per diem!

But perhaps the most wonderful point in the character of the beggar is his high morality. This is his special strength, and marvellous as true if we reflect on his erratic way of life.

He is a pattern of holiness—of truth and of sobriety. He never swears; he never, never lies; and he doesn't recognize the smell—not to mention the taste—of anything in the alcoholic line!

Shouldst thou see him bearing a jug,—O, suspicious detector of thy brother's fault! know that it is to convey molasses to a suffering family.

If his eye be dull and blood-shot while his nose beams like a beacon; may not a man have influenza from dusty roads?

And if his breath, O, critic! doth possess strong odors; are there not patent medicines to

regulate the inner selves of beggars as well as kings?

He may wander widely and meander mysteriously; but hath he not dorsal feebleness and inefficient knees? These things may all have a suspicious look; and as for stealing—

It *does* "look bad" to see an impecunious male hovering around your area stairs, or a hobbling female making rapid tracks from your alley gate! It *does* "look bad," Irate Moralish!

But still be lenient. If we all had our deserts we know what a flogging we should get: and judged by appearances how few but would get their deserts! Give the suspected the benefit of common law until he be proven guilty.

It "looks bad" to see a young dandy traveling homewards at 6 a. m., with a dress coat and white choker. It "looks bad" to see a common councilman coming out of a tavern wiping his mouth.

But you have no unailing proof against these.

One may have been indulging in a peripatetic stroll; the other may have simply imbibed the gentle lemonade.

We read in Musby fable that Belisarius once crawled about on sunny days in ancient Hellas—and begged a pittance with the doleful cry, "*Date Obolum, Belisario!*"

Little though you deem it, your charity may develop some "mute-inglorious" Grant!

Therefore, be lenient to the beggar, even when suspicious circumstances threaten to dim his fame. Forbearance is the bright spot amid the clouds of everyday

life, so rejoice, if haply you that those halcyon days are fled, have the friendship of the "When King Copbetua wooed brotherhood of beggary ; and sigh the Beggar Maid."

PARIS—NOTED CHURCHES.

ONE of the prominent features of the great city, and one which always attracts the attention of visitors, is its churches. Who has not heard of Notre Dame? Surely no traveler ever passed through Paris without paying his respects to it, for had he not done so, those tales he will afterwards tell to wondering fireside groups, would be incomplete. He must be prepared to answer all questions, he must have seen every place that is suggested, and be able to tell its beauties, and dwell upon its minutiae ;—otherwise that halo which always surrounds one who has voyaged on the limitless ocean, has dwelt in foreign lands, and conversed in strange tongues, with stranger people, will feel its brightness dimmed, and the man of wonderful stories will lose part of his glory, and descend towards the level of ordinary humanity.—Notre Dame is one of the oldest churches in Paris, and can hardly be said to be finished yet, for something is continually being done to it, and even in process of erection, it has grown old, and gathered the hoariness of centuries around it, so that a decayed timber, or a rotten stone, has often to be replaced by one of more modern date. Its architecture is very fine, but entirely different from that of the Madeleine. Indeed, the Madeleine was not originally intended for a church, and bears no resemblance to the church buildings of the present day, while Notre Dame wears the form and air of a cathedral. Over the front and main entrance is the gallery of the Apostles, with Christ in the centre. On entering we are struck with the vastness of the building, and the massive character of the pillars, galleries, etc., the latter being as high as the roof of an ordinary church.—When ordinary mass is being said, we are obliged to walk half the long length of the floor, before we come to the congregation, and even then the altar is not very near. The lofty dome is done in mosaic; from it are suspended, by great lengths of rope, the chandeliers, and it is by following the distance of these ropes, from one near end to the other far one, that an idea can be formed of the real height of the roof. Taking a seat on one of the chairs, after having paid our two sous to the old woman at the entrance, let us watch, and listen to the ceremony, as it is reverberated from floor to gallery, from gallery to roof, and from roof through hall and sound-

ing corridor. A bell strikes slowly,—one, two, three,—and the congregation rise, and occupy the kneeling chairs in front of them. The deep toned organ sounds deeply and solemnly for a few moments, then stops. From some distant corridor in the rear comes a chorus of fifty or more female voices chanting the *Miserere*, sounding sweetly, sadly, as it strikes the ear in subdued, mellow accents, seeming as though the women at the cross were again wailing forth their sorrow for the agony and death of their Lord and Saviour. This gradually swells into volume, growing louder and louder, then dies away, and sinks, insensibly, into silence. For a moment all is still; then from the altar in front of us, a gathering of men's voices breaks upon the solemn air, and carries on the chant, though with deeper and harsher tones, and grow fainter, and more faint, as if from a distance, until again nothing breaks the stillness of the church. In a moment the two rise at once, and both male and female notes mingle together, and the organ sends forth its accompaniment till the echoes resound with a hollow sound from the distant corners, and chase each other round the great pillars, in and out of the long corridors, and among the stone images of the saints in their niches in the wall. When this is finished, at the slow strokes of the bell again, the congregation sit down, and with prayer-book in hand, follow the monotonous tones of some old priest, as he sings out the service. Over the rearmost altar burns a

row of seven tall, tapering wax candles, six or eight feet high, whose star-like flames against the dark back-ground, are like the handle of the Dipper, in the Northern heavens. A priest in his robes stands, with his back towards us, at a pulpit directly in front, and nearer to us, reading from a large book whose great print, and odd-looking letters, visible even at this distance, remind us of the days of Martin Luther, and the old monks, before printing was invented, when a book was worth almost its weight in gold, and when the abbey libraries contained all the learning of the land.

When we rise to explore the recesses of the old building, after going in and out, we think we have at last come to the end, when a turn brings us upon some unexpected dark passage, that leads on still.

The precise dates of Notre Dame have never been accurately fixed. On its site, and in the time of the Romans, a temple existed, of which the foundations were discovered in 1711. On this spot a church dedicated to St. Stephen was erected about 365 in the time of Valentinian I., and rebuilt by Childebert about 522. The reconstruction of this last, by Robert, son of Hugh Capet, is the first we hear of Notre Dame, so called from one of its chapels dedicated to the Virgin. The first stone was laid by Pope Alexander III., who had taken refuge in France, while Maurice de Saliac was bishop of the diocese. The high altar was consecrated in 1182 by Henry, legate of the Holy

See, and in 1185 Heraclias, Patriarch of Jerusalem, who had come to Paris to preach the 3rd crusade, officiated in the church for the first time. There is, of course, a great deal of history connected with the church, which we have no space here to recount. During the many revolutions of which Paris has been the theatre, Notre Dame has always more or less suffered. Its bells, and the lead of its steeples, have been, more than once, melted down to make balls of. Its interior has been desecrated by mobs, who plundered and destroyed the treasures of the church. Some of these have been recovered, and, patched together, are shown as relics of gone by times. The coronation robes of Napoleon the Great, with those of officiating Popes and Archbishops, are gorgeous, and remind one of an age of splendor and glory, when all Europe trembled before France, and Napoleon was the greatest among men. In 1831, at the sacking of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, and the Archbishop's palace, the populace broke into the Sacristy, and did great damage. A celebrated artist having left on his easel a most elaborate picture he was painting of the interior of the church, it was cut into a thousand pieces.— There is a group of statuary in the rear part of the church, said to represent the result of a dream. A lady, being absent from her husband, dreamed he was dying; immediately flew to him by the swiftest conveyances, and arrived just in time to receive his last kiss. The statuary represents him in a half-closed coffin, at the

head of which the skeleton Death is holding the hour-glass, and the wife, just arrived, has thrown herself on her knees with clasped hands, towards whom the husband is stretching out of his coffin.

St. Roch is a very unpretending structure, and a stranger would pass it by without a second glance, thinking it a little corner church, where some French Mr. Smith harangued his dozing congregation; but enter it on Good Friday once, and this impression is quite dissipated. The crowd is a perfect jam, and you enter with it at one door, are carried round the church, and cast out at another. There is no such thing as stopping to admire particular beauties, or of going contrary to the tide. It has a very fine appearance, is full of paintings from the old masters, and is said to have occupied a hundred years in course of construction. The Tomb of Christ, behind the Altar, is its prominent point. It extends across the entire breadth of the church, and represents Nature. In the middle is the Tomb, an opening about four feet square in the side of a rocky elevation closed by a massive stone. On top of the little mount is the cross, seeming as though our Saviour had just been taken from it. On one side is a group of statuary, life size, representing Mary and Martha weeping; on the other are two or three Roman soldiers keeping guard.— It is entered from the body of the building, by a narrow passage some twenty feet long, has no windows, and the dim light of a few expiring wax candles gives it a very solemn appearance, and

creates a feeling of awe upon the mind of the beholder. It is not wonderful the Catholic church possesses such an influence over the minds of its members, conducting, as it does, everything in so stately, grand and solemn a manner, it cannot fail of impressing the soul with an inclination to worship. The very air of a Catholic Cathedral is religion, and the fine paintings of Biblical scenes, by the best masters, seem to stand out from the canvass, and you almost expect to hear them speak to you. The life-like image of Christ hanging on the tree, and drops of blood trickling down from the thorny crown on his forehead, has such an expression of suffering on His heavenly face, as could only be produced by the extremity of mental and bodily agony combined, and could only be borne by the patience and endurance of a Redeemer dying for his people. His lips seem to have just uttered the wail, "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabacthani," sent up from the depths of that great heart.— In looking at it, one could almost see the tears, and drops of blood fall to the ground, and irresistibly imagine that he stands before the real Jesus of Nazareth, "the man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," who is treading again the fiery pathway from Earth to Heaven. Then, too, the sound of distant voices chanting the *Te Deum* in some far off corner of the great edifice, carrying with it a pathos no Protestant church music ever possesses, brings sad thoughts and inclines the heart to things of Heaven, driving out the last ves-

tige of worldly cares. All their churches, too, are old; no pile of brick and mortar, containing all the latest inventions, but stately old structures, where service has been carried on for centuries past, where the worshippers have met to praise God, for generations back; one is kneeling where his grandfather knelt fifty years ago, and perhaps where his grandfather did as long before him.— Certainly for impressiveness produced by outward things, the Catholic religion surpasses.

The first stone of St. Roch was laid by Louis XIV. and Anne of Austria in 1653. It is approached by a flight of steps, extending the whole breadth of the church, and famous as the theatre of many events during the several French revolutions. The mob crowded there to see Marie Antoinette led to execution; Bonaparte cleared them of that same mob with cannon during the Directory, and the face of the building is scarred in a hundred places, with the marks of cannon balls, and musket bullets. In 1830 a stand was made there against the gendarmerie of Charles X.; and in 1848 the descendants of the Goddess of Reason devoutly ascended these steps to deposit in the church a crucifix found in the Palace of the Tuileries. Beside the entrance, inside, there is an inscription on marble, placed there by Louis Philippe, in 1821, to the memory of Pierre Corneille, who is buried there. The Empress has an elegant tribune in this church, which is the richest in Paris, and is celebrated for its music and singing on all great Catholic festivals.

This fact is noticeable with regard to all the fine buildings, and indeed as touching the sights of the city; that a first view almost invariably chills the awakened expectation. One enters these places of which he has heard so much spoken, and read so much, all his life, looking for something extraordinary, marvellous, — and like as not, the day may be a little foggy, the windows may be closed, or some unfavorable circumstance happen, which destroys the whole effect, and what he had thought would be beautiful beyond his greatest conceptions, sinks in his estimation into an ordinary chapel, or a commonplace building. Thus it is with the Madeleine on a first visit.—Imagination has given it the place of the first church in existence, in point of beauty, and being wrought up by the tales of returned travelers, to whom one has often listened, he expects to find something wonderful. The light is not strong, the church, comparatively, empty, and he is much disappointed. But wait a month or six weeks, until you have become more used to the city, and taking some bright day, when you have nothing else to do, enter it while mass is going on; the upper end of the church full of listeners; a row of white dressed and hooded nuns on one side; here and there kneeling at the different shrines, a half dozen worshippers invoking their patron saint; the voice of the priest sounding faint and indistinct as it loses itself in the great domed roof, and it is a different thing. The cheerful sunlight streaming

through the glass arches overhead contributes to light its beauties, to make the bass relief sculpturing on the lofty top stand out with great effect, to discover the vast length and breadth of the house, to make plain its magnificent paintings by the great masters, to show the deep cavities on either side, and to do justice to its splendid architecture.

The Madeleine was originally intended for a temple of glory—the glory of France, and the success of her arms, and for that purpose was constructed on a grand and magnificent scale. It is a heavy, massive style of building, surrounded in front, and in the rear, by a double, and on the sides by a single line of large fluted and carved pillars, between which, and the church itself, a wide verandah occupies the intervening space. Its walls are unbroken by a single window; here and there a little square opening, holding the place of a displaced stone, lets in a few rays of light, and at the distance of about every thirty feet a deep niche, in which stands the effigy of a saint. La Madeleine is, since the beginning of the 13th century, the fourth church erected on this site, called, in former times, from its vicinity to a suburban villa of the Bishops of Paris, *la ville l'Eveque*. The present magnificent structure was commenced in 1764, by Constant d'Ivry, and continued by Couture. The revolution of 1789 suspended the works, until Napoleon First, directed Vignon to complete it for a Temple of Glory. In 1715, Louis XVIII. restored it to its original destination, and decreed

that it should contain monuments churches, in Paris, of which the to Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, Pantheon stands prominent, but Louis XVII., and Mademoiselle our story is already too long, and Elizabeth. It was finished under we shall have to say au revoir, Louis Philippe, by M. Huvé, and sans adieu. GARVEY.
cost over thirteen million francs. August 23, 1868.

There are other celebrated

BALTIMORE.

BY FANNY DOWNING.

Majestic city, round whose name
Such sweet associations twine,
What tongue may fitly tell the claim
Of high desert so justly thine!

Through all our country's storied past,
Wherever freedom's watch-fires burned,
A halo is around thee cast,
By noble actions nobly earned.

And fast as Time shall forward fling,
On to eternity his store,
Each age shall added lustre bring
To bless and brighten BALTIMORE!

Like some serene, refulgent star,
Thy name, preeminent, shall live,
Engilded with a glory far
More great than mortal meed may give.

Yet mortal gratitude would speak,
With all the eloquence of love,
What thou hast done, and gladly seek
Its due rewarding from above.

In faith imploring, when the Lord
Who rules the heavens shall give decree
And justice unto earth award,
This sentence shall be given thee.

When at His feet the universe
In awful expectation kneels,
While flaming Seraphim rehearse
What deeds the Book of Life reveals;

The Book of Life, within whose lid
Each act of Nation and of Man,
Through centuries of silence hid,
The righteous Judge shall strictly scan,

When from the thunders of the throne,
His voice shall boundless ether fill,
And earth and heaven before its tone,
Shall through their deepest centers thrill,

That He who holds the elements
Within the hollow of His hand,
Thy earthly course may recompense,
And bid this entry for thee stand:

“This is the city’s record, made
By angels’ hands; be it displayed
To earth and hosts of heaven arrayed.

The almoner of God was she,
With bounty boundless as the sea,
Her rule of action, charity.

She raised the outcast’s drooping head,
She soothed the sick, the starving fed,
And coffined the unburied dead.*

* Among the countless deeds of mercy rendered by Baltimore to the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth, Va., during the awful pestilence, which desolated them, was the sending of steamers full of coffins, thereby removing the horrible dread, that the bodies of the beloved dead must be committed uncoffined, to the grave.

The orphan's tears she gently dried,
 The prison's portals opened wide,
 And balm to bleeding breasts applied.

A stricken nation sore distrest,
 She cherished on her sheltering breast,
 A refuge and abiding rest.

Whatever forms of woe and weal,
 Humanity can know, or feel,
 She strove to amplify and heal.

In every varied way of good,
 In blessing others as she could,
 Supreme in excellence she stood.

Therefore her judgment is:" Indite
 Upon the wall of Chrysolite,
 This sentence blazing ever bright:

" ADJUDGED BY HEAVEN'S SUPREME DECREE

" THE CHIEF OF MANY DAUGHTERS, SHE

" BLESSING MY PEOPLE, BLESSED ME!"

Thrice noble city, this the scope
 Through which our aspirations spread,
 When we with supplicating, hope
 To bring down blessings on thy head!

Beloved city, grandly rise
 Thy monuments of marble art;—
 By far thy truest tablet lies
 Embedded in the Southern heart!

A VIRGINIA SCOTCH FAMILY IN 1804.

THE head of the Buchanan family was a pair of primitive old Scotch people, living on a small farm, amidst the recesses of Walker's mountain. It was a household after David Deans' of St. Leonard's Crags. The old man had the piety and singlemindedness of a Cameronian, without the slightest stiffness or acerbity of temper. He was good tempered, quiet, unassuming, and of the most perfect and unswerving virtue. The old woman was shrewd, bustling, managing, and intent on hospitable thoughts. She had some early recollection of having been, in her girlhood, in Argyleshire, upon the lower Clyde. This was ground for establishing kinship with the Campbells, and the relationship was always recognized. The family consisted of six sons and four daughters; the oldest daughter being a real type of Jeanie Deans. The farm was a poor one amidst the spurs of the mountains, pretty well plished, to use the old woman's term, with cattle, sheep and horses; there were some bits of meadow land in the narrow valleys and a large and excellent orchard. They had no servants or hirelings; the farm work was entirely done by the stalwart boys, and the house and yard work by the girls, who, besides cooking, waiting on the table, &c., &c., knit, sewed and wove. The boys shod their horses, made their own shoes and farming utensils. The girls cut out and made the clothing of the men, woven from flax or wool grown on the place.— There was not a cent of money expended in the purchase of any article except coffee, at that time a rare and much esteemed luxury, and one of the principal ingredients in the free hospitalities of the family. The sugar was the product of their own trees, made at their own camps. When to the coffee was added a dish of tea, the abundant board was supplied with sassafras or golden-rod, whose aromatic aroma I have a savory relish of to this day. The house consisted of one large room and two shed-rooms down stairs, and a loft which was reached by a ladder. The table was plentifully supplied with beef, mutton, pork, fowls, frequently with venison and wild turkeys from the neighboring mountains—with milk, cheese, butter and cream in profusion, which the neat-handed girls served. Everything was tidy, orderly and abundant.— There were huge piles of blankets, sheets and coverlids. There was but one washbowl, placed on a shelf at the door. The family always washed in the spring before sun-up. I do not remember that any member of the family was ever found in bed by the rising sun. No state of the weather ever restrained any one from their accustomed occupations. There was no book in the house but the Bible. All could read, but none did so. There was but very slight manifestation of any religious

feeling. There were no family prayers; the only religious ceremony was a short and formal grace at meals. The Sunday was observed by a conspicuous neatness and order throughout the establishment, and by great sedateness of demeanor. The members of the family speaking in a soft, subdued tone. Most of them attended church, going thither on fat, quiet horses, each of the children claiming one as his own.—There were two black-walnut tables and several large chests of the same wood. Whoever called was invited to take a meal, or at

least a cup of coffee. The dialect of the whole family was Scotch.—I may conclude these short and simple annals by stating, I was present many years after, when the old sire, at a very advanced age, was borne to the grave by four stout sons and followed by as many grown daughters, and some grand children. At the distance of fifty years I recall, not without emotion, the scenes of that pastoral life, with its simple and primitive tastes. The venerable and patriarchal couple were types of Bucis and Philemon and were worthy of a visit of the Gods.

RELIGION IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF THE NORTH.

SYSTEMATICALLY to ignore religion, is to discriminate in favor of infidelity. Unbelief is misbelief. Not only is religion an intensely positive thing, so that the denial of it becomes almost necessarily the assertion of its opposite; but man's heart is made intensely receptive of religion—so that in many cases it can only escape that acceptance by exalting its negations into a religion also. And though there is a vast number of frivolous people in the world—people with no intellectual headway on—neutral salt people—of whom it must be confessed that there is not substance enough in them to make a respectable infidel, much less a Christian (except by the grace of heaven;) the impact of the minds, that are minds upon the public mind, inevitably

drives it in one of these two directions: Society becomes impressed with beliefs or misbeliefs.

These thoughts—once justly and sedulously urged upon the people's attention by the best men of their day, but now and for long overlooked—are re-awakened by many events and deliverances of late years, and rise again into immediate consequence, in the (so-called) reconstruction of Southern State Constitutions now taking place. A few words, therefore, rehearsing some of the facts brought to light by the "Sixth Biennial Report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, of the State of Illinois," as quoted in the *Southern Review* for July, 1868, will not be ill-timed.

The material elements of the Illinois school-system, are of the

grandest. More than seven millions of dollars annually collected and disbursed; six hundred thousand children in the schools; ten thousand schools, employing seventeen thousand teachers; "thirty-two thousand popular gatherings every year in the name of education!" What a superb nation of ladies and gentlemen this machinery ought to turn out—if ladies and gentlemen can be made by machinery! What humanity, what wisdom, what love of liberty ought to make the prairies blossom as the rose! What *preux chevaliers* they must be in war, and silken sages in peace!

"Every shepherd swain grows bolder—Gentler every shepherdess"—

must be the motto!

Neither is it a loose, shambling, unsystematized mass, as might be suspected by those who only know the rapid growth of the west, and have not realized the prodigies of toil and thought by which that growth has been secured. The department is "to assume a commanding position, * * * organizing, directing and controlling its myriad forces;" "its lines of direct, effective communication are to be extended so as to embrace the whole State;" "its ubiquitous hand is to gather from every quarter the materials with which to enrich the pages of its biennial report;" "it is to be the great educational bureau," &c., &c. Here is clearly developed the idea of a school-kingdom within the republican State, to which vast powers belong, to be wielded in the interest of—what?

Not religion, at any rate.—Whatever else it may favor, it

must turn the cold shoulder here. Revealed theology, natural theology, morals, all lie under the ban, in the schools of Illinois. The State constitution provides, (Art. 8, Sec. 3,) "That no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under (*sic*) this State."—There is nothing at all to hinder an atheist, or a Buddhist, or a Mormon, from being superintendent of public instruction—unless, indeed, the atheist might have some punctilio about taking any oath. But no particular oath being prescribed, it is altogether probable he might be able to propose something sufficiently solemn to pass muster.

We have here, also, an account of the proper materials, of which to form school libraries. Hugh Miller, Agassiz, Speke, Livingston, Fremont, Huc, Irving, Lamb and Dickens, all find a place, as do Milton and Bryant and Longfellow; but no room is found for Moses, David, Paul or John! So, we are told that "History should teach them, Philosophy purify their minds, and Poetry fire and exalt their affections;" but neither as history, nor as philosophy, nor as poetry, nor as a "greater than these," does the "glorious Gospel" get leave to teach and bless.

Furthermore; we have a mild protest against the excessive irreligion of the present scheme; a very submissive and weak-voiced appeal to the genie, to get back into the casket, whence *something* has let him out! It is confessed that "a morbid sentiment prevails in respect to pressing the

prerogatives of public education beyond the domain of the purely intellectual." What a velvety touch of a sore subject! What tact, what temperance, what soft cadences when the question only concerns the God of the whole earth, and the utterance of His loving messages among the children! Just wait, until Mr. Superintendent gets hold of the R-R-R-EBELLION, and see if he dosen't roar until your head rings! You see, it is the part of wisdom to put forth one's strength in proportion to the importance of the subject. But this is a digression.

He is "convinced that it is neither rational nor safe to exclude from our public schools a distinct and reverent recognition of Almighty God; that it is better to offend the prejudices of some, IF WE MUST, than to suffer the whole system to lapse into the black sea of practical atheism."—Here, then, we have the admission, that a distinct and reverent recognition of Almighty God is at present excluded from the public schools; that to admit such a recognition will necessarily offend the prejudices of a class important enough to be considered; and that, to go on as they are going now, threatens a lapse into the black sea of practical atheism.

It is certainly, therefore, not in the interests of religion that this great power is at present employed. Indeed, it is distinctly confessed that "alarm is often taken at the slightest intimation of an effort to recognize Almighty God, or His sacred Word in the schools. It is not said, here, that efforts

have been made—only "intimation of efforts;" which we suppose must mean that some teachers, conscience-pressed, have proposed to try some cautious experiment, and the alarm has been sounded, and the proposals have been abandoned. We would like very much to know that some teachers have been found brave enough either to face this wicked "alarm," or to abandon, with a noble indignation, the hateful task of excluding the recognition of God from the schools; but we have no such information.

In what interest, then, are these schools conducted?

Unhappily, on this point we are not left in the dark. First of all, we have an eulogium of "education" (so-called) as developing the forces of brain and hand and heart, and reduplicating their power: the application of which abstract principle is—"We should look for greater aggregate efficiency in an educated soldier than in an uneducated one. And a regiment or army of intelligent soldiers must needs be more useful and effective than the same number of stupid and ignorant men." (Something might be said, just here, of the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia, in view of the constant clamor about the "ignorance" and "stupidity" of the South; but we forbear.) And so it is the grand mission of education, both to fire the heart with patriotic love and devotion, and to arm the soldier with more than musket and bayonet." The best commentary upon which is the statement in the Report that

“some thousands” of teachers in these schools left their position and went into the army during the late war.

Then we have the late President Lincoln quoted at length, both as endorsing God and the Bible—both, doubtless, very greatly indebted to him—and as prophesying the ruin of the South because the teachers of religion defended slavery from the Bible, and thus filled the cup of their iniquity, and brought down upon themselves the vials of Divine wrath.

Then—and this is equally characteristic of the same mind and men—you have the awkwardly made confession that colored children are not admitted to these schools. God and they are alike excluded by the party of Great Moral Ideas!

Then, as the steam gets up, we have “the devil of slavery,” the “gigantic rebellion,” “the defiant enemy in the South,” and “*their friends*” (i. e., the Conservatives) in the North. Then, in due course comes on “Treason,” “the great slave-empire,” “the outraged majesty of the law,” “the infamy of baffled and defeated treason,” and the “Dred Scot blasphemers,” and of course Andersonville, Libby and Fort Pillow.

It is probably necessary to look farther for the answer to our question. The Gospel not ex-

cluded from the Illinois schools is the Chicago platform; and the religion cultivated there is Radicalism. To such base uses may Education come at last.

Are we a Christian nation? A short ten years ago, men daily thanked God that this was not a question. We thought it could not come into question. Though constitutions all agreed to exclude sectarian partizanship, the common fountain of all denominations, the Light of men, the Message from Heaven, was not disowned, nor the Mediatorial King disavowed by any open acts.

Religion is not Methodism or Presbyterianism, any more than the sun is the blue or violet ray of the prism. To be a Christian nation, is to acknowledge in our public life those truths—say rather, those *facts*—about which all Christian men agree. The Being and Attributes of God, and His government of the world, and the Inspiration of His Word; these are the substructions of human happiness and virtue, and the indispensable pillars of freedom and order—the life-secret of society.

And that element in our population which ignores or denies these things, ought to be considered and treated as a foreign element—that must be protected, that cannot be assimilated.

THE HAVERSACK.

From Charlottesville, Virginia, the manner in which he (Ogden) we get two anecdotes of one of had been treated while in Atwood's the bravest of the brave: power, and in keeping him in sus-

While Capt. Jno. S. Ogden, of whom you spoke in a late number, was confined in irons at the Plains, by order of Gen. Geary, he was insulted by a Yankee who thought himself safe in using any language he chose, while the prisoner was hand-cuffed and tied to a tree; he soon found out to his sorrow, however, that it was extremely unsafe, for Captain O., raising his manacled hands as high as his rope would allow, brought them down on the head of the rascal with such force as to bring him to the ground; he then jumped into his face with both feet and injured him pretty severely before his cries brought him any assistance.

Ogden lived through the whole war, fighting nobly whenever an opportunity offered itself, and is now a quiet, unobtrusive citizen at his old home. J. H. F.

An X. R., of the late so-called, gives us some recollections of the service from his home in Memphis, Tennessee:

It is well-known that in the last year of the war, rations were scarce in Lee's army. The trains, that ought to have brought us the needed supplies, were too often loaded with the stores of the speculators. The Paymasters, too, were neglectful, and months would roll round without payment. If a Johnny Reb happened to raise the wind by any means, he was besieged by hosts of friends anxious to become his partners. It was not disreputable to go into bankruptcy in those days: nor was it dishonorable to work at any craft, which would bring the promises to pay. We had abundance of leisure, lying there in the trenches, in those long days and weary nights around Petersburg. Some employed themselves in making finger rings and ear rings; some, in making clay pipes and wooden pipes. Others made up bundles

After Captain Ogden was exchanged, he singled out and pursued a Yankee officer on the battlefield of the second Manassas, whom he discovered, when he caught him, was no other than Major Atwood, Geary's executive officer, who had put Ogden in irons.

Ogden resisted the first impulse, which was to kill him immediately, and carried him to Gen. Stuart, who was acquainted with the facts of Ogden's treatment; Gen. Stuart turned him over to Ogden to dispose of as he chose, but like a magnanimous soldier as he was, he spared his life, and had ample revenge in taunting him with references to

of kindling pine and sold them to the citizens.

But the most common, and the best paying business was the hunting of spent bullets and shells in the woods and the fields back of our lines. At all hours of the day, hundreds of men would be seen at this work, and it was even carried on at night by the aid of torches. Hundreds of pounds of lead and iron were gathered up and carried to the nearest Ordnance Officer, who would pay at Government rates. In this way enough of money would be got to buy a good dinner or a nice supper. The employment was often very dangerous, and many a poor fellow got an unlooked for furlough, in his search for a good dinner. But the work went steadily on. Hunger is more powerful than the fear of danger.

Sometimes the Yankees, who had kept up this supply, would get good-natured and stop picket and mortar firing. This made business dull, and the Johnnies would mount the parapet and taunt their adversaries, until the needed presents were sent. Mortar shells were our favorites, as they weighed more and brought a better price. Often hundreds could be seen on the works crying out "send us a shell!" As soon as the smoke would be seen to rise from the Yankee mortar, many would claim the shell, and shout "my shell, my shell!" On one occasion, a crowd of North Carolina boys, of Ransom's brigade, were standing in the field behind their intrenchments waiting for the *baby-waker* (as the shells were called,) when an enor-

mous fellow came hissing and foaming through the air, passed the crowd and buried himself deep into the earth. There was a race for him. He was a big prize and all were eager to get him.— But before any one reached the coveted object, an awful explosion took place, a great pit was made in the ground, all of the boys were covered with dirt and some knocked senseless. Fortunately, the explosion took place before any one got to the shell, and beyond a temporary shock, no damage was done. One of the party, a big, fat fellow, weighing 200 pounds avoirdupois, jumped up from the hole ploughed under him, exclaiming: "I like to dig up Yankee shells, but I don't like them to dig me up!"

After that, more caution was observed and no one jumped upon the shell of Mr. Yankee until he had had his *blow-out*: for there was a feeling that the shell, by association, had caught the national characteristic "I'll fool you if I can."

J. H. H.

From Fayetteville, N. C., we get the following:

Those who belonged to the Army of Northern Virginia, know that to "run the blockade" was a very difficult thing, although *very* frequently it was done, regardless of martial law or anything else. While the — regiment was in camp near Orange Court House, Va., Tom S— received permission to "go to town," took his "war-bag" which had been previously arranged by placing two black bottles (one filled with water) of the

same size, and with corks alike, he sallied forth without a cent in his pocket, except one dollar of "the promise to pay," which he soon spent at one of the Sutler's tents for a tin of cider and a gunger. He sauntered around, until he found the place, where some of the boys told him a fellow sold liquor on the sly, when entering he soon struck a bargain, that is, he was to pay \$25, cash, for one quart of brandy. Tom quietly pulled out his bottle which was very quickly filled, and returned to his "war-bag," though very quietly; then feeling in his pocket he found, as he said to the dealer in liquor, that "he had left his pocket-book in the pants that he pulled off in camp." "That is very bad," said the liquor man. "Thunderation" said Tom, "it is too bad," "but you just place this bottle and contents up there on that shelf and *wait till* I see a friend who is out here, so that I can get the money, and I will come back," and at the same time handed him a bottle, which was set aside as requested. Tom then went on his way rejoicing that he had made such a good exchange—a bottle of water for a bottle of brandy.

The above is literally true, and I doubt not, there are many who still survive, who, if questioned, would well remember how Tom S—— (the tar-heel) ran the blockade with his never-failing war-bag.

G. L. W.

From Nashville, Tennessee, we get an account of an unconquer-

able Kentuckian, who would not surrender, not he!

I was at Columbus, Mississippi, when Gen. Dick Taylor surrendered the Western Division of the Confederate forces to Gen. Canby, commanding the Federal troops at New Orleans.

At Columbus, the only troops to be paroled were those commanded by Generals Buford and Lyon.

When the news of the surrender was received, and for some days after its reception, the general disposition among the soldiers was not to be paroled, and there was a constant talk of crossing the River to continue the fight in the Trans-Mississippi Department. This feeling was so universal that many did refuse the parole, and did cross over only to be paroled on the other side.—Many, however, neither took the parole nor crossed over, but expended their patriotism in such talk as this: "I'll never surrender. I'll become a guerrilla.—I'll go to the brush and bush-whack the blue devils, etc., etc."

There was, in Col. Crossland's brigade, a noisy fellow, who took mean whisky with the Trans-Mississippi fever. His hatred of Yankees and unconquerable spirit were always in exact proportion to the amount of mean whisky under his faded grey-jacket. One day, I was standing in the street when the unsubdued reb rode up, on a sorry mule, which, spite of its scare-crow condition, was almost too frisky for the unreconstructed cavalryman, in his then condition. He stopped just in front of me and began talking to

himself: "I'll never surrender, never, no never, never. (Hic.) I'll cross the river. (Hic.) I'll bush-whack 'em. (Hic.) I'll go to Mexico. (Hic.) I'll bid farewell to my country. (Hic.) I'll never, no never—give it up so.—Whoa, you cussed mule, whoa, never, no never." Just then visions of home seemed to float before his mind's eye. "Whoa, why don't you stand—steady.—Gen. Buford, Bully Abe, says that we had better go home, get married and become 'spectable. (Hic.) I've got no money. Whoa, you brute. (Hic.) No clothes, no boat, and a big river to cross, (hic,) never, no never. (Hic.) How the h—ll am I to get thar and *no dispersition* to go? Tell me that, will you? whoa. I'll not go, never, no never." (Hic.) He didn't go!

H. V. H.

The unreconstructed ought to have come to the good old North State and become a rival candidate for Fetich honors, with the celebrated author of the saying "the last man and the last dollar for our glorious Confederacy." The noisiest rebel, *who did no fighting*, makes the loyalest Fetich leader.

Memphis, Tennessee, tells a dog story and, as a moral hangs by the tail, we relate it for the benefit of the loyal Fetich:

Private I. A— of the Pegram battery, was remarkable for his great height, imperturbable good humor, boundless energy, cool courage, love of music and ——— whisky. He was fond of playing on the violin and greatly flattered when a crowd gathered around.

His next pet after his fiddle was a beautiful, white, shaggy New Foundland dog, named Cato.— Whatever turned up, Cato had to be washed and combed every day. The length of the march, the duties of the camp, the presence of the Yankees—nothing stopped the inevitable washing of poor Cato. Like a sensible fellow, Cato submitted to his ablutions with a good grace when the weather was pleasant, but on a frosty morning, no hydrophobia patient had a greater aversion to the sight of the wash-tub than he had, and he would look up pleadingly at his inexorable master. It was all in vain, the ceremony was performed.

On one occasion, A— had been successful for several days— in getting his much loved fluid. Running the blockade at night and heavy pulls at mean whisky made him stupid during the day. The fiddle was silent, but Cato's washing went on. To break up his habit of drinking, his commanding officer kept him for some time at his head-quarters under his own eye. A— was at last released from arrest upon condition that he would promise to drink no more. After much pleading, he got the pledge modified, and promised that he would not take a dram except when he washed Cato. He said that it being now mid-winter, he would take cold unless allowed a dram during the long and tedious washing and combing of Cato.

One bitterly cold morning, A— was absent from fatigue roll-call, and his commanding officer went for him and found him very

drunk, balancing himself by a huge tub of water, in which was immersed poor Cato, half frozen to death, and begging with his great dog eyes for release from his icy tortures. The commanding officer said to him sternly,

“A—did you not promise me not to drink any more?”

A—looked up and caught his angry eye.

“I promised with a mod-i-fi-cation, (Hic.) to drink only when I wash-ed Ca-to. (Hic.) I’ve wash-ed him six times this morn-morn-ing and *he ain’t clean yet!*”

J. H. H.

Now the moral that hangs by this dog’s tail is suggestive.—We happen to know of some, who have got tired of their temperance pledge; and we would suggest to any such, the getting permission to take a dram, whenever he tried to wash some white Fetich dog. Then he could take not six drams a day, but seventy times seven and still not have cleansed the animal aforesaid.

Statesburg, S. C., sends an anecdote of the occupation of Columbia, by the loyal Sherman and his benevolent cohorts:

We were occupying the College Campus, at Columbia, S. C., with many others, who had been rendered houseless and homeless by the torch of the defenders of the Union. A guard of Yankee soldiers were stationed there, some of whom were disposed to notice and be friendly with my homeless children. One day, our youngest little girl, who could just toddle about, came in from the Campus and said,

“Mamma, I is sick.”

“What’s the matter, darling?” asked her anxious mother.

“A Yankee tised me in de Tam-pus, and made me sick” said the little reb with intense disgust.

R. W.

The soldiers of the philanthropic Sherman developed great love for the best government the world ever saw. Let us have peace.

Baltimore, Maryland, sends us the next incident:

Whilst we were lying around Manassas, previous to the Bull Run races, an order was issued by Gen. Beauregard forbidding, under the heaviest penalties, the killing of hogs, chickens, &c., at the neighboring farm-yards.—Soon after the publication of the order, the captain of one of the batteries found a nice piece of roast pig on his table for dinner. He thought of the order, he thought of the adage, “the partaker is as bad as the thief,” he thought that the smell of the pig was savory, he thought that it would eat well, he *knew* that he was hungry, and he—ate the pig. As he had some twinges of conscience, however, about a supposed violation of orders, he sent out a lieutenant, *after dinner was over*, to find out who killed the pig. The murder was traced up to a Dutch hostler, who, finding escape impossible, explained:—“Vell, Ludenant, I ish dells you; de pig kooms round de hoss for de corn, de hoss kick ’em, de pig sick, de pig goin’ to die, so I ish kill ’em to keep ’em from dy-in’!”

When the war closed, we were

told that the South was in a starving and dying condition.— So Reconstruction struck her a mortal blow to keep her from dying! Hurra for philanthropy!

From Locust Bottom, Virginia, we give the following:

I send you an incident of the war, not for its amusing character, but as illustrating the spirit which burned in the breasts of all our people at the outbreak of the war. I was a student in a Virginia College when the first gun was fired, and our worthy President, who was a learned Doctor of Divinity, caught the general enthusiasm and resolved to buckle on his armor for the fray. Of course, we boys became "enthused" and were soon organized into a company, and as in duty bound, we selected our worthy President as our captain and commander-in-chief. You may have heard of our subsequent hardships and privations, in all of which our captain set us a noble example of patience and fortitude. But you have not heard of his first attempts at drilling. He came to this work with a mind full of metaphysics and scholastic lore, and of course, was quite verdant in military phrases and evolutions. But he was resolved to master the drill, and master it he did. Before that end was reached we had many a hearty laugh at his expense.— Well do I remember one night when I found the Reverend Doctor in the wood-room drilling four or five theological students from the adjacent Theological Seminary, by the dim light of

some lamps. The learned captain wished us to "fall in," but the word would not occur to his mind. "Arrange yourselves, gentlemen, no, no, that's not the word; (pulling his goatee,) form in two ranks, gentlemen; no, wait awhile, that's not it, (a more vigorous pull at the goatee,) adjust parallel lines, gentlemen; stop, stop that's worse." Here a benevolent gentleman whispered, "fall in, squad." "That's it," cried the delighted Doctor. "FALL IN, SQUAD!"

Another occasion afforded us a good deal of sport. Our captain took us out on the Campus to initiate us in the mysteries of the "double-quick." After explaining what it was, the Doctor came to marking: "when I say 'one,' you will lift your left leg until the thigh is perpendicular to the body and keep it there till I say 'two,' when you will bring up the right leg beside it!" A benevolent gentleman suggested in a stage whisper, which reached the ears of our instructor, "that movement will require stools!" The Dr. pulled his goatee awhile, right-faced us, and marched us off. The farther consideration of "double-quick" was laid over till next afternoon.

G. T. L.

The "colored troops fought nobly." There were 169,654 in the service, and they lost as many in killed during two years as two brigades of the Confederate troops (G. B. Anderson's and Rodes') lost in killed and wounded in a single battle, that of Seven Pines. But the colored troops must have

exhibited prodigies of valor, for does not that great warrior, Gen. B. F. Butler, tell us that he saw them *at the front*? Moreover, the colored troops not only behaved admirably on the field, they also made splendid prison-guards. It is true that they sometimes shot a rebel prisoner through mistake or an excess of loyalty; but that only endeared them the more to their pious patrons. L. H. sends us, from Louisville, Kentucky, two anecdotes of "the man and brother," in the capacity of loyal soldiers of the best Government the world ever saw:

During the war, the Confederate prisoners at Rock Island were guarded by negro soldiers recruited at the South. Upon one occasion, one of these sentinels hailed a prisoner with,

Whar you is gwine?

Prisoner. To the hydrant.

Loyal negro. Whar is dat?

Prisoner. I am going to get me some water.

Loyal negro. G'lang back.— You done tole two tale about whar you'se gwine.

On another occasion, a prisoner seeing a negro sentinel with his arms folded over his gun in the rain, trying to keep himself warm, made a rush past the careless sentinel, and made his escape. The negro was so much astonished that he forgot his gun, but called hastily for the corporal of the guard: "Corporal of de ge-ard, corporal of de ge-ard, come here quick. One white man clar gone and de Lord know how many more is a comin'."

From a Kentucky source we get

another edition of an oft told tale: Bragg's army had quite a reputation for its retreating qualities, and the officers and men used to make merry over this notorious peculiarity. A gallant captain of that army was negotiating with a countryman for the purchase of a fine horse, with a bright star in his forehead. The price was agreed upon, when the countryman said: "The horse is all that I have represented him to be. He has mettle, strength and endurance, and will stand fire. But it is for you to consider whether that blaze in his forehead is not an objection. It would make a splendid target for Yankee sharpshooters." The officer replied: "That star in the forehead might make the horse dangerous in Lee's army, but in Bragg's command that end of the horse is never turned towards the Yankees!"

Ever since the loyal Congress of the nation got up that enormous whopper about the insecurity of life and property at the South, the irrepressible Fetich have been almost crazy to perpetrate something equally funny and equally false. The Fetich Chief of South Carolina has manufactured a *jeu d'esprit*, which, though infinitely short of the Washington *mensonge*, is, nevertheless, creditable to him as a humorist, and deserves a place in the Haversack. This R. K. Scott, in a recent Proclamation speaks of "our beloved State!!" Just to think of this Ohio carpet-bagger, elected by negroes to the position once filled by Robt. Y. Hayne and George

McDuffie, speaking of "our be- the old Nullifiers' rant about loved State!!!" It is funnier than rebels.

EDITORIAL.

A great change has come over "the spirit of the dream" of the Democratic press. The discovery has been made that Gen. Grant is a moderate man, a conservative man, a great general, a sagacious statesman whose "silence was sublime," a true lover of his country, who will throw overboard the whole Jacobin crew, and steer the vessel of State with his own hands. The uncompromising Union editor of this monthly is not as supple as his contemporaries. He cannot throw a somersault with their grace and agility. Owing partly to those rheumatic twinges to which allusion was feelingly made on a former occasion, and partly to his military education, he can only make his "about face" according to the formula in the tactics. The right foot has to be placed behind the left, the left has to be brought square to the front, then the "face to the rear" is to be made by turning upon both heels. As it takes some time for a clumsy, rheumatic individual on the wrong side of forty to complete the movement, he ought not to be expected to see all these graces in the President elect until he has entirely faced about.— Having only made the "first motions," the uncompromising Union editor can only see the

first of the above named qualifications. He sees and frankly admits that the last President the United States is ever to have, is a "moderate man," a very *moderate* man indeed!

Thug Songs.—The Hon. Schuyler Colfax is very indignant that loyal songs can be sung among the Thugs of India, but cannot be sung in the States lately in rebellion. Now there is a reason for this difference, which does not seem to have occurred to this distinguished statesman. The orthodox loyal song is in eulogy of a noted horse-thief and murderer, named John Brown, and tells how his "soul is marching on." Now as a song in praise of such a gallows-bird is a regular Thug song, it is not strange that the Thugs do not object to it. Nor is it at all surprising that the refined and Christian people of the South do not like this Thug song. Let the Thugs of the loyal North sing it as much as they please, and on the Lord's day, and in churches dedicated to His service. The Thugs of India will not go that far: they would not consider this loyal hymn suitable for their temples on their sacred days.

But we think that the eminent statesman exaggerates the danger attending the singing of "Old

John Brown." The honorable gentleman might turn singing-master, and go all over the rebel South with the loyal song in his mouth. He would have, too, a quiet, orderly, and appreciative audience every where, especially if he put on parti-colored clothes and traveled around with John Robinson's Circus. The negroes and loyal Fetich, who are the chief patrons of the Robinson aforesaid, would be delighted to see him, and would swell the chorus with their euphonious voices.

The elections prove that the loyal North has repented of Southern sins with increased satisfaction. With augmented devoutness, the loyal preachers have dwelt upon Southern atrocities and the lamb-like qualities of their own flocks. How pleasant it must be for those holy pastors to have sinless flocks, and how gracious must be the unction with which they mourn over the crimes of rebels! How thankful we ought to be that the godly section of this great, glorious and happy nation did not let the wicked section of "the Union slide," because that wicked section had certain stores of cotton, rice, tobacco, sugar, tar, pitch, turpentine, hemp, &c., which the godly section, aforesaid, could not do without. All honor to cotton, rice, tobacco and sugar, which made the Union precious in the eyes of the loyal North! All honor to the Irish and German patriots, who saved the life of the nation!

The Dear Old Flag.—On the

28th Nov., 1868, the uncompromising Union editor of this periodical, had a conversation with Sergeant Bates, who carried the dear old flag from Vicksburg to Washington. He mentioned that he was treated every where with respect until he got to the Capital of the Nation, and there he met his first rebuff. In the Western Reserve of Ohio, the loyalest portion of the loyal North, he was threatened with a stout rope and short shrift. In many places, the attempt was made to bribe him. It was considered all important to keep up the hate by atrocious falsehoods in regard to the temper of the South. The march of the Sergeant was a practical demonstration of the wickedness of these slanders. Hence it was important to buy him off, or bribe him to silence. But he was too brave, honest and true to be in the market.

The Sergeant told an anecdote of an eminent personage in North Carolina, who was distinguished for thirty years by his zealous, pro-slavery sentiments, who was celebrated for two months by his "unalterable opposition to negro suffrage," and who is immortalized by his *conscientious* advocacy, for two whole years, of negro equality in all its fragrancy. "I was approached," said the Sergeant, "at Greensboro', N. C., by Col. Keyo, of — Wisconsin regiment, who told me that he was authorized by Gov. Holden to offer me ten thousand dollars in hand, if I would furl my flag and go quietly home. I replied to Col. Keyo that I was not for sale."

The dear old flag :
Fold it up tenderly !

We wish that we could wrap,
the loyal Fetich in its graceful
folds !

—
GETTING HOME.—We were promised great things when we reached the paternal mansion, and we have got there. A swarm of carpet-baggers, as troublesome and as noxious as the flies in Egypt, have spread all over the land. They and the old negro-traders and nullifiers have taken possession of the State Governments and levy taxes upon every thing in the shape of property, so that the dividends from thievery may be comforting to the loyal soul. Two more years of such "life at home" and the church mouse will be fat in comparison with the condition of the honest men in the reconstructed States. The loyal Fetich, the carpet-baggers, the Tories, the renegades, the old nullifiers now in the Fetich fold—all the thieves in the land will be sleek and fat. All the men of honorable principle will be exhausted through the depletion of the loyal rogues.

Mississippi did not "get home," and Mississippi is to-day in an infinitely better condition than the States which did get home.—The Yankee adventurer and the Southern thief kept away from Mississippi, because no offices of plunder and profit could be got by duping the poor negroes. The consequence has been that the negroes have gone quietly to work and made a fair crop. Many of them are now able to buy a little homestead and the long-coveted

mule. When Mississippi defeated the Constitution, her condition was worse than that of any other Southern State. The first year after the surrender she had exhausted all her means. The second year she had exhausted her credit. The third year found her almost despairing and ready to give over all efforts to restore her fallen fortunes. The defeat of the Constitution inspired new hope and infused new energy. The Yankee knave took his carpet-bag to a more congenial region. The Southern rogue kept quiet, biding his time, waiting till Grant's election should give loyal thieves a good opening. Left to themselves, the negroes became quiet, orderly and in some degree industrious.—Alabama would be just as prosperous, but for the mean trick, which forced her "home," spite of herself.

Virginia, Mississippi and Texas have been singularly blessed.—The swarm of hungry flies found no resting place in their borders. The other States, being "at home," must expect the *house-fly* and to be stung, bit and bled profusely thereby. But the products of the South being of such vast importance to the loyal North, it would be well to devise some scheme by which the crop could be made a certainty. This is easily done. Keep the carpet-bagger out and the Southern Fetich will be quiet. Agitation will stop at once. Work will go briskly on, and peace will come with healing on its wings. But as Congress, by its Reconstruction measures, brought out and developed the carpet-bagger and the

Fetich, it would be but fair and honorable to pay each of them for a year double what he could make at his own calling at home. Pension them all off in that way for a year and let them go in peace. A very simple calculation would show that the Government would be immensely the gainer by it. Scott, the Fetich Governor of South Carolina could probably earn 25 cents a day at his own profession. Allow him 50 cents per day for a year, i. e., \$182,50. Warmoth could possibly make 20 cents. Let him have 40 cents per day or \$146 in one lump, as salary for the year. Reed, the Fetich chief of Florida, should be allowed the same with release from impeachment so that he may go back to loyal Wisconsin as rapidly as possible. The rabble of Leavenworth, Kansas, are mourning over the absence of Clayton, Fetich Chief of Arkansas. Let him have \$109,50 and go back to those weeping ones.—Prosser, Fetich leader in Tennessee, should be given 20 cents a day. Abbott, of North Carolina, 10 cents, Tourgee, of North Carolina, 5 cents, and Deweese 3 cents.

Now there is no doubt that these men should all be paid their quit-fee in an honorable manner, regardless of expense. But we think that the expense would not be so great as might be imagined. The carpet-bag army does not exceed 70,000. The loyal Fetich of Southern birth may be put down at 30,000. Here, then, are 100,000 hungry souls to be fed and we agree to give them for one year double what they could earn,

upon the sole condition that they interfere no more with the labor system of the South. Now suppose that the average earning of these men is 15 cents at their lawful avocations, the Government would then have to pay each individual \$109,50 per annum, or in all \$10,950,000. A heavy outlay, it must be admitted, but the Government would make an excellent bargain. The increased production of tobacco and sugar alone would cover the expense, and there would be at least 2,000,000 more bales of cotton raised if the carpet-baggers and thieves were removed. This would increase the exports of this country \$190,000,000, estimating the bale of cotton to be worth \$95.

If General Grant is the sagacious statesman that Democratic papers have lately discovered him to be, he will see the importance of pensioning off the carpet-baggers and the loyal Fetich. It may be that he would consider 30 cents a day as an exorbitant allowance. In that case, we would accept his amendment without a murmur.

Rebel Atrocities.—The cruelties of Andersonville, and even of Elmira, Fort Delaware and Johnson's Island, are nothing in comparison with the bogus telegrams in regard to the critical condition of Beast Butler and the loyal Brownlow. We can scarcely conceive of greater wickedness than thus to excite pleasing hopes, which are destined to be disappointed.

Incomplete Proof.—A gentleman of Memphis, Tennessee, has pub-

lished a very interesting and readable pamphlet, to show that Abraham Lincoln is the Gog predicted by Ezekiel. The points of resemblance between these eminent personages are sufficiently striking, and the author has handled the subject with skill and ingenuity. But, to our mind, the demonstration is not satisfactory. The learned commentator fails to prove that Gog was fond of obscene anecdotes. While, there-

fore, we readily grant that the pamphlet evinces patient research and logical acumen, we are constrained to regard the proof of identity to be incomplete.

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To Delinquents.—We will begin in our March number the publication of the names of delinquents who have given no satisfactory reason for their delinquency.—This is due to the public as well as to ourselves.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE HISTORY OF THE NORMAN CONQUEST OF ENGLAND. By E. A. Freeman, M. A. The Clarendon Press. Oxford: 1868:

This, the second volume of a trustworthy, lucid, and vigorous History of "The Conquest," deals chiefly with the reign of Edward "The Confessor." The condition of the kingdom during his early years, the peculiar relations existing between Edward and his mother,—Danish affairs, and Continental affairs,—the arrogance, and overshadowing influence of "Earl Godwin,—William the Norman's visit to England, and the death of Godwin,—Harold's soldiery, and ecclesiastical administration, the Welsh war, the revolt of Northumberland, and lastly, the closing days of the feeble "Confessor," are the themes presented, and elaborated with a philosopher's insight, and a scholar's careful detail.

In this period is included "the

first stage of the actual struggle between Normans and Englishmen," when, as yet it was not an open warfare, but a Political contest within the kingdom of England.

Mr. Freeman's third volume will be devoted to the single year, 1066, the fourth volume will be occupied with William's reign in England, while the fifth treats of the momentous consequences, social, political, and religious, of the victory of Hastings!

"Thus"—as an English *Quarterly* remarks, "Mr. Freeman's work has a title to a high and permanent rank in our libraries, or at least gives promise, that when complete, it will possess this title."

—
 RURAL POEMS, By Wm. Barnes, Boston, Roberts Brothers, &c.

This little volume of exquisite typography and tasteful illustra-

tions, is the re-print of a very popular English book.

Many of the acknowledged critical authorities of Great Britain have spoken loudly, and emphatically, in its praise. Even the fastidious "Saturday Review" declares, that "within his own range, Mr. Barnes is one of the most faultless of English Poets."

Of course we commenced the perusal of a work so heralded with vivid anticipations of pleasure.

To our surprise, we found the lavish commendation of the critics falsified to a degree which is absolutely ludicrous.

Eighty-six brief poems, upon every variety of rural topic, make up the contents of the work, and of these, there are perhaps about a dozen pieces which deserve to be called *Poems* at all!

The contrast between the writer's labored artificiality of style, and the humble nature of his themes, is remarkable. Often, when he desires to be *quaint*, he is merely *affected*, and his simplicity has thrown the baldness of those "Lyrical Ballads" which Jeffrey ridiculed, and Horace Smith parodied, completely into the shade!

Take the dialogue, (one of many such,) entitled "The Sister and Brothers," as an example. Joe, Tom, Bill, and Sister are the interlocutors.

Joe begins:

"Come out to see the glow-worms, do!"

Sister:

"O! no, the grass is wet with dew,
And I have put on slippers new,
Here's Tom!"

Tom:

"John Hines is by the garden-wall,
And playing on his Clarinet."

Sister:

"How I am teased among you all!
I s'pose you'll have me out a bit."

A third of the volume is occupied by such "bald, disjointed chat" as this.

Were we to dwell, in detail, upon Mr. Barnes' transparent verbal trickeries, his clumsy mannerisms, and ineffective *legerdemain* with metre rhythm, we should exhaust our space and the reader's patience.

We cannot forbear, however, noting such foolish strivings after originality of expression as the following. The lines quoted are taken from different poems (!) and are employed as a kind of refrain:

"Face upon face, and smile on smile!"

"Moon upon moon, and year by year!"

"Face upon face, and look by look!"

"Strain upon strain, and fall on fall!"

and so on *ad infinitum*!

As we hinted above, Wordsworth's most infantile words have been *caricatured* by this *versifier*, whom the magnates of critical opinion, in Edinburgh and London, persist in styling a Poet.

A company of young girls having been surprised by a Farmer playing in his woods, we are treated to such stuff as,

"They plied their tongues in merry
noise,

Tho' little did they seem to fear
So queer a stranger might be near,
Teeh hee! look here! Hah, ha! look there!
And so playsome, O! so fair!"

And the two remaining stanzas end with,

"Hee, he, oh, oh, ohh, oh, look there! &c."

For *babies* of six or eight months old, perhaps, such compositions might be considered suitable. To offer them seriously to an adult Public, appears to us a memorable

example of mingled inconsistency and impertinence!

Mr. Barnes is only the more reprehensible, because some of his pieces show that he is capable of better things.

"*Plorata Veris Lachrymis*"

Is sweet, tender, and graceful, and some of his songs display true lyrical feeling.

But the sentence which attempts to elevate him to the position of a genuine, noble, unaffected poet of Nature, is, beyond measure, ridiculous!

No respect for authority can make us subscribe to *dicta* like these.

Indeed, so far as *poetry* is concerned, both complex and simple, it would really seem as if the Critics had "lost their heads!" Assuredly we are justified in *such* a conclusion, when we find Freilingarth (the German Goëthe of the day,) translating Walt Whitman, and "the Athenæum," "Spectator," and "Sat. Review," praising Wm. Barnes as the sweetest of idyllic writers, and an artist *ad unguem*!

BULWER'S PROSE MISCELLANIES.

Harper & Bros., two volumes.

Whether Lord Bulwer Lytton is a man of genius, or only a man of brilliant talents and versatile accomplishments, is a question which may remain long unsettled. But that his Works are for the most part, genuine works of *art*,—that he is suggestive, learned, witty, with a style which is, at will, gorgeously rhetorical, or closely analytical,—that his inventive powers are fine, and his knowledge of mankind consum-

mate, no unprejudiced mind will deny.

Moreover, we think it may be said of Bulwer that he has made the most exquisite use of all his faculties.

His intellectual progress has been steadily upward.

Judge him as a Novelist.

He began with "Pelham," an amusing, sprightly, artificial tale, skimming the surfaces of Society, and full of a cleverness rather *French* than *English* in its tone.

Thence, by regular gradations, the author rose through performances, each more or less admirable in its way, to the serene beauty and simplicity of "THE CAXTONS," a story of domestic life, unrivaled in sweetness and picturesque grace since the days of Goldsmith.

"*My Novel*," and "WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT," confirmed the impression which "The Caxtons" had produced, and would *alone* be sufficient to place their author among the foremost of British writers of fiction.

The "Miscellanies" before us, embrace criticisms and essays, written in different periods of life, from early youth to the commencement of old age. They discuss a large variety of topics; and exhibit an acquaintance with books and men, which it has been given to few to compass.

It is not easy to select from such a mass of intellectual wealth what may be viewed as of *special* value. Still, we may designate the papers upon "Sir Thomas Brown," "Goldsmith," and "Lamb" in pure literature, and

upon "Pitt and Fox," in politics, as fairly representing the writer's critical acumen on the one hand, and his historical philosophy and knowledge on the other.

More charming than any of these, however, are the series of half-philosophical treatises, under the title of "Conversations with an Ambitious Student."

The undefined yearnings of youthful ambition and fancy, the mystery of life, and the *greater* mystery of death, are herein discussed, and illustrated with a lavish outflow of knowledge and sincerity of soul, which, to any sympathetic reader, must prove truly delightful.

In a word, these two volumes of "MISCELLANIES" are a substantial contribution to the best, and healthiest Literature of the time. They are polished without affectation, and learned without the slightest taint of pedantry.

As indices, besides, of steps in the regular, uninterrupted progress upward of a wonderfully gifted intelligence, they deserve far more than ordinary study.

THE NEW ENGLAND TRAGEDIES,
By Henry W. Longfellow. Boston. Ticknor and Fields.

Mr. Longfellow's genius is lyrical, descriptive, sentimental, the genius of fancy and reflection—anything in fine, BUT the genius of the Drama. It is astonishing that he himself has not been made long ago to recognize these facts.

Perhaps the reason of his lack of mental and artistic self-knowledge, may be found in the unvarying adulation of home critics—

most of them personal friends—who, with little intermission, and for a quarter of a century, have poured into Mr. Longfellow's ears only the strains of unadulterated praise.

It would really seem as if they had succeeded in making the New England Poet regard himself as a species of universal genius! Forsaking those specialities, wherein he is almost perfect, he devoted years of labor to the translation of Danté, producing a work at once the coldest and most *technically* correct in literature.

The stern, sombre, passionate power of the old Florentine, the gloom and grandeur of his tremendous imaginations, Longfellow could not re-produce in their essential force and spirit; therefore, his translation sinks to mere minuteness of detail, and the flat level of philological accuracy.

Again, in these *Tragedies*, he has striven to accomplish that which the Gods never designed he should attempt.

"John Endicott" is a feeble phantasmal, colorless drama, a production equally destitute of an exciting plot, and of graphic characterization.

Its personages move before us, as it were, in a thin, sickly mist, the shadows, not the substance of humanity.

The heroine, a beautiful and pious Quaker maiden, for some slight offence against the absurd laws of the period, is condemned to be *publicly whipped!*

Such a sentence, and the complications of passion, and feeling resulting from it, might have been made singularly effective, but all

the capabilities of the situation are ignored; even in the case of the girl's Lover, (Gov. Endicott's son,) there is nothing which lifts his pleadings in behalf of the unfortunate victim up to the height of a genuine tragic *verve*.

The *denouement* of the Play is hurried and inconsequent. Upon a scene of confusion, not a single figure of which has impressed itself upon the reader's memory, the drop-curtain falls, leaving a general impression of dissatisfaction and disgust!

"Giles Corey" is an abler and more suggestive performance than "John Endicott."

And yet, it proves more clearly, if that were possible, the author's *dramatic* weakness. The subject refers to the famous Witchcraft madness of the Colonists at Salem, Massachusetts.

The terrible, the supernatural, the *bizarre*, all those intellectual and spiritual agents of the subtlest artistic results are herein offered for presentation and analysis,—but how does the author manage them? Does he surround us with an atmosphere, weird, thrilling, abnormal?—does he paint the hellish delusion which mastered the People, so that we can feel and appreciate its serpent-like fascination?—does he in his portrayal of character, raise those emotions of "pity and fear," which from the time of Aristotle, have been justly considered the chief ends of all legitimate Tragedy? Nothing of the kind! Why, even his hero, *Corey*, a character, as one may declare, ready made to his hands, who only needed a truthful presentation in the massive weight, the

rugged saliency of his fine personality, dwindles into the commonplace, so that the work is only redeemed from the utter bathos of "John Endicott," by the occurrence, here and there, of isolated passages of insight and poetic meaning.

The Reviewers, English and American, have good-naturedly endeavored to salve over the inanity of these "New England Tragedies," but they have only demonstrated their own gentle complaisance, at the expense of palpable truth and justice!

THE WOMAN'S KINGDOM, A LOVE STORY, By Miss Muloch: Harper & Bro., N. Y.

There are some very rare authors who, without being egotistical, or even, to any notable extent, subjective, are yet always able to interest us largely in their own character and individuality.

While admiring the *genius* of such, we revere the loftiness and purity of the *morale* which shines through, and sanctifies the genius. Among writers of this class, Miss Muloch, (or Mrs. Craik, for she has recently married,) stands, in our opinion, preëminent. Her Tales, viewed as graphic, comprehensive, genuine pictures of Life, in not a few of its most interesting and important phases, are worth, for instruction and counsel, an Alexandrian library of ordinary sermons! A certain indescribable, but touching pathos, as of one who had thought deeply upon solemn problems, and suffered deeply, but had been exalted by the thought and purified through the suffering—surrounds and interpenetrates her best works like a serene spiritual atmosphere!

She has not Charlotte Brontë's passionate intensity of temperament, her sombre imagination, nor what may be called fiery *emphasis* of mind, but her knowledge and views of human nature are

far broader, juster, more Catholic, her philosophy sounder and higher, her faith more stable, whilst her firm, well-drawn characters, if less exceptionally striking than the Rochesters, and Monsieur Paul Emanuels of Miss Brontë, are truer as representations of that general Humanity, upon which, after all, the artist must fall back for the originals of those portraiture that are essentially vital and lasting!

As a writer, Miss Brontë lacks softness, suppleness, feminine grace, but these are some of Miss Muloch's chief characteristics: she conquers and subdues by the very force of her *perfect womanliness*.

"The Woman's Kingdom" will demonstrate this last assertion in a peculiar degree. As to plot and construction, it is almost as simple as "The Vicar of Wakefield." There are no surprises, unless the sudden marriage of Letty Kenderdine be considered a surprise—no ingenious involutions of Circumstance and melodramatic *poses*—but the psychological power of the story is wonderful, the mastery of obscure human motives, the entire spiritual analysis, in fact, indicated swiftly and keenly beneath the surfaces of the action—all this invests a novel of rather commonplace details, with an interest vastly beyond the interest of mere curiosity.

A straightforward, unaffected, wholesome, production, is "The Woman's Kingdom" in every respect. The author's favorite theme, the dignity and emancipating genius of *true Love*, was never more signally vindicated!

And the picture towards the end, of the perfectly re-united family, with its characters so diverse, and yet so engaging, is among the sweetest, the most impressive pictures in modern fiction.

—
What middle-aged gentleman

whose childhood placed him within reach of a Book Stall, or circulating library, can forget the absorbing interest of those dashing Irish novels, "Charles O'Malley," and "Harry Lorroquer?"

And who recalling the broad humor, the rollicking animal spirits, the elaborate, but effective farce of those once-famous tales,—would be able to recognize their author in the sober, modulated, conventional tone of "*the Bramleights of Bishop's Folly?*" Not that this last work is inferior; on the contrary, it is artistically and morally, worth a hundred "Charley O'Malleys," but the utter change which it displays in the writer's mind and temperament is what surprises us!

The lively, somewhat uproarious Irishman who sympathized with every kind of Harlequin, and seemed ready to enact Harlequin himself,—now appeals to us rather as the Philosopher, the searcher after the deep things of the heart, one whom Life has steadied, and somewhat saddened, but whose stores of information and experiences as moulded into the characters of the present agreeable tale, are well deserving of our notice!

Evidently, Mr. Lever's genius, like good wholesome wine, improves with age. He is a humorist still, but his humor never explodes in *guffaws*; he can invent a striking situation without calling upon coarse farce or clumsy Melodrama to aid him,—and briefly, without being an exceptionally brilliant and original, he is always a pleasant and entertaining, sometimes, an instructive writer.

"THE BRAMLEIGHTS" bears the imprint of Harper & Bros.; it belongs to their excellent series of "Select Novels."

THE LAND WE LOVE.

No. IV.

FEBRUARY, 1869.

VOL. VI:

POPULAR ERRORS IN REGARD TO THE BATTLES OF THE WAR.

FIRST BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

So much of trash and falsehood has been written and published in regard to the operations of our late great war, that it may well be doubted whether an accurate history of it can ever be written. Certain it is, that the historian, who in the future shall undertake to eliminate the truth from the mass of falsehood and error which obscures it, will find his task a most difficult if not an impossible one. The first accounts of battles which met the public eye were from the pens of anonymous newspaper correspondents, and telegraphic dispatches by irresponsible parties, on both sides. These were eagerly read by an impatient and unreflecting public, and formed the *data* upon which the great mass of readers based their opinions as to the events which were transpiring. They were gathered up, and treasured by literary adventurers, anxious

to forestall the demands of the reading public by hastily written and crudely digested narratives. When the Official Reports, often unavoidably delayed for a long time, did appear, the public attention was attracted from them by new and important events, which were hurrying fast upon the heels of each other; and the consequence was that most men retained the impressions made upon their minds by the first accounts. It resulted from this state of things that many erroneous opinions as to important facts obtained, and these have been perpetuated by the many books, claiming to be histories of the war, which have been given to the world, both during and since the close of hostilities. The authors of these books, in most cases, do not seem to have deemed it necessary to scrutinize closely the authorities upon which their facts are stated, and, in nu-

merous instances, they have utterly ignored the Official Reports. If they are careless as to their facts, they are unsparing in their criticisms, or lavish of their praises, as their prejudices or partialities prompt them.

A book has been written and published by an intelligent foreigner, who was present with McClellan's army, as an observer, for some time, and was subsequently within the Confederate lines, which shows on its face very clearly that the author was anxious to state the truth, and to do justice in his observations, but, unfortunately, he has been led into many errors by writers of the class above mentioned. This book is a "History of the American War," in three volumes, by Liéut. Colonel Fletcher, Scots Fusilier Guards, published in London. The author is evidently a gentleman, and a soldier of intelligence and training. The tone of his work is admirable, his remarks and criticisms are often just, and he does justice to the valor and patriotism of the Confederate armies, and to the public spirit of the Southern people. He fully appreciates the great disparity in numbers and resources of the two armies; and, as a natural consequence of his being a trained soldier, understanding something of the subject about which he is writing, he is much less pretentious and dogmatic in his criticisms, than the writers who never learned to "set a squadron in the field;" but he gives them with a modesty and hesitation becoming a gentleman and a soldier. It is a great pity

that he did not have the materials for writing an accurate history of the war, but he has been misled in many particulars by others, and has adopted some of the currently received errors.

As a sample of the prevailing delusions as to many important facts, it is only necessary to refer to the first battle of Manassas, called by Northern and English writers, the battle of Bull Run. It would seem that, by this time, that battle ought to be understood. It was the first great battle of the war, and the materials for a true history of it undoubtedly exist. At that day, Federal commanders had not learned to distort facts as well as they did afterwards, and McDowell's Report furnishes a very fine account of his side of the battle, while the published Reports of Generals Johnston and Beauregard are very full. Besides these, there were the Reports of subordinate commanders on file for years in the Adjutant General's office, at Richmond, which would have given all necessary information as to minor details. On the Federal side, the reports of "masked batteries" and "legions of Black-horse cavalry," which existed only in the imagination of frightened correspondents and stamped-ing teamsters, have been very effectually exploded; but it seems not so easy to get rid of the false accounts given by Southern correspondents. Even so learned and able a writer, so conscientious a gentleman, and so earnest an investigator of the truth, as Dr. Dabney, has been imposed upon by some of the current

fictions in regard to this battle, and has incorporated them in his life of General Jackson.

Of all the facts connected with the battle, it would be presumed that there ought to be less doubt about who commanded on the victorious side, than about any other; yet, a very gross blunder has been committed, in this respect, by all the writers who have attempted to describe the battle, except the two most interested, and who knew best, Generals Johnston and Beauregard. The prevailing opinion at the South, at the North, and abroad—shared in, too, by very many officers and soldiers who participated in the battle—is, that Gen. Johnston yielded the command, or chief direction of the operations on the field, to Gen. Beauregard, his junior. The latter fact has been stated in various ways, all, however, substantially the same.—The following is the manner in which Col. Fletcher has stated it:

“On his arrival at headquarters, Gen. Johnston would, by right of seniority, have been entitled to take the command; but with rare unselfishness, and with a full approval of the plans of General Beauregard, he waived his privilege, and agreed to serve under his junior officer.”

It will be a matter of surprise to very many to learn that there is no truth in this statement, except that General Johnston approved and adopted a plan of attack proposed by General Beauregard, which was to have been made by the troops of the latter, and followed up by the troops which Gen. Johnston had brought

with him, but which was frustrated entirely, by subsequent events. Yet, such is the case, and the facts were these:

On his arrival, at Manassas Junction, on the 20th of July, Gen. Johnston assumed the command of the whole army, and promulgated the fact in a written order of that date. He at once determined to attack the enemy the next morning, and, as Gen. Beauregard was familiar with the country in front, and the relative positions of the two forces then confronting each other, that officer was very properly consulted as to the plan of attack. General Beauregard proposed a plan of attack, which he had previously matured and communicated in confidence to his brigade commanders, who were in position ready to carry it out when the opportunity occurred. General Johnston approved and adopted the plan, and ordered General Beauregard to make the attack with his troops as proposed, but the former still retained the general supervision and control of all the troops, and the chief direction of the operations. That is, he remained the actual commander-in-chief of the army, and Gen. Beauregard was intrusted, in a subordinate, but still conspicuous position, with the execution of the plan of attack he had proposed. This plan of attack was, however, thwarted entirely by the movement of McDowell against our left, and the battle was fought on ground not contemplated by General Beauregard, and according to a plan which had to be devised on the

emergency. Instead of being a hundred yards in rear of Mitchell's ford, and Gen. B. soon joined me there. When convinced that the battle had begun on our left, I told Gen. B. so, and that I was about to hasten to it. He followed. When we reached the field, and he found that I was about to take immediate control of the brigades engaged, he represented that it would be incompatible with the command of the army to do so, and urged that he should have the command in question. I accepted the argument. This, however, left him under me."

To set this matter at rest, the following extract is given from a letter from Gen. Johnston to the writer of this article. This letter was written nearly eighteen months ago, and was not intended for publication, but as the extract is in reference to a matter of great historical importance, no hesitation is felt in using it.

Gen. Johnston says in reference to the command at the battle:

"Gen. Beauregard's influence on that occasion was simply that due to my estimate of his military merit and knowledge of 'the situation.' As soon as we met, I expressed to him my determination to attack next morning, because it was not improbable that Patterson might come up Sunday night. He proposed a plan of attack which I accepted. It was defeated, however, by the appearance of Tyler's troops near the Stone Bridge, soon after sunrise. He then proposed to stand on the defensive there, and continue the offensive with the troops on the right of the road from Manassas to Centreville. This was frustrated by the movement which turned Cooke and Evans, and the battle fought was improvised on a field with which Gen. B. and myself were equally unacquainted. Early in the day I placed myself on the high, bare hill, you may remember, a few

of the brigades engaged, he represented that it would be incompatible with the command of the army to do so, and urged that he should have the command in question. I accepted the argument. This, however, left him under me."

This statement would not be doubted if it depended alone on Gen. Johnston's assertion, but it is also in conformity to the facts stated in Gen. Beauregard's Report.

It has been supposed by some that Gen. Beauregard claims in his Report, that the chief direction of the operations on the field had been yielded to, and was exercised by him; but such is not the case, as will be seen by a careful examination of the Report itself.

In the first part of the Report, Gen. Beauregard says:

"General Johnston arrived here about noon on the 20th of July, and being my senior in rank, he necessarily assumed command of all the forces of the Confederate States, then concentrating at this point. Made acquainted with my plan of operations and dispositions to meet the enemy, he gave them his entire approval, and generously directed their execution under my command."

He then proceeds to show how

the plan for the attack on our part had been frustrated, and to describe the commencement of the battle on the left, to which point he and General Johnston proceeded; and he further says:

“As soon as General Johnston and myself reached the field, we were occupied with the reorganization of the heroic troops, whose previous stand, with scarce a parallel, has nothing more valiant in all the pages of history, and whose losses fully tell why, at length, their lines had lost their cohesion. It was now that General Johnston impressively and gallantly charged to the front with the colors of the 4th Alabama regiment by his side, all the field officers of the regiment having been previously disabled.

* * * * *

“As soon as we had thus rallied and disposed our forces, I urged Gen. Johnston to leave the immediate conduct of the field to me, while he, repairing to Portico—the Lewis House—should urge reinforcements forward. At first he was unwilling, but reminded that one of us must do so, and that properly it was his place, he reluctantly but fortunately complied; fortunately, because from that position, by his energy and sagacity, his keen perception and anticipation of my needs, he so directed the reserves as to insure the success of the day.”

At the time of which General Beauregard is speaking, the only troops on the field and engaged, were Evans' demi-brigade of a regiment and a battalion, Jackson's and Bee's brigades, Hampton's legion, (less than a regi-

ment,) and several batteries of artillery, and it was these troops of which he took the immediate command. Subsequently to this, three brigades and three regiments were brought up and went into action. Five brigades remained further to the right guarding Bull Run below, and watching the force threatening our right and centre, two of which brigades were ordered to the field, but did not arrive until the battle was over. It was, therefore, very proper, that, at this juncture, Gen. Johnston should not take the active command on the field of only a small portion of his troops, who were engaged in the attempt to hold their position until reinforcements arrived, and that he should yield that command to the second in rank, while he himself directed the movements of the approaching reinforcements, and superintended the general operations of the whole force from right to left. He did not leave the field to direct the movements of the reinforcements, but remained upon it, on horseback, in the proper position for the commanding general ‘*à q o q*’ and there the writer found him, on his arrival, and received from him in person the orders which carried his brigade into action. It was the skill with which General Johnston ordered the reinforcements into action that turned the tide of battle, and insured the victory, which before hung in the scales. Gen. Beauregard, with admirable courage and skill, performed the duty assigned him, and richly earned the promotion awarded him, but to Gen. Johnston is due the credit

attached to the chief command.

To place the truth before the world, is not to do injustice to Gen. Beauregard, as he is entitled only to the glory which he actually won, and that is sufficient to give him undying fame. General Johnston is entitled to the honor of having, as commander-in-chief, won the first great victory of the war, and let it be given to him.

Another most remarkable misapprehension in regard to this battle, is the generally received opinion that Gen. E. Kirby Smith, while passing with a body of troops over the Manassas Gap Railroad, heard the roar of battle; stopped the trains of cars then on their way to Manassas, and moved directly for the battle-field, so as to come upon the enemy's right flank and rear, and by a vigorous assault in that quarter, to turn the tide of battle. This alleged feat has been described in a variety of ways. One account has it, that as he was seen approaching from the unexpected direction, Gen. Beauregard mistook his column for a fresh force of the enemy and sent directions to prepare for a retreat; but soon a gentle breeze unfurled the Confederate flag over the approaching column, the mistake was discovered, the previous orders for a retreat countermanded, a new attack ordered, and the enemy put to flight. Another account, contained in a book published in London, by an Englishman, who professes to have been in the Confederate Army as a lieutenant of artillery, is, that President Davis arrived at the

Junction during the battle, and, learning that our troops were being defeated, jumped on a horse and galloped to the field for the purpose of sharing the fate of the army. On nearing the scene of action, he discovered our army in full retreat before the victorious Federals, but, just at that critical moment, Smith's command came up in the rear of the enemy, recognized the Confederate President, gave a wild cheer, and rushed upon the hitherto victorious columns, which, unable to withstand the onset, fled in utter confusion and dismay.

All these accounts are very graphic and very glorious, but, unfortunately, there happens not to be a word of truth in the whole story. Gen. Smith, even if he heard the noise of the battle while on the cars, certainly did not stop them, but arrived at the Junction with Elzey's brigade of infantry and a battery of artillery, under Lieut. Beckham, and, finding orders for him to move to the battle-field with the rest of the command, after detaching one regiment for duty at the works, did so very promptly. Moving on the direct road, he came upon the field in rear of our line, where he was wounded very shortly after his arrival. Elzey then moved to the left under orders from General Johnston, met and checked a column of the enemy which was attempting to flank our left, and participated in the final struggle which ended in the enemy's repulse and rout. These facts are stated with great clearness and precision by General, then Col. Elzey in his Report, which hap-

pens to be the only one of the Reports of brigade commanders which was published, and it is to be found in Moore's "Rebellion Record," a work in several volumes, collated and published at the North, containing much trash and falsehood, with some truth.

All the published accounts of the battle, except the official ones, contain this alleged exploit of Gen. Smith, with comments on it, and it is a little singular that none of those critics professing to give authentic histories, have ever thought of looking to the Official Reports to verify the truth of it.

Gen. Johnston's Report is not at hand to quote from, but here is what Gen. Beauregard says in regard to this matter:

"Another important accession to our forces had also occurred about the same time. At 3 o'clock, p. m., Gen. E. K. Smith, with some 1,700 infantry of Elzey's brigade, of the Army of the Shenandoah, and Beckham's battery, came upon the field from Camp Pickens, Manassas, where they had arrived by railroad at noon. Directed in person by Gen. Johnston to the left, then so much endangered, on reaching a position in rear of the oak woods, south of the Henry House, and

immediately east of the Sudley road, Gen. Smith was disabled by a severe wound, and his valuable services were lost at this critical juncture.

"But the command devolved upon a meritorious officer of experience, Col. Elzey, who led his infantry at once somewhat farther to the left, in the direction of the Chinne House, across the road, through the oaks skirting the west side of the road, and around which he sent the battery under Beckham. This officer took up a most favorable position near the house, whence, with a clear view of the Federal right and centre, filling the open fields to the west of Brentsville-Sudley road, and gently sloping southward, he opened fire, with his battery, upon them with a deadly and damaging effect.

"Col. Early, who, by some mischance, did not receive orders until 2 o'clock,* which had been sent him at noon, came on the ground immediately after Elzey, with Kemper's 7th Virginia, Hays' 7th Louisiana, and Barksdale's 13th Mississippi regiments. The brigade, by the personal direction of Gen. Johnston, was marched by the Hallaham House, across the fields to the left, en-

* This is a mistake in regard to the time the order was received. It was received between 12 and 1 o'clock though there had been some delay in its transmission, as it came through Gen. D. R. Jones, in a note to him, and was in these words: "Send Early to me." If the order had not been received until 2, the brigade could not have been marched from the rear of McClean's ford, where it was at the time the order was received, to the battle-field, by the time specified, though the utmost haste was made, as the survivors of the brigade will well recollect. It is a little singular that Gen. Beauregard had, in his Report, previously stated that the order, now alleged to have been sent at noon, had been sent at 10:30 a. m. This shows how errors will creep into the most carefully prepared documents.

tirely around the woods, which Elzey had passed, and under a severe fire, into a position in line of battle near Chinne's House, out-flanking the enemy's right."

Then ensued the last conflict, which resulted in the enemy's defeat. The last portion of the above extract is not given for the purpose of disputing with Generals Smith and Elzey for the honor of the alleged attack on the enemy's right and rear, but to show that the present writer was in a position to know that of which he speaks. He was on the extreme left, and in a condition to know that none of our troops came upon the rear of the enemy's right flank. General Smith was entitled to great credit for the promptness with which he moved to the battle-field, and the timely arrival of the command, and its subsequent movement to the left under Col. Elzey, undoubtedly averted a disaster. The latter officer gallantly won his promotion on that occasion, and subsequently showed himself eminently worthy of it.

A brave man does not feel complimented by having ascribed to him deeds which he did not perform. He desires credit only for what he has done. Neither the hero of Richmond, Kentucky, nor the gallant Elzey stands in need of fictitious laurels.

Another error, into which many writers have fallen, is a statement that Holmes' brigade came up and participated in the final repulse of the enemy, whereas the fact is that it did not reach the battle-field at all, or if it did, not

until the battle was over and the enemy in entire rout.

The foregoing are some of the glaring blunders in regard to this battle, committed by writers claiming to be historians of the war, blunders committed, not by a few, but by many. It is true they are sustained in them by the common opinion, but this does not make history. The historian who adopts common rumor, not founded on actual knowledge, when authentic annals are within his reach, is undeserving the name.

In view of such errors in the accounts of the first battle of Manassas, the authenticity of the remark attributed to the late lamented Bee, from which the surname of "Stonewall" was given to General Jackson, may well be doubted. Fortunately the fame of that great hero does not rest on the authenticity of the incident, though he will forever remain endeared to the Southern people and their descendants by the popular appellation, and the name itself will be as immortal as that of "*Coeur De Lion*." But it is a question whether any better authority can be vouched for Bee's exclamation, than that of the "reliable gentleman" so often quoted. There was nothing more likely than that the gallant Bee, in his appeal to his shattered troops, should have referred them to the example of Jackson and his brave men, but a stone wall gives no appropriate idea of Jackson's character as a soldier. He was not likely to remain stationary long enough for the comparison, and he was more like a thunder-

bolt of war, than so pacific a thing as a stone wall.

Where writers of history commit such errors in regard to facts as those which have been pointed out, what weight is to be attached to their criticisms on the events they relate? Yet they pronounce them with unhesitating confidence, and with a positiveness which is intended to estop all dissent.

No event of the war has elicited more unsparing criticisms than the failure to prosecute the victory at Manassas to the capture of Washington. The opinion that Washington city would have fallen into our hands if we had advanced at once, is expressed in the most dogmatic manner. It is said that the Federal army was utterly routed and demoralized, and if the Confederate army had gone on, the Federal authorities and soldiers would have fled from the city, and it would have fallen without a struggle. The ignorance and incompetency of the self-constituted historians is not more signally shown in their relation of the facts of the battle, than it is in their criticisms upon the failure to follow up the victory. There is one important feature in the geography of the country which they utterly ignore. They take no note of so important a fact as the existence of the Potomac River. Now, rivers are very easy things to cross in times of peace, where there are bridges and ferries to facilitate the passage, but in war they furnish very formidable obstacles to the passage of armies. The Potomac at Washington and for many miles above is a wide

and deep river, not fordable, and at that time with no bridges except those at Washington and Georgetown, both of which, besides being very destructible, were susceptible of defence by a mere handful of men against an army of any size. There was, in addition, the aqueduct of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, which was still more easy of defence, and could also have been readily destroyed. When any man undertakes to declare that Washington city would have been captured by an advance immediately after the battle of Manassas, let him state how the river could have been crossed, first in the face of an army, however small and however demoralized; and if he cannot do that, then let him say how the river could have been crossed, if the city had been evacuated, after the bridges had been burnt, the aqueduct blown up, and all the boats destroyed. When he comes to answer these questions, then perhaps he may realize some of the difficulties in the way of the capture of the Federal capital, even at the time it was in the greatest dismay.

General Johnston, in a letter published in the *Selma Times* near two years ago, in review of some comments of Dr. Dabney, in his life of General Jackson, on the failure to advance, has stated why Washington was not and could not be captured, after the victory of Manassas. He does not attempt to evade the responsibility, or to shift it on to the shoulders of another, but boldly assumes the responsibility attached to his position as commander of the army.

His facts are true and his reasoning is unanswerable.

Washington could not have been captured, and it is idle to talk about it. Our army, formed of new levies just taken from civil life, and officered in a great measure by civilians, unaccustomed to command, was itself, in a great measure, demoralized by the victory. The troops which had been actively engaged in the battle, had not won their victory without being themselves considerably shattered. It required time to restore order and put the various commands in a condition to move. The writer had occasion to ride over the battle-field in the direction of Manassas, the night after the battle, and he saw enough to discover that most of the troops which had been engaged in the battle, were in no condition to move the next day. It was one of the evils inherent in raw troops. A year later, on the same field, the case was very different,—but at the first battle we were all new in the practice of the art of war. Even our generals were inexperienced in command, and they are not to be judged by the same rules applicable to experienced commanders with disciplined troops to control.

But independent of all other considerations, the Potomac furnished to us an impassable barrier against our advance to the Federal city. That river is a mile wide at Washington, and we had no guns of range sufficient to fire across the river into the city. If we had, therefore, moved promptly on the morning of the 22d, and the Federal troops had

abandoned entirely the South bank of the Potomac, on our approach, we could not have forced a passage of the river, even if we had had the means of crossing after getting there. Rungan's division of McDowell's army did not get up to the battle ground, or even to Centreville, and it was intact. Mansfield had remained in Washington with 15,000 troops, when McDowell advanced. Besides, there were war vessels lying near Washington with heavy long-range guns. These latter (Mansfield's troops and the war vessels) would have been sufficient to dispute the passage of the river with us successfully, even if the whole of McDowell's army, including Rungan's division, had been utterly paralyzed or dispersed. It is folly to suppose that the city would have been evacuated and the bridges left intact. If all the civilians and politicians had stampeded, still there were some old soldiers there, and they would have retained their senses. There was not a ford on the Potomac practicable for infantry, nearer than White's ford, about six miles above Leesburg, and about forty miles above Washington. Below White's ford there was no bridge except the Chain Bridge at Georgetown, and the Long Bridge at Washington.—We had no pontoons and no means of constructing them.—White's ford was an obscure ford, in a farm, and in 1862 the banks of the river had to be dug down at that place, to permit the crossing of the trains and artillery of Jackson's corps. Before the time at which our army could

possibly have reached it, if it had moved promptly, the rain which began to fall the morning after the battle, had rendered the river unfordable at all points. We could not possibly have followed so closely on the heels of the routed army, as to have entered the city along with it, even if that had been practicable, had we been able to follow closely enough to make the attempt. The most of the enemy's troops were in Washington city, or under the protection of the guns at Arlington Heights, by light next morning. Who imagines that it would have been possible for our men to have kept up with the panic-stricken fugitives from the battle-field, in such a race as they made?

The obstacle furnished to us, therefore, by the Potomac, was an insurmountable one,—if there had been no other difficulties in the way. We were not then in a condition to undertake a war of invasion, and it would have been folly to have undertaken it.—Most of our men were wholly unused to marching, and if we had attempted to go into Maryland, or Pennsylvania, by the upper fords of the Potomac, the army would have been broken down and demoralized for the want of proper seasoning. The most that an advance could have accomplished, would have been the transfer of our lines to the banks of the Potomac. But what good would that have done? We could have taken that line before the Federal troops crossed into Virginia, but it was then deemed untenable, and if we had taken it after the victory, we would have

had to abandon it for the same reason it was not taken in the first place. If we had had a force of serviceable cavalry, the routed army might have been pursued, and, doubtless, many more prisoners and wagons captured than we got, but we had no cavalry then. What was called cavalry, consisted, at that time, of nothing but inexperienced mounted men, with very inefficient weapons, which they could not use on horseback, and these mounted men were few in number.

The battle had accomplished the purpose for which the position at Manassas, had been taken.—The Confederate Capital had been saved, and the invading army had been arrested in its progress and hurled back upon the Northern frontier. To have expected more, would have been expecting impossibilities in the then condition of our means of prosecuting the war.

After the victory, the question of an advance by his army, was one for General Johnston to consider and decide. None could be so well informed of the condition of his army, and the means at hand for making a successful advance, as himself.—Upon him was the responsibility of the decision, and he decided, and decided wisely. Such must be the judgment of all intelligent military critics, upon a full view of the facts, whatever may be the opinions of inexperts.

If the war could have been fought by fireside generals, and with paper pellets, doubtless it would have been brought to a speedier and happier end, but,

unfortunately, it had to be fought by a very different class of men, and with much more deadly weapons.

Of all the writers on the war, none have perpetrated greater blunders as to facts, or delivered more presumptuous and erroneous judgments on military operations, than Mr. Edward A. Pollard, author of a book which he styles "The Lost Cause." He assumes to be the chosen historian of the South. His book claims, on the title page, to have been written with the sanction of the leading Confederate Generals, and on the back, it is stamped "The Standard Southern History of the War." His publishers, E. B. Treat & Co., of New York, put forth the following circular on the appearance of the work:

*The Only Official and Authorized
Southern History of the War,
Now Ready for Delivery.*

—o—

THE LOST CAUSE,

BY EDWARD A. POLLARD,

Of Virginia.

Comprising a full and authentic account of the rise and progress of the late Southern Confederacy, the Campaigns, Battles, Incidents and Adventures of the most gigantic Struggle of the World's history.

Complete in One Large Royal Octavo Volume of 800 Pages. With twenty-four splendid steel portraits of distinguished Confederate Leaders.

The Publishers take pleasure in announcing that they have secured the talents of this distin-

guished Author and Historian, in preparing a work worthy of the theme and the occasion.

The history of the vanquished has too often fallen to the pen of the victor, and to insure justice to the Southern cause, the pen must be taken by some Southern man who is willing to devote his time and talents to the vindication of his countrymen, in a history which shall challenge the criticism of the intelligent and invite the attention of all honest inquirers.

Such a work will be of peculiar interest to the candid and intelligent public of the North, and is of the utmost importance to the people of the Southern States.

MR. POLLARD, of all writers in the South, is doubtless the best qualified to prepare a complete and Standard History of the War, and to commit to the present and future generations, a faithful and worthy record of their great struggle, and of a cause lost, save in honor. Having been employed during the entire period of the war as editor of a Richmond newspaper, and thus trained to the best sources of information, and by especial research has collected a quantity of historical material pertaining to the secret history of the war which no one else in the country has or can now obtain.

He comes to the work with the encouragement and authority of Generals R. E. LEE, J. E. JOHNSTON, BEAUREGARD, "DICK" TAYLOR, FITZHUGH LEE, EX-GOV. WISE, and other distinguished Confederate Leaders.

PRICE IN CLOTH, \$5.
SHEEP (LIBRARY STYLE,) \$6.
HALF CALF (ANTIQUE,) \$8.

This Work is sold only by subscription; to parties where we have no Agent, we will forward the Book upon receipt of retail Price.

The claim thus persistently made for Mr. Pollard, that he is the chosen historian of the Confederate leaders, is not without its effect. Foreigners cannot understand how a man can have the effrontery to set up such a claim unless it is true, especially when it is made for such a length of time without a disavowal. In England no writer would dare thus use the names of others without permission, and the consequence is that Mr. Pollard's book is accepted by Englishmen and others desirous of examining the southern accounts of the war, as a work put forth by the authority he claims for it. The claim is certainly not true as regards some of the gentlemen whose names are specified, and it can hardly be true as to any of them. If Mr. Pollard or his publishers have made use of names of the distin-

guished Confederate Generals mentioned, without their authority, if in fact he did not come to the work with their "encouragement and authority," it is respectfully submitted whether they do not owe it to themselves, to the truth of history, and to the cause, to make a disavowal in some form or other. It is most probable that the circular has never met the eye of any of the gentlemen named in it.

As in the article some important historical errors are noticed and corrected, the writer appends his signature.

J. A. EARLY.

Drummondville, Canada.

I state authoritatively that the claim set forth by the Publishers of *The Lost Cause* is untrue as far as Generals Johnston, Beauregard and Wise are concerned. And I believe equally untrue with regard to Gen. R. E. Lee and the other officers named.

EDITOR LAND WE LOVE.

THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

BY MRS. SUSAN ARCHER WEISS.

Fair emblem of a nation's pride,
Sad emblem of a nation's loss!—
Our loyal hearts are with you still—
We glory in our starry cross!
As pure, as proud, as stainless now,
With staff reversed and drapery furled,
As when of late it brightly waved
Amid the nations of the world!

As in a vision, still I see
That mighty army marching on,
Where high amid the battle-clouds
That snow-white standard proudly shone:
I see the leaders, tried and true,
Who first its starry folds unfurled;
The noblest names were ever writ
Upon the records of the world!

Oh, patriot hearts,—ye are not dead;
Your deeds have not been done in vain.
Oh, glorious flag! the clouds shall pass;
Your stars shall yet shine out again!
For somewhere in the coming years
Your stainless folds shall be unfurled,
And float again, the noblest flag
Amid the nations of the world!

Richmond, Va.

ROSE COTTAGE.

A REAL INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

BY M. J. H.

ROSE COTTAGE was an ancient Virginia mansion, of simple and unpretending architecture, but rich in the hallowed associations which usually cluster about old homesteads. Its white walls and peaked, moss-covered roof were overhung by broad leaved catalpas and silvery aspens, whose tremulous leaves cast flickering shadows on the smooth, green turf at their feet. Roses clambered about the high, narrow windows, and jasmynes and honeysuckles draped the little, old-fashioned porches. In the month of roses, when the queen of flowers unfolds its fullest splendors, and when the numerous specimens which had given its name to the place, were in full blossom, it was a little Eden of bloom and beauty.

Never had it seemed lovelier than on the afternoon of the 26th of May, 1864. Within the house all was neatness and quiet. The little, old-fashioned parlor, with its simple, tasteful furniture, the cosy dining room with its inviting tea-table, already spread with the glistening tea-service, the airy chambers with their polished floors and snowy draperies, all bespoke the comfort and taste of the occupants. Without, all was freshness and beauty. The

sun was sinking in the west, and the coolness of the evening was coming on. The flowers gave out a richer odor in this softened light than under the broad glare of noon, and the air was full of the soft, sweet sounds of closing day—the lowing of the cattle on their way from the pasture, the subdued twittering of the birds about their nests in the trees and rose bushes, and the chirping of insects just awakened from their noon-day nap in the tall grass.

On the front porch, under the shadow of clustering vines, sat three persons, a gentleman and two ladies. The elder of the ladies, who wore the sober garb of a widow, was engaged in the domestic employment of capping strawberries for tea. The other, a maiden with flowing, sunny hair and soft blue eyes, and a very Hebe in her youthful bloom and beauty, had been sewing, but had laid down her work to watch the lovely sunset. The young man beside her was just closing a book from which he had been reading aloud. He was tall and well formed, a very model of manly strength and beauty. His hair was cut close to his handsome head, soldier fashion, and he wore the Confederate uniform, in the

eyes of the maiden, the most becoming costume of the day.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by the sullen roar of distant artillery. A shadow crept over the girl's face, and she said, with a sigh,

"Alas! under the charm of our sweet and peaceful surroundings, I had forgotten for a moment that there is war in the land—that the earth is drenched with blood and tears, and the air filled with the noise of deadly missiles, the groans of the dying, and the wailings of bereavement. Oh! when will the time come when we may know an hour of happiness? when anxiety and dread shall not darken every moment!"

"Well, you need not let that cannonading distress you," said the young man, "for it is only the usual artillery duel between the Yankee gunboats on the river and our batteries at Drury's Bluff. They are perfectly harmless, and you may rest assured, that now, at least, nobody is being hurt."

"That may be," she replied, "but there is frequent skirmishing along the lines below Richmond, when somebody is always hurt; and only ten days ago we had the terrible battle at Drury's Bluff, when this county, and especially this neighborhood, suffered so severely in the loss of men. The roar of the battle was terrific, and when the news came of the killed and wounded, there was such grief as I hope never to witness again."

"You look too much on the dark side, Alice," said her companion, cheerfully. "There is a

bright side to everything, even war, and we soldiers do not take the thing so seriously. Not only in camp and on the march, but even in line of battle we have our jokes and merriment; and I assure you we enjoy our furloughs intensely, even when obtained as mine was," and he pointed to his left arm, which was carried in a sling. "Come," he said, rising and taking her hand, "dismiss your gloomy thoughts. We will imagine that angry rumble to be the noise of distant thunder, which it much resembles, and fancy the whole world to be as calm and peaceful as this lovely bower of roses here. Let us take a walk in this soft twilight. We will go out by the church, where we may perchance see some passing cavalryman who will tell us the news; for this last raid of Sheridan's has not only interrupted mail communication, but stopped all travel to Richmond, so that we are in total ignorance of the whereabouts and operations of Gen. Lee's army."

As they were passing down the grand walk which led to the little wicket gate in front of the house, Alice stopped to gather some flowers from the border, saying as she did so, "I never like to go to the church without carrying something, either flowers or evergreens, to place on the grave of the soldier who died there when it was used as a hospital in '62. It looks so lonely all by itself."

Their walk to the church, less than half a mile distant, lay through a narrow, open field into a dense pine wood, through which ran a ravine bordered by tangled

brushwood. The church, a plain wooden building, stood on the edge of the forest immediately beside the public road leading to Richmond. Under the shadow of spreading oaks and funereal pines, just in the rear of the forest sanctuary, was a solitary grave, marked by a wooden head-board, on which was inscribed the name, company and regiment of a Southern soldier. Beside this they paused, and Alice knelt down and carefully removed some dead leaves and withered flowers from the mound, then tenderly placed her garland on it.

The soldier stood reverently by, watching her with interest. "It is to me a beautiful spectacle," he said, "the devotion of the women of the South to their country's cause and its defenders. And often, amid the cheerlessness of the weary bivouac or the horrors of battle, I have thought, with comfort, that fall where I may, throughout this broad, sunny land, whether I shall sleep my last sleep in the crowded hospital cemeteries, or in some lonely, unmarked grave on the battle-field, fair hands will deck my grave with flowers, soft eyes will water its green sod with tears, and pure and tender hearts will throb with loving pity over it."

"Oh! speak not of the probability of your death, Henry," said Alice in a mournful, deprecating tone. "Let me believe that you at least are invulnerable, panoplied, by my love and prayers, with an invincible armor."

"I wish for your sake that it might be so, darling," he said, drawing her closer to his side.—

"But in these uncertain times it is well to be prepared for the worst."

The trampling of hoofs drew their attention to the road, and looking up they saw two cavalry men proceeding at a brisk trot in the direction of Richmond. Henry hailed them, and desiring them to stop, hurried forward and demanded the news.

"Very bad news for the people of this section," they replied.— "Scouts report that Grant's whole army, with Sheridan's cavalry in the van, is marching rapidly through King William in the direction of the Hanover Town ferry, which they will probably reach to-night."

At this unexpected announcement, Alice turned pale. "Reach Hanover Town to-night!" she repeated in consternation, "why that is but four miles off. They will occupy this country to-morrow, and we shall again be in the Yankee lines. Oh! how terrible!"

"But where is General Lee?" asked Henry.

"We have been picketing on the Pamunky for some time," replied the soldier, "and have heard but little from the main body of the army. When last heard from, a few days since, it was near Hanover Junction."

"That being the case," said Henry, musingly, "it will be impossible for Gen. Lee to make the Pamunky his line. He will probably deploy his forces along the upper part of the Totopotamoy and thence across towards Cold Harbor."

"Grant had better keep away from Cold Harbor," said the sol-

dier with a smile, "for the shade of Jackson haunts that spot."

"Come, Henry," said Alice, "let us return at once to the cottage and inform my mother of what we have heard. We must send off the horses, and whatever else we can, to Richmond to-night."

"Yes, and I must be skedad-dling, to borrow a Yankee term," he observed gaily; "for I have no desire to try Yankee hospitality in Fort Delaware or Point Look-out."

"But where will you go?" she asked. "Surely not to the army with your wound unhealed. Not being able to use your arm you can render no service there."

"It is true I cannot do much fighting, in my present crippled condition," he replied, "but I can do service as a courier or guide, for I am pretty well acquainted with the topography of the country around here."

Their walk to the cottage was a silent one; for, although Henry was quite cheerful, and disposed to be talkative, he could not dissipate Alice's fears or calm her trepidation sufficiently to engage her in conversation.

"You are too unreasonably alarmed at the idea of being in the Federal lines," said he. "You forget that you were once in Gen. McClellan's lines, and survived it—that, according to your own admission, you suffered very little except mentally."

"Yes," she replied, "but *you* forget that no other Federal army has ever behaved on Southern soil like that commanded by Gen. McClellan."

When they entered the porch at the Cottage, Mrs. Carey called out cheerfully from the dining-room bidding them come in to tea. As he stood in the dining-room door, Henry could but mentally remark the comfort and cheerfulness of the scene—the well lighted room, the serene countenance of the widow, and the well filled board, set out with sparkling glass and china, and spread with such delicacies as were independent of the blockade, delicious bread and butter, cold ham, iced milk, and strawberries and cream. On their entrance, the hostess had addressed to them some pleasant remark, but catching a glimpse of her daughter's countenance, the words were arrested on her lips, and she exclaimed anxiously,

"Why, Alice, what is the matter?"

"Only that the Yankees are coming—Grant's whole army—will be here to-morrow," was the reply.

"Is this so?" she demanded of Henry, in a tone of mingled wonder and terror.

He replied by repeating the intelligence he had received from the soldier, and added that he believed the report to be perfectly correct.

"Then," she said promptly, "I must have the wagon packed immediately for Richmond. You will excuse me if I leave Alice to make your tea."

With this she left the room, and summoning her servants, who responded with alacrity, they immediately set to work packing clothes, china, plate, provisions and whatever else could be con-

veyed away. Henry had volunteered to escort the wagon to Richmond and see the contents carefully deposited there, and so his departure was more hurried than it would otherwise have been. Mrs. Carey took leave of him upon the porch, weeping as though she never expected to see him again, and expressing many good wishes for his health and safety. The sight of her distress troubled him greatly, and he said earnestly:

"Since you and Alice apprehend so much suffering from a sojourn in the Federal lines, I wish you would conclude to go with me to Richmond."

"Oh! no," she replied, "that cannot be; for if I should leave the house unoccupied it would certainly be greatly injured, if not totally destroyed. By remaining in it I may be able to save the roof and walls, and that will be a great deal; for if it should be burned, I would not be able to rebuild it during the war, perhaps never."

Alice followed him to the yard gate, and stood clinging to his hand and detaining him with last words long after the wagon had disappeared from sight. As they stood there in the soft stillness of the summer night, despite the anxious forebodings which oppressed their hearts, and the pain of parting, they could not be insensible to the magic beauty of the hour, made lovely by the innumerable twinkling stars spangling the calm, blue sky above, the fireflies glancing like tiny meteors through the still air, the delicious odor of May roses, and the sweet,

plaintive song of the whippoorwill.

"Alas!" said Henry, "how strange that in this world of harmony and beauty the only discordant note should vibrate in the human soul, the noblest part of the noblest creature of all this vast creation. How sweet will be the life to come, when our purified and glorified natures shall be in harmony with all that is holy and lovely. And how sweet the hope, dear one, that though we should never meet again on earth, we may meet in a better land, where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying."

When at last he had mounted his horse, Alice watched his graceful form as he cantered away in the moon-light until it was lost to view in the shadow of the forest, then kneeling upon the dewy turf, she breathed a fervent prayer for his safety.

Henry Holmes was the son of one of Mrs. Carey's oldest and best friends, who, shortly after her marriage, had removed to Texas, and still resided there. It had been many years since the friends had met, but their friendship had suffered no diminution by absence; and when Henry, some years before, had come as a student to the University of Virginia, he was furnished by his mother with a letter of introduction to Mrs. Carey, commending him to her motherly care while away from his home. The trust was readily accepted and lovingly fulfilled. He had not completed his collegiate course when the war broke out, and choosing to re-

main in Virginia rather than return to his native State, he had joined a cavalry company of Stuart's command. At the first battle of Manassas he was badly wounded, when Mrs. Carey had hastened to the field hospital where he lay, and tenderly nursed him until he was able to be removed to her home. Several months elapsed before he was again fit for duty, and it was during those lovely autumn days of his delightful convalescence at Rose Cottage that he first told Alice of the love which for some time had possessed his heart. He was happy in finding his love returned, and Mrs. Carey received the news of their betrothal with pleased approval. Except for the painful anxiety which the maiden suffered in view of the dangers and hardships to which her lover was constantly exposed, the course of true love had, in their case, so far run smooth. Robust health had attended him through all his campaigning, and he had passed unscathed through every conflict until two weeks before he had received a flesh wound in the battle of Spottsylvania Court House.

The household at Rose Cottage passed an anxious, wakeful night. From their fitful slumbers they were aroused about dawn by the sharp report of a carbine in the direction of the river, and hastily sprang from their beds to prepare for the reception of the unwelcome visitors momentarily expected. The cattle were driven to a remote pasture, and deposits of provisions made in every secret place which ingenuity could devise. Scarcely were their hur-

ried preparations concluded, when the head of a column of Federal cavalry hove in sight, proceeding in the direction of Richmond.—The first detachment passed on without molesting them, but the next halted opposite the Cottage, and about fifteen or twenty men from it dashed up to the house, and, having carefully reconnoitred the premises to be sure there were no "guerillas" about, entered and demanded food. This was instantly supplied to them, but not being furnished in sufficient quantities to satisfy their demand, they proceeded to search the house for what they wanted, forcing doors, breaking locks, demolishing furniture, and helping themselves to whatever struck their fancy. Finding that remonstrances and entreaties only elicited threats and curses, Mrs. Carey desisted from them, and stood silently by, watching the plundering and destruction of her property. Soon the whole regiment entered the farm, and having dismounted, picketed their horses to a portion of the fencing about the yard and garden, while the rest was quickly torn down and broken up for firewood. The barn was burst open and the grain rapidly distributed to the horses, and the meat-house soon emptied, while a spirited skirmishing went on with pigs and poultry. Fresh swarms of soldiers thronged the house, trampling, overturning and destroying whatever they found therein. At length, a kind and gentlemanly officer came to the rescue, drove out the men from the house and placed a guard around it, so that

for a few hours the trembling, terror-stricken women enjoyed a season of comparative quiet and privacy. Near the close of the afternoon, the troops were moved back in the direction of the river, leaving only a vidette stationed at the gate of Rose Cottage, and a company on picket at the church.

Dinnerless and supperless, Alice and her mother retired to their chamber where, throughout the night, one watched at the open window, while the other reposed in uneasy slumber on a couch near by. But no sound or movement disturbed the stillness of the night. Only the glow of camp-fires in the east, and the dark figure of the sentinel clearly defined against the starless sky, betokened the presence of the enemy.

Daylight brought no fresh alarms, and several hours wore on unmarked by any event of interest, until about nine o'clock a scouting party of Yankees was seen passing in the direction of Richmond. Scarcely had they disappeared from sight when the popping of carbines was heard in that quarter, and immediately after, they were seen running to the rear, followed by a squadron of Confederate cavalry, who pursued them with drawn sabres flashing brightly in the morning sun. There was then the scattering fire of light skirmishing in the direction of the church, and the Confederates fell back from the wood, and rapidly deployed in line of battle along its margin. They were soon reinforced by another detachment, and commenced firing on the enemy, who

returned the fire with vigor. In the meantime, reconnoitering parties galloped rapidly along the edge of the wood, and couriers dashed back and forth. Soon a brigade of dismounted cavalry arrived upon the scene, and were marched in line of battle into the wood, which they penetrated several hundred yards before striking the enemy. The irregular fire of the skirmish now deepened into the steady roar of battle. A battery of artillery rattled by at a brisk trot, and was unlimbered on a hill near the house. Simultaneously, another battery opened on the other end of the line, and their thunder shook the Cottage to its foundation.

The major general commanding, with his staff, rode into the yard, and sat on his horse in the shade of the trees, receiving and dispatching couriers. Among these, Mrs. Carey and Alice soon recognized Henry Holmes. He came in from a distant part of the field, and after delivering his report to the general, dismounted and entered the house.

"I see the Yankees have paid you a visit," he said to his friends as they eagerly came forward to greet him.

"Oh! yes, and a terrible one it was," they replied.

"Well, I am afraid that our call will scarcely prove more agreeable," he said, "for we are expecting to have quite a sharp fight here, which will probably last through the day. The position of that battery, too, will draw the fire of the Federal artillery to this point, so that it will be very unsafe for you to remain

in the house. You had better get the servants together and go a mile or two to the rear. I would accompany you, but have offered my services to General Fitz Lee as a courier, and cannot leave my post. After the battle I will seek you out, and try and find you a conveyance to Richmond."

The servants were quickly assembled, and after a hurried leave-taking—some tears from Alice, and a few reassuring words from Henry—the fugitives set out. The first stage of their flight was attended with no little danger, for bullets whistled about their ears, and shells flew shrieking overhead, or exploded around them, sometimes in their very path. Just beyond the range of the light field pieces used in the engagement, Mrs. Carey and her daughter stopped at a little house on the roadside; but the terrified negroes, determined to leave danger as far behind as possible, went farther on. At this point the wounded were being collected from the battle-field to await the ambulance train, which had not yet arrived. The ladies at once set to work to minister to the comfort of these, by handing them water and home-made wine, fanning the tired and faint, and binding up such slight wounds as were not beyond their skill. It was a sad and trying task, for the sight of the mangled, bleeding forms and pallid, suffering faces, wrought painfully upon their sensibilities; but they shrank not from it, nor paused for a moment's rest.

There was a small Confederate

force engaged, as yet, against a vastly superior number of Federals, and the expected reinforcements were eagerly looked for.

"We have a good position," said a wounded officer whom Mrs. Carey was tending, "and when I left, the men were fighting splendidly, not having yielded an inch of the original line, although repeatedly charged by four times their number. If the reinforcements only arrive before they are completely exhausted, there will be no doubt of our accomplishing the object of the demonstration, which was to hold this road until night, thus keeping Grant in check until Gen. Lee can get his army into position."

Just then the expected reinforcements made their appearance. They were greeted by the wounded with cheers, which they lustily returned as they pressed on to the front. Soon the deepening roar of battle told that they were hotly engaged. With the increased heat of the conflict, the number of wounded increased. The ambulances employed in conveying them to the field hospital several miles farther in the rear, were insufficient for their immediate accommodation, and quite a number had accumulated in the yard. While Alice was busily engaged tending these, two men brought a stretcher and placed it under a tree near her. She turned to proffer her cup of cold water, and recognized in the wounded man, Henry Holmes. He was covered with blood, and deadly pale. She sprang to his side, and clasping his cold, nerveless hand, asked with painful anxiety,

“O, Henry, are you badly wounded?”

At the sound of her voice he opened his eyes and tried to smile, but it was a faint, ghastly smile which told of mortal agony. He feebly pressed her hand, and attempted to speak, but the gurgling blood choked his utterance.

“Bring my mother and the surgeon,” she said hurriedly to one of the men who had brought him from the field.

In a few moments Mrs. Carey and the surgeon were by her side. The latter bent down and carefully examined Henry’s wound, felt his pulse for a moment, then gently replaced the cold hand upon the bleeding breast. His look was so grave, his manner so tender, that Alice was afraid to hear his opinion, but Mrs. Carey asked tremulously, “Doctor, what is the extent of his injuries?”

“He is dying, madam,” was the reply, in a low, solemn tone.

Alice shrieked. This aroused the dying soldier, and looking at her tenderly, he said with difficulty, “Be calm, love; you grieve me.”

There was a profound silence of some moments, when he asked to be raised. This was done.—Alice pillowed his head on her bosom and clasped her arms about his cold form. His dying eyes were fixed with a look of unutterable love on her face. She saw the film of death rapidly dimming their splendor, its chill dews fast gathering on the noble brow, but she uttered no word or moan. She would not disturb his last moments with her wailing—there would be time enough for that

when he was gone—long, weary years of hopeless weeping.

While she hung in voiceless anguish upon that last, fond, mournful look, a smile of celestial beauty irradiated the pale face, the blue lips unclosed, and the voice she was never to hear again on earth murmured, “All is well—we will meet above,” and the dying eyes looked upward to the clear and smiling heavens. There was a gurgling sound, a few faint gasps, and all was over. She knew that he was dead, for she had felt the last, long, shuddering sigh upon which the spirit had taken its flight from its tenement of clay; but she could not speak nor move, and sat pressing the lifeless form convulsively to her heart.

A courier rode up and said to the officer in charge of the ambulance corps,

“The enemy are trying to turn our left flank with a column of infantry, and our men are falling back. Orders are to get the wounded to the rear as fast as possible.”

Immediately ambulances were loaded to their fullest capacity, stretchers were taken up and borne rapidly on, and such of the wounded as were able to walk moved forward as expeditiously as possible. The two soldiers who had borne Henry from the field stooped to raise the stretcher on which he lay.

“He is dead,” said Mrs. Carey.

“Yes, ma’am, we know it,” they replied; “but we would take him back in our lines, where he can be properly buried. If left here, the body will fall into the hands of the enemy.”

“Oh! no,” she said, “we will take charge of our friend’s remains and see them properly interred. He must be buried at my home, which is but a mile distant. I promised his mother, who is far away in Texas, that should he fall during the war, and it was possible to recover the body, I would have it buried beside my own dead, and take care of the grave. If you will be kind enough to take the stretcher into the house, we will watch beside the corpse there until it can be removed.”

The continuous roar of small arms, which had rent the air all day, was beginning to slacken, and the cannon only thundered at intervals; but the firing drew nearer and nearer every moment, as the Confederates fell back skirmishing. Along through a narrow strip of forest within a few hundred yards of the house where Mrs. Carey and her daughter had taken refuge, they paused and formed a new line of battle. The enemy soon came up, and a sharp fight ensued. Bullets whistled through the air, and shells and solid shot flew overhead, or crashed through the trees and outbuildings. Mrs. Carey shuddered at the thought of her peril; but Alice sat immovable, with her face bowed upon her hands, seemingly unconscious of it all.

The setting sun darted his red beams through a western window and lighted up the room with a fiery glow. The flash of light on her face aroused her, and looking up she caught sight of the sunset. Instantly her thoughts reverted to that same hour but two days

ago, when in the quiet seclusion of her home, amid the soft beauty of the summer evening, she had sat beside her lover, heard the rich tones of his manly voice, looked into his bright, intelligent eye, and watched the motions of his graceful form, so instinct with vigorous life. Now she was again beside him, but the voice was hushed forever, the light of intellect had gone out from the glazed, meaningless eye, and the princely form was cold and rigid in death. She burst into tears, the first she had shed, and mingled her wailing with the roar of battle.

The night came on apace, and under its shadow the Confederates drew off. A portion of the enemy followed in pursuit a short distance, but the larger part bivouacked on the field. A general officer made his headquarters at the house where Henry’s corpse lay, and placed a guard around it, so that the occupants were not disturbed. The people of the house, a widow and her three children, occupied an upper room, and Mrs. Carey and her daughter watched alone with their dead.—No torch nor taper lightened their watch—only the pallid moon looked in softly and solemnly upon the strange, sad scene—the bloody form and still, white face of the dead soldier—the grief-stricken maiden, with her delicate robe and even her golden hair stained with her lover’s blood, now sitting with clasped hands and rigid face staring vacantly at the white wall, then clinging to the dead body, weeping passionately, sobbing and moaning convulsively—and the grave, sad mother, weeping

silently beside the two, or clasping her daughter to her bosom and soothing her with tender words of love and sympathy.

The early hours of the night were disturbed by the continuous trampling of hoofs and rattling of sabres, as the main body of the Federal cavalry moved back to the rear. Then, there was unbroken silence until the dawn of day, that strange, weird hour which comes with a keener sense of desolation than any other to the grieving soul.

Soon after dawn, two of Mrs. Carey's men servants came to look after their mistress, and receive her commands. They proffered their services to carry the stretcher and its precious burden to Rose Cottage, and, by the request of their mistress, went to the colonel commanding the regiment picketing in that vicinity to solicit a guard to escort them thither. This was granted, and about sunrise, the mournful procession set off. The rude bier over which a grey blanket had been thrown as a pall, was carried by its sable bearers in front. Alice and her mother followed immediately behind, and the guard brought up the rear.

The country over which they passed, bore the marks of the terrible storm which had just swept over it. Fences were torn down, fields, with their growing crops of young grain, trampled and trodden, and the forests cut and broken by the shower of shells.

Near Rose Cottage they came upon a dead soldier lying immediately in their path. He was shot through the heart, and lay as he

had fallen, with one arm thrown out and the head turned slightly aside. His grey jacket was clotted with gore, and a little crimson rivulet had flowed down a slight furrow over which he had fallen. His cheeks were tanned by exposure to sun and storm, but the high forehead over which the dark hair had fallen in disorder, was as white as ivory. His lips were parted, and the glazed eyes looked up unblinkingly at the morning sun, which at its last rising had shone upon his living, breathing form. They paused a moment in reverent pity.

"Somebody's darling" murmured Alice, as she knelt down and tenderly smoothing back the damp hair, imparted a kiss upon the marble brow, letting fall at the same time a warm tear to mingle with the cold drops which nature had already shed there.

When they emerged from the wood, and reached a point from which the Cottage was visible, Mrs. Carey looked eagerly towards the dear roof-tree which had so often welcomed her back after weary absences, and thought with comfort that there she would soon find a quiet refuge, a blessed sanctuary, for her stricken child. Her heart stood still, when, instead of the high pointed roof, she saw only the blue sky. Hurrying past the bier and its bearers, she climbed a little eminence which commanded an unobstructed view, and looked again. Between the tall chimneys was only empty space. Clasping her hands in consternation, she cried out despairingly,

"Oh, Alice, we have no home."

Her daughter looked up slowly, and said listlessly, "They have burnt the house, too."

Just inside the yard they stopped, and Alice had the stretcher placed at the foot of a large catalpa. On that very spot she and her lover had parted less than three days before, and oh! how vividly the sight of it recalled looks and tones now faded and hushed forever. She wept aloud in her anguish; but the voice of memory repeated in tones of music, "How sweet the hope, dear one, that though we should never meet again on earth, we may meet in a better land, where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying;" and a sweet feeling of consolation stole for a moment through her soul.

Some of the servants had returned during the night, and they came out to meet their mistress, looking wild and frightened. At the sight of Henry's dead body they wept; for in his intercourse with them he had been uniformly kind, polite and generous, and they loved him. Presently a venerable matron touched Mrs. Carey on the shoulder, and pointed silently to the house, or rather the place where it had stood.

"I see," said her mistress—"how did it happen?"

"Well, you know, marm," was the reply, "that all of us went away with you, and didn't git back till near day, and then 'twas all done; but Uncle Jack he was gone to the spring to bring some water to the general, when we all went away, and so got left behind.

He saw it, and can tell you all about it."

Mrs. Carey looked inquiringly at Uncle Jack, who thus appealed to, said,

"Well, marm, when I came back and found everybody gone, I didn't know what to do. I thought first I'd run too; but them bustin' things was flyin' so fast I knowed I never could out run 'em in the world, so I jumped in at the kitchen door and tumbled right down in the potato cellar. Thar I staid, with my head stuck in the ground as far as I could git it, for gracious knows how long—it 'peared to me a month, but it couldn't a bin more'n six or eight hours. I never heered such a racket in my life—I thought the whole place would be blown up. Bimeby, the noise sorter stopped, and I poked my head out. Seemed like the fightin' had gone higher up, and wan't so severe. I didn't hear no bullets whistlin' about, and I crept out in the yard. Our men had all gone away, and the Yankees had come back in droves. I heered a mighty noise in the house, and went to see what was the matter. When I got in, I saw some men runnin' about with lighted paper in their hands, settin' the things afire. The bed in your room was blazing, and the smoke came pourin' down the star case. I begged them to put the fire out, and not to burn your house, that you was a lone, widdier woman and hadn't even a son to take keer of you; but they cussed me, and said they meant to burn it bekase the rebel sharpshooters had shot at thar men from the win-

dows. Every thing was so dry, the house burnt like tinder. In little more'n a hour the fire had licked it up clean as my hand."

The widow listened silently to this recital, and when it was finished only ejaculated, with a heavy sigh, "Alas! my dear, dear, home."

After some consultation, Uncle Jack, who was a rude carpenter, went off to the barn to construct a coffin, and the other men set to work digging a grave. Alice remained by the corpse, absorbed in her grief and tortured by reminiscences once fond and tender enough, now all turned to bitterness. And Mrs. Carey stood among the ashes on her ruined hearthstone and wept.

The burning of her house, apart from the heavy pecuniary loss, was a severe blow to her. Under its roof her eyes had first opened to the light, and within its walls her merry childhood and happy girlhood had been passed. There the halcyon days of her courtship had glided by like a dream of rapture—there she had stood as a bride at the altar—there first known the holy joys of motherhood.—From its chambers the souls of her beloved parents, her idolized husband and two angel children, had taken their heavenward flight, and they had been to her ever after as sacred as consecrated temples. Its every chamber was so rich in associations that she was never alone within them. The very walls, white and blank to others, were frescoed to her with precious images of forms and scenes they had once reflected. Now, wall and roof, hall and chamber, had

vanished in a moment as under the baleful spell of some evil enchanter's wand, and she was left houseless. She bent down, and raking among the ashes of her home, murmured, "And is this all?"

The day wore slowly on. Squads of straggling Yankees from the burial party at the church visited the place, and prowled around the premises; but convinced from the destruction and desolation everywhere visible that there was no booty to be had, they soon went away.

At length, the preparations for the burial were completed. The body was placed in the rough coffin, and the blanket which formed the soldier's winding-sheet strewn with the fairest flowers. The sable bearers took up their burden and bore it gently to the graveyard at the lower end of the garden. Mrs. Carey and Alice walked behind it carrying garlands which they had twined for the grave, and the negroes followed in solemn silence.

The sun was setting when they reached the grave, and as its slanting beams gilded the tops of the cedars beneath whose shade they had prepared the last resting place of her lover, Alice's thoughts again reverted to the scene with which our story opens, and she murmured sadly, "Just three days ago—and oh! what a change!"

When the coffin had been lowered into the grave, Mrs. Carey offered a prayer, and then they commenced filling it up. The hollow rattling of the clods upon the coffin sent a fresh pang to the

heart of the bereaved maiden, who buried her face in her mother's bosom and wept aloud.

When the mound had been shaped they placed their garlands upon it, and turned to go away—*whither!* The mother stood a moment irresolute, then led her heart-broken child to the empty barn, now their only shelter.

Gloomy, miserable days of want and suffering, almost of famine, followed; for the cattle, hogs and poultry had all been killed or carried off, and the provisions extracted from the most secret hiding places, while every growing thing that might have afforded them sustenance had either been devoured or trampled in the dust, so that they were forced to subsist on a little corn which the servants raked up where the Yankees had fed their horses, and boiled or parched.

At length, two weeks after the battle of the 28th, the Federal army, having been repeatedly repulsed along the Cold Harbor line, crossed the James river, and

Rose Cottage was again in Confederate lines.

Nearly three years have passed since then—three years of such hopeless toil and grinding poverty, such fierce and incessant battling with famine as none who have not experienced the same can possibly conceive of. At last, over that blasted and desolated region the first faint smile of returning prosperity is beginning to dawn. A few fences are beginning to encircle the long wasted fields, a few cattle now dot the long deserted pastures, and the dismantled and desecrated churches are being repaired and re-occupied.

These three cheerless years have not lifted the shadow from the heart or the countenance of Alice Carey; and as, Sabbath after Sabbath, she sits in her simple mourning dress among the worshippers in the little forest sanctuary near her home, many a pitying glance is directed to her sweet, sad face by those who have heard her melancholy story.

COL. JOSEPH H. DAVIESS, OF KENTUCKY.

BY MRS. M. T. DAVIESS.

THE dust and ashes of more than a half century rest upon the memorials of the subject of this sketch. His advent into the world was during the terrible political convulsions that shook both the old and new world at the close of the last century; just in the thick darkness which preceded the refulgence of this passing age.

In those days the deeds and words of the day were not flashed round the world's circumference ere night-fall, to be blazoned on bulletin boards before sun rise and scattered through dailies broadcast over the land by mid-day. Reputation was the slow accretion of reports, borne on by weary pilgrims until at some central point they took bulk and shape—but when one rose like a star above the mists and fogs of passion and prejudices, to be the cynosure of all eyes, it was sure to be a star of first magnitude, be its light beneficent or baleful; and yet when one comes to embody the traditions which make chiefly the history of those times, we find them, like the light of the star, intangible.

Nearly all the personal mementoes of Colonel Joseph H. Daviess that remains, are under this roof. A magnificent portrait, a miniature, the gift of her grandfather to Mrs. W. H. Pittman, of Louisville, Kentucky, taken while

the dew and freshness of youth lent almost feminine beauty to the face, a piece of jewelry woven of the hair faded to golden brown, from its chestnut gloss and darkness, and a pair of heavy pistols, the originals of those that gleam in the crimson sash of the portrait, said to be the same which Mr. Clay and H. Marshall used when they concluded balls more conclusive than arguments in a political difference. Of the papers of Colonel Daviess which filled two huge old-time office desks, all labeled by himself, I did not find, after careful examination, more than my hands can grasp, worthy to be withheld from the flames. Chiefly the musty antedated briefs and notes of causes, whose movers, like himself, have gone from before earthly judges to higher tribunals. Of those preserved, few are the emanations of his own mind. He kept no copy of his own, save occasional important business letters; and his fancies, opinions and principles can only be gathered from the replies of those with whom he corresponded—comprising nearly all the men of mark, of that day; Washington, Madison, Adams and Henry, and with Thos. Davis, first representative in Congress, from Kentucky, he seemed to have kept up a correspondence, so continuous that it

might furnish a fair chronicle of the times. The letters from Gen. Washington were sent to, and returned from, Mr. Sparks, but never reached us. The Burr papers which were the true object of my search, were missing. My late father-in-law, Captain S. Daviess, was a man of very kind feelings, and tender regard for reputation. Many respectable names, in Kentucky, were implicated in Burr's designs. Captain D. had been appealed to to suppress these papers, he did so, doubtless, in the last days of his life.

There are also some Manuscripts amongst the papers of Col. Daviess on literary and scientific subjects. Whether they are the product of his own, or another's, mind, we cannot say. They have not his signature, are not in his hand-writing, but, as he always kept about him some favorite young friend as a kind of Secretary, it is probable they were copied for him.

There was also in our library a volume on military topics, embodying Col. Daviess's notoriously favorable ideas of a strong central government. I fear this volume perished with the greater part of our library in the flames that consumed our old town home. I read it, and was interested far beyond my expectations in a book purely political, and own in speaking of the future of our government, the mantle of prophecy seemed to have rested on him. From these mementoes and a sheet of notes furnished by his brother, Capt. S. Daviess, I have made this sketch, by request of

Gen. D. H. Hill, and if any think it bears close resemblance to other passing biographies they have read, it is because I have several times furnished notes for similar sketches, and I could but furnish the same facts for veritable history.

Joseph Daviess and his wife, Jean Hamilton, parents of Joseph Hamilton Daviess, were at the time of his birth, March 4th, 1774, residents of Bedford county, Virginia. They were both natives of that State, he of Irish extraction, and she of Scotch descent; and the peculiarities of both races were strongly developed in the character of their son. The indomitable energy and cool self-reliance which distinguished the Scot, were his, and the warm heart, free hand and ready kindling sympathies needed not the seal he bore of complexion, and voice to tell the blood of Erin flowed fresh in his veins.

Induced by the prospect of securing a larger inheritance for his children; and lured by the love of adventure, so congenial to the spirits of those days, in 1779, Mr. Daviess left Virginia and swelled the tide of emigration, setting then, as now, Westward.

One incident of their journey is worthy of record, as exhibiting the spirit of the mother to whose forming influence the character of her son was almost wholly committed during the years of his childhood and youth. In crossing the Cumberland River, Mrs. Daviess was thrown from her horse and had her arm broken. The party only halted long enough to bind up the broken

limb, with what rude skill the men of the company possessed. Then they pursued their route, she riding the same spirited horse and carrying a child in her arms the whole way; cheering the spirits of the drooping, and never ceasing her exertions for the comfort of her companions, whenever they stopped for rest and refreshment. They terminated this painful and perilous pilgrimage by locating on a tract of land near the present site of the town of Danville, Boyle county, but then a part of Lincoln county.

Having accommodated his family to the few comforts attainable by early settlers, Mr. Daviess returned to Virginia, leading a horse, for the purpose of bringing out the Presbyterian pastor, under whose charge he had lived in the old State. Thus came to Kentucky, the Rev. Mr. Rice, the first minister of that persuasion, I believe, who ever settled in the State. Mr. Daviess acted as clerk for some time in that gentleman's congregation, but being rather a non-conforming or, perhaps, only a lobby member of that body, Mr. Rice refused the ordinance of baptism to his children; whereupon he declared, with a mixture of mirth and resentment, "That he would neither whistle nor sing for them longer, for it was an unco-Shepherd that would not mark the lambs because the old sheep had gone astray."

Thus unbaptised of Church, and unfettered by Academic rules, the subject of this sketch passed the morning of his days. The incidents that varied the life in

his father's family, differed not essentially from the records of every pioneer's household. The summer's sun scorched, and the winter's wind pierced their frail tenement; the day was spent in labor or the chase, and night brought the prowling wolf to terrify their feeble flocks, and the savage Indians to harrass the weary sleepers.

No schools had yet been opened in the country, so that when Joseph H. Daviess had learned from his devoted mother, all the little lore she could impart, had conned over and over the few books they had brought to solace them in their wilderness home, he went forth an ambitious, but unguided, student into the great temple of knowledge, which God hath pillared with his lofty forests and domed with his Eternal Heavens; and there, doubtless, he acquired that lore from which, in after days, he drew his exhaustless illustrations and the magnificent imagery with which he adorned his forensic efforts. Efforts which, in recurring to now, rekindles the waning fire of enthusiasm in the hearts of his younger cotemporaries. Efforts in which one has said, "by the vividness of his descriptive powers he presented scenes of beauty to the eye with almost the magic perfection of pictorial panorama."

Col. Daviess was sent to the first schools which were opened in the settlement; these schools were very poor, being as was common in those times, taught as a resource for living by those who were disqualified by indolence from following the active pursuits

of back-woodsmen, and totally unfitted, by want of education, for the discharge of the duties they assumed. When he had reached his twelfth year, however, a grammar school was commenced in the neighborhood, in the charge of Mr. Worley, a man of respectable scholarship, and under his tuition, Col. Daviess made rapid progress. He was next sent, for eighteen months, to Dr. Brooks, of Fayette county, and afterwards spent a year under the care of Dr. Cubbertson, of Jessamine county. In each of these schools he ranked as a boy of more than ordinary talent, and generally kept the head of his classes. He was a laborious student, and acquired, in these schools, a good reading of Latin, a proficiency in Greek and Mathematics, and as full a course in English branches as those schools afforded. The deficiencies of those schools in the last named branches, he remedied as fast as after opportunity offered. He continued a systematic student through life, and in addition to the natural sciences he acquired, unassisted, a fluent reading of French and good theoretical knowledge of Military tactics, Belle Lettres being his recreation. In after years, when circumstances had developed the true forte of his mind, which was unquestionably military, he wrote a letter to the Secretary of War, which was published and pronounced a work of considerable genius and much research. Having exhausted the facilities which the country and his father's means afforded him for education, Col. Daviess returned to the homestead, professedly participating in the rural labors of the family. But, if success in whatever one undertakes, be a necessary mark of greatness, then must we decline that distinction for the theme of our page. Be the truth ever spoken. It was never supposed that the husbandry of Colonel Daviess conducted much to the improvement of his father's homestead, or added much wealth to the patrimonial coffers. A robust constitution and energetic habits seemed to fit him well to contend with the obstacles of early agriculturists, but then he had an errant mind, which expended all its energies in its wanderings after knowledge, and so continually beguiled him from the dull fields of labor. The thousand thrilling stories of the eventful struggle in which the Colonies had just achieved their independence, and the legends of wild warfare which surrounded one as the very atmosphere of the dark and bloody ground, chained him to his mother's side in the morning, and evening's shades would find him, his gentle plough-horse grazing luxuriously on the rich cane by the brook's side, while prone on the felled tree that bridges the stream, the plough-boy would lie, his eye scanning the heavens, his ear drinking the music of sighing wind and rippling water, until night would gather her curtains around him. Presently his imagination, teeming with the stories of the morning, he would pour out to his mute audience of rocks and trees, those stirring strains which, in after years, so moved the more sympathetic hearts of

the human crowd. A family council decided that Joseph's genius did not lie in farming, and as the bar seemed to offer the fairest field for declamation, they decided to devote him to the legal profession,—a decision entirely in accordance with his most ardent wishes. An anecdote illustrative of his proclivity to the bar used to be told by a worthy magistrate of that day, with much glee.

Finding himself benighted on his return from some distant point, where he had been holding court, he concluded to trespass on the hospitality of the first house he should reach. He followed the gleam of light through the thick woods, and found himself at the cabin door of Joseph Daviess. The door was ajar, discovering to his vision, the log heap blazing on the hearth, and the table in the floor covered with the remnants of the evening meal, the children deeply engaged in some serious game as he thought. The old folks were away on a social errand, but the children made him welcome to the best seat, and the best chair their house afforded, and then, with childish eagerness, resumed their sport, entirely forgetful of his presence. A senior brother was placed with due decorum on the bench, the petite damsels converted into grave jurymen, a sturdy sheriff brought up the great house dog charged with theft upon the larder. The trial proceeded with legal ceremony, the prosecuting attorney was heard, and then Joseph loomed forth in a most enthusiastic defence of poor Coaley. This oc-

curred in the childhood of Col. Daviess, but then and there that worthy magistrate made augury of the after fame and success of the defending advocate, not as he said from his success, for poor Coaley was convicted of flagrant misdemeanor, and received at the hands of the sheriff the awarded punishment, but from the earnestness and enthusiasm of the boy speaker, and he lived to see his prediction fulfilled, and indeed to see one by one, all the practitioners of that little court transferred to the bar of Kentucky. Indeed this proclivity to the legal profession seemed scarcely confined to the masculine part of the family. In passing, some years since, a town in Tennessee, on the Mississippi river, a gentleman related to me, all ignorant of any interest I took in the matter, how much, years ago, he had been amused in watching the issue of a legal process in that town. It was a suit of considerable importance in which Mrs. Heiss, eldest sister of Col. Daviess, was interested. She had employed Gen. Jackson to conduct her case, but he failed to come, and had written to some junior member of the bar to act in his place. Dissatisfied with the proceedings of her counsel, Mrs. Heiss rose and asked leave to appear in her own behalf: leave was granted and she conducted the case to a successful termination.

But to return from these digressions. Col. Daviess laid the resolutions of the family council, touching the choice of his profession on the table, by volunteering with his brother Robert in

a company then being raised by Major John Adair, for guarding provisions en route to the forts on the Ohio river. In the fall of 1792, Major Adair, in one of his trips, encamped near Fort Sinclair. During the night they were surprised by some five hundred Indians, who had stolen and tied, at a safe distance, all the horses of the troops, and murdered some ten or fifteen men, before the bewildered party were aroused from their heavy slumbers, and then their efforts were paralyzed by the fear of destroying each other in the dark, while attempting to repel the savages. The dawn of day disclosed their losses and the stealthy foe preparing to retreat with their plunder, Col. Daviess spied his horse in the distance and resolved to risk his recapture against the chances of an ambuscade. He succeeded in gaining his horse, and mounted him amidst the yells of the Indians and the whistling of their bullets; one ball passing through his coat, but drawing it closer around him, he sent back a shout of defiance, and returned to his cheering comrades, he of all that band, sole proprietor of a horse. The disbanding of Maj. Adair's volunteers, in the fall, left Col. Daviess under the necessity of now choosing a profession; accordingly, in the fall of 1792, he commenced the study of Law, under Col. Nicholas, the most eminent lawyer in Kentucky at that time. At the same time with Col. Daviess, and under the same preceptor, Isham Talbot, Felix Grundy, Jesse Bledsoe, John Pope, — Garrard, Thomas

D. Owens, James Allen, William Blackburn and James Stuart, studied their profession—all of these were afterwards distinguished in their profession, and many of them were conspicuous and successful in political life.

Col. Nicholas always spoke of Col. Daviess' talents and promise in terms of high praise, and his class-mates fully concurred in this expression of opinion.

In June, 1795, Colonel Daviess commenced the practice of Law, in the bar of Mercer county. In August of the same summer, he made his first appearance in the Court of Appeals, versus his old preceptor, sustained himself with great ability, and gained his cause.

In September, the legislature passed a bill establishing district courts in the State. Danville was a prominent place in one district, and Col. Daviess located there in the same fall. He practiced likewise in the Lexington and Bardstown districts, also in the Court of Appeals. The extent of his practice was wide as the range in which land speculators were found distributed in the old States, and never was there a fairer field for the display of legal talent, than in establishing land titles in Kentucky. The conflict between the claims of the occupants and those deriving title from grants from Virginia, involved the title of nearly every farm in Kentucky, and was the source, even to my day, of litigation, alike exhaustive of purse and patience, and entering as an element of bitterness, into the political questions of the times. The wealth of Col.

Daviess, had he lived, must have been enormous; his business papers show conditional claims to millions of acres of land in every part of Kentucky. I remember noticing a single one, from a resident of New York, for 168,000 acres, as the Attorney's share! He continued with all this heavy pressure of business his habits of close, steady, and laborious exercise, generally walking from one court to another, though 50 or 60 miles apart, his horse led by his attendant who traveled on horse-back.

In A. D. 1800, he was appointed United States District Attorney, which appointment he held until 1807.

He removed to Frankfort after receiving this appointment, for the purpose of discharging his duties more conveniently, and while residing there was united in marriage to Miss Marshall, sister of the late Chief Justice of the United States.

It was during Col. Daviess' attorneyship that Col. Burr agitated his mysterious and mischievous designs in Kentucky. Upon what evidence, the writer of this sketch does not know, but Col. Daviess became so impressed with the treasonableness of Burr's designs, that he instituted an action against him in the Federal Court. Witnesses were so scattered, and the difficulty of coercing attendance so great, that the suit was dismissed, and feeling ran high against the prosecution, but a writ for the arrest of Burr, from Washington, soon vindicated his course, and he ever lamented that the arch-traitor had not been

brought to justice in the stronghold of his treason, for he did not regard Aaron Burr, as in fact he was not, the representative of a party from whom rights had been withheld, nor on whom wrongs had been inflicted; but simply a disappointed, and unprincipled political aspirant, who was willing for his own personal aggrandizement, or for the gratification of a vindictive spirit, to wrench out the pillars of the political temple that had cost the blood and treasures of '76.

In 1802, he visited Washington city, in the capacity of counselor in the celebrated case of Wilson vs. Mason. Being the first western lawyer who ever appeared in the Supreme Court of the United States, his position attracted much attention, and the ability with which he sustained himself created quite a sensation of mixed surprise and admiration for the young backwoodsman. Many stories are told of his conduct and conversation, by the worthies who constituted the public of our national capital then. For their truth the writer cannot vouch. This appearance in the Supreme Court in his rough, travel-stained garments was from the urgency of his case, not from the affected contempt of the frivolities of dress. Fearing the case had been reached on the docket, he went directly to the court-room just in time to answer the call, and went into trial without a thought about his unseemly apparel. The conception of his character, however, as entertained by the men of his time was in the main just. That he was eccentric was true, but unaf-

fectedly so, no one could doubt, who has ever met the least pretending member of his kindred, so strongly does that characteristic attach to them all. That he possessed uncommon talent exalted by cultivation, is a tradition current amongst the children of his contemporaries derived from their fathers. He combined with these advantages a most striking personal appearance. I take my impression from the portrait now in our parlor, a work perfect in art and always esteemed by persons in the vicinity of our village, a portrait of remarkable fidelity.— He was tall and athletic in person, a rich mass of brown hair shading an expansive brow of most intellectual indications, a complexion of feminine delicacy but slightly bronzed by exposure.— The firm grasp of the sword in his right hand and a slight compression of the lips, alone, indicate the indwelling of a warrior spirit.

The dark, deep blue eyes are eloquent of melancholy decision, such an expression as one might wear contemplating a stern deed with unfaltering, but regretful resolution.

His voice was good, his delivery graceful, impressive and peculiar; and his colloquial powers made his society much courted—his manner in society was courteous and kind to those he loved, and he considered no sacrifice too great for a friend, but to those he disliked he was haughty and repulsive in the extreme.

After leaving Washington he visited most of the eastern cities and there contracted many friend-

ships which terminated only with his life.

Returning to Kentucky, he resumed his practice for a short time and then retired to a farm he owned near Owensboro in the county named Daviess for him.— While residing there he received the commission of colonel as aid to the Governor, by which he was ever after distinguished.

Finding that time had no way improved his agricultural skill he returned to the practice of law, locating himself at Lexington, Kentucky—having enjoyed a respite from the toils of his profession three years.

In the fall of 1811, in the thirty-ninth year of his age, he engaged with the ranks of Major General Harrison against the Wabash Indians. November 7th, in the battle of Tippecanoe, in making a forlorn charge which he led at his own request, he received a mortal wound. He lingered through that day and calmly watched the shades of death gathering around him. The next morning, observing that the signs which Dr. Rush mentioned as preceding dissolution were upon him, he ordered his watch to be taken from his person, then composing his limbs, closed his eyes, and passed from this mortal life without a sigh or groan.

Death could never have met him more welcomely than on the battle-field. Yet it came all too early for one whose heart throbbed high with unrealized visions of fame to be won in the cause of Freedom. He had watched the course of the French revolution with deep interest, and had de-

clared his intention, to his intimate friend, the late Hon. John Rowan, when his country should need his services no longer, to offer his sword in the cause of Freedom in the old world, and follow the guidance of his destiny in arms. But the God of battles decreed otherwise. He fell in the full vigor of life, by the hand of savages, and rests with the valiant men who fell by his side, no more proudly now that the marble column of Indiana's gratitude emblazons his name, than he did through the long years beneath the daisy dotted sod.

"When the muffled drum announced the burial of the dead," said one of his comrades, "I wrapped my commander in his buffalo robe, I could not cover his face, for I knew he never slept with it so, and he still had the complexion and beauty of life, all but its warmth, so we laid him

down in his grave, the soldiers could not bear to sully that glorious countenance with earth, at length the mound they had thrown up, on the body, fell and shut out forever the face of our chief."

"They carved not a line, they raised not a stone," to mark his resting place, and he hath left no son to inherit his name. Yet, hath he a record in the archives of every Kentuckian's heart who loves to cherish whatever illustrates the annals of his native commonwealth.

Kentucky, Indiana and Missouri have each named a county for him. Indiana, to be sure the name should be individual, called her county Joe Daviess, and within the last decade we were invited to see the rearing of a monument, we know not how durable or imposing, placed to his memory by that State.

LET US HAVE PEACE!

BY FANNY DOWNING.

Strong with the strength of sublime despair,
 Out of the depths of the Southern soul,
 Surges a wildly passionate prayer,
 Like the mighty rush of the ocean's roll.
 By our Cause beloved and lost.
 By our nation's voiceless woe,

By the cup of triumph tost
 From our lips by one fierce blow;
 By the spirit-crushing weight
 Of the shafts against us hurled,
 By our hearth-stones desolate,
 By our flag forever furled,
 LET US HAVE PEACE!

By the quiet uncomplaint
 Which a thousand wrongs has met,
 By the vigorous restraint,
 Upon fiery passions set;
 By the steadfast sense of right,
 And the law-abiding hold
 Which our manhood's conscious might,
 Keep in willing chains controlled;
 By the knightly faith maintained
 For the plighted word we gave,
 By our honor all unstained,
 As our simple due we crave,
 LET US HAVE PEACE!

By the prowess in the fields
 Which our fair-fought battles show;
 By the nobleness that yields
 Mercy to a noble foe;
 By the horror of our doom,
 By our high hopes quenched and dead,
 By our present thick with gloom,
 By the future dark with dread;
 By the heaven where warfares cease,
 By man's common brotherhood,
 For the Saviour Prince of Peace,
 For the sake of God and good,
 LET US HAVE PEACE!

CONCENTRATIVE IMMIGRATION, THE TRUE POLICY OF THE SOUTH.

Probably the most important civil and human idea which has occupied the American people for the last quarter of a century, has been the subject of Emigration.—The mode of directing the course of that mighty stream of human life which has been pouring its tide, rolling wave after wave from the eastern to the western world, has been the great study of the day. Emigration, the best means of promoting and controlling it, has occupied the Legislatures of the Northern and Western States, has built the long lines of railroad which, uniting near and distant regions, have bound all together by strong bands of iron, and at the same time developed the internal resources of the country.—Emigration has built up American commerce, and the steam marine as well as the larger number of merchant vessels, are principally sustained by the transportation of emigrants—indeed, commercially, it ranks in importance second only to the cotton trade.—Emigration has populated whole States in the Western portion of this country, and developed wealth and resources, vaster than were ever dreamed of by the wisest and most prophetic or poetic of those who thought they saw the mighty future of America. Emigration has, as it were, with the wand of the genii, caused great cities to spring into sudden and sublime existence—has built Chicago and Milwaukee in the sickly marshes of lake Michigan—a St. Louis on

the banks of the turbid Mississippi, a Salt Lake City on the plains of distant Utah, and has caused New York and Philadelphia to increase from tens of thousands to millions of population. Under its influence the prairies grow white with smiling villages, the valleys teem with a fertility produced by the hand of man: the mighty rivers flow no longer silently in solemn grandeur to the all embracing ocean, but their once calm bosoms are ruffled and beaten by the wheels of a thousand laboring steamers, whilst the shrill whistle of the steam engine echoes and reëchoes through the vast swamps and forests which margin their banks.

The immense areas which were and still are to be filled up by this everflowing tide of human life, seem limitless in extent and resources. As the numbers press on, still newer and grander vistas open before them, embracing all which can employ the hand and brain, or gladden the heart of man. A fertile soil bounded by mighty rivers and vast lakes, and intersected by noble streams, a climate healthy, bracing, giving vigor to the frame of youth, strength to manhood, and long life to temperate age—a government kindly and paternal in its dealings with its people, strong and firm in its foreign relations,—what is there which energy and skill, united with capital, can and does not accomplish in this western world? But now another and

and more noble, more inviting prospect is laid before the eye of the emigrant. The veil of the past is lifted and behold the grand and beautiful panorama spread out in these Southern States.

The peculiar system of labor which, under the name of slavery, existed in the States of Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas and Florida, introduced soon after their settlement, by the English, and fostered by the Northern people, has precluded foreign immigration almost entirely. The slave being of a different race, and brought, originally, by English and Yankee traders from a purely savage state, needed for his government, a special and peculiar form of laws and discipline. Their principal value too, consisted in adapting them to the work of the farm and plantation, for which they seemed apt. Thus the Southern States gradually became essentially agricultural, or planting, States: the cultivation and extension of the use of cotton developed and fixed this status, and the Southern people, instead of building large cities, and devoting themselves to trade, manufacture, and the arts, became an agricultural people, dwelling in families and communities, at the most in comparatively small towns. The government of the slaves, more particularly assumed a patriarchal form, and the domestic idea and relations were fully developed. This fact, whilst it produced simplicity of life and manners, refinement of feeling, self-reliance

and independence of thought and character, produced also the exclusiveness of pride, and a certain clannishness and peculiarity of manner, thought, and feeling, which was repugnant and distasteful to those without the circle, and emigrants were as unwilling to venture within its charmed limits, as the Southerners were to admit them. In truth, they did not desire them, whether they came from abroad or from the Northern States. Happy at home in the midst of his family of whites and blacks, whom he ruled with a benignant but firm and equal sway; happy with his friends, and books, and sports; always assured of plenty, even to abundance, surrounded by all the appliances of ease, comfort, and refinement, why should the Southern gentleman desire to parcel out his domain, cut up his broad acres into small farms, for the purpose of building a village for emigrants, or making farms for settlers,—why should he desire, for the sake of a few more dollars, to have his ears assailed by the ceaseless din of a factory, the manners and morals of his family, white and black, contaminated by its operatives. No! whilst the doors of his mansion were never closed to the visitor, or the traveler: whilst his hospitable board was always furnished with abundance for all who would partake: whilst he greeted with the sincerest welcome all who stood upon his threshold: whilst his heart was ever ready to feel for, and his hand to help the poor, the deserving and the struggling, yet the purity of his descent, the integ-

rity of his domain, the preservation of the simplicity, the refinement, the high tone of himself and his descendants, were worth more, a thousand times more, than the possession of the most fabulous wealth: and so he lived on in the midst of his family, his friends and his slaves, a calm, proud, refined, self-reliant, upright, reticent, Southern gentleman, open as the day to his friends and neighbors; exclusive and close as night to all outsiders: a good citizen, a large and punctilious tax-payer, a supporter of law, order, and good government, a lover of virtue, patriotic, intelligent, and brave, he was one of an order of men who make a country's glory and pride.

But with the abolition of slavery, which formed the ground-work of this special character, all this has passed away. The patriarchal or family government no longer exists, the relations of the slaves to their former masters, instead of being one of a domestic and friendly character, has been made one of antagonism and hatred. The war of ideas and principles which culminated (by the aid of foreign emigrants) in the defeat of the Southerner, has, by the incitement and teaching of the Northerner, become a war of races. The slave who, but yesterday, looked upon his white master as his best friend, is now taught to consider, not only him, but all white Southern men as enemies, as said their leader, "there must be a drop of blood shed for every stroke of the whip:" his study and aim now is to drag down and degrade the man who lifted him and

his fathers from the state of a savage, and elevated him to that of a Christian man. Freedom, the boon of freedom, which to him means licentiousness, is the idol which he worships, the Moloch before which he bows down; the Yankee is his best friend, although he deals with him as one who would feed an infant on strong food and expect it to live and become, straightway a man. Lincoln is his Saviour, a greater than Jesus Christ, for they say the latter died to set all men free. Lincoln died to free the black man, *per se*. The former slave therefore labors no more, he and his children must be educated, he must *own* the land which, in years gone by, either he or his slave ancestor cleared for his white master, he must no more perform those menial offices for whites, which he is so well fitted for, but to make a level and bring all things equal, his former master must plough, and dig, and labor, his former mistress cook, and wash, and hoe, whilst he wanders idly about, and his wife sits lazily in her cabin home and indolently turns the spinning wheel, and the children play, and starve, and steal.—Labor as an occupation, a duty is at an end.

The whole system of labor in the Southern States is swept away as completely as the Simoon levels the sands of the desert, and they stand to-day with a population of four millions of laborers, as utterly devoid of labor and the means of securing and controlling it, as the interior of Africa does, with its fervid sun, its fertile soil, and its millions of athletic sava-

ges. Behold the result! the door of entrance to that charmed circle of Southern society which the Southerner kept so carefully closed, with a slave for his Janitor, is now, by the desertion and antagonism of that Janitor, not merely left wide open, but battered down and broken in.—Southern society is, in fact, no more.

The ancestral home must be deserted and torn down, to be built into handsome cottages for future emigrants, the broad paternal acres must be cut up and parcelled out into numerous subdivisions, for farms for a thrifty class of foreigners: the streams must be dammed up,—the water-courses bent, to furnish water-power for some factory where,

“Men may scheme, and women spin,
And the Devil grow fat on money and sin.”

Yes, the Southerner has lost all his land,—and this must feed him! but how?—the black man refuses to labor constantly, he must seek, therefore, for a permanent and constant laborer from some other source, and by the offer of premiums and rewards, endeavor to induce the influx of that stream, which has made his Northern conquerors so wealthy, so great and so strong. Therefore, behold the noble panorama of Southern land before your gaze. See its lofty mountains comprising the Alleghany and the Blue Ridge, their sides covered with noble forests, whose roots stretch and spread through a most luxuriant soil, and in whose bosom lie embedded the richest ores, the most valuable coal formations. See rest-

ing at their base, or secluded in their nooks smiling, lovely valleys with their fertile soil; or the undulating hills as they roll off like waves, ever decreasing in their volume, covered with the deepest verdure, or capped with the heavily nodding grain, until lost in the level plain, where grows and thrives in the most lavish profusion all fruits and grain and flowers,—everything in short, which can contribute to man's earthly happiness. See those noble rivers, the mighty Mississippi, the Missouri and the Arkansas, the placid Potomac, the sluggish yet fertile Roanoke, Pee Dee and Catawba—the turbid Savannah, James and Alabama—the Rio Grande, the Rappahannock, the Neuse, the Cape Fear, the Cooper, the Ashley and the Red rivers like inland seas, penetrating far into the interior of every State, bringing goods and taking produce to and from every door—their margins bordered by forests, hoary and grand with age—coëval with Time himself—vast in extent, infinite in value. View that whole region of country which extends from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, embracing an area of 800,000 square miles—and consider the diversity of its soil, climate, and productions. In tropical Florida, Texas and Louisiana, one may have in the greatest profusion the varied and luscious fruits of the tropics—the orange and lime, the banana, the zapota and guava—whilst the long staple cotton, and sugar, and potatoes, and the yam, and grain of most kinds grow in abundance. Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana,

Arkansas and Texas, embrace the heart of the cotton growing region, where the soil is fertile, the seasons long and favorable, the cultivation easy, and where nothing but labor is wanted for man to realize wealth large enough to gratify even the heart of a Boston trader; whilst the rice fields of South Carolina and Georgia, with labor secure, would bring wealth to the State and country and ample prosperity to the owners. In Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee, with a varied and fertile soil and temperate climate, the earth produces in rich abundance, wheat, rye, oats, and all the small grain, and tobacco of the finest quality. Cotton, in certain sections, is a sure and profitable crop, making up in the certainty of its smaller yield for the enormous but uncertain product of the South Western lands when freed from ravages of the worm. The western portion of these States abounds in the richest grasses, affording opportunities for stock raising unequalled in any country on the face of the globe, and requiring only capital and labor to insure success. In all of these States grows and flourishes the native maize, the best and noblest grain which a bountiful God has given to man. From the shores of the dark Potomac to the silvery waters of the Rio Grande, on the banks of the St. John, in Florida, and by the margin of her numerous lakes the tall Indian corn may be seen nodding its golden plume and waving its broad, green leaves to every breeze, and in good time rewarding with its rich returns the labor of the thrifty husbandman.

And in this region, the climate is as various as the soil is diversified. From the snow-capped mountains and ice-bound rivers of Virginia and Tennessee, you may, in a few hours, pass with a regular gradation of temperature, to the balmy breezes and tropical heat and sun of Florida, Texas and Louisiana, and as you pass may see, in the variety of foliage and production, the vast and beneficent influences of climate on vegetation. And the forests and swamps are overgrown with the cypress and gum, the sycamore and tulip, and oaks of every variety, and hickory, and walnut, and elm, and noblest, because most useful of all, the evergreen long-leaf pine, useful in all its parts, from the lowermost end of the tap root which penetrates so deeply into the soil, to the topmost needle of its green spines which woos each passing breeze: from the innermost core of its resinous heart, to the outermost bark which protects the flow of its life giving sap. These swamps, and forests, and fields, are filled with all kinds of birds and beasts. The bear, and the buffalo, and the elk, and the antelope, roam the vast plains of Texas, and the bear and the panther and the deer wander through the mountains of Virginia. The wild cat, and sometimes the panther, make night hideous through all the southern swamps with their wild, discordant cries. In all may be found in abundance, deer, wild turkey, pheasant, grouse, partridge, water fowl of every description, and all the lesser birds and animals. The domesticated

animals, too, in this region of country, are of the finest breeds and kinds, from the sheep, the small, fat, light cattle, and the light mustang pony of Texas, to the weightier cattle and noble race horse of Virginia. The rivers and lakes and ponds abound in fish of all kinds—the royal sturgeon, the sweet white shad, the solid rock fish, the delicious drum fish, whiting, and trout, the white perch, the salmon, and others whose names would fill a book, all swim and grow fat in these delightful waters; all fit to supply the wants of man.

And then the men and women who dwell in this Southern land and make its society:—how shall I describe them? Already have I tried to portray the Southern gentleman, but how shall I do justice to the women?—what pen *can* do justice to them? It might not be difficult to describe, as abler pens have already done, the graceful form, the dignity of mien and motion, the soft blue eye, or the proud black orb, the rich hazel or the intellectual grey eye,—the heavy flowing tresses, now black as night, now golden as the western sunbeam; the beautiful mouth, every line of which expresses delicacy, purity, and refinement, set with pearls of dazzling whiteness; the straight, well cut nose; the full and dimpled chin and cheek; the noble brow and classic head, set so proudly and gracefully on the well turned neck and shoulders; the rounded bust and white arms; the small, well-shaped foot, with its arched instep, and slender ankle:—one might tell of the consummate taste and art displayed

in the adornment of this glorious, God given beauty,—one might even venture to speak of the purity of thought, the refinement of feeling, the just and elevated sentiment, the charm of apt, well chosen discourse, the amiable temper, the ardent but correct feeling, the sensitive but brave heart, which all dwell in and distinguish this being so fair! so glorious!—but who—O who shall tell of the truth and true devotion, of the faithful, earnest, constant, and unflinching love of country, the ardent and unselfish patriotism, (noblest of all virtues,) which these Southern women showed? Yes! when the storm of war lowered heaviest; when disaster, and defeat, and death seemed nearest; when suffering, and sorrow, and sickness seemed greatest, she never wavered or faltered for one instant of time, but her deeds were always heroic and self-sacrificing,—her words were always words of cheer and comfort, making strong the weak hearted, and the brave heart braver. Ah! we may speak with just pride of our brave and noble men—and true heroes they were—we may tell of the privations and sufferings, and the hardships they bore with cheerfulness and courage, but all they did, and all they suffered, when compared with all our Southern women suffered and did, is as the rivulet to the river, the lake to the ocean, the mist to the rain showers. The noblest record of our war is yet to be written, and 'tis to be written, not in the brave deeds and hardships of our men, or in the bold strategy and glo-

rious victories won by our men and generals, but in the true devotion, the heroic, uncomplaining, aye cheerful suffering of our women, in their deeds of mercy and love, in their toil, their watchings, their privations, their fortitude, their staunch patriotism. The pen that does it justice must be heaven-gifted, for in my opinion their virtue, their piety, and their valor are known and will be known to God alone.

Such, feebly described, is the country—and such, more feebly sketched, are the people comprising the Southern land, now thrown open to the occupation of the immigrant. Let us glance for a moment at the various plans which have been proposed to induce immigration, and to fill up the country with that kind of labor which is necessary to its development. The Legislatures of almost all the Southern States have passed acts to encourage and foster immigration—some of them have gone so far as to appoint agents, with salaries, to exercise a kind of superintendence over the matter, to see that immigrants arriving shall not be imposed upon, and to induce their residence upon, and occupation of, lands within their several limits. It is impossible to say what success has attended the various schemes which have been adopted. The military occupation of the country, and the denial of legislation to the several States on the part of the different Generals commanding, have prevented these agents from making any report, but we may form a tolerably accurate judgment as to the result of these efforts from the fact that the

cry of the country is still for labor. This cry instead of being diminished goes out with increased force—and we may know that if anything has been done by these agents of the States, it is wholly inadequate to the wants—the great need of the country. As a further evidence of this we see almost daily some scheme proposed, or plan suggested, founded generally upon coöperative principles, whereby to satisfy that demand by immigration. Among others lately observed was one proposed in Petersburg *Index*, suggesting the transfer of lands by large land owners to immigrants on condition of their settling permanently, and binding themselves to improve and cultivate, and also to vote in such manner as the original land owner might direct, or else forfeit their rights and improvements.

It is simply enough, in objection to this, to say that, each of these communities of emigrants would be only a political society, and any politician with a small capital, might buy each of them up, and either cheat the owner of the land into the belief that his votes were secure, or else laugh at him. Other plans have been proposed, equally objectionable and impracticable; in fact, the whole country is on this subject as much at sea, as it is on the question of negro labor;—few sections,—but few *neighbors even*, have similar contracts with their black laborers; and as the question of emigration is closely connected with,—in fact is identical with that of labor, how can we expect more unity of thought and action in the one

than in the other. The truth is one that cannot be blinked, and the sooner it is met and grappled with by the Southern people, the better it will be for them. It is of no avail, and is but a useless waste of time, money, and temper, to undertake any measures, or form any schemes to invite foreign immigration to our shores, so long as the government under which we live is so unstable and so reckless. It cannot be expected that any immigrant of the the most common understanding would, upon landing at any port of America, with a knowledge of the facts before him, hesitate in the choice of a home between Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, or Kansas, with their established, settled, unimpeded free governments, and any of the Southern States, with their Commanding Generals, Freedmen's Bureau, Military Governors, Negro Suffrage, poverty, and heavy taxes! invariably would he choose the former, and there would he establish his household gods. This want, not of a good government, but of any government at all,—this uncertainty, this instability, this military occupation, this difference of color and race, and this constant endeavor on the part of the North to equalize that difference by negro suffrage and social legislation, underlies the whole difficulty of foreign immigration, and that difficulty must continue to exist so long as the cause of it remains. But there are other difficulties which, though less in degree, and not so hard to be overcome, are still important in themselves, and must be removed before foreign emigration can be expected to succeed; one is the question of food. We may bring, at great expense, the foreign emigrant into our midst, but if we expect the Irish, who have been bred and lived on potatoes and milk, or the German, who has eaten all his life but rye bread, and occasionally beef, with beer for his drink, or the Frenchman, who daily eats his brown bread and drinks his *vin maigre*, or the Scotchman, who lays his lugs into oat porridge and potatoes drowned in milk, or the Englishman, who lives on wheaten bread and beer, with beef for his meat, or the Swede, whose brown bread and cheese is his daily diet, to come to this country and live and be satisfied on corn bread and pork, or fat bacon, with whisky for his tippie, and water alone for his drink, we are egregiously mistaken; and so far as individual enterprise has gone in this direction, the result has proved it to be so: again the houses in which we place them are not suitable for their wants and comfort. A large portion of our Southern plantations are settled with log cabins, many of them mere huts, in which the negro, with his half savage and filthy habits, could and did live comfortably—sleeping and living one half of his time in the open air: but this the emigrant cannot do—the house prepared for his reception is not sufficient for his wants nor suited to his family. Again a change of life and habits, and customs, and occupation, such as that which the foreign emigrant must undergo in

his removal to this southern country—from the cultivation of wheat, rye, oats, turnips, rape, etc., to that of corn, cotton and tobacco, the different climate, the proximity of the negro, and the various other changes too tedious to enumerate, must have a depressing influence for some time to come upon him,—these drawbacks to his advancement, are not easily overcome, and overcome but partially even when they settle in colonies and live as a community. Another obstacle which cannot be overlooked is that of the difference of language which applies to all foreign immigrants, save those from Great Britain. It is impossible to conduct the operations of a farm, so various and so numerous, to any successful issue when the laborers can neither understand nor make themselves understood. Like a ship in a storm having a crew of mixed nationalities each acquainted only with his own language, under an English captain knowing only his native Saxon, she must be a prey to the waves or drift helplessly along, for the want of that mutual understanding which should exist between the governor and the governed. But a difficulty greater than all these, second only to that of bad government, is to be found in the tremendous competition which exists for the possession of the immigrant. What chance has the impoverished Southerner or Southern State Government against that enormous and well organized power and capital which has existed for years? Let a ship load of immigrants land in New York, or let them be collected in the

ports of Bremen, or Liverpool, or Cork, or any other port, and not one in a thousand will be got by the Southern agent. Where he has one dollar to spend, his competitors have a hundred. They have more wealth and are more unscrupulous in its use. The State has its agent, the shipping interest has its agent, and the railroad has its agent—all anxious and determined to secure the direction of the stream which is the life blood of each. And in truth they have, from their older and superior organization, in their more settled government, in their more suitable food, in their easier and more perfect transportation, greater inducements to offer than the South can have for long years to come; but, however that may be, if the competition which at present exists be not met and mastered, we might as well attempt, with a force of pigmies—with straws for levers, to prize from its ancient bed some huge boulder, as to overturn and contend successfully against this vast and thoughtfully organized power. Added to all this, the sparse population, the want of education, and the everlasting negro, and you have an array of difficulties hard to conquer, and which can be removed but gradually, and in a long course of years.—Indeed the Southern people must change their habits, their customs and their modes of thought and life: they must themselves study and teach their children foreign languages. They must to a great extent abandon the growth and cultivation of cotton, and turn to a more mixed farming; in short

they must meet the immigrant half way in all these respects before he will come and make his home amongst them. Is the Southerner prepared to do this? If not, he had better not waste his time and money in legislating for and bringing over to this country the foreign immigrant. If he is, then let him at once begin, for even *then* it is a question of time.

Such is the Southern country—such are the Southern people, and such their condition and wants, and such are some of the difficulties which lie in the way of that immigration which is considered necessary to their full development, and their physical and political status in the government under which they live. The question again recurs—how can these difficulties be surmounted, or what plan proposed which will meet the issues of the hour, and make these States as great and independent as they of right ought to be? When we consider that the annual influx of population into the United States, amounting for years back to an average of upwards of half a million, has failed to satisfy the demand—that new and vast areas of territory in the North West lie still untrod by the foot of man—that governments and corporations are pouring out their wealth and constantly exerting their utmost energies to increase the volume of this current—it is futile to expect, vain to hope, that the impoverished and tyrannized South can derive any benefit from this source. It is a common error to suppose that emigration is the result of choice in an overcrowded population in the old countries, or of a dislike of monarchical government, and a desire for that greater freedom which is the vain and unfounded boast of the American people. On the contrary, the efforts to procure immigration is as much a trade as the slave-trade was, or the purchase of stock now is. Agents from the Northern and Western States penetrate the interior of the European States, and by their brilliant offers and pecuniary aid, induce and keep up the vast and steady stream of life which continually flows from the Eastern to the Western world. The South has no part or lot in this matter; and the enormous competition, which will be continued and increase as population increases, and foreign communities grow up in the Western States, will effectually exclude her, for long years to come, from any participation in its benefits. What then is to be done? The four millions of former slaves—now diminished, as is said, by one-fourth of their number—will not labor in such a manner as to be relied on. The black women have been withdrawn by their husbands and fathers almost entirely from the work of producing, and sit idly at home—the children growing up, and able to work as partial laborers, are, by a foolish and mistaken desire for equality, devoted by their parents to a spasmodic and hopeless effort at education.—Great numbers of the men, able and accustomed to labor, throng to the cities and sea-shore, where continuous labor can be avoided, and a precarious existence eked out by job-work and fish, and the

actual number of black laborers in the Southern fields at this moment is not more than half a million—and these all most unreliable and uncertain. Vast areas of Southern land are consequently thrown out of cultivation, and now growing up with old-field pine, and bushes and reeds of every description. Large tracts of the most fertile land are being abandoned, and the country is steadily and surely retrograding, becoming annually more and more impoverished, whilst the follies of an ignorant and unprincipled government lay heavier burdens of taxation upon the people, in a ratio corresponding with their inability to pay them.

With the loss of wealth and prosperity, go that refinement and polish which distinguish the people, a sense of dependence engenders all the lower vices, the manners of the people become rude, their language coarse, their morals lax and tainted. Vast numbers of Southerners, seeing the growth of this state of things, which they are powerless to prevent or even check, eagerly long to leave home and country and all the dear old associations which cling around their beloved land, and seek, on some foreign shore, new ties and new interests. The young men pine for that freedom which they nobly fought for, but overwhelmed by numbers failed to win. They see their mothers and sisters reduced to a comparative servitude, and forced to do for themselves those menial offices which their slaves were accustomed to perform, or else daily and hourly subjected to the inso-

lent airs of some negro hireling, who has been taught a hideous equality by Yankee levelers,—forced to see sights and to hear words which cause their hearts to burn with indignation, and which, from the dominating military power, they can neither prevent nor punish lest it entail upon those they love greater evils, in the malice of a studied and petty malignity. They resolve, therefore, to fly scenes so hateful to them, and seek, on the wide plains of California, or Australia, or under the hot suns of Brazil, or even under the changeful government of Mexico, a home where they can build and live in greater freedom, and altogether lose sight of that ruin and wreck which has slowly but surely fallen upon their people.

Alas! it is a dreadful picture—the utter annihilation of one of the noblest social structures which the world has ever seen; the complete ruin which has overwhelmed an entire people and country. But is there no remedy—no escape from this misery and destruction? In my judgment there is a sure escape, and at the same time a noble retrieval. Let the Southern people, as a mass, as *one people*, resolve and act while they speak thus, “We are now a population of eight millions—scattered over a vast area of territory, embracing in its extent 800,000 square miles, or one inhabitant to every ten square miles. If we remain as we are, scattered and divided, with some times opposing interests as different States, in contact with, and subordinate to, the now insolent and preponderating

black, we must gradually and inevitably sink lower and lower in the social and moral state. We are now a people homogeneous in feeling, one in thought and purpose and action, let us come together and make of ourselves one people—instead of scattering ourselves over ten States let us populate three or four. Let us take possession of that temperate zone comprised in the States of Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Kentucky: we will occupy the land, here will we build our homes, here together will we preserve our old society, and still maintain in ourselves and children, that refinement and purity, that high-toned love of virtue and honor which we have inherited from our forefathers. With our eight millions thrown into those four States, we can develop all their grand internal resources. The valleys shall stand thick with corn, the hills and mountains shall be clad with the richest verdure, the rivers shall flow no longer silent to the sea, but the ponderous stroke of the steamer's wheel shall beat their tide—the clatter of the mill and the hum of the factory shall be heard along their shores, and every hill and valley shall reverberate with the song of joyous labor. We will bind the mountains to the seaboard, with the strong bands of innumerable railroads, and the scream of the steam whistle shall echo through our whole land. We will dig iron and lead, copper, gold and coal, out of the bowels of the mountains; our well cultivated lands shall bring forth food in rich

abundance for man and beast; our cattle shall graze on our ten thousand hills; we will pour our surplus products into the lap of Europe, and the bloated North; we will grow strong and rich and great on the wealth they bring. We will have our own State Governments as the Northern people have theirs; our Legislatures shall be composed of white men, and give us good laws—laws which shall protect all in the enjoyment of their labors and the security of life, limb and property, and we will either elbow out the idle and ignorant negro or make him labor as a man should labor.”

Is this an impossible or an impracticable scheme? It ought not to be. It is not, if the millions of Southerners now crumbling, as it were, to ruin, in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, and Florida, a prey to idle negroes, Freedmen's Bureau, military chiefs, government taxes, and sure destruction, would determine to abandon these saddened, desolate homes, take up their household gods and altogether migrate to, and settle these other States.—There is nothing in the plan which is not feasible. They would come amongst *brethren* who would welcome them with open arms, and aid them in every way, while they built up for themselves new homes and hearths. If the way seem long and weary let them remember that they do but retrace the steps of their fathers, who in years long gone by left these same old States and carried their energy and activity to these

homes which they in turn now abandon. 'Tis but a return to their old ancestral homes where still lie the graves of their forefathers!

A transfusion of the young blood and vigor of their own descendants into the life of these older communities, would be a sublime revivification, unparalleled in the history of the world.

But if the *great mass* of the Southern people can not, or will not, consent to leave their present homes to fill up and settle these four middle States, a large number of the young men, and others with families, who are more anxious to leave home and seek their fortunes in some foreign land, might be induced to migrate to these States and make for themselves and mothers and sisters and wives, homes. Let them come all together; let them plant, and work, and cultivate, and soon they will be strong in their numbers, will make their own laws, have their own State governments, and ere long sit under their own vine and fig tree, and no man shall make them afraid.

Let these middle States seek these free citizens, and not invite or desire foreign immigration; let them not go to Bremen, or Cork, or Liverpool, or Holland, or elsewhere, in Europe, in search of labor, but go to South Carolina, to Georgia, to Louisiana, and Mississippi, and Alabama, and Arkansas, and Texas, and Florida, and call the old men with their wives, and daughters, and their wisdom: the young men, with their energy and courage, to come! to leave behind the wreck

of past hopes, the crumbling ruins of devastated homes, to come with all their household gods, to sell their lands, or leave them to some future civilization; to come with strong faith, high purpose, and lofty energy, and noble fortitude, and stern determination, among a people like themselves in every respect, whose similar faith and purpose, and principle, have been illustrated and proved by the dread sufferings of war, and devotion to a holy cause, and cemented by the mingling of blood: to come and live and labor, and be one people with them, heirs of the same heritage of defeat and disaster, but out of which, they will, together organize future victory.

The best and surest way to secure this immigration, is for the respective Legislatures in the middle States to appoint agents to visit and remain in the several Southern States, and endeavor, by every means, to gain immigrants, to offer premiums, to give sections of land, and appropriate money to aid those who would come. Capitalists and landholders should form companies, and also appoint agents, as also railroad companies, and agricultural societies, to go to these States and represent the advantages, physical, social, and moral, and political, which would result from such immigration: they too should offer tracts of land, on fair and moderate terms, to immigrants, and aid them for a few years by the loan of money to enable them to settle and thrive.

Every immigrant from one of these Southern States well settled,

would be soon followed by others, and we would soon have a population of brave, hard-working men, accustomed to our laws and institutions, speaking the same language, used to the same diet and mode of life, understanding the cultivation of our most important crops, and interested in maintaining the supremacy of the white man.

Let this view, then, of concentration by immigration be seriously urged upon the people of the South, urged with energy and zeal, and we will soon rebuild this

shattered temple of Southern society, we will rise resplendent from the ashes of our former greatness, and be a people with our own laws and State Governments, our own habits and customs and modes of life untrammelled, occupying a land which we will cause to smile and blossom as the rose: in which we will grow strong, and rich, and great, and where we can leave our children the enjoyment of a rich heritage of wealth, and virtue, and happiness, and honor.

P. M. E.

MY KNAPSACK.

MY FIRST DAY'S SOLDIERING.

Groups on the street corners—groups around the armories—groups on the public square—crowds of people with earnest countenances, hurrying to and fro—drums beating the assembly—excitement inside and out of every house, in the city of St. Louis, on the 6th of May, 1861.

“Coming events cast their shadows before.”

And what event approaches, casting this long line of military forms, on Washington Avenue? What's coming to create such a heaving of society as now disturbs the peace of our city? Why, it's only secession! Bah! it's *revolution*. It's the reverberations of the signal gun on the walls of Sumter, that rumbles

through every household; shattering loose every tie of blood and friendship; casting fathers on this side and sons on that; and which make mothers stare wildly at the increasing gulf of vengeance, that is now separating those her love and duty have vainly striven to bind together. But, pish! on this moralizing. Who can do it with the sounds of the “spirit-stirring drum, and the ear-piercing fife” passing through your brain? Not I! So, here's for a dashing sweep of revolution—and the “big wars that make ambition, virtue,” but which glorifies or damns revolutions, as success or failure attends them.

Now, adieu my palette and pencil! Rest you in the corner, my maulstick and easel! Now, for my grey blouse, blue pants and

Continental hat. So! Now, my musket. So! "Fall into ranks." So! "Steady." So! "Dress up on the left." "What does he mean, my friend." "Shure the Cap'n manes to come out on a line with Corporal Powers." So! "Front!" "Right Face!" "Forward!" "March!"—Tramp, tramp! through many a winding street. Tramp, tramp! through crowds of admiring citizens. Tramping, tramping! to 'The Girl I Left Behind Me'—Aye! but the girls must be left behind. They crowd along the side walks; keeping opposite the 'files' where their sweet-hearts are proudly 'left-ing' it. That's spunk! I do like it so much better, than when it says—'No, Sir, I wont.'

"Mind the step in that last file." Who the deuce can! with those cambric 'kerchiefs waving from windows, doors and house-tops; and kissing of white hands from behind Venetian blinds, and smiles of encouragement which makes a fellow hug his musket to his breast, and—wish, it was'nt a musket.

"Head of column to the left!" "What does he mean, my friend?" "Shure, he manes for the boys in front to turn up Olive Street."—Tramp, tramp! up Olive-street. Tramp, tramp! through clouds of dust. Tramp, tramp! into Lindel's Grove. Tramping, tramping! to the air of Dixie. Goodness, what cheers! Tramping, tramping! to the "Color line." 'Halt!' 'Front!' 'Order, arms!' 'Count off!' 'Stack arms!' 'Break ranks!' Whoop! hurrah! a rush to the sutlers. What foaming lager. How much

stronger the third is, than the first. Smack! Now, for unloading of wagons, pitching of tents, tightening of ropes, supper on the green sward. 'Tattoo'—'taps.' Silence and darkness all round. How fatigued—welcome sleep—good-night civil life.

"Camp Jackson."

Holiday soldiering is mighty pleasant. Whilst in Camp Jackson we were kept well at our 'facings' by our officers, and sumptuously at our feasting by our sweet-hearts, who thronged the camp every day from the city. We learned fast—both the instructions in 'Hardee,' and the promptings from Cupid. It's wonderful, the sympathy between soldiering and love. It all comes, I believe, from the 'manual of arms;' the only difference is 'Once In Three Motions,'—and *one* every motion.

The force in camp numbered about 800 men, in two regiments, the 1st commanded by Colonel George Knapp, and the 2nd by Col. Jno. S. Bowen—the *peerless* Bowen! the whole commanded by Brig. Gen. D. M. Frost.

Our first excitement in camp was a call for volunteers from each company, to go under command of Capt. Joe Kelly—the very head and front of a soldier—for the important purpose of secretly taking and guarding a large supply of ammunition, by steamers from St. Louis to the capital of the State. The enthusiasm of the boys brought out double the number called for, and the judgment of Capt. Joe sent back to camp the worse half of the volunteers—and myself along with them—

which I always looked upon as an oversight.

In the train of this excitement, came that of the entering into camp, from the South West expedition, of "Jackson's Battery," and a company of cavalry, commanded by the chivalrous Emmet McDonald—even at that early day we, "the walking companies," began our jokes on the cavalry. Their very appearance was suggestive of a joke. The troopers were covered thick with dust and hair, and the *lining* of their outer garments, and the steeds were covered with dust and hide—only.

In telling to the world the incidents of Camp Jackson I must not, in justice to myself, forget to say that one bright morning I was promoted to Sentinel No. 4. I thought all that morning there wasn't a more important a personage (except the General) in the whole camp, than Sentinel No. 4.

I remained in that blissful state of mind up to noon, when two of my *own* countrywomen, who for some time before, stood near by loudly whispering such exclamations as—"Oh! then, what a purty soger he makes." "Mussha! don't he howld his head up, and look—how straight he carries his gun—I guess, Mary, he's a cap-tin." After pronouncing me 'captin' they crossed the forbidden line into camp. In return for their admiration of me, I was about to let them pass, when I espied the captain of the Guard watching me; then I called out in a bold, soldierlike voice: "You women! cross out again—get

back!" My astonished admirers passed me, and one did cry, "oh! thin, how grand we are, with our three cornered cocked hat, and our rusty owld carbine;" and the other—"Mussha! bad luck to yer impudence. 'Ye wimmim'—we are just as good ladies as yerself." All that afternoon I thought Nos. 3 and 5 about as important personages as Sentinel No. 4.

Towards evening of this day (9th) rumors began floating through camp that Capt. Lyon, U. S. Army, and Frank Blair, with a large force of 'Home Guards' and 'Regulars' were to attack us that night. With night came thunder and heavy rain.—The sentinels were doubled; each man receiving eleven rounds of ammunition and strict orders.—Besides these, I received a flask of brandy from a friend at the guard house, which, after a consultation with Nos. 3 and 5, I hid in a forked tree on my beat, till after 'taps.'

The thunder and rain kept increasing till midnight, and the darkness was so dense that I as often found myself walking at right angles to my beat as on it—and halting suddenly in front of a tree, taking it to be somebody without the countersign. But neither the thunder, rain nor darkness troubled the minds of Nos. 3, 4 and 5 quite as much as did the whereabouts of the forked tree, which seemed to have disappeared with the precious flask. After the 'Grand Rounds' we set about in earnest in search of the forked tree; and soon I heard No. 5 challenge me in a whisper (according to orders) "No. 4, I have it,"

and I answered, in a whisper, "No. 5, come on"—and we two met, presented *our* arms, and each took a long pull, and calculated there were three good pulls for each of us three. But when No. 3 got hold of the flask, he calculated differently. Before morning I found out his calculation was to hold on to it. I challenged him every five minutes, but never received an answer.

Next morning at 'Relief Guard,' when No. 3 was ordered to 'fall in the rear,' he kept wheeling about till he fell into a ditch, and was carried to the guard house. Peace to his ashes! he fell into his last ditch at Franklin.

The morning of the 10th brought with it sunshine and 8,000 Home Guards and Regulars, commanded by Lyon and Blair; and we, the 800, were marched out of Camp Jackson prisoners of war. An amusing incident of the capture, was,

when we first found ourselves surrounded, we rushed for our muskets and ammunition, and quickly formed on the color-line. But a company of stalwart Irishmen, that had no muskets, quickly armed themselves with huge sticks, rolled up their sleeves, formed on our right, looking defiance at the column of Dutch formed within 500 yards of us. The impetuous Irishmen were as much in earnest with their shillalahs, as were the others with their muskets.

The event of "Black Friday" is so well known to every man, woman and child in the land, that I'll not relate it here—and with the additional sentence—that, next day we were paroled, and disbanded by a thrilling speech from Bowen,—I'll strap down my knapsack and be ready for inspection next month.

THE LAST KING OF THE QUAPAWS.

THOUGH *your magazine* is devoted mainly to portraying scenes and incidents in the late contest for "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," in our now conquered territory, facts that go to point and adorn the pages of the future history to be written of the giant struggle that has terminated the life of the land we love, yet you may not be averse to engrave on its ever-living pages a record of other heroic deeds, enacted on this

same stage, but by a hero who passed to the happy hunting-grounds of his fathers long before the pale-faces imbrued their hands in fratricidal blood.

Taking it for granted that not alone do the deeds of the heroes of the "jacket so grey," find an echo from the pages of *our book* to the hearts of its people, but that even the aboriginal hero may share in the memory of departed glories, we give one or two inci-

dents in the life of the last sovereign that held sway in Arkansas.

These facts are not drawn from the imagination of the writer, but occurring only two generations since, can be attested by a number of our French creole citizens, (grand-children of the actors in the scene to be described) who, like their predecessors, seem fading out of our land with the advance of uncongenial civilization.

During the last century, more than one hundred and twenty-five years ago, was established the old Spanish fort on the first high lands that border the Arkansas river, about sixty miles above its mouth. The fort was built with the two-fold object of establishing and protecting the trading post attached, and to more fully secure the government claim to the territory from French encroachments from the upper Mississippi and the Illinois country. The vestiges of this fort can now be only doubtfully traced, but the village, subsequently the territorial capital of Arkansas, still bears the name of "Post" from its former military occupancy.

One tribe of Indians, the Quapaws, occupied three principal villages (now extensive cotton plantations) on the south side of the river, the fort being on the north and near the south-western extremity of the Grand Prairie that stretches its sterile length half across the State. It was the boast of this tribe that they had "never shed a white man's blood," and their uninterrupted friendship long outlasted the mild rule of their Andalusian neigh-

bors. The Quapaws readily assimilated with the whites, and learned to even excel them in the use of their own *fire-weapon*, and while the braves supplied the fort with wild meat and furs, the squaws kept up a brisk trade in hominy corn, beans and pumpkins. Though habitually a quiet and non-aggressive people, yet there had been for many years a bitter feud between them and the more savage nomad tribe of the Osages who hunted upon the upper or western part of the prairie. Fearing the sudden inroads of this savage tribe, there was a league (not the *red* league) of mutual defence and protection between the Spaniards and their red friends against the common enemy. The signal for danger threatening the "Post" was the firing of a cannon from the fort, when the Quapaws, who then numbered a thousand warriors, would rush to the aid of their beleaguered allies.

On the occasion referred to, the dreaded fresh-water pirate and robber, Clary, had taken advantage of the Indian summer, or autumn season, when the whites and Indians were off on their annual buffalo hunt high up on the prairie, to attack the defenceless Post. Ascending the Arkansas river in four large pirogues, he landed two miles below the fort, and at sun-rise marched his band of forty ruffians to attack the fort, and his approach was not discovered until he was in the village.

Don Carlos de Villemont, governor of the territory, had, some weeks previous, been ordered to New Orleans on business con-

nected with his office; he had not yet returned, though his family were anxiously anticipating his arrival.

No danger to the Post being anticipated from this direction, Clary found an easy prey, as there were only women and children to contest his entrance. A negro was thoughtful enough to fire the signal gun, but the frightened inhabitants could hope for no succor when they knew that their natural protectors and their tried and true friends were far beyond the reach of the echo of that loud-pealing gun. Clary, of course, sacked the fort and pillaged the town that surrounded it, treated the inhabitants with the greatest indignities; burning and destroying all plunder that he could not carry off. After spending some hours in the ill-starred town, his robber-crew retraced their way back to their boats, laden with booty. But Clary, not content with the spoils already secured, and knowing the heavy ransom that he could exact from the wealthy old Don, tore the ten year old daughter of Don Carlos from the arms of her agonized mother, and bore his shrieking captive after the receding gang of desperadoes.

There was the ear of one friend that the startling boom of that single cannon reached—one brave heart that bounded responsive to that one loud call for aid. At the time his tribe left for the hunt, their chief, old Sarasa, (pronounced Sar-a-saw,) was too unwell to accompany them, and at the time of the alarm, was the sole warrior left in his village.

Yet, the brave old knight, though he must have deemed that Wildcat and his Osage horde were then howling around the ill fated fort, hesitated not an instant, but seizing his rifle and tom-a-hawk, started to its relief—alone. He crossed the river and reached the fort an hour after Clary and his gang had left. He was at once surrounded by wailing women, each with her accumulated tale of insult, outrage and plunder; while *Clary's* hated name was on every lip—Clary! the ingrate who had but two Springs before, fought by his side against the Osages, and had been the welcome guest at Don Carlos' hospitable board.—The old man's form trembled with suppressed passion. And when the beautiful Donna Clara clung to him, and weeping, begged of him her child—Don Carlos' child—his stoical Indian impassiveness gave way. The child of his sworn friend in the hands of this robber gang; perhaps brained against a tree to suppress her cries! And he had sworn to Don Carlos that his wife and child should be under his special protection during his absence, and that he would be answerable with his life for their safety. Shaking the unmanly tears from eyes never before moistened, with a wild howl like a blood-hound, he started off on the track of the marauders.

Clary had, meanwhile, reached his boats, and with more delicacy than would have been credited to the desperado, who, during the past year, had made the "father of waters" ring with the story of his desperate daring, and his

ruthless murders, he had soothed the little maiden with strange tenderness of voice and manner and then placed her in the further end of his own boat and left her, to join in the drunken revel of his crew, who, elated with their bloodless victory, and the rich booty that lay piled around them, were swilling the Teneriffe and Oporto wines from the cellar of "the old Spaniard," and shouting ribald songs in the wild abandon of the hour.

But suddenly the song was hushed upon the lip—the cup stayed midway to the mouth—each ruffian form seemed stiffened as by a Medusa glance.

A stalwart form, that the leader and many in that band knew only too well, strode from the neighboring thicket, armed only with upraised tom-a-hawk, and passing through the very midst of the awe-struck band, without a glance on either hand, the eagle-eyed chief passed to the boat in which was seated Don Carlos' child, then giving the wild, long war-whoop of his tribe, he buried his hatchet to the handle in the prow of the pirogue, and gathering the little Inez in his arms, stalked back as he came through the paralyzed gang, and disappeared in the dense jungle.

As the form of the warrior disappeared, Clary sprang to his feet with the cry of, "*Sarasa! Sarasa!*" upon his lips, while his guilty imagination peopled the neighboring forest with the thousand braves that followed the lead of the dreaded chief. He deemed each second would ring with the crack of a thousand

rifles, that waited only to speak until the child was placed beyond danger. The dauntless act of one man had struck terror to the hearts of half a hundred.

Clary and his entire gang sprang into their boats and hastily pushing off from a shore that might deal out to them wholesale death at any instant, swiftly darted down the river, leaving the larger part of their booty strewn upon the shore.

Did ever ancient or modern hero, of Grecian Phalanx, or Roman Legion, or Knights of Arthur's "table round," or Napoleon's "Old Guard," or any wearer of *grey* or *blue* jacket of later times, do deed more worthy to be emblazoned on the scroll of fame, than this untaught, uncivilized son of the forest?

We may add here, by way of explanation, that the event described above happened about the close of the last century. And though the term "Spaniards" is used in connection with the then inhabitants of the Post, yet this is only intended to designate the Spanish supremacy in the territory, for the inhabitants at that time, and previously, were almost exclusively French or of French descent. De Villemont's wife was creole French, and many of his grand-children, as well as those of his immediate successor, (De Valliere, governor under the short French rule,) yet live in the vicinity.

I am tempted to give one other incident, of the many that tradition has handed down, of the chivalric deeds of this "noblest Roman of them all." The time

designated is some years prior to the former, when age had not dimmed the fire of his eye, nor weakened the warrior's arm.

Sarasa, wishing to put an end, by some decisive act, to the long standing feud with the Osages that was each year lessening the number of his tribe, sent a challenge to the Osage chiefs, proposing that the head chief of each tribe should select fifty warriors and meeting, by a fair fight with rifles, decide the long contested right to the buffalo hunting grounds.

The challenge was accepted, and each chief took, for his tribe, a solemn vow, in the presence of the Great Spirit, to abide by the issue of the contest.

This strange duel was fought on the tongue of land on which the town of Napoleon now stands, at the mouth of the Arkansas river. Each party were armed with rifles, and were the picked men of their respective tribes. They tossed up for position and the deadly fight commenced; not, perhaps, according to modern tactics; a loud huzza, a charge, a single volley and a rout, but in skirmish or bushwhacker style, each individual fighting "on his own hook:" from behind trees or logs would come the white puff of smoke, and the sharp crack of the deadly rifle would tell that some unwary enemy had exposed himself as a target for his lynx-eyed adversary. This style of combat necessarily prolonged the result, and seemingly could end but with extermination of one or the other party, as neither could judge of its own loss except by the lessening of its

ringing shots. The Osages fired with greater rapidity and without the cool deliberation and telling effect of the Quapaws. After the fight had progressed for about an hour, the firing ceased on the part of the Osages, and a flag of truce was raised. Sarasa at once ordered his men to suspend hostilities, and the two chiefs advanced to meet each other on half-way grounds. Wahalla, on the part of the Osages, announced his willingness to continue the fight, but said that his young men had expended all their powder. Sarasa caused all his men to come forward, had two blankets spread upon the ground and all the powder-horns emptied into two piles; then he requested the Osage to take choice, which being done, they resumed their places and the fight was renewed. Again the Osages, by their rapid and indiscriminate firing, exhausted their ammunition, and again their magnanimous adversary made an equal division.—Driven back step by step until having reached the bank of the river they could retire no farther; Wahalla being killed, the wounded and bleeding remnant of the Osages, surrendered to the victor, who aided in caring for their wounded, and though in accordance with Indian warfare, the lives of the survivors were forfeited, Sarasa released them with only the renewal of the pledge that they would abide by the former conditions of the conflict. But many an after fight between the tribes proved the treacherous perfidy of an Osage oath.

The parents of the writer immigrated to Arkansas more than

forty years ago, at a date subsequent to the purchase of the territory of Louisiana, from the French government, but a year or two prior to the extinguishment of the Indian title to the Arkansas lands. They obtained permission from *King Sarasa* to locate on his lands. Sarasa was, at this time, quite old, but, as the writer's mother adds: "His figure was erect, and his bearing that of one of nature's noblemen. I have always thought that I had never seen a countenance more expressive of true nobility of character, and one would not be in his presence without being impressed with this idea. He died a year or two previous to the removal of his tribe, by the United States authorities, and was buried on the place where I now live, then one of the villages of his tribe. I well remember when his tribe were about to take up their sad march to the far West, they nightly met around his grave, and with the piteous wail of '*Oh! chief come! Oh! chief come!*' they invoked his spirit to accompany them on their forced

pilgrimage toward the setting sun."

The writer's memory extends only back to a time when the Indians (*Quapaws* and *Choctaws*,) were no longer owners of the lands, yet roving bands were for years encamped around our fields, and he can truly say for them, that they were the most scrupulously truthful and honest people it has ever been his lot to live among. There never was an ear of corn, pumpkin or peach, taken without permission, though they were often suffering for the necessaries of life. Would that the same could be said for the "*free and accepted voters*" that now work upon the lands, once owned by our true and tried friends, the peaceful, inoffensive, yet brave and honorable people, who were considered too *degraded* for association with the whites, and also too *ignorant* to be allowed the elective franchise, and have consequently been removed from their once happy homes, and forced to live upon lands arbitrarily set apart for them by their self-constituted guardians.

ABOUT BIRDS.

EVERY body knows what a bird is, and most persons are even able to distinguish (within certain limits) one bird from another. But if we attempt to go beyond this, we find the depth of popular ignorance upon so familiar and useful a subject to be perfectly astonishing. Books relating to Ornithology, indeed, are very rare, except such as are far too expensive for general reading, or too cursory and incorrect to furnish any reliable and practical information; but birds, in great variety, are common enough, both in city and country, to afford ample opportunity to all, to study in some degree, by personal observation, their distinctive characters and peculiar habits, and there are few more delightful, and at the same time useful, ways of occupying the mind during its hours of relaxation. It is true, there is a difference of opinion about this. Many persons think that a man may be far better employed than in watching birds, and affect to regard a taste for Natural History, in any of its departments, as an indication of an impractical and visionary mind. Such were the views of Lord Chesterfield, for instance, who warns his son against wasting time in the pursuit of such trifling "gimcrack" investigations; and yet, where does Lord Chesterfield stand, for all his knowledge of the world and its ways, when compared with a Linnæus, a Cuvier, or an Audubon? The

fact is, that animated nature has ever presented a field of research, most attractive to the greatest intellects, and especially that department of it, now under consideration; the charming plumage, the exquisite musical powers, the wonderful instincts, and the great utility to man, of the denizens of the air, have always made them favorite objects of observation and study to those who feel themselves capable of appreciating the beauties and the marvels of creation. Solomon, the wisest of men, "spake of trees, from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall: he spake also, of beasts and of fowl;" and a Greater than Solomon thought it profitable for us to "consider the ravens," and "behold the fowls of the air." Poets of old were wont to draw their inspiration from the song of the nightingale and the eagle's powerful wing, and few in our own day have penned sweeter verses than Bryant's "Lines to a Waterfowl," or conceived a bolder and more expressive comparison than that in which he suggests to us the age of the hoary oaks,

—"The century-living crow
Whose birth was in their tops, grew
old and died."

All men, indeed, whether they acknowledge it or not, have a strong taste for Zoology, which caterers of public amusements have acknowledged, by uniting to every Circus-Exhibition a Menag-

erie of some sort or other. Crowds of people will gather around an eagle or an owl tied to a lamp-post, or stand gazing into a bird-fancier's window, while an acrolite or a strange fossil bone would not collect a corporal's guard.— Now it is just to a little exhibition of this character that the public are respectfully invited in this article. I am not going to bore them with details of geographical distribution, and generic or specific differences based upon the comparative length of tail-feathers, the number of toes, or the size and shape of upper and lower mandibles. I am just going to have a pleasant little familiar chat with anybody who will do me the favor to listen, about the looks and ways of birds in general and particularly of those well-known varieties which sing and flit among our shrubberies, meet us in all our excursions through the woods, or spread terror and destruction among our domestic poultry. As it will be a rambling sort of talk, no particular method or arrangement will be necessary, and I shall, therefore, begin with a word or two concerning that ghostly musician who is now, near midnight though it be, regaling my ears with his mournful, yet not unpleasing complaint, from every quarter of the moonlit woods without.

Everybody has heard the monotonous song of the "Chuck-Will's-Widow," or of his more mercurial cousin, the "Whip-Poor-Will," but very few have ever had the pleasure of a nearer acquaintance with either of them. They are the very gipsies of the

feathered race, keeping in close concealment all the day, and coming out from their retreats in decayed logs and tree-hollows, only when the veil of night is drawn across the sky. These birds are only summer visitors with us, arriving in this latitude ($33\frac{1}{2}$ deg. N.) about the middle of April.— The Whip-Poor-Will comes a week before his larger relative, but as he spends his summer farther north we hear him only for a night or two, as he stops to refresh himself between the stages of his weary journey. Frequently, as the evening air is ringing with his rapidly-repeated notes, some strong-winged Chuck-Willow, who is out on picket-duty in front of the advancing army of his fellows, sounds his solitary call; the next evening not a Whip-Poor-Will is to be heard, while hundreds of the new-comers are congratulating each other on every side upon the termination of their fatiguing march. These birds, together with their congener, the Night-Hawk, or "Bull-bat" are members of the family of *Caprimulginae* or Goat-suckers. Their huge mouths, however, were not designed to aid in any such thieving propensities as this slanderous name implies, but only to rid the earth of myriads of noxious insects, which form the sole food of this useful tribe.— Were it not for the havoc which they make among the grass-hoppers and those nocturnal insects, whose young, in the caterpillar state, commit such depredations in our gardens, we should probably find it useless to sow the seed of any succulent vegetable. Every

tyro of a gunner is familiar with the habits, colors and form of the Night-Hawk, which flies and feeds, indeed, more by day than night. The Whip-Poor-Will is larger and thicker, and more vivid in coloring. His back is an ash-grey, with black and whitish markings, while his wings are brown like a woodcock's body, slightly barred with white, and freely spotted with black. The under feathers of the tail are chiefly white, though only visible when it is expanded. In other respects, the birds are sufficiently alike for the former to give a pretty correct idea of the figure and general appearance of the latter.

The Chuck-Will's-Widow is much the largest of the three. It is almost as large as the newly-fledged pigeon, and closely resembles the wood-cock in its uniform brown coat. The head is enormous, painfully suggestive indeed, of chronic hydrocephalus, and altogether, this bird seems to approach more nearly, to the huge Goat-sucker, of Australia. The most striking fact about the whole family, however, is that the notes of almost every species resembles human language, and we are indebted to Sydney Smith for the remarkable and interesting discovery that they all *speak English!* A friend informs me, however, that while out soldiering in New Mexico, he was introduced to a hitherto unknown member of the clan, whom the natives regarded as a good Spanish scholar. The Night-Hawk, despite his name, rarely flies after the darkness has fairly set in; the Whip-Poor-Will is seldom on the

wing, except during the earlier hours of the night; but the Chuck-willow may be heard from early twilight until the grey dawn is passing into day. Through the long summer night, his mellow notes may be heard, except in wet or stormy weather, now in the distant thickets, and now from the tree which shades your window, making the darkness vocal with his melody. It is no easy matter, however, to obtain a sight of the musician. You may cautiously approach the limb on which he sits until his voice seems but a few feet from your ear; for a moment he is silent, and then you hear him mocking you from a different direction. If the bird is aware of your presence, he will flit in silence from his post, and pass within a few inches of your head as noiselessly as a wreath of smoke, and too rapidly to be distinguished in the gloom. But if you remain perfectly quiet, his mode of flight will be different, and as he changes his perch, you will hear loud and distinct flap-pings, like the regular clapping of the hands, and he may then alight in full view, affording you an easy opportunity of securing him. This peculiarity either escaped the close observation of Audubon, or he neglected to mention it, but I have been struck with it on many occasions, while studying the habits of the "Fairy of the Night."

All the birds of this family deposit two eggs on the bare ground, and the Chuck-willow, should these treasures be disturbed, at once removes them in its soft and capacious mouth, to a safer locality.

One other habit we may notice, as common to them all, and sufficiently striking to excite our interest; they never alight cross-wise upon a fence-rail or the limb of a tree. However large this support may be, the bird sits upon it length-wise, a habit evidently resulting from its short legs being set so far back that it is obliged to rest upon its breast.

From the Goatsucker we are naturally led to talk about the Owl, to which it bears in many points a striking affinity. What a shiver must have run through the nervous system of the accurate and methodical Audubon, when he found in Goldsmith's "Animated Nature," under caption of "The Sparrow Kind," that "the Goatsucker may be styled a nocturnal swallow; it is the largest of this kind, and is known by its tail, which is not forked, like that of the common swallow!" It is not likely that any of "The Sparrow Kind" would like to own the Owl for a relative, but we may safely follow Goldsmith's method so far as to say that he "may be known by his eyes." The Owls and Goatsuckers are by no means the only nocturnal birds which inhabit our woods. We shall find, in the course of our conversation, that the Woodcock is quite as much so, while the Mallard, the Canada or Common Wild Goose, and several species of Heron, feed as freely by night as by day. The habits of all these latter birds, however, may best be studied by the light of the sun, and when we have disposed of the Owls, we may give up our moonlight ram-

bles, as not likely to furnish any additional stores of ornithological information.

Among the *Strigineæ*—(that only means *Owls*; you must pardon, my dear reader, an occasional "dictionary" word)—there are no less than six different genera, embracing fourteen distinct species, incident to the United States. Perhaps some adventurous exploring-party may rummage out some additions to the list, among the icy forests of Alaska, but you will doubtless agree with me that we have now on hand a number quite sufficient for our present purposes. Of these varieties, there are some which are confined to particular localities, where they are found in great abundance; others are rare, even in the few and secluded spots where only they have been observed, and the rest are but too common everywhere. The Great Cinereous Owl, for instance, the largest known to this continent, frequents only the extreme Northern States and Territories. The funny little Burrowing Owl is well known to all who have traveled over the great plains of the Far West.—There he lives on the most sociable terms with the Prairie-dog and the Rattlesnake, inhabiting with them those strange subterranean cities which honey-comb the flat surface of the country. These rather discordant elements in the population, sometimes come in collision with each other, perhaps on account of political disagreements. The Owl yields to temptation, and makes a breakfast of a nest of young Marmots, and the Rattlesnake metes out poetical

justice by taking the owl for his ever, which are common all over supper. There are at least seven the Southern States. en of the great-eyed family, how-

WOMEN, AND THE LIVES OF WOMEN.

BY MARY W. LOUGHBOROUGH.

SOME months since, in our National Capitol, one of our Congressmen arose, and before the assemblage in the Congressional Hall, and in hearing of all of our countrymen, spoke upon female suffrage. This is the substance of what he said, I have it from one of the journals of the day. That women enjoyed the deeds of Jack Murrell, that they had a taste for highwaymen, preferring them to honest husbands. That after marriage, the life of a woman was devoted to playing "namby pamby." Then, the gentleman touched upon the weaknesses of mind pertaining to women. He also touched upon a weakness for drink among the sex whom he knew. Then he soothed all smarts by a reference to bright eyes, and red lips. This speech occupied two or three columns of a leading journal. It was intended, perhaps, as a complimentary effort in behalf of woman's suffrage, perhaps, it was not so intended; those who read it will share the doubt with me.

I refer to it for this reason, because I have known the beauty of

a pure and earnest woman's life, because I wish to bring the query to some minds. Are women of the day so heartless; are they so vain and frivolous in society and private life, that, before the body of august law givers in our land, not one arose to gainsay the words of this Congressman?

Did no true, manly soul shrink as there was dragged down before him, in sweeping assertion, this character of sweet womanhood, of wife, mothers, and daughters? No one answered in defence, and had none cause? Is there so little earnestness in the age, that flippant words from one high in position, spoken before the whole land, and rending the beauty from our hearts and hearth-stones, found no reproof or rebuke from the grave men before him? To what are we passing? A century ago, would men have remained so passive as sneer after sneer was aimed at the matrons, and "Ladies" of their lives and homes? But a few years have passed since the patience and endurance of woman was so tried, night and day, beside mangled

forms and suffering, agonized souls. Is it possible that the unwritten deeds, and the self-sacrifices of these women of America, have passed from the minds of those with whom they suffered.

In this day has there been no manly heart turned in sympathy to the castle at Trieste, where the courageous young Empress of Mexico is still partly oblivious of her great sorrow? Does not our eye kindle as we read with what heroism she followed her husband to the wild, strange country he sought to govern? In imagination, no doubt, this young creature, garlanded and beautified all his youthful plans for fame and power, with a woman's delicate shade and color of fancy. She would have benevolence for the people: appreciative sympathy for the poor and needy; and for those in power, friends and enemies alike, kind words and a true woman's gentle influence for the right, for peace and harmony.— Gradually events closed and darkened around the young husband; the realities of the Mexican character dawned upon him—as it has upon many a Mexican ruler in days gone by—close by his side stood his graceful and dauntless young wife, striving still to smooth all asperities; hoping still for peace and order, and proving his most faithful and trusted friend. She left his side to labor and strive to gain means and troops for his relief. When her own means failed, which she would have laid at his feet, when courage, influence and the might of her great love failed, her brain burning under its weight of

plans and disappointments, under the pressure of his extreme emergency, and her own powerlessness to save: then her mind wavered, darkened, the tense cord was shattered; and Carlotta of Mexico became alike oblivious to trial and sorrow. And can *one* man be found to sneer at the name of this woman of the present who will pass down in history as an example of a wife, and woman's devotion? Is this a woman who would make "frizetts and new bonnets her study?" This woman was born to luxury and wealth, yet when she found work awaiting her in the present, she drew off her tiny gloves, and earnestly grasped with her fair hands the labor which came to her, a labor of heart and of mind. She strove with all her strength to bring order from chaos.

The journals of the day teem with suggestions to woman. I find them warned, cajoled, and threatened by various writers.— But, O, how few give earnest, comforting words to those who strive! Man is powerful, self-sustained, rich in intellect and culture, the one most fitting to hold by the hand, and elevate by word and example, the delicate being God has placed by his side; the fitting one to whom a woman should cling; and if true, noble and earnest in life, worthy of the great love of an earnest woman's heart: yes, truly worthy of her sacrifices, her sufferings, and, if need be, of her willing death for him.

But, alas! so few are worthy; so few heed or appreciate their great power and influence; so few

there are who seek to elevate to a true womanhood, the frivolity and lightness they condemn. I know a little girl who believes that to be worthy of the love of her friends she must be sincere, pure in spirit, seeking always to cultivate heart and mind, giving her choicest endeavor, her kindest words and most loving deeds, in return for parental care and devotion. Will her father be happier, if, when she enters society, she is told her eyes are stars, and are worth a life's devotion? Will his home be brighter, if flattery and light words do their work, and she come to believe that bright eyes and a rosy lip entitle her to great consideration at home and abroad? that loving deeds go for naught, "and that beauty is omnipotent?" I have heard gentlemen in society say this. I have seen young girls, innocent and gentle, enter the world unconscious alike of adulation and conquest, yet, after one winter of visitors and gayety, proceeding to use their eyes and smile in an airy, coquettish way, that has made my heart ache for their future. I do insist that some one is to blame for man's influence in society—an influence which can cause the life of an artless young girl to become a wreck of vanity and heartlessness.

And so I hold that if our Congressman's words are worth saying at all, why not let them be earnest and true, that as they flash over the land, they may bear a noble influence to every home and lead some faltering soul to a loftier life than the fickle, flippant one he pictures. But few

true women are anxious to appear at the polls, and take part in public affairs; but every woman, through the influence of noble truths that come to her from other minds, is capable of better and higher purposes. Not many women clamor for what is called Woman's Rights; few who desire a voice at the ballot-box. Yet, in this day, when an inferior race is receiving the utmost consideration, it ill becomes Americans in our Congressional Hall, and before the people at large, to say all manner of evil of the women of their race and blood, while striving to elevate in another race, inferiority, repulsiveness and mediocrity to the highest places in the land. Think with what little encouragement some of our women press patiently on in the earnest work of self-cultivation; sacrifice and labor alike borne cheerfully. Yet the weary mind will falter at times, and the resolute eye become dim with tears, for life is so hard to some, so very hard. At such times how welcome come strong, cheering words, how grateful appreciative sympathy.—And can one be strengthened above the bitterness of trial at such times, in reading jeering words of sarcasm upon woman's poor endeavor, and satirical sneers for her weaknesses.

All that is gained in these life-struggles, all of discipline and attainment, is given gladly at length to husband and children; whom she loves, a woman will serve unto death. And will the influence of men, prominent in the land, be used to cast contempt upon the failures and short com-

ings of that sorely tried and sensitive repository of much that is best in our nature—a woman's heart? Will the journals of the day join to ridicule and sneer, as some little effort is made to lift our souls above what is light and heartless in our day? In every strife for the good, there still may be mingled with much chaff, fair and beautiful wheat. Yet, we are told, as we read the speech of the "President" of the "Sorosis"—with its plans and aspirations of benefit to our race, we are told that "women are so light, so vain, that all that is noble in their purpose, will be perverted and, *whim* and flippancy prevail." Rather let us hear "all who aspire to a higher culture, all who believe in, and desire the soul's true elevation, look upward! and we will assist the weak hands and faint hearts." This would, indeed, be true manhood, to reverence the ardent desire of women for purer aims, and nobler lives. Let men add their strength to support them, and the lives of women would become more earnest, their cultivation more complete. Gratitude would take the place of antagonism, and our land would be famed as Rome of old, for her earnest and dignified men, her women of sincere and lofty lives, who would cheer and uphold the arms of American sires and sons in exalted honor and noble deeds.

How many pale women in the land toil patiently on. The hope and beauty of youth gone from them, the necessary labor of life dwarfing out all ideality, and their obscurity of position check-

ing all intercourse of mind, these women, regardless of the years that are slipping away, offer up daily, their best of heart and life to the children that gather around them. One channel of diversion reaches them, the journals of the day. How to their hearts would flash true words of praise for the sacrifices of women, how then would their souls be lighted up, gaining new strength for life's struggles, when told, "you are battling in a noble cause. Your life is earnest and true. You are God sent, and the souls you suffer for, are portions given you of an immortal nature, and they will gather by your side in the last day, made pure and regenerate, made glorious by your earthly discipline." Hoping for this future, what woman in the land would not bravely take up her burden and move cheerfully onward. Ah! it is the need of a lofty character upon whom to lean for words of advice and cheer; it is the need of an eye looking down into our souls, and amid the vain and restless depths, discerning its inherent nobility, its longing for the good and the true, lying deep in every God given soul and bidding us then arise and awaken to life and to action.

I know a young girl refined, highly cultivated, with the accomplishments of the best society. Yet she has gone to her home and plantation in the South, to take up practically a labor of love. The negro houses are all empty; the kitchen sometimes supplied with a cook, sometimes without, a weary over-burdened mother to cheer and assist, a father care-worn and

smarting under reverses, great affliction, loss of property, and bitter injustice. Yet this young girl said to a friend looking cheerfully up: "all that I can do I will. Give me your prayer, for I will find eminent work for brain, heart and hands. But oh, do not pity me or speak one desponding word—for then, indeed, I would meet my cares as an army, and be overwhelmed."

Would that every sentence that came to her in book, or journal, spoke lofty words of courage to the true heart, that must strengthen and sustain all around her, and while battling with affluent memories, live in the bleak and stern present.

Sometimes in reading the positive assertions that are brought to bear upon the question of woman's frivolty, inanity and heartlessness, I wonder if men sincerely believe that this inferiority and weakness of character belong to all women and is entirely feminine. What then can the ladies of the lives of such men have been beginning with the mothers and then with all feminine influence, which may have been near and about them. Can it be possible that no sincere and noble thought of woman has appealed to their intellect, no patient forbearance, no calm endurance of trial has ever won their admiration and respect? Then indeed are they worthy the commiseration of those whom they deride.

Can we, even in this day, suppose that such opinions found place in the mind of Rudolph Von der Wart. Can we believe that his heroic wife would have

dared Austrian bayonets, would have been dragged from the wheel where he lay crushed and bleeding, but to persistently return in the face of her husband's foes, had that husband in brighter days held her lightly, had he even given her an inferior place in his heart? If she had been thought by him unworthy of any great trust, would her character have been so formed that, in his utmost need, she would have so fulfilled that trust, and been found so worthy of his love, she kneeling on the wheel by his side, his noble comforter, and when the foam of agony gathered on his lips, descending, and with her tiny slipper filled with water, climbing again to his side, to refresh and moisten his forehead, mouth and throat. By this we know, that in happier days, she must have been an honored wife, sustained in all her brightest and purest aspirations by her true husband. With such a woman by his side, would he have been the man to sneer and consider all women as frivolous. No—and she proved her high mission to this soul so loved, when Von Landenberg, the Austrian, said, "cease to trouble her, such fidelity is not found on earth—angels in heaven must rejoice at it." Another said: "Your name shall be mentioned with glory among the saints in Heaven, for this world will forget it. Be faithful unto death, and God will give you the crown of life."

She speaks of the wheel upon which her whole world reposed: "I beseech you to leave me," he cried. "When day breaks should

you be found here, what would be your fate?" "I will die with you! 'Tis for that I come, and no power shall force me from you," said I, "and spread out my arms over him, and implored God for my Rudolph's death." Then, crouching by his side, she spread her cloak, throughout the storm, upon his naked and broken limbs; and through his agony, in her prayers, he found refreshment and consolation.

Then, with his last breath, he said with a smile, "Gertrude, this is fidelity 'till death." Ah! are many found among men to-day deserving so true and earnest a test of woman's noble love and faithfulness?

How often we hear of woman's vanity, her love of jewels and gaudy attire. It is not alone among Frenchmen, crabbéd and cynical, that women are thought devoted to dress and display. Yet how much of thought and time did Prince Esterhazy spend upon his famous diamond plume. His passion for diamonds and jewels was intense, and we know but little of him beyond his jewels. But we have yet to learn that the brilliant gleam of diamonds on the stately brow of Maria Theresa of Austria cost her a thought, or weakened the courage of her brave and warlike brain. Her jewels were almost priceless, her velvet and satin robes of great number and richness, yet never did the lustre of satin folds shimmer over the throbbings of a loftier heart.

Dr. Johnson, a name which should be high authority with the gentlemen of our day, speaks of

Flora McDonald's as a name that will be mentioned in history, and if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honor. Has the day arrived when courage and fidelity have ceased to be virtues? The heroic Mrs. Howe has received nothing but a passing notice, while lesser deeds have had golden medals struck in commemoration. We are told that the ship, Ellen Southard, arrived at the port of San Francisco. A schooner discovered her eighty miles out at sea, and flying a flag of distress. On going to her assistance, she was found in command of Mrs. Howe, widow of the captain who had died when the vessel was but a few days out from Hong-Kong.

The ship was short of water, and the crew and Chinamen in a state of mutiny. Mrs. Howe sent a message to the consignees to send a tug out to tow the ship into port. But no efforts were made to rescue this brave woman. And in her peril, with the mutinous crew around her, the ship drifted on in the Bay of Santa Cruz.—Worn out with watching over her husband's death bed, and in her deep affliction, she had still taken charge of the ship, and worked night and day to save it. Now her life was threatened by the mutineers, and she was obliged to stand her watch with a revolver in her hand. She was found by the United States ship, "Wyanda," and the officer was melted to tears as he heard of her trials and witnessed her complete prostration as she gave up her post. She did her duty, as every true woman will do—finding her responsi-

bilities and good works where her hands labor—not always in society, not always with her books, and not always in her kitchen, but with an oversight for her entire household; to be much and often with her husband, sharing his thoughts, his cares and pleasures in a true companionship, and often with her children, seeing, with a keen eye, that needful wants are supplied, physical and mental. Thus giving to husband and children all her advantages of culture and education. Talking with them upon history and science, diluted and simplified for the children, and presented with a charm which hovers around a woman of culture and intuition, so that the words will dwell in their young minds, and there be formed a desire for information, that welcomes each study with eagerness, as it is presented in after life.

Those, without the binding tie of wife and mother, should read and study much. Even the school

books, which are thrown by, could be reviewed. I would have them go much into the society of trained and cultivated minds.—Remembering always that light words, without the sparkle of thought, are worthless, and sometimes dangerous, and that actions, which are wanting in the subtle and delicate grace which appeals to the refined mind, are always repulsive, vapid or trifling.

Men do not think it best for us to vote. Whether it be best for society and our country—I cannot yet see clearly—time will evolve the problem. But this we know: it is best for American women to be clothed with honor and dignity by our public men; and it is not best to rend from true womanhood its purity and pride—presenting it ghastly in faults and defects, and calling an indignant blush to the cheek of every true American—causing the Foreigner to smile derisively and say: “Women are all alike.”

ALICE.

BY J. AUGUSTINE SIGNAIGO.

God bless my lovely Alice,
With roguish, laughing eyes,
As pure as is the chalice
That emblems Paradise;
A world of beauty's peeping
Along her sunny smile,
God hold her in His keeping,
God bless her all the while.

God bless my pretty starling
With locks of auburn hair,
The sweetest little darling,
A blessing everywhere.
She seems an angel given
To make the earth rejoice,
Like strains that come from Heaven
Is music of her voice.

God bless my precious treasure,
Oh! she's as dear to me
As is to saints the pleasure
In Paradise to be.
There's not in cot or palace,
So free from arts and guiles,
An angel like sweet Alice
To light the world with smiles.

God give her then His blessing,
And all her joys be His,
May every breeze caressing
Still waft her more of bliss;
Keep her from wiles of malice
And free from arts of guile,
God bless my darling Alice,
God bless her all the while.

THE HAVERSACK.

THE two anecdotes below come from Auburn, Arkansas, and are sent by the author of the sketch of Gen. Cleburne, which Mr. E. A. Pollard *Butlerized* out of our magazine:

Could we induce Capt. J. T— (now of Memphis, Tenn., but formerly of the 1st Louisiana infantry) to tell through the Haversack, a few of the good things that he relates so inimitably, we should not risk his displeasure by spoiling his ludicrous yarns in the telling and by making him a hero without his consent. But if we can bring a smile to the care worn face of our poverty-stricken ex-reb, who might, without this antidote, have been vacillating between hemp and arsenic; the Captain should consent to be the victim.

Every body in Gen. Bragg's "Army of Tennessee" knew his most efficient Chief of Ordnance, Col. Olladowski, as irascible and profane, as he was energetic and skillful in his department. Few officers that met him in the way of his duties that did not have to submit to a tirade of his "inverted blessings" such as would have done credit to the "army in Flanders." But with all, he was a most devout Catholic, attending most rigidly to all the outward forms of church duty.

While the army occupied the vicinity of Tullahoma, Tennessee, Captain T—, wearing a very flashy flannel shirt, entered the office of the old Polish Chief of

Ordnance. The Colonel's wardrobe being rather scant, his eye was at once taken with the Captain's gay colored under-garment, and, without other greeting, asked, "Where you get dat shirt?" (The reader can add a double oath at the beginning and close of each sentence by the Colonel, which we omit.)

The Captain replied with careless air; "Oh, just down the street."

Colonel. (excitedly.) You buy dis lovely shirt in dis dirty town? How much you give for him? Is ze man have any more like him? I have but dis one shirt to mine body, and him full of bugs.

Captain. Well, I bought it of a sutler that has just come through the lines. He is selling off dirt cheap—only *five* in Confed. He had a good many, but they are going like hot cakes, and you had better hurry or you will be too late. Go to the old store-house adjoining the office of Maj. B—.

Colonel (wildly.) Only five tollar in dis rag-trash! I vil buy one dozen shirt for mine body!—Tunder and blazes! get out mine way!

Captain. Remember the old store this side Maj. B's. office, and don't let those fellows fasten the door on you.

As the Colonel's portly form disappeared round the corner, in hot haste, toward this new shirt emporium, the Captain's face expanded into a broad grin that in-

timated the bait swallowed and the sell complete.

When the excited Colonel reached the building indicated, he found, sure enough, the door closed. Of course this was done, as the Captain had intimated, by the boys, to prevent competition in their good bargains. With a loud oath, the indignant Colonel kicked the door from its fastenings, and with an added volley of execrations he rushed in. "Vere is dem shirt? By gar, I vill have de five tollar shirt!"

Being greeted with only the profoundest silence, he looked round, when, what was his shame, his holy horror, as he saw only kneeling forms, the robed Priest in the centre, holding on high the sacred chalice. He had been shamefully inveigled to commit sacrilege against the Holy Mother Church, by forcibly entering where was being celebrated evening mass. Devoutly crossing himself, and uttering a heartfelt "*mea culpa*," the bowed form of the abashed Colonel passed out. When once on the street, he started at a double-quick, with drawn sword, to wreak the most summary vengeance on the "perfidious Frenchman," who, it is needless to say, had taken the best care to make himself as scarce as possible.

We must make Captain T— again a victim, though against our inclination, yet only (as during the war, he or I may have done with some innocent and unsuspecting pullet) to fill the *Haversack*.

During the first year of the

war, the 1st Louisiana infantry was stationed at Pensacola, and I think Capt. T— was acting on the Staff of Brig. Gen. Adams, then commanding the post.

Late one evening, Gen. Adams had strolled down on the beach alone, and there found one of those immense mortar shells half buried in the sand and unexploded, that had been thrown at the fort some-time previous, from one of the enemy's vessels then blockading the harbor. He seated himself cross-legged on the sand, and taking the murderous looking missile between his knees, proceeded, with the utmost care, to the dangerous task of taking out the fuse with his pocket-knife. It was a ticklish job, as the friction produced in his efforts might ignite the fuse and explode the shell. But the General, stimulated by his curiosity to explore the interior mysteries of the huge projectile, labored long and tremblingly. At last the point containing the fuse began to turn, and—Fiz! iz! z! z! ziz! ziz! went the treacherous bomb, and the General, performing two or three back somersaults more rapid than graceful, landed on his face a dozen paces distant, and with extended arms and legs, awaited the awful explosion.

One minute, two minutes, that seemed an age, passed and still no explosion. He raised his head and looking back saw the shell as he had dropped it. Raising himself on his hands and knees, his first impulse was to look round if any straggler had been witness of his ungraceful stampe. His eye was caught by a long-legged figure streaking it

across the beach. It was that "inveterate rascal and ventriloquist, Capt. T——." He had been completely sold, and the Captain was making good his escape. Hastily drawing his revolver from his belt, he continued firing at the retreating figure until his pistol was empty, and the Captain had disappeared within the fort.

W. F. D.

From Grenada, Mississippi, we get an account of an unsuccessful ruse practiced upon our Northern brethren:

During the battle of New Hope Church, we had taken possession of a farm house, where were some provisions. The family having abandoned the property, we confiscated it according to Sherman's theory of war, that abandoned property belonged of right to the party taking possession. We determined to make an obstinate stand against the Irish and Dutch savers of the life of the nation, until a good meal was prepared. So, some of us went to cooking and the rest fought for the house. The dinner was almost ready and we thought that a king might have envied our good things, when the aforesaid savers of the life of the nation pressed us so closely, that there was danger of losing our rations. Just then, D. C. Holliday, of Co. E., — Mississippi regiment, hit upon a plan to gain time. He put on an old woman's clothes, cap and all, and amidst the hottest of the fire, went out and cried, "what do you mean by shooting at us women folks? some of us will get

hurt." But our gallant foes were no "respector of persons," and Holliday got a ball in his face, which brought him to the ground. Rising up immediately, he cried out to me,

"Bob, I want you to kill that damned Yankee, who *shot at a woman!*"

Holliday missed his dinner, but he got a scar in his face which he still carries.

We have received from Norfolk, Va., an anecdote of New England patriotism, which is about on a par with that of the Missouri dentist:

We received freight this last year from a Yankee captain of a coaster, a regular Cape Cod Salt, large in size, fat, hearty, hale, with round, red, greasy face. A jovial fellow withal, who, when he laughed, might be said "to laugh all over."

After business was transacted, he began to talk on various subjects, and of course the inevitable war came up. "Waal now" said he, "you all hadn't orter gone outen the Union. You orter to have staid there and stuck to the dear old flag, and we would have come to your help. But when you done what you hadn't orter done, we had to leave you and fight for the life of the nation."

I thought from his manner that he was only talking for effect, and so I asked him, "did you fight for the old flag?" He replied, "waal, yes, I did, and *was killed at the battle of Gettysburg.*" I inquired how was that; "Waal now, you see, I'll tell you how it

was. One day, during the war, I was to hum with my scunner (schooner.) I went to dinner and found a great row going on. Wife was crying, children squalling, and a muss generally. I inquired what it all meant, and all the brats broke out, 'Daddy's drafted, Daddy's drafted!' Waal, I told them just to hush up, I wasn't such er fool as to go into the army to get killed. So I went eout to fix it up, and I hadn't gone far before I met a Dutchman, and I said to him, 'my friend, how long have you been in this country?' He answered, 'I ish jist koom.' Then I asked him 'would you like to go to the army.' He answered, 'how much ish you pay?' I gave him \$800 and *my name*. We went together to the Provost Marshal, he enlisted in my name, went to the war and was killed at Gettysburg. So I am enrolled among the heroes, who fell at that great battle, and a grateful country has erected a monument to my memory. *That's the way I got killed at Gettysburg.*"

"What did you do after your decease?" I inquired.

"Waal, neow," said he, "after I got my Dutchman off to the war, I took my scunner and made a run down to Galveston, and from there took a load of passengers over to the Rio Grande (I'm not going to tell yeou who they wore.) I got \$70 in gold for each passenger. Waal then, I took a load of cotton (I'll not tell yeou where it was) and put out for Liverpool. I made a good thing eouten that job."

"One day, I was standing on

the deck of my scunner, when a chap comes aboard and says to me, 'be you the captain of this craft?' and says I, 'I be.' And then we began to talk, and he asked me how long I had been in the trade, and abeout a little of every thing. Then he went away, and he came back again the next day, and we fell to talking again, and he says to me, says he, 'heow would yeou like to command a nice blockade runner? We have the nicest kind of a craft, nearly ready, and we hope to make a good thing of it.'— 'Waal' says I, 'I wouldn't mind it much, *if it weould pay.*' Then says he to me, says he, 'it pays well.' So he kerried me to the owners, and they kerried me to the blockade-runner, a regular beauty! I tell yeou. And they asked me what I'd take to run her. I told them \$500 in gold for pin money, and one-fourth profits. So they agreed to it and I went into the blockade line.— Waal, I made nine trips to Charleston, Wilmington and Galveston, and never got a scratch. I kerried many a passenger to yeour so-called Confederacy, (I'll not tell yeou, who they were) and some passengers eouten it." I suggested to him that among the latter was, probably, the man who killed him at Gettysburg. "That meout be, for them gwine eout seemed to have troubled consciences and wanted to get away." I asked him how he came out.

"Waal, I made right smart. My share was \$170,000. I did lose a big pile in petroleum arterwards, but I've right smart in the Bank yet."

The story of our Norfolk friend suggests that, but for the Blockade, the South might have won New England to her side. With open ports, had she revived the slave-trade, the descendants of the old slavers would have whitened her coasts with the sails of their "scunners."

Carrollton, Missouri, sends an anecdote, which we take the liberty to alter in one particular:

In the spring of 1864, our army under Price, was in Arkansas, and on very short rations. A faithful and beloved Chaplain, the Rev. Mr. M——, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, was trying to turn every discouraging circumstance to our spiritual advantage. One Sunday morning he was preaching one of his most thrilling and eloquent sermons, and as appropriate to our condition, was telling how the persecuted and hungry Elijah was fed in the wilderness by ravens, which brought him food.

Old Jimmy—a brave, true soldier, was listening with his mouth open, but somewhat spoilt the solemnity of the occasion, by muttering,

"I wish we had them birds for Commissaries now!"

It is said that General Price, who invariably attended Divine service, dropped his head and covered his face with his hands. The services terminated abruptly.

From Mobile, Ala., we get an account of the bellicose qualities of certain Staff Officers, who belonged to the non-combatant department of the service:

After the capture of Fort Gaines, Ala., the Quarter-Master of — Alabama regiment was assigned to that valiant branch of the service, yecept the cavalry, and tramped extensively around Georgia while Gen. Hood was tramping to Nashville and—back again. The said Q. M. was true to his old trade, and did not hunt up—a fight, however much he may have hunted up provender and other "fixings." On one occasion, he was riding with the Lieut. Colonel in grand style, at the head of the regiment, when an unreflecting Yankee, in the far distance, fired off a gun, which struck, with a spent ball, a man in the ranks without hurting him, however. This was too much for the man of provender and abstracts, and he retired from the field of honor with a rapidity that was somewhat inconsistent with dignity. After every thing was quiet, the Lieut. Colonel called up a negro named John and asked him about the Quartermaster.

John. Bless de Lord, he done limber to de rear, when dat Yankee shoot he gun.

Lt. Col. Did he say anything to you, John?

John. Why, Masser Col., he did say something, which sound like "Yankees, John, Yankees, John." But he ride so fast dat he voice sound like de steam whistle a blowin'.

Lt. Col. Where's the Quarter-Master Sergeant's man, Abney?

John. De print of he nose is jist behind de mud sill of dat log cabin. He lie close to de ground, sartain shore.

Lt. Col. Where's the Doctor?

John. He hug dat pine tree so tight dat de rosum come out and stuck him fast. He can't get 'way, Masser Colonel.

Just then the three delinquents made their appearance, and John, fearing that he might have to render an account of his stewardship, thought it prudent to follow their illustrious example and "limber to the rear."

D. V.

But for that unfortunate spent ball, these three gentlemen would have made admirable historians of the war, and could have sat in judgment with grace and dignity upon the qualifications of all the Confederate officers, from General Lee down to the youngest lieutenant. But that spent ball spoiled their fitness to discourse eloquently of the war. To write graphically, impartially and truthfully, the historian of the "Lost Cause" must never have seen a battlefield or heard the whistle of even a spent ball!

The Lieut. Colonel (W. F. M.) tells the foregoing story on Capt. V.—the Quarter-master, but the Captain retaliates with a hard yarn upon the Lieut. Colonel.—He was remarkably handsome and had made many conquests in Cupid's department, of which he was not a little proud. He was equally devoted to country and city Misses, and equally gratified by their admiration. Once, when passing through a little town in Northern Georgia, a large number of young ladies were gathered in the porch of a vine-covered cottage to see the soldier boys.—On seeing the Band they went

into ecstasies over it, and called loudly for some music. Our war-like Captain and Quarter-master was, as usual, at the head of the regiment with the Colonel, when there was no danger abroad: yea, he was a few yards in advance, (the Yankees were behind.) The valiant Quarter-master called the attention of the Colonel to the ladies, and he ordered Professor Fayes, of the Band, to strike up. After playing a few tunes, we went into camp a short distance from the house. The beauty of the girls had made quite an impression upon the Colonel, (W. F. M.,) and he fancied that his own fine appearance, stars on his collar, and the magnificent flowing beard had made a corresponding impression upon the prettiest in the crowd, whom we shall call Miss C. So he returned that night to the house, and it was the good fortune of the Quarter-master to hear the young ladies discuss the question as to who was in command.

Miss A. I wonder if that young fellow, who rode the big horse, was the colonel of the regiment?

Miss B. Oh no, that other man with the long whiskers is the colonel. I saw the stars on the collar of his coat.

Pretty Miss C. Pshaw! he ain't the colonel. He's a pretty looking fellow to command a regiment. He's nothing but the corporal of the Band!

D. V.

A young lady sends us an anecdote from Independence, Missouri, which recalls a similar one of the first battle of Manassas. We

will relate the first in order of time, as it was then told, but whether true or untrue, we will not attempt to decide:

A lot of Yankee wounded had been collected off the field, and were placed at a convenient point to receive the attention of the Confederate surgeons. They were moaning and groaning a great deal, and one of Wheat's celebrated Louisiana Tigers was looking on, his lips curling with scorn at the want of patience and fortitude evinced by the "savers of the life of the nation." One of the wounded was particularly fussy, and implored some benevolent individual to kill him and put him out of his misery. "Will no one take pity on me, kill me and relieve me of this dreadful suffering?" The appeal was too much for the sensibility of the compassionate Tiger. He drew out his Bowie knife, and with one skillful blow took off the head of the sufferer. Then bowing low to the rest of the wounded, he blandly inquired, "Can I accommodate any more of you, gentlemen?" No more of them wished to be *accommodated*!

But to the Independence anecdote from our fair correspondent: It chanced, during the late war, that the Federals were victorious in a battle at this place, not however, without some loss on their side in killed and wounded.

As usual, there was a good deal of spite to be taken out upon us poor unfortunate females of the rebel persuasion, who were left in the town. With a view of inflicting a severe punishment upon us, by imposing a supposed disagreeable task, a Federal officer called upon a party of young ladies, and very sternly ordered them to make shrouds for the Federal dead, adding, "if you fail to obey the order, you must suffer the penalty of disobedience." One of the young ladies advanced and said: "I am sure, Colonel, we will take great pleasure in obeying your command, and would but be too happy to accommodate your whole regiment in the same way." B. S.

We feel sure that every polite and gentle lady, at the South, would willingly accommodate the loyal Fetich in the same way.

A kind and obliging friend sends us, from St. Louis, Mo., the anecdote below:

After the battle of Springfield, Missouri, a regiment of Missouri troops were ordered, much against their inclination, to exchange their shot guns for the muskets captured from the Yankees. One long, lank, leatherly backwoodsman was specially obdurate, but at length consented to obey orders and accept the "single barrel." But nothing could induce him to take the bayonet: "it's bothersome to tote and I can't see the good ov it." Col. P. explained the use of it, and tried to prevail on the obstinate man to keep it. He took the musket, stuck on the bayonet and jobbed away with it experimentally and then drawled out: "Well, Colonel, ef its orders, I 'spose I'se 'bleeged to kerry the stickin' thing. But all them Yankees is Dutch, and if one of them Dutch gits close enough to stick

me with one ov them things and he don't run, *I will.*"

J. A. W.

We would like to get one authentic incident of the use of the bayonet. Gen. Hancock made a "real bayonet charge" at Williamsburg, but no rebel saw it. Mr. E. A. Pollard tells how Yankees were bayoneted at Seven Pines, but no Confederate soldier there witnessed anything of the kind.

Mike D—, a stalwart and jolly son of the Emerald Isle, living at C—, Mo., had long desired to vote, but was afraid to try to register, as it was well known that he was a Democrat, and no loyal Registrar will enroll one of that persuasion in "free Missouri." Just before the registration day, Mike came out, to the astonishment and disgust of his friends and the delight of the "trooly loil," in favor of "nager aquali-

ty." He forestalled all argument by declaring that he was ready and willing to "bate any mon in Pike county, who daffered in opinion" with him. He was, of course, registered without difficulty, and his vote being now secure beyond all peradventure, he deigned to explain what he meant by negro equality. "What I mane by nager aquality is this, d'ye mind, that one nager is aqual to another nager, and I'll whale any mon that says he's any betther!"

J. A. W.

It was certainly a Yankee who said that the difficulty in getting President Johnson out of the Presidential chair arose from the fact that he went into it *tight*: but it remained for an old reb to discover that Ben Butler's eye and a damaged musket would each stay *cocked* till the *dog* wore out.

J. A. W.

EDITORIAL.

GOD has been pleased to give abundant crops to every portion of the oppressed South. The loyal men of the loyal North are displeased with Him for His want of loyalty in thus showering blessings upon rebels. They had sent down Foreign emissaries and Western troops, who had burned our cities, towns, villages, hamlets, churches, colleges, academies, court-houses, barns, mills, cotton-gins, cribs, smoke-houses

and private residences: who had cut the levees of rivers, and desolated vast sections with destructive floods: who had torn up railroads and destroyed engines and cars: who had cut down and trampled under foot the growing crops in the field: who had carried off horses, hogs and cattle, or shot them down, lest rebels should use them: who had taken special pains to destroy plows, hoes, axes, shovels and spades

and all implements of husbandry: who had burned fences in the row, so that wild hogs might devour the little left in the fields: who had robbed houses of plate and jewelry, of necessary food and clothing, and when the mother plead that a little might be spared for the hungry child, had taunted her with the sin of rebellion: who had sent decrepit old men and delicate women to languish and die in prison: who had exhausted human ingenuity in devising new and strange punishments to afflict the body and torture the mind.

All these, and ten thousand other wrongs and outrages were committed during the war. But they were not enough to sate the rage of the loyal mind. In time of profound peace, a thievish and fanatical Bureau was established to humiliate ladies and gentlemen, and wring from them, by fines and imprisonments, the little left them by bummers and marauders. In time of profound peace, infernal agents of infernal associations spread all over the country to incite the ignorant and easily duped negroes to rape, arson and murder. In time of profound peace, the South was robbed of the accumulated savings of two centuries. In time of profound peace, and in violation of the terms of capitulation of the Southern armies, all State Governments were overthrown; men of culture, intelligence, honor and virtue were thrust aside, and we were given as rulers, either degraded negroes or white thieves, murderers and ruffians of the lowest type. In time of profound

peace, when the cry of hunger was heard in all parts of the South, a tax was put upon Southern products that the very hope, which industry inspires, might be crushed out forever. In time of profound peace, Christian ministers came down to take the negroes out of all the churches with which they were connected, and to teach them a new religion of hate, malice and revenge. In time of profound peace, the loyal Congress of the nation has spent weeks and months of each session in schemes to degrade the character and wound the sensibility of Southern people, or in still more nefarious schemes, to put premiums upon villainy.

All the loyal plans for vengeance have succeeded. The good work went on as satisfactorily as Thad. Stevens and his present associates could have desired. The emissaries of Satan, sent out by the loyal North, have accomplished wonders. In every county in every State of the South, a rape has been committed, or attempted, by a negro. In every city, town, village and hamlet, there has been a wholesale, or partial fire, caused by negro incendiaries. From every quarter of this once peaceful and law-abiding land comes up the smell of blood, shed by negro hands.

Loyal men have looked with intense satisfaction upon this scene of ruin, misery and crime, and for three years their souls have overflowed with gladness. The drought burnt up one portion of the South, and the floods swept away another. The worm and the caterpillar came as ministers

of vengeance, to eat up every green thing and—to send a thrill of joy to the loyal heart. Famine and pestilence, the grim scourges of God, smote our prostrate people, and—cheered the loyal soul. Meetings were held in church and hall of the loyal North and the sufferings of the South were discussed pleasantly by Beecher and Greeley. Some of the audience gave a penny or two, probably to pay for the enjoyment of the performance, probably to show that they were the good Pharisees, Beecher claimed them to be.

And so, for three years, there had been nothing to ruffle the pleasant feeling in the loyal mind. All was well. The South was suffering as much as could be reasonably desired, and the Reconstruction measures were admirably calculated to ruin and degrade her for all time to come. How comfortable the prospect was!—How happy the loyal were! Even Sumner forgot the smarting of Brooks' chastisement in the great joy of revenge. Three years of exquisite felicity for the noble men, who generously gave up so many thousands of Irish and German lives to save the life of the nation. Ah, why could not the joy be a "joy forever?" Now they look at one another aghast. A mysterious Providence has been merciful to rebels. He has fed and clothed them and lifted them out of the slough of despair. The loyal are sorely displeased with Him. As they wanted, in time past, an anti-slavery Bible and an anti-slavery God, so now they want an anti-rebel God—one

who will scorch their fields with fire or drown them with flood.—They would depose Him or at least impeach Him, if they knew how to go to work about it. As it is, they can only invoke their own Deity to aid them in their counsels about the rebels. The Conclave cannot agree. The loyal Wade and the loyal Sumner have different views. Bluff Ben spoke first: "We will let their prosperity go on; we will let their fields be white with cotton, and green with tobacco, and then we will tax both and get all the profits. America, with the fullness thereof, belongs to loyal men. We are the loyal men and we will take all that these rebels make. We will put a tax, not merely upon their cotton and tobacco, but upon their rice and sugar, their tar, pitch and turpentine, their live oak and their cypress lumber, and all and every thing they produce." Then Bluff Ben swore a score of oaths to show that though he had lost his seat in the Senate, he still belonged to the party of great moral ideas. The loyal Sumner next spoke: "We will reconstruct reconstruction. My Georgia bill will fix all that. We will crush these rebels forever. We will reduce every thing to anarchy and confusion, destroy all State Governments and give free license to robbery and murder." And the loyal Charles closed with a fervent and eloquent prayer for the heathen in India.

As we understand the difference of views between these distinguished gentlemen, it is whether robbery or murder would give

most comfort to the loyal heart. Since our unhappy section is to be the victim, we prefer being robbed, and therefore, humbly hope that the thievish schemes of Hon. Ben Wade may prevail, rather than the murderous designs of Hon. Chas. Sumner.

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We are favored at our office with many hundreds of exchanges of all parties and religions, and we can conscientiously say, that one of the very ablest political papers of the Republican party, is the New York *Methodist*. Any one desiring an able paper of that party could not do better than to take it. The *Methodist* is a so-called religious paper, but religion is so subordinated to politics, that the sensibility of the political or worldly-minded reader will never be offended. In fact, he might never perceive the religious character of the paper at all. So far as we have been able to judge the so-called religious papers of the loyal North, the religious element is assumed merely to drag in a Scriptural anathema against rebels, or to vaunt the holiness of loyal men.

Selling Out Cheap.—The Hon. Horace Greeley says that the Blair family and all rebeldom might be bought by a few Post-Office appointments, or other small offices. That however they might *dicker* for a while as to their price, they would all sell out cheap.

Now, there are three things which surprise us in this utterance of the Hon. Mr. Greeley. First, we are surprised that a scholar and a philosopher should

give the sanction of his authority to a vulgarism like “*dicker*.” Second, we are surprised that Mr. Greeley is so badly informed as to suppose that a Post-Office appointment is a trifling affair. As a philosopher, he ought to know that there will be foolish people in the world till the end of all time, and that these foolish people will send money by mail. As a politician, he ought to know that the Post-Office official, who would let this money pass out of his hands to the party to whom it was directed, must be a man of very suspicious loyalty, with some stain of rebellion on his skirts. The Loyal League would turn him out of the Lodge: the Loyal Fetich would be ashamed of him: the Party of great moral ideas would disown him. The Honorable Horace is getting old, and his powers of observation are not so acute as they were ninety years ago, else he would have noticed the remarkable fact that every Government employee gets rich, it matters not how small and insignificant the office may be which he holds and *uses*.

Third. We are surprised that the Honorable Horace should be so impolitic as to taunt the Southern renegades with their treachery to their section. It is sad enough for them to have lost the respect of their own people. Why add to their sufferings by letting them know that they are despised by their purchasers? Some of them have sold out very cheap, it is true; but they knew their value better than Mr. Greeley did, and if they got their full price, they ought to be satisfied and *he*

has no right to grumble at the sale. The strongest pro-slavery men of the South have sold out for a Fetich governorship, a Fetich judgeship, a Fetich mayoralty, &c. Mr. Greeley may think that the office of a scavenger in an ordinarily cleanly city would be more respectable. That may be, but the renegades got all they asked for themselves, and it is really cruel in the philosopher to upbraid them for their modesty in putting so low a valuation upon their souls and bodies.

The Crop of Louisiana.—A wonderful country is that which attempted to set up a free government of its own. A single good crop is sufficient to lift its people from the abyss of despair and poverty to hope and plenty.—It is not wonderful that the Hon. Edward Everett thought the loyal North could not afford to lose so rich a section. It is not wonderful that the Hon. W. D. Kelley and his *confreres* look with greedy eyes upon these fertile hills and luxuriant valleys.—It is scarcely wonderful that, with their views of the proprietary rights of loyal men, they should wish to legislate so as to drive out the present inhabitants and come into Naboth's vineyard themselves.

In Louisiana, the whites were united and soon became masters of the situation. The loyal Fetich became comparatively quiet, and the landholders were able to make contracts for labor. The condition of Louisiana was thus made almost as enviable as that of Mississippi: and so the former is al-

most as prosperous as the latter. Mr. G. W. West, of New Orleans, estimates the crop of 1868, in Louisiana, to be worth from 30 to 35 millions in currency. The sugar crop will amount to 100,000 hogsheads, an increase of 61,000 hogsheads over last year, and one-fourth as large as the crop before the war. In addition, the rice crop will amount to 80,000 barrels, worth \$1,250,000 in currency. The sale of cotton in New Orleans will possibly reach 700,000 bales.

Louisiana was in a wretched condition in the beginning of 1868, and would now be in a state of absolute want of the necessaries of life, had not the union of her native population against the Fetich enabled her to control matters at home.

With a clear white majority of 70,000, North Carolina could have done much better. She has chosen to turn over the State Government to the loyal Fetich—thieves, adventurers and ignoramuses. The people will learn their folly through the crushing weight of taxation and the utter prostration of every industrial interest.

Vicksburg, Mississippi, out of a voting population of 1,200, sent 3,500 soldiers to the war. Has any town, either North or South, so warlike a record? We would like to know whether there is any parallel to this.

Gen. Grant is said not be a very enthusiastic admirer of the Hon. Horace Greeley, and if he is really the magnanimous man that Dem-

ocratic editors have, of late, discovered him to be, he will not taunt the Southern renegades, as Greeley has done. We hope, on the contrary, that he will reward them according to their merits. Many of them were once strong pro-slavery men, and contended that the negroes belonged to the monkey tribe. But they have seen the folly of their belief, and are now the warmest admirers of the colored race and, in fact, seem to regret their own color, and would gladly exchange it for a dusker hue. Ever since their conversion, their decided preference is for the negro, and their sole aversion is for their own race. Now, these converts have been of essential service to Gen. Grant. They have succeeded in electing him by the negro vote, when the white vote of the United States was against him. Gratitude should prompt him to recompense their labors of love with African missions, so that they might live among the people of their choice. Brownlow, the Fetich Chief, of Tennessee, might be sent to the Court of Coomassie in Upper Guinea. The Fetich Chief, of South Carolina, might be sent to the Court of St. Salvador, in Lower Guinea. Our own Fetich, who has made so many *turns* in his life, would think nothing of *doubling* the Cape of Good Hope, and going to the Court of Mozambique. And so they all might be distributed around, and, doubtless, they would live long and happily with the race they love so dearly. We would not wish their felicity impaired by a return to this Continent, where

alas! the white race predominates. We would endure their absence by consoling ourselves with the reflection that they were in the full enjoyment of all the blessings that their loyal hearts could wish. Should some of the African Kings of *anthropophagic* proclivities have them served up as a roast for dinner, or a hash for breakfast, even then, we would comfort ourselves with the thought that they would be amply avenged, since their dusky Majesties would surely die of indigestion.

Du Chaillu, the French traveler, gives a pleasant picture of one of these African Courts, and shows how little their wise Sovereigns waste in the follies of dress: "The King wore a dress coat—and nothing else. His Prime Minister wore a shirt without sleeves—and nothing else. His second Minister wore a neck-tie—and nothing else. The third was adorned with a hat—and nothing else. But the Queen varied the fashion, by wearing an umbrella—and nothing else!"

In an atmosphere of such purity and refinement, our loyal Fetich would be supremely blessed! If they will send through their respective States for signatures to petitions to Gen. Grant for these African missions, we will guarantee that ninety-nine hundredths of the white population will sign them! Let them go in peace and let us have peace!

Providing a Homestead.—The loyal Fetich, of North Carolina, have bought 8,000 acres of land, as a site for a State Penitentiary. We suppose that they intend to

have parks for goats, lakes for geese, statues of the different kings of Africa, *jets d'eau*, throwing up sorghum, and everything that can please their æsthetic tastes and classic eyes. We know of no instance in history of greater forethought for the future. The Fetich have provided a comfortable retreat in the declining years of life. Charles V., of Spain, was content in his old age to give up the dominion of nearly half the civilized world, and retire to the Convent of St. Yuste. Our Fetich must have a palace and lordly pleasure-grounds!

Home Enterprise.—Our people send, annually, \$6,000,000 North to Insurance Companies, of one class and another. Some of these Companies lent their strength to ruin our section, and yet our people support them rather than their own. This is very magnanimous, doubtless, but it is very unwise also. Every dollar sent out of the South, adds to the general poverty and distress. The Piedmont Life Insurance, of which Col. Carrington is President, is just as responsible as any Company in the North, and its officers are all men known at the South, and of unquestionable probity. Surely, it deserves the highest confidence, and the most cordial support from the South. The Southern Life Insurance has for its President, Gen. John B. Gordon, and among its Directors, Ben H. Hill, Wade Hampton, A. H. Colquitt, &c. It needs no higher guarantee than these names afford. The Planters' In-

urance, of Mississippi, has at its head that noble Roman, Gov. Humphreys, and among its Agents, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

It is suicidal wickedness to send millions to the North, when we have *better* Companies at home. The whole world has been, and *is*, banded against us, and it is the solemn duty of every man, at the South, to encourage Southern enterprise. The Rock Island Factory, of Charlotte, N. C., turns out daily, a thousand yards of superior cassimeres, flannels, jeans and other woolen goods. Charlotte not being a Fetich town, the Proprietors of this factory have not learned loyal tricks, and their goods are not shoddy. But Southern merchants will go a thousand miles further North to purchase the vilest shoddy. We think that the Southern press is greatly responsible for this unnatural state of things. True Southern editors and true Southern gentlemen seem to take greater pleasure in noticing Northern books, magazines and newspapers, Northern products and fabrics, Northern agricultural implements and machinery, than they do in calling attention to similar articles of home production. It is not wonderful that with such teaching from the Southern press, Southern literature should languish and die, and that Southern foundries, factories and machine shops should give a meagre subsistence to owners and employees. Some of the mammoth newspaper establishments of the North, and most of its huge factories, have been built up by Southern patronage. It is high time that

this thing should stop. Self-interest, as well as patriotism, demands the encouragement of home industry. The war demonstrated that the South had inventive talent of the highest order, and that she only needed the mechanical skill, which practice alone can give. Thousands of Confederate soldiers, of good birth and education, have brought their collegiate training to bear upon mechanical pursuits. The machine shops, at Water Valley, Mississippi, are full of the educated young men of the South, and so at hundreds of other points. They had risked life and limb for their dear native land, and when the Irish and German force was too powerful for them, they gave up their arms in good faith, and now show their love for their country, by adding to its wealth and material resources. The Confederate soldier is a worker everywhere. In all our extended acquaintance, we know of but one who is a worthless drone, and he was so before the war. These sober, industrious, law-abiding men have the very highest claims upon our people, and it is a species of dishonesty to pass them by and give our support to the industry of the people, who destroyed us. It is, to say the least of it, very base ingratitude, and worthy of the loyal Fetich.

Our very able and highly esteemed contemporary, the *Baltimore Gazette*, has an interesting article upon the increase in wealth and numbers, of our great Southern city. We extract the following:

“ We are satisfied, from what we learn, that we are inside of the estimate when we state that the population of Baltimore is now over 350,000, and that at the next census, it will certainly be more than 400,000, nearly double what it was in 1860. This, it must be recollected, by no means represents the actual active population of the city, from the fact that large improvements and settlements have been made in Baltimore county, in the immediate vicinity of the city, the suburban citizens of which really form a portion of the population of Baltimore.

“ For at least fifty years there has been no extension of the city limits. Its boundaries are now the same as they were in 1815, and Poppleton's plat is still the only map of reference. Dwelling houses have been built, warehouses have been erected, factories have gone into operation, ground has been taken up, and the city territory, as once laid out, on what was considered a grand scale, has gradually filled up, until it has forced its way across arbitrary lines and is spreading itself out into the surrounding country.

“ Some little idea may be had of the vastness of this increase, when it is known that, during the past four years, nearly seven thousand new houses have been erected in this city. The returns made by the Judges of the Appeal Tax Court show that in 1865 there were 710 permits issued for buildings; that in 1866 there were 1,334 permits issued; 1,800 in the year 1867, and 2,878 during the past year. Estimating the house population at eight persons to each house, this gives at once an increase of over 50,000 in four years. A portion of these permits are of course not for dwellings, but then there is a large increase of floating population, who do not build houses and for

whom houses are not built."

The cause of this wonderful prosperity is explained in the extract below. The kindness of that noble City to our suffering people is bringing her a noble reward. "Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days."

Spite of the ravages of war, and the inhuman legislation against the South, it cannot always be kept down. The land is too fertile, and the people too brave and energetic, for the country long to remain in ruins. When the respective States are allowed to choose their own rulers, the hungry adventurers from abroad, and the Fetich thieves at home will run off like rats from a burning barn. Prosperity will once more bless our unhappy section. The South will once more become rich and powerful, and then she will not forget who were her friends in the hour of her sorrow and humiliation. The *Gazette* says:

"Most of this increase of population comes from the South. There are thousands of Southerners here working away at professions, devoting themselves to business, engaged in trade or employed in mechanic arts, men who

have come here to build up their shattered fortunes or to earn their daily bread; men who have been attracted hither by the kind-heartedness, the liberality and hospitality of the citizens of Baltimore; who have brought their wives and their children with them to seek a new home, where poverty and misfortune are not looked upon as a disgrace, and where gold is not the only passport to position. In years to come, when the days of tribulation have passed away, and when Baltimore fattens upon prosperity, her citizens need never be ashamed to feel that they reaped an honest reward by being true to the unfortunate, and by their efforts to relieve, with openhanded liberality, sufferings which it was not their lot to share. The name of many a citizen of Baltimore is to-day a household word in the South; and in Virginia and the Carolinas and in other Southern States, Southern men, settled in Baltimore, are constantly traveling in and preaching to the South the advantage of the Baltimore market and influencing trade to it. It is to its Southern sympathies that Baltimore in a great measure owes its increase and to some extent its prosperity. Baltimore has dealt liberally and she is reaping largely; and in her unselfish action she has taken the best means to publish widely the great advantages which she offers as a market to a very large and important portion of the country.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE WREATH OF EGLANTINE.* where, a true Poem from the South: let us say that it is real poetry, and risk our critical reputation on the reception it will

* The Wreath of Eglantine and other Poems; edited, and in part, composed by Daniel Bedinger Lucas. Kelly & Piet, Baltimore.

meet with. Yet not exactly on that: for even should an unappreciative public fail to lend an ear to it, we will still be disposed to maintain against all comers, that we cannot mistake the impulse of the divine afflatus.

The volume is issued for the Christmas holidays, and in advance of its regular advent, through the kindness of a friend (not author, nor publisher) we have enjoyed it like a draught of hydromel. It has been brought out in a style just short of the *copie de luxe*, by Kelly and Piet, the Baltimore publishers, and as we believe Mr. Lucas is a native Virginian, the book commends itself to us as altogether Southern.

Everybody knows with what half-scorn Shakspeare asks—

“What’s in a name?—a rose
By any other name would smell as
sweet,”

and yet we maintain that there is a great deal in a name. A baseless prejudice, which may wholly restrain one from looking into the book, may be engendered by an unfortunate misnomer: or a too favorable foregone conclusion may be the effect imparted through a certain mysterious touch given to the imagination by a happy hit in the naming of a volume not yet passed under review. As literary sponsor, therefore, we think Mr. Lucas has failed to give the right name to this child of his imagination. It ought to have taken its designation from the longest and by far the most poetic portion of the book—“*St. Agnes of Guienne.*”

The reader should not be deterred by the title, nor yet by the

Preface, which is not such an introduction as the poems merit, and which, moreover, offends by an error, typographical or other, in the very first sentence. Nor let him make up his opinion, or begin to make it up, until he has read through and beyond Part I. The truth is, Mr. Lucas has not, in the bringing out of the book, done himself justice as an author. What is better, however, he has done himself honor and something more, as a gentleman and a brother.

The sister who has but recently died in her early womanhood, had contributed, under the *nom de plume* of *Eglantine*, to various Southern journals, the pieces here collected, under the title given above. These verses are the sweet, feminine productions of an unpracticed hand, such as a loving brother may well admire, and even publish. Nevertheless, they are not such as would attract to further reading, the critical eye that might glance at them, for the purpose of judging thereby the rest. But the brother’s tenderness has led to the naming of the whole volume after them—has assigned them the front rank, and bestowed upon them a series of creditable illustrations; while his own poems have been held in reserve, overshadowed and unadorned.

With this hint from us, the reader will suspend his judgment for Part II., written by Mr. Lucas himself.

As we do not intend any labor-ed critique, we would indicate our opinion by directing attention to

some of the poems which have most pleased us.

One of the pieces contained in the collection, is a Canzonet which has been widely circulated and much admired—*The Land where we were Dreaming*. We undertake to say that there are several pieces in the volume superior to this, and that the principal poem—*St. Agnes of Guienne*—ranges in a sphere altogether different.

Some forty-five pages, perhaps, are occupied by this mediæval story, regularly and æsthetically developed.

Whether it is an old legend, as we suppose, or an invention of the poet, its handling is original and striking.

The interest of the story revolves about a certain *robe* belonging to a fair maiden, which her lover gets possession of in a perfectly natural way, but which brings them both into desperate trouble, from which, according to the true rules of art, and every consideration of poetic justice, they are, at length, happily extricated.

The style has a well-chosen quaintness, in fine keeping with the mediæval period in which the story has place. There is sometimes a rich sensuousness of description which suggests Keats' *Eve of St. Agnes*—not in any plagiaristic way, we would premise. It is allowed that all artists may make *studies* from the great masters. Take an example at random:

"Her breast, shaming the foam that
kissed and gloated,
Her smooth arms buffeting the amorous
streams,

She in the music of swift currents floated,
ed,

As a young spirit threads the course of
dreams—

Poetic dreams, which silvery spirits
throng

On diamond feet, to wake the verve of
song!"

Or perhaps here is a still better
illustration:

"Just where the tunic cleft the twin-
orb'd hills,

Whose sweet Carrara primness well-
ed below,

A rose-bud opened out its *carved frills*
In *foliations of most spotless snow*"

This is very delicate, cameo-like
chiseling, betraying, we think,
"the mallet hand."

Yet here and there, throughout
this poem, there is an occasional
incongruity that startles the fas-
tidious reader. It is thoroughly
anti-mediæval to describe a bright
painted boat as

—"a jockey dressed in scarlet."

Could any simile be more intense-
ly modern than the following?

"The sun came dropping, *like a gym-
nast* by

His arms; as 'twere, from *cloudy bars* on
high!"

Were we disposed to manifest
the malignity supposed in gen-
eral, to characterize critics, we
might pour out a vial or two of
wrath on the head of some of Mr.
Lucas' riotous metaphors; but we
forbear—mollified and subdued by
the abounding beauties of the
poem. Yet there is an occasional
adventurous use of words which
administers a vigorous pull to our
philological lore. Is our Geo-
graphy at fault in not knowing
where to look for "ultra-Kanic
seas?" or does our author mean,
in this cool way, to indicate the
seas beyond the explorations of
Dr. Kane?

The description of the famous

robe, the occasion of so much trouble, must not be omitted.

"And O, the mystery of his waken'd thought!

There was the robe, and on it worked
'Hermine,'

Friiled at the top, at front—at bottom
wrought

With careful, scollop'd hems, and
stitches thin—

To Claude a mystic-leaf, all sybil
wove."

[A *man's* description, truly, of feminine garmenture!] "*Stitches thin*" is by no means technical.

There are strewn throughout the Poem, single lines, couplets, and here and there a whole stanza indicating great power of compression and fine antithesis. As an example of the latter, take this verse—the finest single verse in the Poem:

"Now, would that men were not more
pure than God!

And would no ermine whiter were
than heaven!

No paths more straight than those
which Jesus trod—

No laws but those which He Himself
hath given—

There were then, fewer saints, but more
good men—

The hermits rarer, but more Christ-
ians then!"

We dismiss this poem, into which we think we have sufficiently dipped to give the reader a smack of its flavor, with the tender little song which *ought* to (but does not) close the tale of *St. Agnes of Guienne*:

"Nivalis in candore,
Bright thro' eternity,
Star of the hoary sea,
Ave!

We in humility,
Bow to thy majesty,
Star of our destiny,
Ave!

Lo! in her dire distress,
Thou in thy tenderness,
Cam'st to our Patroness,
Ave!

Thou too, hast suffered grief,
Thou too, has found relief—
O, make our sorrows brief,
Ave!

Mother of mystery!
Intacta Virgo!—We
Ring out thy jubilee—
Ave!

Hark to thy chapel bell,
Anthem on anthem swell!
Audi nos! Guard us well—
Ave!

Agnes,—conjuring thee,
Hear us, imploring thee,
Salvis a te adhuc
Cara Nivalis, tunc
Ora pro nobis, nunc—
Ave Maria—Mother of Snow!"

In taking leave of Mr. Lucas' volume, we would say farther in its praise, that while it is Southern in tone and sentiment, as how could it else be, coming from the heart of a Southern man?—it, nevertheless, is not, as some of our late books have been, so exclusively sectional, as to interfere with, or violate the rules of true art.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

THE SOUTHERN REVIEW. October, 1868. Baltimore: Bledsoe & Browne:

This sterling Quarterly closes the second year of its existence with the following list of articles:

1. Alexander H. Stephens on the War.
2. Lettice Knollys.
3. The Northern Church.
4. Belisarius.
5. Two Recent Poems.
6. Brownson's American Republic.
7. Platen's Poems.
8. Classification in Natural History—with a goodly number of book notices.

The reader will see that there

is no lack of variety. We have had opportunity as yet to read a few only of the articles. Rarely have we seen a more searching criticism of a book than is contained in the opening article on Mr. Stephens' "Constitutional View of the late War between the States." The writer is evidently master of American Political History; and while he ascribes to Mr. Stephens the credit of having written a 'real book,' with special reference to his defence of State Sovereignty, he nevertheless unfolds with an unsparing hand the author's inaccuracies and want of consistency, the possession of which last, he takes great pains to demonstrate in the "Constitutional View." With respect to the honorable gentleman's defence of State Sovereignty, we confess we cannot see how Mr. Stephens or any other man, except a Radical Republican, could write or speak other than a good word touching that doctrine, for it was a maxim even among the pagans of ancient Rome, to 'speak no evil of the dead.'

The essay on "The Northern Church" brings to light many facts which have been forgotten or overlooked by the present generation.

The review of Orestes A. Brownson's book entitled "The American Republic," is scathing and masterly. If the Rev. Doctor does not belong to the order of *pachydermata*, he cannot but wince under it.

We trust the Review may enter upon a larger sphere of usefulness and prosperity, and are gratified to see from a statement of the editors that its success is already assured.

J. M. H.

DOLORES: A Tale of Disappointment and Distress. By Benja-

min Robinson of North Carolina: E. J. Hale & Sons, 16 Murray Street, N. Y.

We feel a very special interest in this novel, partly, because the publisher is an esteemed friend, partly, because the author was a gallant Confederate soldier, partly, because it comes from the State which poured out more blood than any other Southern State in the struggle for Constitutional freedom. An extended notice will appear in our next issue.—For the present we can only spare space for an extract from the Raleigh (N. C.) *Sentinel*:

"DOLORES."—We acknowledge the receipt, from the Publishers, Messrs. E. J. Hale & Sons, No. 16 Murray Street, New York, of a copy of the Novel, just issued, bearing this title, of which our gallant and gifted friend, Capt. Benj. Robinson, of Fayetteville, is the author. We have read the book, and we do not hesitate to pronounce it a production of rare literary, as well as sensational, merit. In plot, it is well devised, and ingeniously executed; in point of composition, it is highly creditable and frequently elegant; in tone, it is, in the aggregate healthy, though there are exceptions in this particular. The author displays much reading and learning in philosophy, law and medicine. Most of the scenes are laid in North Carolina, and are connected with the war. But we propose, at a future day, to criticise our friend's production more in detail. Meanwhile, we congratulate him upon his decided success, and commend *Dolores* to the favorable consideration of the public.

THE LAND WE LOVE.

No. V.

MARCH, 1869.

VOL. VI.

SKETCH OF GENERAL W. Y. SLACK, OF MISSOURI.

Mr. A. Slack, of Booneville, Missouri, has kindly furnished us with the following obituary notices of his heroic brother, Gen. W. Y. Slack, who fell in the struggle for Constitutional freedom, at the battle of Elk Horn, Missouri, on the 7th March, 1862:

From the *Memphis Avalanche*, May 8th, 1862.

Brigadier Gen. William Yarnel Slack, was born in Kentucky; when three years of age, his father, John Slack, emigrated to Boone county, Missouri, and settled near Columbia, where young Slack, on completing his education, studied law. When a young man, he went to Livingston county, Mo., and commenced practicing law at Chillicothe. Soon after, he married the daughter of Maj. Woodward, of Richmond, Ray county, Missouri, with whom he lived happily, until her death, which occurred in January, 1856. The issue of this marriage was six

children, only two of whom are living, a daughter, and a son but seventeen years of age, who has been in the service as a private, since the commencement of the war, and who has done his duty as a soldier. On the 2nd of December, 1857, General Slack was again married to a daughter of Hon. Gustavus Bower, of Paris, Missouri, by whom he had two children; the youngest being born after the second retreat from Livingston, he was never permitted to see.

As captain of a company of cavalry, Gen. Slack served with distinction in the Mexican war, under Col. Sterling Price, who then commanded a regiment of Missourians, with as much ability, courage and success, as he now leads armies to battle and victory. At the well contested battles of Canada, Embudo and Taos, where the enemy numbered three to one, all who saw him, agree in saying that none con-

ducted themselves with greater coolness, courage and gallantry, than Capt. Slack. He remained in this service about fourteen months, having volunteered for twelve. When his country no longer needed his services, he resumed the practice of law, at Chillicothe, which he continued to pursue until he received from Gov. Jackson, the appointment of Brigadier General of the 4th Military District, when he turned his attention to the organization of troops, according to the military law of the State of Missouri.

He had mustered in but a few companies, and these far apart, at different points in the district, when eight hundred Federals were landed from the cars, on the night of the 14th of June, 1861, at Chillicothe, and he was forced to leave his home and family, to which he was destined never to return.

From this time, until his death, he was constantly in the field, using every effort and energy in the cause of Southern independence. During the fatiguing and harassing marches of the State Guard, *he was always at his post*, and shared the fare, the dangers, and the hardships of his men. He participated and contributed largely to the success of the battles of Carthage and Oak Hill; at the latter he was dangerously wounded in the hip, which, at first was thought to be mortal, but by the strict attention of Dr. Keith, his family physician, and the careful nursing of his faithful and affectionate wife, who encountered every danger and came to him, he at last recovered, and

again took command of his division, the 11th of October following.

When the troops, belonging to the Missouri State Guard, were being mustered into the Confederate States service, last winter, Gen. Slack used every effort to induce the men under his command to join it, nearly all of whom took his advice, and are still in the service.

A short time before the commencement of the retreat from Springfield, Gen. Slack was appointed by Gen. Price to command the second brigade of Missouri Confederates, a body consisting of companies which had not been organized into regiments or battalions, in all about fifteen hundred men.

It was with these men and the 4th division Missouri State Guard, that Gen. Van Dorn, in his report of the battle of Elk Horn, speaks of Gen. Slack as "gallantly maintaining a continued and successful attack."

At this battle, on March the 7th, Gen. Slack was mortally wounded—the ball entering an inch above the old wound he received at Oak Hill, ranging downwards, and which, wounding *Sacral Plexus* of nerves, produced paralysis of the urinary organs, which resulted in inflammation and gangrene. He was caught by Col. Scott, his Aid-de-camp, when about to fall from his horse, and with the assistance of others carefully conveyed in an ambulance to a house in Sugar Hollow, where his wound was skilfully dressed by Dr. Austin, the division surgeon.

The next day, when the order was given to fall back, he was placed in an ambulance and conveyed to Andrew Rallet's east of the battle ground, accompanied by Col. Cravens and Dr. Keith, of the 4th division, and Sergeant Street of the 2nd brigade; here he remained until the 16th, and seemed to be doing well, when becoming apprehensive of being captured by the Federals, he desired his attendants to take him further away; they accordingly removed him seven miles further, to Moses Mills', where he rapidly grew worse, and on Thursday, March 20th, at a quarter past 3 o'clock, a. m., quietly breathed his last; the next morning he was buried eight miles east of the battle ground, by his faithful friends and companions, all of whom returned safely to the army.

When told his end was approaching, he expressed no regrets, nor gave any evidence of alarm, but calmly awaited its arrival; his request to Dr. Keith, to give his watch to his son, if he ever had an opportunity, was the only mention he made of his family or property.

None familiar with the capacities of Gen. Slack will deny that he possessed many of the combinations requisite to constitute an efficient commander of volunteers. Temperate and abstemious in his habits, impetuous, daring and courageous, yet prudent, wary and cautious, he was well calculated for skirmishing, or as leader in a charge.

But these are not the qualities which alone distinguished him. His mind was bold, clear and

vigorous, and altogether practical, which, added to a sound and penetrating judgment, gave his opinions no ordinary weight in council, while his business and orderly habits enabled him to conduct with ease and accuracy, the affairs of his command. He was affable and courteous in his manners, generous and unselfish in his disposition, and kind and indulgent in his nature; his age was about 45 years. But that which most distinguished him, was his earnest devotion to the cause in which he fell. It was for this he gave up his beautiful home, its enjoyments and associations, it was for this he encountered with the fortitude of a soldier and patriot, the frost and snow of winter, and the heat and dust of summer; it was for this he endured the hardships, toils and privations of one of the longest and most active and bloodiest campaigns recorded, or to be recorded, on the pages of history; it was for this he suffered long and painfully; it was for this he looked death in the face in many shapes and forms; it was for this he died. Many others of the great and noble of our land did the same, but none endured all more patiently, suffered all more gladly, or gave up their lives more freely. And of all the offerings yet laid upon the altar of State Sovereignty and Constitutional Liberty, there is none purer or nobler than that offered by Gen. W. Y. Slack.

From the Army Argus.

We publish to-day, Maj. Gen.

Van Dorn's Report of the battle of Elk Horn:

The Report refers in handsome terms to Gen. Slack, and expresses the hope that he may recover. We are pained to announce that Gen. Slack's wound proved mortal.

He died as a brave man and a Christian, his loss is almost irreplaceable. It is generally conceded that Gen. Slack was the ablest of our Missouri brigadiers. He commanded a company in the Mexican war, under Gen. Price, where he rendered effective service, and won a name for coolness and daring. After the Mexican war, he resumed the practice of the law, and ranked among the foremost members of the bar.

On the occurrence of the recent hostilities between the North and South, he received from Governor

Jackson, the appointment of brigadier general.

He fought gallantly at Springfield, receiving a wound which many of his friends, for a long time, thought would prove mortal. But, strange to say, he recovered, and again led his division. He was in most of the other battles fought in Missouri, and always endeared himself to his command by his bravery and great prudence.

At Elk Horn, he was wounded within an inch of the same spot in which he had been wounded at Springfield, but this time the wound proved mortal. Farewell, brave man! Your name is embalmed in the hearts of the people of Missouri, and by your courage and devotion, you have bequeathed to your children a legacy of more value than millions of gold and silver.

THE BURIAL AND RESURRECTION OF LOVE.

BY "PEARL RIVERS."

Deep, deep, deep,
Quickly so none should know,
I buried my warm love silently
Under the winter snow.

For you had coldly said,
Coldly, and carelessly:

“ Bury your love, or let it live,
It is all the same to me.”

I tore it out of my heart,
I crushed it within my hand;
It called to you in its agony,
For help, but you came not, and

It struggled within my grasp,
It fought with my woman's will,
And kneeled to my woman's pride with tears,
Then silent it lay and still.

I knew that it was not dead,
But I said it soon *will* die,
Buried under the winter snow
Under the winter sky.

I kissed it tenderly
Just once for the long ago,
Then shrouded it with your cold white words,
Colder than all the snow.

Deep, deep, deep,
Quickly, so none should know,
I buried my warm love silently
Under the winter snow.

I laughed when it was done,
For why should a woman cry
When love is buried? O'er its grave
Why should a woman sigh?

I thought when I turned away
Some day he may see this grave
And say—“the woman I thought so weak
How strong she was, and brave!”

Throb, throb, throb,
Under the light spring snow,
Buried long, can my love still live?
Kneeling I said, when lo!

My love looked up at me
Straight out of daisy's eyes,
Warmed to life by the balmy air
And the tender azure skies.

It sighed to me with the breeze
It sang to me with the birds,
And every note was an echo sweet
Of your olden loving words.

It smiled on me with the rose
It murmured to me with the bee,
And came to my heart as naturally
As comes the leaf to the tree.

And bowing my head I wept,
Wept o'er my vision love,
And touching my harp strings sad and low,
I told my grief to the dove.

Why should you live, poor love
Slighted, and scorned, and sore
To trail your pain through my future life
And poison my young heart's core?

Alas! when a woman loves
Her strength is too small and slight
To dig a grave that is deep enough
To bury it out of sight.

Habolochitto, Miss.

ALL ABOUT IT.

*A Lecture Delivered before the Young Men of Raleigh, N. C.,
January, 1867.*

BY GOV. Z. B. VANCE.

MY kind auditory will, I trust, pardon me, should my talk prove rambling and disconnected to-night, for the sake of my theme. I promise them that it shall be one worthy of them and of the occasion; and have only to regret that the speaker is no more worthy of it, for my theme shall be of North Carolina: All about North Carolina. Of what else should the humble individual before you speak, or who has a better right? Upon whom has she more undeservedly lavished her richest honors, or who repays these obligations with a more sincere and abiding love? Who, during those ever-to-be-remembered years of alternate triumph and despair, anguish and desolation, watched her with a closer scrutiny, or obtained a clearer insight of the depth of the hidden streams of her noble nature and solid worth? Nor is it without interest for all. There are none here but will, doubtless, feel that all the topics of my discourse, whether touched with gravity, humor or sarcasm, are well deserving of their earnest attention.

And particularly all those who sincerely desire the welfare of our State, and watch, prayerfully, to behold in the changes of these changeeful times, that working together of all things for good, and that turning of the wrath of man into praise, wherein the wise can see the mercy and goodness of God to those who suffer.

There is a natural law which regulates the attraction and repulsion of bodies; and morally also, that the more powerful communities tend to absorb and swallow up the weaker, with whom they are in contact; and that a conquering people impress their habits, manners, laws and institutions upon the conquered.— Though it may be painful and humiliating in the extreme, it is nevertheless a fact, that we in the South are to all intents and purposes, a conquered people, since we are declared to be without rights in, and absolutely at the mercy of, the government of our conquerors. The changes, therefore, to which we are subject, in consequence of this condition, will gradually steal in upon us.

It is time we were considering them, and making up our minds as to those which we should welcome and those we should reject. I propose to look at some of them to-night. Of course, on an occasion like the present, it is proper for me to consider only such as effect us socially, leaving those greater political changes to be discussed in a different forum.—And as the exposition of no man's views is of value unless he speaks honestly and boldly, I shall do both, and only trust that any dissenting hearer may give full weight to everything which goes to rebut the presumption of malice in the speaker.

We shall then, for a brief space, speak of North Carolina, her past, present and future, her people, her society, institutions, manners; in short—"All about it" as near as may be.

Virginia to the north of us, was settled by English Cavaliers; South Carolina, mainly by French Huguenots; both among the noblest stocks of Western Europe. North Carolina, with but a slight infusion of each, was settled by a sturdier—and in some respects—a better race than either. She was emphatically the offspring of religious and political persecution, and the vital stream of her infant life, was of Scotch-Irish origin. A cross of those two noble races has produced a breed of men as renowned for great deeds and modest worth as, perhaps, any other in this world. Two instances will suffice for this. Perhaps, the most manly and glorious feat of arms in modern times, was the defence of Londonderry,

as the boldest and most remarkable State paper was the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. Both were the work, mainly, of men such as settled North Carolina. If possible, they have clung closer to the manners and opinions of their British ancestors than any other communities on the continent. The novelties of Democracy, and the wild theories of Republicanism, have made less progress, and moved more slowly, here, than in any other State. We are far more like the England of William and Mary, and Queen Anne, to-day, than is England herself, whilst both Irishisms and Scotticisms are abundant. This resemblance is traceable in many things. The landed gentlemen, their tenantry and yeomanry, the profuse hospitality of country homes, the hardy field sports and out-door diversions, personal independence, pride of family and opinion, and a hundred other things, mark unmistakably our descent. Our pronunciation among the educated classes is said to be, perhaps, more purely English than is spoken in the precincts of Saint James; whilst our laws both within themselves and in the manner of their administration, contain still more ineffaceable landmarks of the great people from whose loins we sprang. That branch of our Legislature which is the peculiar voice of the people, is with us, and with us only, still termed the "Commons"—a name pregnant with the destinies of civilization. We still whip for stealing—to the great disgust of refined and elegant thieves—crop and stand in the pillory for per-

jury, brand for bigamy and manslaughter, and hang for murder! No mawkish sympathy for crime, or maudlin philanthropy over the hard fate of a scoundrel, has yet crept into our good old English criminal code; but with halter and rod the Sheriff still stands among us, the fearful Nemesis of society, avenging her wrongs upon all evil-doers with most distressing impartiality!*

On the civil side of the docket, that most ubiquitous and immortal litigant, John Doe, continues to complain of his equally immortal colitigant, Richard Doe, "for that, whereas, heretofore to wit;" and the said Richard, having, by his most unjustifiable behavior, got his loving friend, the tenant in possession, into a scrape, continues still, as in the days of *Sergeant Rolle* quietly to back down, like some fiery war men of the present age, and leave his peaceable neighbor to fight it out "to the last man"—or at least "to the last dollar." Were my Lord Coke to arise from his grave now, and search for his glorious common law, "ever approved by these two faithful witnesses, authority and reason," he would find it flourishing, perhaps, brightest and and purest in that very strange and far off land first visited by the ships, and planted by the colonies, of that splendid genius whose untimely and unjust death damns with an adhering infamy his own claims to the highest place in the temple of English law.

These characteristics, fed and supported by the system of African slavery, served for more than a century to divide the Conservative from the Puritan elements in American society. Nor would there soon have been any change in the peculiar customs and mannerisms of our people, had not the rude shock of war tumbled down this great middle wall of partition, which separated us from the saints.

Perhaps, one of the most marked of the changes which we may expect, is one that will soon be apparent on the face of our country society. The abolition of slavery will do wonders here. It puts an end to the reign of those lordly, landed proprietors, planters and farmers, who constituted so striking and so pleasant a feature in our rural population. No longer the masters of hundreds of slaves wherewith to cultivate their thousands of acres, the general cheapness of lands in the South will prevent their forming around them a system of dependent tenantry, since every industrious man will be able to plough his own farm. They will, therefore, gradually sell off their paternal acres, no longer within the scope of prudent management, and seek homes in the towns and villages, or contract their establishments to their means and altered condition. Agriculture will then pass gradually into the hands of small farmers, and the great farms will, forever, disappear. In all this there is much good to be seen.

* The loyal Fetich have altered all this, from prudential considerations for themselves and friends.

An improved system of cultivation, an enlarged quantity and quality of production, greatly enhanced value of real estate, and a rapid increase of the aggregate public wealth will most assuredly be the result. But even this change will not be one of unmixed benefit, nor will it be viewed by all—your humble speaker for one at least—without emotions of regret. I can scarcely imagine it possible for any one to view the steady disappearance of the race of Southern country gentlemen, without genuine sorrow. They are not the peers of the stupid beef-eating English Squire, renowned in British history and in comedy, for loyalty to the King, ignorance, prejudice and drunkenness: not the Westerns and Hardcastles, but the high-toned, educated, chivalrous, intelligent and hospitable Southern gentlemen, of whom each one who hears me, has at least a dozen in his mind's eye, in Virginia and the Carolinas. Whose broad fields were cultivated by their own faithful and devoted slaves, whose rudely splendid mansions stand where their fathers reared them, among the oaks and the pines which greeted the canoe of John Smith, welcomed the ships of Raleigh, and sheltered the wild cavaliers of De Soto; whose hall doors stood wide open, and were never shut except against a retreating guest; whose cellar and table abounded with the richest products of the richest lands in the world, and whose hospitality was yet unstained by unrefined excess; whose parlors and fire-sides were adorned by a courtly

female grace which might vie with any that ever lighted and blessed the home of man; whose hands were taught from infancy to fly open to every generous and charitable appeal, and whose minds were enured to all self-respect and toleration, and whose strong brains were sudden death to humbuggery, all the isms, and the whole family of mean and pestilential fanaticism. Can you see these strong men, so armed at all points for the common good, holding all their wealth as hostages for the public peace, torn from their ancestral seats, and swept away in the current of *progress*, without feeling the whole edifice of good government reel beneath our feet like a drunken man? I confess to my honest conviction, that when this sturdy dynasty of democratic kings shall be overthrown, that the cause of virtue in society and of Constitutional liberty in politics, will each have lost a stalwart *right arm*, which will, I fear, be but poorly supplied in the class which may succeed them! Peace to the memory of the Southern country gentlemen! To them were we indebted for the foundation of our once free government, and for its preservation against the assaults of democratic anarchy for more than three-fourths of a century!

An immediate consequence of this disturbance in our country society will be a tendency—already perceptible—of our population towards towns and villages. It has been a matter of remark, and with some, of congratulation heretofore, that having fewer and smaller cities and towns, we had

also, the most law-abiding and virtuous population in the United States. The census returns, to a great extent, sustained this assertion; but the obverse showed a considerable deficiency in national wealth. We may now look for a rapid increase in the population of our towns and cities; real estate there, will far out-grow in value, that of the country; vice, crime and pauperism will grow with them as manufactures and wealth increase. With the good we must also take the evil; the tares must needs come with the wheat. With new kinds of machinery, will come new kinds of rascality; with new kinds of industry and means of wealth, will come a new species of robbery, entirely strange to our *honest old-fashioned* thieves; and with *progress* in the arts and sciences, will come, also, a fantastic variety of philanthropy, religion, politics and morals, alike wondrous and edifying; of which, more hereafter.

There is also a great change at hand for the negro, a taste of which he is already enjoying. This great problem is about reaching its final solution. The fate of the African slave in the Southern States is at last about to be sealed, for good or for evil. His real, or imagined woes having so long moved the cheap tears of Christendom, and his hard lot having engaged the Jellabys of two centuries, and formed the burden of the press, the rostrum and the pulpit, to the shame and perversion of each, through politicians without statesmanship, and preachers without religion;

now, that a great country has been drenched in fraternal blood, one-half of it buried in the ashes of its own desolation and strewn with graves and bleaching bones of slaughtered men, and that fires of hatred have been kindled that years of peace and good will shall scarce be able to smother—all for his sake—how is *he* to be affected by this great, blood-bought change? Has the result been adequate to the cost? Or *will* it be? Have the cruel wheels of this blessed philanthropy, dragging axle-deep in a heroic nation's blood, spared *him* for whose sake they were mainly set in motion? Alas, alas! A wise Humanity already weeps at the crimes committed in her name! And over the dead carcasses of these simple, and—so lately—happy children of bondage, and the ragged and perishing survivors, pompously called, "Freedmen," she is ready to exclaim, "Oh, Freedom, there is no curse like unto thine, when thou art forced upon men whose souls are not educated to receive thee!"

What was the negro before the war? A simple, happy and affectionate bondsman. What is he now? Fast merging into a ragged, starving, dangerous vagabond. What will he be? In time—and that time is not long—*nothing*; non-existent, an extinct race, over whose untimely perishing the good of all the earth will mourn, and from whose sad story the philosophic historian will point a maxim, and illustrate that godly philanthropy which propagates its heavenly tenets by fire and sword! Though from the

earliest times recorded in history, to this day, the negro has been in close contact with every prominent civilization, I imagine it will not be denied, but that his development, as a Southern slave, far exceeds that of any other condition. There was no laboring class on earth with which his condition would not compare advantageously, physically and morally. Who that has ever enjoyed the pleasure of our Southern homes, has not been convinced of this? Or who that knew him as a contented, well-treated slave, did not learn to love and admire the negro character? For one, I confess to almost an enthusiasm on the subject. The cheerful ring of their songs at their daily tasks, their love for their masters and their families, their politeness and good manners, their easily bought, but sincere gratitude, their deep-seated aristocracy—for your genuine negro was a terrible aristocrat,—their pride in their own, and their master's dignity, together with their over-flowing and never-failing animal spirits, both during hours of labor and leisure, altogether, made up an aggregation of joyous simplicity and fidelity—when not perverted by harsh treatment—that to me was irresistible! A remembrance of the seasons spent among them will perish only with life. From the time of the ingathering of the crops, until after the ushering in of the new year, was wont to be with them a season of greater joy and festivity than with any other people on earth, of whom it has been my lot to hear. In the glorious November nights of our benefi-

cent clime, after the first frosts had given a bracing sharpness and a ringing clearness to the air, and lent that transparent blue to the heavens through which the stars gleam like globes of sapphire, when I have seen a hundred or more of them around the swelling piles of corn, and heard their tuneful voices ringing with the chorus of some wild refrain, I have thought I would rather, far, listen to them than to any music ever sang to mortal ears; for it was the outpouring of the hearts of happy and contented men, rejoicing over that abundance which rewarded the labor of the closing year! And the listening, too, has many a time and oft, filled my bosom with emotions, and opened my heart with charity and love toward this subject and dependent race, such as no oratory, no rhetoric or minstrelsy in all this wide earth could impart! Nature ceased almost to feel fatigue in the joyous scenes which followed. The fiddle and the banjo, animated as it would seem like living things, literally knew no rest, night or day; whilst Terpsichore covered her face in absolute despair in the presence of that famous *double-shuffle* with which the long nights and "master's shoes" were worn away together! Amid all these teeming associations, connected with the abolished system, there come also a thousand memories of childhood's experience, differing in my individual case, I will venture to say, scarcely an hair's breadth from that of scores who listen to me to-night. I can see now, through memory's

faithful mirror, the boy who first taught me to twist a rabbit from a hollow tree, with whom I have had many a boyish struggle, and for whom I have many a time, and oft, robbed the pantry of its choicest treasures! Who can forget the cook by whom his youthful appetite was fed? The fussy, consequential old lady to whom I now refer, has often, during my vagrant inroads into her rightful domains, boxed my infant jaws with an imperious, "Bress de Lord, git out of de way; dat chile never kin get enuff," and as often relenting at sight of my hungry tears, has fairly bribed me into her love again with the very choicest bits of the savory messes of her art. She was haughty as Juno, and aristocratic as though her naked ancestors had come over with the conqueror, or "drawn a good bow at Hastings," instead of having been purchased by deacon Tribulation Small-soul from Cape Cod, for forty gallons of New England rum, per head, whilst roasting charcoal babies for dinner; and yet her pride invariably melted at the sight of certain surreptitious quantities of tobacco, with which I made my court to this high priestess of the region, sacred to the stomach. And there too, plainest of all, I can see the fat and chubby form of my dear old nurse, whose encircling arms of love, fondled and supported me from the time whereof the memory of this man runneth not to the contrary. All the strong love of her simple and faithful nature seemed bestowed on her mistress'

children, which she was not permitted to give to her own, long, long ago, left behind, and dead in 'ole Varginney! Oh! the wonderful and the touching stories of them and a hundred other things which she has poured into my infant ears! How well do I remember the marvelous story of the manner in which she obtained religion, of her many and sore conflicts with the powers of darkness and of her first dawning hopes in that blessed gospel whose richest glory is, that it is preached to the poor, such as she was! From her lips, too, I heard my first ghost story! Think of that! None of your feeble, make-believes of a ghost story either, carrying infidelity on its face; but a real bona-fide narrative, witnessed by herself, and told with the earnestness of truth itself. How my knees smote together, and my hair stood on end, "so-called"—as I stared and startled, and declared again and again with quite a sickly manhood indeed, *that I wasn't scared a bit!* Perhaps, the proudest day of my boyhood was when I was able to present her with a large and flaming red cotton handkerchief, wherewith, in turban style she adorned her head. And my satisfaction was complete when my profound erudition enabled me to read for her on Sabbath afternoons, that most wonderful of all stories, *The Pilgrim's Progress*. Nor was it un instructive, or a slight tribute to the genius of the immortal tinker—could I but have appreciated it—to observe the varied emotions excited within her breast, by the recital of those fearful conflicts by

the way, and of the unspeakable glories of the celestial City, within whose portals of pearl, I trust her faithful soul has long since entered!

Nor must the old uncle be forgotten; the trusted and consequential right-hand man of the household, first lieutenant or sergeant major of the whole establishment at the least. Though hard and high, uncompromising in all things, and especially as to the family dignity, of whom all urchins, both white and black, stood in wholesome awe, I shall never cease thinking of him with genuine respect. With him too is connected a problem in morals that was wont to puzzle much my juvenile logic, and I have not until this day been able to make it out quite right, that certain urchins at and in the county aforesaid, with force and arms, not having the fear of the rod before their eyes, but being thereunto moved and seduced by the cravings of juvenile appetite, did, &c., &c., &c., certain water-melons of him, the said "uncle," &c., &c., &c.

With these associations, so well calculated to make their former masters the fast friends of their late servants, come some also of a darker and less pleasing hue.—There *were* cases of harsh and cruel treatment of these simple minded people. Truthful men have often blushed at but never denied the fact, that mean and tyrannical masters now and then outraged humanity and furnished our enemies with occasion of offence against us all. But no community ever has been or ever will be free from that despicable class

of men who abuse the trust which God and society have reposed in them, by ill-treating those who are necessarily subject to and dependent upon them. But, on the whole, history *must say* that our rule was a mild one, that our slaves loved us and were happy, and that is the end of the controversy. They have themselves furnished, unconsciously, proof which will amply satisfy the impartial of the truth of this, in the faithfulness with which they served us, and the loving care which they took of our helpless families during the long years of war, and in the sound of that conflict which they knew was waging for their deliverance.

Having referred to what his condition was, let us glance briefly to what it is now. The real genuine negro, such as I have tried to sketch, has disappeared. We have some colored freedmen here but not any negroes. His joy and simplicity have departed. The ringing song of his daily work no longer awakens the echoes of his native plains; the boisterous laugh is hushed; the fiddle, without strings, hangs in silence on the cabin wall; the voice of the inspiring banjo is heard no more, and the ever famous dance—the double-shuffle—is about to be numbered with the lost arts. Forsaking the old plantation, he wanders over the country, living upon freedom, crowding into filthy hovels, feeding upon insufficient food, diseased, hungry, and in rags, without that prudent foresight which characterizes most of the animals, he is dying and passing away with a

rapidity that is shocking to humanity. His whole condition now thunders the *lie* to all the denunciations which religious fanaticism and political juggling have so long heaped upon their former masters, in tones so loud that all the world must know, when too late, upon whom is the blame for the perishing of a whole people!

And worse than all, as if mischief enough has not been already done, special pains are taken to sow the seeds of hatred between the races, and to make the negro believe that his old master, because he resisted emancipation, is his natural enemy! Notwithstanding all these associations to which I have referred, and which bind every good-feeling man in the country to his former slaves with love and charity, there are men who thrust us aside, claiming to know more of the negro's nature and capacities, and to be animated with greater zeal for his welfare than we! May God forgive all such, for their second sin is like to be greater than the first! For, having torn him by violence, and against his wish, from a state of mild and humane servitude, where his physical and moral condition was superior to that which ever befell him since the curse of Ham, and placed him in the high road to extinction, beneath the tread of a dominant race; should they also succeed in destroying that ancient love between master and slave, and filling the heart of one with bitterness, and the other with jealous fear, and inaugurating a war of races, then no man can mistake the doom of the weaker. Oh, woeful times! May

God preserve us from them!

I believe it is generally conceded that, so far, the emancipation of the negro has made his condition worse, but it is not in the course of human nature to repair an error by acknowledging it and turning back from the path that led to it. The course is to devise another remedy, still deeper in the erroneous direction. As the scorn of the world begins to gather around those who waded through the blood and ashes of a noble country and over the prostrate columns of constitutional liberty, to create four million vagabonds, they endeavor to stay that world's judgment by a strange remedy. Seeing that the negro is utterly unable to endure the freedom of his own labor and locomotion, they propose to give him the oversight of the freedom of others! Since his absolute incapacity to take care of his few bodily wants has been conclusively shown, it is solemnly proposed to give him charge of a great Republic.— Since he has failed to exhibit the sagacity and industry of an animal in providing against the commonest wants, the irresistible conclusion—*the logical ergo*—is, that he is fully competent to solve that greatest of all problems which has vexed the genius of man—*self-government!!!* This process much resembles that by which a logician would undertake to derive shoe-pegs from the rings of Saturn. To illustrate, if illustration can render more absurd such an utter absurdity—if a negro is found unable to drive one mule in a cart, the remedy is to give him, imme-

diately, the reins of a coach and six, wherein is all the family and crockery!!

Such is negro suffrage, the supporting idea of which is, of course, negro equality, social and political.

Now, hereupon, I beg leave to remark that I don't feel as much shocked at this asserted equality of the races as some people seem to be. I recognize in it, on the contrary, a considerable infusion of that which, that immortal philosopher Square, termed "the eternal fitness of things;" subject to a modification. One Mr. Josh Billings, a gentleman who has managed to get off much sententious philosophy, in very bad English indeed, once said in reply to the question, did he believe in the final salvation of men, "Yes, but let me pick the men." So, if allowed to pick the men, I shall announce myself as a believer in the equality of whites and blacks; and my selection should not overlook the merits of those who preach the doctrine. Thus, when I hear a man assert that a negro is *his* equal, I take it for granted, sure enough *that he is*. For, although, to all outward seeming, he might be a little better than a half-reclaimed savage, yet, as he must, of necessity, know his own meanness better than I can, I take his word for it readily. The only danger is of doing the negro injustice by the comparison. For to my seeming, that soul, however lowly, that looks up and strives to get *higher*, is infinitely superior to that which, however high, looks down and strives to get lower! The process of going down hill is

both easy and inglorious. A brick-bat can do that much. Be all this as it may, I trust that the good people of the South will strive earnestly to keep friends with the negro, under all the changes which may be forced upon both. He served us well and faithfully, and left us not of his own accord. Let us, in all things which are best for both, requite this service. As he must remain our neighbor, let us give him, if permitted, a home, wages, education, morality and religion.

And now as the negro will not leave us, let us for a moment leave him. Suffrage for him is a step toward that great *progress* which is to renovate the South; and although it is amusing to watch the effort to prove the perfect equality of the wild ass of Assyria and the war horse of Job, let us leave the namesakes—wild and domestic—to reconcile the incongruities which God has placed between his laws and the theories of men, whilst we look at some other changes about to come upon our beloved land.

Having noticed the alteration, perfected and prospective, in our country society, towns and villages, and in our system of labor, we may contemplate a serious change in our clergymen and our system of theology. There will be a great pressure here, for in the opinion of our Northern friends, the reforming hand of *Progress* is badly needed among the dry bones of Southern religionists. It is certainly a matter of reproach that our preachers are fully as old-fashioned as their theology, and a *progressive* clergy-

man of the new faith, whilst beholding their sincere efforts to save sinners, might say of them as it is reported that Senator Hale of New Hampshire once said of Giddings when the latter introduced a bill in the House looking to a practical abolition of slavery: "The cussed old fool! he thinks we are in earnest!" Surely, no reasonable man could now think that a system of religion and morals which answered for Moses and the miserable secessionists who left Egypt with him, would do for the improved and revised saints of the present day and of this great Republic! Certainly not!—Moses was a slaveholder, up to his eyes in the "sum of all villainy," and sanctioned iniquity by a law, wherein he laid down rules and regulations for the government of these slaves bought with his money! What did *he* know about religion by the side of the modern saints whose grandfathers made their fortunes in the horrors of the "middle passage?" Neither he nor any of the motley crowd which followed him ever dreamed of the steam engine, lucifer matches, the Atlantic cable or the Howard Amendment! And yet our deluded preachers cite *him* as authority in morals! All his crude and ignorant notions have long since been superseded—except polygamy, indeed, which, under the fostering care of the Government, is doing smartly—and it should not be expected that a religion laid down under such circumstances by such a people could stand in the blaze of light which streams over the land from the

saintly theology of John Brown and Lucy Stone! Nor, in the estimation of the progressive theologians, does the church of the new dispensation much improve upon the old, since it abolishes polygamy which they loved, and failed to rebuke slavery which they hated; and since Christ, its divine head, declared that the kingdom which he founded was not of this world. As He therefore failed to rebuke the greatest sin known to man, slavery, and disconnected his church from politics and the things of this world, in their estimation his mission was but half fulfilled after all.—Progressive theology has therefore supplied the mission, and has kindly added such conditions as render the salvation of the sinner—or at least the success of the party—more secure. In addition to the old tests it is now necessary to swear to the sinfulness of slavery and the divine right of *our government* (for this principle is local) to do precisely whatever it pleases. *Now*, it is necessary to preach a kingdom of this world, (or a lower one,) politics, literature, and the family of isms—any thing, in short, but the plain, old-fashioned bread of life to perishing sinners—*Christ and him crucified!* The great Apostle Paul, with a soul rejoicing in the enlarged and universal salvation of his Master, thrusting the sickle of his mighty genius into the whitening harvest of a world, preached of righteousness, temperance and a judgment to come: his more pretentious and enlightened followers confine their savory ministrations to rebellion, confiscation and

negro suffrage! Jesus Christ taught servants to be obedient unto their masters; these improved moralists teach them to cut their masters' throats! Abhorrence of rebellion against the government—for any cause whatever—*whilst they hold the reins*,—and a firm adherence to the doctrine of passive obedience is now declared to be the only road to heaven—at least by way of Richmond and New Orleans! One hundred and eighty years ago, English cavaliers were shamed out of this base doctrine by the Puritans and were forced to join them in hurling a tyrant from his throne; now the Puritans, with fire and sword, preach damnation to all who resist the powers that be—which *powers they now are!* Circumstances alter cases. [See Farmer vs. Lawyer, Webster's Spelling Book; The Colonies vs. King George III.; Jefferson's Reports, 4th July, '76; United States vs. Hartford Convention; Salmon P. Chase on the relation of the Ohio Legislature vs. The Fugitive Slave Law and various other cases familiar to the profession!] A drunken wag in the mountains of North Carolina once resolved himself into a political meeting to consider the state of the country, and as President, Secretary and Chairman of the committee reported and adopted unanimously quite a series of resolutions, two of which bear upon the subject before us, and were as follows: "*Resolved*, That in a general way there is a good deal of human nature in mankind. *Resolved*, That we don't care what in the thunder happens

provided it don't happen to us!" That which was perfectly right in 1688 and in 1776 has a perfect right to be wrong in 1861, provided the *pressure is changed!* of course! Though Nero was a great scoundrel for two hundred years or more, whilst Nero was on the other side, it is gratifying to know that an enlightened clergy have preached him into quite a respectable old gentleman.—Some in fact prefer him to Washington, but I can't say that my prejudices extend quite so far. After all, Nero's respectability depends much on the side he happens to take in politics. And herein, of obedience to Nero from the pulpit, and of those who preach such doctrine, let an anecdote give my opinion. In obedience to that spirit of mischief which induced our soldiers to "jaw" every stranger out of uniform (and many in it) whom they met, a saucy private once bawled out to a rather daintily dressed stranger passing by, who chanced to be a chaplain, "Halloo, Mister, what army do you belong to?"—"To the army of the Lord," rather sanctimoniously said the chaplain; whereupon the soldier responds, "Well then, old hoss, you'd better spur up, for you're a darned long ways from your headquarters."

Will our pulpit be able to resist such changes as these, the most ruinous and dangerous of all? As teachers not only of a pure and undefiled religion, but of manners and morals, and principally the disseminators of general education throughout our great land, will this vast band of guard-

ians of our civilization give way before the erroneous, but bolder and more energetic teachings of their Northern brethren? Much of their energy, their industry, their thrift, their means of wealth and such characteristics wherein they are our confessed superiors, we should gladly seek to learn; but may God preserve us from their peculiar religious civilization! May our pious clergy resist to the last extremity—and only death is that last extremity—the introduction here of their political preaching; their Millerism, Mormonism, Spiritualism, Free-love-ism, Miscegenation, Materialism, and Radicalism, with all the thousand and one morbid sentimentalities and false teachings which mark, lamentably, the decay of public virtue and evangelical religion! And though this tide has begun to roll in, and some even of the weaker sort among ourselves have begun to yield, may the angel of the Lord, repenting Him of the evils we have suffered, yet show us the threshing floor of another Ornan, the Jebusite, at which the pestilence may be stayed, ere it destroy our Israel, though we should sacrifice all the oxen of our wealth!

When religion becomes corrupt, referring principally to the things of this world—requiring even allegiance to a party, as a test of orthodoxy, the road to national and social ruin is short and easy. For I am convinced that even the wisest statesmen err, in understanding the part which learned and pious clergymen bear in the government and civilization of the world. A comparison of the

wordly great, with the successful teachers of Christianity will illustrate my meaning. Cæsar and Cicero are known to scholars.—Luther and Wesley are known to, and govern, all classes and conditions of men. Shakspeare is read and admired by millions of men; but John Bunyan is loved and admired by hundreds of millions of human souls! The sublime song of the Paradise Lost even may perish, and the Elegy in a country church-yard be forgotten; but the North star ceasing to guide the pilots of the sea, shall, following in the track of the constellation of the Cross, disappear from the gaze of men beyond the everlasting ices of the Pole, and the Bedouin of the desert shall halt his camels upon the disintegrated dust of the loftiest Pyramid, ere little children in every part of the wide earth shall cease to repeat, before going to rest, that simple prayer of some forgotten Christian poet, “Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep.”

These dangerous influences which threaten to overwhelm our clergymen, are but old forms of human vice; old foes in new faces. As Sir Edward Coke observes of copy-hold tenures, though they come of a mean house they are yet of a very ancient descent.—Most of them are of unmistakably Puritan origin, and the ancestors of Puritanism were distinguished even so long ago as the sojourn of our Saviour on earth, when they were represented as giving alms to the sound of the trumpet, as making long prayers in the market places, and the motto on their

coat of arms was "Lord, I thank Thee that I am not as other people!" Let us resist this change with our united power, and pray that our clergymen may adhere—even through martyrdom if need be—to their old-fashioned religion.

We shall be pressed, too, to change the manner of bringing up our children if we would become rich and great like our conquerors. In addition to the catechism and a love for the cardinal virtues and proprieties generally, we have heretofore endeavored to teach our children unselfishness, liberality, and what the Irish call "the open hand." This is a great mistake, *progressively* speaking. Too strict a reverence for all the members of the "noble family of Truth," unfits the mind of the boy for the sharp substitutes and ingenious devices, which are the life of individual and national wealth. He must be made to read the sublime apothegms of that light of the eighteenth century, B. Franklin, and his juvenile heart must be fired—*or precipitated*, by the studies of the wise glories of such immortal utterances as "Time is money," "Money saved is money made," "Take care of the dimes and the dollars will take care of themselves," "He that would thrive must rise at five," "He that hath thriven may lie till seven," "A stitch in time saves nine," with much other wondrous philosophy of like nature. The boy must be taught that the chief end of man is—to make money! and the greatest sin (next to slaveholding) is to enjoy it! He must be taught not to fox-hunt because, on a cal-

culuation of the time, that the men, the horses and dogs occupy in catching it, 'tis cheaper to buy the skin ready caught! Bird shooting must be abjured for a similar reason, and an old horse or an old dog must be killed immediately to save forage! His infant lips must be made to lisp the price of onions, and his nostrils made to delight in and revere the smell of cod-fish, if you would have him become a great and glorious pillar of the State!

In connection herewith, we are upon the skirts of another great change, in the habits and manners of the mothers of these children. In the new state of progress into which we are like to enter, under Jacobin auspices, we shall, doubtless, incur the risk of having some *strong-minded women*! Perhaps this term does not sufficiently convey our meaning. The *intellects* of our women are sufficiently strong—in the right direction—already. We mean, simply, those women who, dropping the characteristics of their own sex, are constantly raiding into the dominions of the other—for the purpose, it would seem—of *capturing pantaloons*! Like a forlorn hope, they are constantly trying to *storm and*¹ *carry the breeches*. They are women compounded—not to say confounded—English grog-fashion, "'alf and 'alf," who, somehow or another have got mixed up, strangely enough, with the progress and peculiar civilization of our enterprising brethren of the North. A school-boy who prayed that tomorrow, "it might rain just a leetle too hard to go to school and

not quite hard enough to prevent going a fishin'” hit upon a distinction that eminently applies to these *fungi* of a superior mental culture, since any one of them might be described as a little too much of a woman to be a man, and a little too much of a man to be a woman! What useful purpose in social or political economy, these *amphibia* serve, I really cannot see; but some how they are either cause or effect of wealth and greatness, and I warn my unfortunate male friends to look for them as we *progress!* A colporteur traveling once upon one of our noble Southern rivers, stepped ashore, when the boat stopped at a wharf where there had been great excitement about the small pox. Everybody fled as the boat drew near, except one old woman, and thinking to distribute more books, he approached her and said, “my good woman have you the scriptures about here?” “Not gist yet, thank the Lord,” was the reply, “but the way they’ve got it down to Norfolk is a sin!” So, we have not this social pestilence amongst us yet, but the way they have it up North, is terrible, and it will spread this way if we are not careful. The preventive is alone in the hands of our blessed countrywomen. We can only beg and implore them to resist the temptation, and by all the glorious associations of the most noble womanhood the world ever saw, to drive back this most odious, vicious and contemptible innovation; and to preserve for their sake and ours, the modesty and purity of their mothers. In this

case, boasted man cannot help; he can only grasp his pantaloons and pray! We can inoculate against small-pox, we can clean up our streets and fumigate against the yellow-fever; we can even diet ourselves against cholera, but there is no relief in the ingenuity of man against the tide of strong-minded womanism which threatens us! The only possible alleviation ever yet discovered—and which I cordially recommend to all single males present to-night—is to marry as quick as possible, and then it may take you only in varioloid form!

Thus I have glanced—and scarcely glanced—at a few of the prominent changes likely to be impressed upon our people as a result of the Great Revolution in which we have fought and lost. A hundred others might be noticed, if time permitted. Change is all around us, and pervades the atmosphere. As our cities grow, our literature will improve, for somehow great cities are favorable to the culture and development, though not to the birth, of genius. But as it improves, it will not purify, especially our newspaper literature. History, poetry, fiction, will intermingle with fulsome biography and miscellaneous criticism; whilst Pill advertisements, Radway’s Ready Relief and the Fragrant Sozodont will attain their maximum glory and struggle for the mastery. Even our pronunciation will change, more or less, with our style, as may be already seen in the strange accentuation given to many familiar objects, so as almost to disguise them from

us. For instance our Capital city is known as *Raw-la*, without the 'click' by which it was wont to be known to both citizens and politicians; the most lively and ambitious little city in the interior of the State, is called *Shar-lott*; whilst that goodly city which commands so pleasing a prospect over the mingling floods of the Neuse and the Trent—ignoring its famed mother—that glorious home of liberty and nursling of the Alps—has become simply *Nub-burn*!

Dear, native land! All these things and many more are to come upon thy children, sweeping away the land-marks of our early love, and many of the simple and happy ways which our fathers taught us, so that we shall enjoy them no more forever! Her very faults are endeared to us, and her short-comings even awaken the liveliest emotions in the bosoms of all who love her well. With the captive of Chillon, I can say:

"To such a long communion tends,
My very chains and I grew friends,
To make us what we are. Even I
Regained my freedom with a sigh!"

During all the sad years that tried the souls of men I was a close observer, and participated in all that concerned the State of North Carolina, and I say, with truth, that not only am I proud of the glorious manner in which she came through the fiery ordeal but that even my opinion of the nobility of human nature has been improved. Time will not permit me to speak now—as it should be spoken—of the many claims of her people to the respect and con-

fidence of the world. Other and abler hands must do that. I will therefore close this sketch by relating two or three incidents—and those not the most striking—of the hundreds I could relate illustrating the true nobleness of her people, and the gallantry and steadfastness of her soldiers during the late war.

One cold and frosty December morning, a poor but neatly clad woman stepped timidly into the Executive chamber whilst I was its occupant, leading a ragged and barefoot boy. With many tears she told her story and his; she was a widow with five little children, this, her eldest and only support, was but 17 years old, had been in the army since he was 15, had served honorably those two years and bore the manly scars of battle upon his body, but in an evil hour had deserted. Then when he got home, hungry and almost naked, she had kept him only long enough to make him one shirt, to hide his nakedness, and had then started immediately to Raleigh—a distance of sixty miles—to deliver him to me. I asked her if she knew that the punishment for desertion was death. She said she did, but she wanted him to do his duty to his country be the consequences what they might, and begged me to send him to his regiment and write to General Lee to be merciful! Knowing thus all the possible consequences, this brave and noble widow yet brought forward her first born—the Isaac of her hopes—and gave him to her country, either to perish in the ranks of its defenders or

to die the ignominious death of a felon, as that country might think best! Think of that, oh ye rich and mighty dames and matrons who boast of giving your jewels, and even your children to die noble deaths! and say within your hearts did not this poor widow's offering exceed all of yours? Suffice it to say that the boy was not punished.

Again: in passing through the mountains once, some soldiers stopped at an humble cabin and asked for something to eat. (By the way, what soldier ever did pass a house without asking for something to eat? or that, hadn't had a bite in three days?) The poor woman, who was its proprietor, kindly invited them in, and began to tell them her distresses and how she had been treated. That she had been a widow pretty well to do, and her three grown boys had been in the army ever since the war begun, that as the scene of war came nearer and nearer to her, the soldiers began to pass by and consume her substance.—First, they had destroyed all her provender, then her chickens, turkeys, ducks and geese, then all her hogs, then her cattle, and lastly, they had killed and eaten before her eyes, her last milk cow, and had otherwise preyed upon her, until, said she, "I've got nothing in this world for you to eat, boys, except that one little piece of bacon you see hanging up there!" As she rose up to prepare even it for them, they began to feel somewhat ashamed—a rather uncommon virtue with a hungry soldier—declared they would not intrude on a woman

who had suffered so, and got up to go. "No," said she, as she sharpened her knife on the bricks of the chimney jam and gave it a murderous flourish at the piece of bacon, "you just sit still; it's all right; as like as any way my three boys have helped to eat up your mammy's old cow, or some body else's; so I'll divide!" And she did divide; and if the territory of the late Confederate States had only been as big as that old woman's heart, Sherman's great army would have perished of sheer old age before it had finished its march to the sea!

During the last fatal retreat from the blood-stained ramparts of Richmond and Petersburg, to the memorable spot which witnessed the final scenes of that once splendid army of Northern Virginia, everything of course was in the utmost confusion. The old campaigners in the ranks knew quite as well as their officers that the war was over and whilst those who kept their ranks fought with but little heart, or straggled carelessly and hopelessly along, thousands deliberately walked off to their homes. With lessening rations and forage, and a routed and melting army whose demoralization was increasing every moment, it became every hour more and more difficult to check the flushed and swarming enemy sufficiently, to save the trains upon which all depended. It had become truly a rout,

"With many a weary league to go
With every now and then a blow
And ten to one at least, the foe,"

When on one occasion, a spot

having been chosen for a stand, some artillery placed in position and Gen. Lee, sitting his horse on a commanding knoll, sent his staff and all about him to rally the stragglers behind a certain line and beg them to give one more fire and hold the enemy at bay, until the slowly struggling trains could be got forward out of the way. Mournfully he beholds his once splendid warriors, broken and scattered, come straggling loosely along—saddest of sights to a soldier's eye—by twos and threes, here a squad, there the remnant of a company, parts of regiments, brigades and divisions, without drums or colors, mixed in hopeless, careless, and inextricable confusion, and rallying but slowly and unwillingly on the appointed line. But presently the roll of a drum is heard, a pennon flashes in the sunlight, the head of an orderly column comes into view, then emerges a small but entire brigade,

“Alas how few!

Since but the fleeting of a day
Had thinned it! But the wreck was
true,

and with arms at will, with martial tread and serried ranks, its commander at its head, and every living subaltern at his post, it comes, files promptly to the left along its appointed position; the sharp commands, “halt, front, dress” ring upon the air, and they are ready once more for the deadly and hopeless struggle! A smile of momentary joy plays over the distressed features of that illustrious chieftain, he calls out to an Aid, “what troops are

those?” “Coxe's North Carolina brigade” was the reply.—Then it was that, taking off his hat and bowing his head with the goodly courtesy and kindly feeling of a gentleman, which are so pleasant to see in misfortune, he said, “May God bless gallant old North Carolina!”

Not long since, I was invited to deliver an address at Winchester, Virginia, on the occasion of consecrating the Stonewall Cemetery there, filled as it is with Confederate dead, gathered up from the battle-fields of the valley, by the loving patriotism of that people. The reason given for selecting me, was because the North Carolina dead far exceeded those from Virginia herself or any other State represented there! So it is on all the battle-fields from Charleston to Gettysburg; and so it is likewise among all the rude and untended graves around the Northern prisons.

Considering all that is commendable in the character of our people, as illustrated by their bearing in adversity as well as in prosperity, and these changes to which she is subject, my object has been to urge you to be cautious in choosing those things which we should welcome and those we should reject. “Prove all things, hold fast that which is good.”

We know that our institutions and customs have been favorable to the formation of a people endowed with the noblest characteristics of fallen human nature. Let us be sure, whatever we do, that we barter nothing of this for wealth and power.

There is very much that we can learn from the people of the North, and I hope, sincerely, that we shall not be ashamed to learn it. Their physical energy, their inventive and mechanical genius, their thrift, economy and industry far surpass ours. Individual thrift makes aggregate wealth, this wealth, in turn, builds cities, ships, rail-roads, canals, churches, and endows colleges, schools, and spreads intelligence. In laboring for all these, I only beg my countrymen to preserve, as far as possible, their time-honored institutions, their old-fashioned hospitality, their honesty, public and private, the simplicity of their manners, the modest purity of their women, and their evangelical religion! The way is open for us to make North Carolina all we should wish her to be in material prosperity, without sacrificing one jot or tittle of those good qualities which we esteem her pride and her glory. We must complete as rapidly as possible our noble system of internal improvements until every section is linked with the other; we must prepare to dig up the inexhaustible mineral riches of her bosom; we must induce the inflow of population, and stimulate the agricultural interests until one continuous system of well cultivated and smiling farms shall cover the whole land from the low country of the east, across the rolling champaign hills of the interior, to the feet of the great western highlands. Those magnificent "pastures of the sky" should not only enrapture the eye of the traveler, and fill the hearts of their dwellers with adoration and praise with their inimitable scenes of glorious beauty, but should be made to gladden the hearts of their tillers with the sight of unnumbered thousands of lowing herds and feeding flocks; whilst their frostless steppes—as well as the Eastern plains—should teem with those native vines, now famous through the enterprise of strangers—and rejoice their owners with vintages rivalling the glories of Eshcol! All this, and more, we can do, if we will labor and be patient. But we must first be true to ourselves. We must aid each other, and patronize our own! We must patronize our own university,* colleges and schools; we must buy of our own manufactories, support our own newspapers and stimulate and foster the genius of our own young men.

Amid all these changes and revolutions, it is pleasant to know that there is one thing, at least, which knoweth neither variable-ness nor shadow of turning—the kindly love and devoted patriotism of the women of North Carolina, for all who have suffered in her behalf. Especially, during the season of despair and gloom which has so long paralyzed the strong arms of men, has it been refreshing to our souls to witness their unceasing and pious efforts in behalf of our dead heroes.—Even if their own great deeds were not—as they are—amply sufficient to redeem an unfortu-

* When its Fetichism shall be removed.

nate cause, and to fill the world with their splendid fame, the efforts of their devoted countrywomen would alone redeem their names from perishing. From the sea-shore to the mountains they are all at work—striving to feed the poor, to shelter the orphan and to bless the memories of their dead defenders. No adversity discourages them; and there is no spot so remote, but they may be found “working diligently with their hands.” Not long since, I had occasion to visit again that prettiest nursling of the Alleghanies—my native town of Asheville. Crossing the Blue Ridge on horse-back, and winding my way down that loveliest of all the valleys, I ever beheld, which nestles under the shadow of Mt. Mitchell and his gigantic confreres, I stood at length upon the summit of that sharp spur which, leading directly from the highest peaks of the Black Mountain, guides the limpid waters of the Swannanoa into those of the French Broad. Beneath my feet lay my native town—quiet enough now, though torn, despoiled and blackened by the flames of war—whilst straight before me, and on either hand lay, tranquilly sleeping in the evening sunbeams, two-thirds of my native county, taken in at one sweeping glance! Involuntarily I paused, and instantly, faithful memory filled my soul with the scenes and incidents, joys and sorrows of years. It was in the earlier part of that most delightful season in our Alpine land, when summer preparing to die, decks herself as for a festival in her most gorgeous robes, and blazing in the mellow autumnal sunlight with the thousand hues of the forest, makes earth quite as beautiful, and almost as glorious “as the o’er-arching firmament, fretted with golden fire.” The distant mountain peaks were bathing joyfully in the rich tide of outflowing light, the valleys seemed slumbering in real and grateful peace, and the quiet village wrapped in such fresh and soothing verdure, as almost to make its blackened ruins appear beautiful. The scene too, was that of my youthful hopes, sorrows and triumphs; where I had placed my young feet on the first round in the ladder of ambition, had tasted first of its waters and found them, even then, mingled with bitterness. My gazing was long, and my emotions were many. Drawing my feasting eyes at length slowly away from the magnificent panorama of mountain, hill and dale, and shining waters, and gazing eagerly upon every recognized house and familiar object, it fell at last upon the final earthly home of man—the village church-yard. There among the tombs of peaceful citizens, gleamed also, in the soft light, the white tablets which marked the resting-places of many who had given their young blood in defence of that goodly land, in whose bosom they slept so well. Then I thought sadly of the many, who were sleeping on wild and distant battle-fields, and wondered if there were any who would think to seek out and adorn their bloody beds! How could I, for a moment, have wondered thus? For, after gazing and

gazing, and thinking and thinking, until my eyes were moist with the teeming memories of the past, what time the "herd winds slowly o'er the lea," I spurred down into the village, and almost the first thing which greeted me was the din of the preparation my lovely townswomen were making to raise the means wherewith

to re-inter and adorn the graves of those very slaughtered boys of whom I had been thinking!

With a proud and grateful heart, I said then, as I know you will all join me in saying to-night, May God bless the women of North Carolina! And let him that says not amen, be *anathema, maranatha!*

DEAD—VERY DEAD.

[Sketch from a Romance of 1860.]

BY L. VIRGINIA FRENCH.

Precisely so. In pummelling and pulverizing to annihilation the black body of "Southern slavery," the stony spirit of Plymouth Rock has pounded the life out of a most beautiful and sacred social relation:—the hand of "Progress" (so-called) has wiped out, forever, the peculiar Southern "institution" of "Black Mammy." But, in 1860-'61, it was not so. That institution, now buried deep in the "dead past," was then part and parcel of the "living Present." At all events, you would have thought so, had you, for a moment, beheld "*Mammy*," the most notable in position, and elephantine in size of the "ebony idols" of "Andalusia." She was a matron of some fifty summers and winters,—

most generally "girt about with growing infancy" and the amplest of all ample aprons, either of checkered homespun or snowy linen, as duty or leisure predominated *pro tem*. Her usual costume was, like herself, more comfortable than classic,—nothing stiff about her, save her neck and her well-ironed head-kerchief, which she persisted in wearing after an odd fashion of her own inventing, and which "Mas' Syd" styled "a la Havelock." The circumference being about equal, it was difficult to determine where the dame's shoulders ended and the waist began, indeed, had it not been for the voluminous strings of the omnipresent apron, which encircled her like a belt of drift, marking

high tide upon some giant sycamore, the beholder might have been left in a painful state of suspense as to the fact whether or not she possessed a waist at all. Her hair, (it must be called so by compliment, and from fear of a applying any *sheepish* term to so stately a dame;) was iron-gray but concealed under the white kerchief,—her eyes small, with the kindest twinkle in them,—her complexion a brown mahogany, sleek and shining, and her large mouth expressive of great good humor. Her features were high and prominent, more like those of an Indian than an individual of "African descent" her manner was of the most unequivocal and uncompromising dignity: and she was given, at times, to speaking of people as being "of no force," with quite a grand air. As to temperament, good "Mammy" had nearly, if not quite, as much spirit as body, which is saying a great deal when one pauses to contemplate her number of pounds avoirdupois. She stood in no great awe of any earthly power whatever, though she had an affectionate reverence for "old Master" and "Madame;" but she was sufficient in herself to hold the entire "army of Africa" on that plantation in a state of wholesome subjection. In kitchen and cabin an autocrat—a veritable "monarch of all she surveyed;" taking a general supervision of men and boys, keeping a rigid look-out over the women, and reprimanding at large the troops of juvenile ebony; which, regarded as a natural sequence to their mothers, danced and tum-

bled about in the sunshine, or, when "weather-bound," toddled and capered through their kitten-like divertissements over the cabin floor. So supreme was her rule throughout the "quarters," that she always knew before-hand the exact opinion of "them niggers," upon any given subject,—they never daring openly to differ from her views, or dispute her mandates upon any occasion. Her denunciations of their divers derelictions from duty, were often furious, her gesticulation stormy in the extreme,—her threatening thunderous,—her temper tornadoic, and, at such tempestuous times, very serious indeed were the sharp lightnings of her "*coups de langue*." The "boys," when they, individually, did not happen to be the culprits, delighted to get her upon what they rather quaintly termed "a tall horse," and when once fairly seated upon that imaginary steed, she was never known to *abate* from want of words, but simply and solely from lack of breath. Yet, from the fact that her wrath was of the loquacious species,—her ire of the imprecatory sort,—arose the consequent fact that, though her bursts of righteous indignation frequently assumed a sublime stage of passion, they seldom proceeded to serious extremities. On the whole, then, when good "Mammy's" heart was well understood, (for she *had* a heart "as big as a meetin'-house," more or less) she was comprehended to be more amiable and less formidable than a first view, of her lofty bearing and

physical force, would warrant one in supposing.

To every member of the Vertner family she was devotedly attached, having been all her life one of their retainers, as her parents were before her; she considered herself as one of them—making it a strictly personal matter, their family was *hers*—no more, no less. Her especial adoration was “de childun,” her young mistresses, she regarded as a pair of most uncommon angels, with black eyes and rose-colored dresses,—Sydney she doted on—the “Master” she loved sincerely, and Madame Romaine, she admired to the deep extent of imitating her in every possible way, and saying often with an imperial air; “Madame and me,” did thus and so! This, in itself was the profoundest compliment possible—flattery, with “Mammy” could no farther go.

This good old family servant had one distinctive peculiarity—a direct consequence of her force of character and independent habit of thought. Being herself of a most substantial constitution—a kind of feminine Colossus, combining physical abundance and muscular force, with a heart at times the tenderest, and hands at times the gentlest. She had been appointed to nurse and watch over the late Mrs. Vertner, during the last five years of her life, and she had, almost literally, (as she expressed it,) “carried her in dese arms.” Such was the tender adoration with which this gentlest of gentle-women had inspired her faithful nurse, during these long years of patience and of pain, that

“Mammy” could form no higher idea of the heavenly beatitudes than that of still “tendin’ on poor dear Miss Lily,” listening to her as she read the Bible promises, and carrying her golden harp for her amid the splendors of the New Jerusalem! She entertained an abiding faith that this was one day to be her happy and enviable lot;—and woe to any imprudent Ethiopian who, unadvisedly dared intimate a doubt of this, (to her,) most consoling and comfortable theory. An irreverent grandson of her own—a sort of “Imp of the Perverse”—once had the ill-judged temerity to venture the query. “*Eh!* an’ who’s gwine fur to tote *your* gold harp, granny, while you’s a totin ov Miss Lily’s?” *Ugh!* the resources of the English language are quite inadequate to a description of the “length and the breadth, the depth and the height” of the “ducking,” received by this “noble Roman,” Julius, upon that unfortunate occasion; it can only be expressed in his own peculiar lingo, when he sputteringly asserted that he was—“a dem-dem-demol-obilish-ed nigger!”

“Poor dear Miss Lily!” Mammy would soliloquize, as she pensively leaned her Havelock upon a colossal hand—“poor dear Missus—I trus’ in the Lord she’s got her strength. Harps o’ gold mus’ in reason be heavy, hit will be too great an ondertakin’ for *her*, poor baby—an’ crowns o’ gold is heavy likewise—too burdensome I’m mistrustin’ for that little pale head that used to lean back onto my busom so faint like, as she said—‘Oh! mammy—my head aches so,

mammy!' Lord love it! hit *never* was strong. Now, hit's a pleasant place thar—an' so 'twas a pleasant place here, for Mas' Caroll, God bless 'im, (that's ole master I mean,) made her way mighty easy,—ef crowns o' gold an' harps o' gold could a' saved *her* precious life, he'd a' had 'em fixed up right centre, *shure!* But she never got no strength for all *his* lovin' of her, an' *my* nussin' of her,—an' though I reckon the Good Master above 'ill make it all mighty pleasant for her; the main question is—will hit gin her the strength? I often wonders—to meself like, jis' as I'm a doin' now—ef hit will be easier an' plainer, walkin' on them streets o' gold in the New Jerusalem she used to read to me about, than 'twas on all these purty paths as was made roun' an' roun' this big house jis' a purpose for her tired little feet? I reckon 'twill, I reckon 'twill, be all springy and velvety like. Poor Miss Lily—she was one o' the chosen,—*she* was. That good man, Bruther Sanford, is often a tellin' of us, 'As thy days is, so shall thy strength be,' but 'twasn't so with that sweet creature—no 'twasn't. The more days she had the weaker she got, an' at last she jis' naterally faded away like a lily—as she was. I hopes the Good Master 'ill arrange it so as to make the harps, an' the crowns, an' things easy; an' the burden light, or else that he'll arrange it so as to gin her the strength:—t any rate, until *I* gets thar to 'sist her—poor baby!' The idea that she, herself, would ever miss the golden gates of the Celestial City, had never

once intruded upon good Mammy's brain; she was just as certain that *her* "calling and election" was made sure, as that her beloved Miss Lily had gone on before, and was even now waiting for her. If she endeavored to follow the kindly teachings of her Mistress and Brother Sanford, it was not so much as a *means* of attaining heaven—but rather that one who was so sure of going there, ought, in reason, to conduct herself here in a manner consistent with so happy and *respectable* a destiny!

From Mammy's attendance on her lovely mistress arose another marked peculiarity. It so happened that upon two occasions, Mrs. Vertner had visited a "Water-cure," in search of her lost health, and "Mammy" of course, as an indispensable requisite, accompanied her. Here she was bitten by the "Cure" and became an almost fanatical disciple of Pressnitz. Mrs. Vertner being, for a time as it seemed, benefited by the treatment administered in her nurse's tender way, the said nurse, to the last, maintained that "ef poor, dear Miss Lily could only a made out to live long enough to a tried hit all on complete, hit would, in the Good Master's time, a gin her the strength." Mammy, from that time forward, constituted herself an entire "corps d'Afrique," under especial orders to administer "the treatment" to all diseases, moral, mental and physical, which appeared upon that plantation.

Water was the universal panacea for all "the ills that flesh is heir to." Madame Romayne fre-

quently observed that it was a blessing the river was so convenient, as without it, Mammy would have been to all everlasting in a fever of dread, lest the supply springs and cisterns should sink, Ariel-like, into the "middle earth" and leave her without the slightest amelioration, either for moral or physical evil. Evidently her direst idea of the horrors of a hell, arose from her belief that in such a sphere existed nothing of her favorite element—but on the contrary, that Fire, its antagonist-principle, reigned supreme.

"Plenty o' water in Heaven,"—she would forcibly announce,— "the Good Master knows what he's about. Four big shinin' rivers into the Paradise aint all for nothin':—an' then thar's that 'sea o' glass like onto a crystal,'— that's water too. 'Taint glass, no how,—what would folks want wi' glass in heaven? Cheap, brickyly stuff—an' them a walkin' onto dimonds and all sich! No—bless the Lord! that sea's water—*hit* is!" And then she would go on to argue, (not without some show of reason it must be confessed;) "What would be the sense o' havin' a hell-fire an' plenty o' water right on hand? *Water's fire's master*, an' with *hit* we could cure hell an' drown the devil—or *squench 'im out*, one. Only give *me* grace for to pour rivers enough down that sink-hole, an' I'll 'range *hit* all about centre. I'd engage to git all the meanness outen' ole Sam himself, by proper an' jew-dishus treatment. I'd pack 'im, an' douche 'im, an' plunge 'im: or I'd drown 'im, an' squench 'im, an' naturally put

his pipe out for 'im, bodily; I would, the owdashus ole fiery flyin' cuss! Hear me now?"

In pursuance, therefore, of the idea that water was nothing less than a sort of liquid "philosopher's stone," by contact with which all things evil were to be transmuted into the purest possible good, Mammy had established a certain regimen for not only routing disease from the ebony body, physical, but of driving the "often infirmity" of "*badness*" out of the juvenile ebony body, moral. She had imbibed in copious draughts, the principle that water is a purifying, refreshing and ultimately regenerating agent, and she was not an individual to think a thing, and then allow it to remain quietly laid up in lavender in the regions of thought. Like a woman of will, as she was, she was for putting all such thinkings into vigorous, not to say rigorous, practice. Holding it firmly as one of the "thirty-nine articles" of her faith, that African childhood and youth demand nothing less than the exigent watchfulness of dragons, gorgons, etc., she constituted herself a guardian of that type to such an unlimited extent, that the horrified juveniles considered her no less than an entire brigade of the aforesaid monsters. But no one could doubt the fact that her regimen had its advantages. The little urchins verily improved under it,—they were sleek, shining and "sonsie,"—the consequences of scrubbing off, and rubbing out the "*badness*" inherent in youthful Ebony. They improved vastly under her superhuman efforts

towards bringing the blood into a state of healthful circulation, after a fit of that chilly and sullen iniquity denominated "the sulks:" a searching attrition of their ears with rasping huckaback after a fibbing style of conversation: and a series of supererogatory slaps in connection with a douche (vulgarly styled a "ducking,") when the harmony of the infantile corps had been disturbed by that domestic enormity, "a free fight all round."

The Deluge met with "Mammy's" most unqualified approval. She regarded it as a master-stroke, a splendid *coup d'etat* of the Good Master for getting "the bad" out of "a world lying in wickedness," one gone to the unmitigated "bad," so to speak. To be sure, the experiment resulted in the destruction of a world of people, but that, in her opinion, was a matter of secondary consequence, since their "owdashus badness" went down to destruction with

them. It was related of her, that upon one occasion, when Brother Sanford was holding forth, eloquently, in the chapel, upon this, her favorite Scripture subject and depicting the Creator's stern punishment of an evil world; her irrepressible enthusiasm got the better of her discretion, and she electrified both minister and audience by springing to her feet, clapping her colossal hands with the emphasis of a pistol-shot, and exclaiming in a triumphal shout—"Glory to God! he had 'em thar! he had 'em thar!"

* * * * *

Dead—very dead. Forever past away is this Boanerges type of the good family nurse and foster mother. Gone too—to come again no more, is the softer image of the same extinct "institution" which has gladdened the homes of hundreds of us in days gone by, and whose portrait is hastily sketched below. Gone—all gone.

"MAMMY."

(A Home Picture of 1860.)

Where the broad mulberry branches hang a canopy of leaves
 Like an avalanche of verdure, drooping o'er the kitchen eaves,
 And the sunshine and the shadow dainty arabesques have made
 On the quaint, old oaken settle, standing in the pleasant shade;
 Sits good "Mammy" with "the child'un" while the summer after-
 noon
 Wears the dewy veil of April, o'er the brilliancy of June.

Smooth and snowy is the 'kerchief, lying folded with an air
Of matron dignity above her silver-sprinkled hair;
Blue and white the beaded necklace used "of Sundays" to bedeck
(A dearly cherished amulet,) her plump and dusky neck;
Dark her neatly ironed apron, of a broad and ample size,
Spreading o'er the dress of "homespun" with its many colored dyes.

True, her lips are all untutored, yet how genially they smile,
And how eloquent their fervor, praying, "Jesus bless de chile!"
True, her voice is hoarse and broken, but how tender its replies;
True, her hands are brown and withered, yet how loving are her eyes;
She has thoughts both high and holy tho' her brow is dark and low;
And her face is dusk and wrinkled but her soul as white as snow!

An aristocrat is "Mammy"—in her dignity sedate,
"Haught as Lucifer" to "white trash" whom she cannot tolerate;
Patronizing too, to "Master" for she "nussed 'im when a boy;"
Familiar, yet respectful, to "the Mistis"—but the joy
Of her bosom is "de child'un," and delightedly she'll boast
Of the "born blood" of her darlings—"good as kings and queens
a'most."

There she sits beneath the shadow, crooning o'er some olden hymn,
Watching earnestly and willingly, altho' her eyes are dim;
Laughing in her heart sincerely, yet with countenance demure
Holding out before "her babies" every tempting little lure,—
Noting all their merry frolics with a quiet, loving gaze,
Telling o'er at night to "Mistis" all their "cunnin' little ways."

Now and then her glance will wander o'er the pastures far away
Where the tasselled corn-fields waving, to the breezes rock and sway,
To the river's gleaming silver, and the hazy distance where
Giant mountain-peaks are peering thro' an azure veil of air;
But the thrill of baby voices—baby laughter, low and sweet,
Recall her in a moment to the treasures at her feet.

So "rascally," so rollicking, our bold and sturdy boy
In all his tricky way-wardness is still her boast and joy,
She'll chase him thro' the shrubberies—his mischief-mood to cure,
"Hi! whar dat little rascal now?—de b'ars will git 'im shure!"
When caught she'll stoutly swing him to her shoulder, and in pride
Go marching round the pathways—" 'jus to see how gran' he ride."

And the "Birdie" of our bosoms—Ah! how soft and tenderly
 Bows good "Mammy's" mother-spirit to her baby witchery!
 (All to her is dear devotion whom the angels bend to bless,
 All our thoughts of her are blended with a holy tenderness;)
 Coaxing now, and now caressing—saying with a smile and kiss—
 "Jus' for Mammy—dat's a lady—will it now?" do that, or this.

On the sweet white-tufted clover, worn and weary with their play,
 Toying with the creamy blossoms, now my little children lay;
 Harnessed up with crimson ribbons, wooden horses side by side
 "Make believe" to eat their "fodder"—(blossoms to their noses tied!)
 Near them stands the willow wagon—in it "Birdie's" mammoth doll,
 And our faithful "Brave" beside them, noble guardian over all.

Above them float the butterflies, around them hum the bees,
 And birdlings warble, darting in and out among the trees;
 The kitten sleeps at "Mammy's" side, and two brown rabbits pass
 Hopping close along the paling, stealing thro' the waving grass;
 —Gladsome tears blue eyes are filling and a watching mother prays—
 "God bless 'Mammy' and my children, in these happy, halcyon days!"

BEE CULTURE.

WHEN so many people of the South are struggling for life, like ship-wrecked mariners, no floating plank should be allowed to drift uselessly past them. If "figures do not lie," bee-keeping is one of these unnoticed planks, and if we may trust enthusiastic apiarians, it is no despicable one. Nay, in their estimation it is far more than a mere floating plank—it is a taut, capacious, sea-worthy vessel. It is a business which, however, neglected at the South, has kept pace in other lands, with other improvements in this age of so-called progress. It is taught as a science in the European colleges of agriculture, and in 1857, the yield of honey and wax in Austria, was estimated at seven millions of dollars." Almost every Southern plantation has a few neglected bee hives, which would perish altogether, were they in a less favored land; but our mild winters, and blossom laden summers are so favorable to their existence, that they yield a fair return of wax and honey, in spite of the ravages of their great destroyer, the bee moth. Formerly, we were obliged to say of bee culture as Bacon said of agriculture,

when he made a bon-fire of his agricultural books, "These books contain no principles." We placed our wee brown-coated laborers in a hive many times larger than they required, and however anxious for their welfare, were obliged to look helplessly on, while the brave little fellows battled with the moths, who to them, are "mighty sons of Anak, giants in their land." Now, we have learned so to dispose their forces that the enemy is beaten every time. The moth is a cowardly fellow, and never contests the field when opposed by anything like equal powers. The bees, themselves, must do the fighting—our interference is useless when it comes to hard blows—but it is our part to see that each division of the Lilliputian army is well recruited—no gaps in their ranks—and that their commissariat is well supplied. The mode of doing this has now been ascertained with accuracy, and bee-keeping is no longer a hap-hazard sort of business, without any "principles." Moreover, bee-keeping is a *beautiful* business. We confess to a weakness for the beautiful even in business; and a probably unorthodox suspicion that everything ugly is an "evil invention of the enemy."

A poet may be a bee-keeper. He may sit down amidst his blossom-embowered apiary, and commune with Aristotle and Virgil about his busy little charge while their musical hum fills his ears, and he may even come to the conclusion that the golden age of the classic poets was not all a myth, and that we have gradually progressed downward

instead of upward—downward through the silver and the brazen ages, until we have reached this hard iron one, ruled by the iron-handed sons of Cain. He may also dream, that as there is no coarser metal than iron, and we can go no farther in this downward course, we may hope to commence, by the "law of circularity," to rise upward again, and emerge, in our orbit, from the iron age into the golden one.

The entering wedges to this golden age are occupations which require little labor and produce great abundance, and may be more easily managed than we think for, and our present object is to show how profitable the golden age occupation of bee-keeping may be made, even in this the age of iron. The Rev. L. L. Langstroth tells us that in a favorable season, he has obtained from a single hive over one hundred pounds of surplus honey. And we are further told in the Patent Office Report for 1863, that it is not unusual under the most favorable circumstances, for single hives to produce two hundred pounds in a season. In East Friesland, Holland, bees are maintained at the rate of two thousand hives to a square mile. Two thousand colonies therefore, under the *most favorable* circumstances would yield from 200,000 to 400,000 pounds of honey. At 25 cents per lb., this amount of comb honey would be worth from \$50,000 to \$100,000. Does any planter make as much from a square mile, or six hundred acres of cotton? The reply will be, "Yes, under the *most favorable* circumstances we can."

But it is at the cost of the labor of Sisyphus, each day repeating the labor of the former, each year repeating the toil of the preceding. In the one case the laborers are human beings—in the other they are *bees*. Bees delight in labor—human beings do not. It is the highest good of bees to labor—it is the highest good of human beings to have time for mental and moral cultivation and for recreation. In bee-keeping, all you have to do is to provide hives and keep your colonies strong, about the same amount of trouble as providing bagging and rope for, and ginning, your twelve or fifteen hundred bales of cotton, which you have produced from your six hundred acres, under the most favorable circumstances. No apiary can be counted on for this amount of honey, however. But we are told in the same Patent Office Report, that it is “encouraging to know that already there are a few extensive apiaries in our country, which, under enlightened cultivation, produce annually, from five to fifty dollars worth of honey and wax to each colony.” We are told also, by another writer, that one parish priest in Spain, (which like the South, is a fine country for bees) possesses five thousand hives or colonies. Taking five dollars as the minimum profit of each hive, and this parish priest would realize \$25,000 annually. The objection may be raised to all this, that where honey is produced in very large quantities, there is danger of the supply exceeding the demand, and therefore it will become unsalable. We think there is but little danger of the demand exceeding the supply for many years to come, and when we remember how easily honey may be converted into that much demanded article, sugar, we doubt if this danger will ever occur. To convert honey into sugar, nothing more is necessary than to expose it to the light. Men of science tell us that this is the reason why it is necessary for bees to work in the dark—the honey for their purposes must be in a liquid state, and exposure to the light always candies or crystallizes it. The reason for this singular transformation is a very curious one. The following account of it is given in the *Quarterly Review of Science*. “Every one knows what honey fresh from the comb is like. It is a clear, yellow syrup, without a trace of solid sugar in it. Upon straining, however, it gradually assumes a crystalline appearance—it *candies*, as the saying is, and ultimately becomes a *solid lump of sugar*. It has not been suspected that this change is due to a *photographic* action; that the same agent which alters the molecular arrangement of the iodine of silver in the excited collodion plate, and determines the formation of camphor and iodine crystals in a bottle, causes the syrup honey to assume a crystalline form. This, however, is the case. M. Scheilber has enclosed honey in stoppered flasks, some of which he has kept in perfect darkness, whilst others have been exposed to the light. The invariable results have been, that the sunned portion rapidly crystallizes, whilst

that kept in the dark remains perfectly liquid. We now see why bees are so careful to work in darkness—the existence of their young depends on the liquidity of the saccharine food presented to them." Honey can also be transformed into sugar of a solid white concrete form, by boiling until it is reduced to a certain consistence and then "treating with moist clay, as practised by the sugar-baker for purifying sugar from its unctuous, treachy matter."—(*Rees' Cyclopaedia.*)

In the United States, Langstroth and Quinby are our chief authorities in bee-culture. They agree in all essential particulars, and the former is the inventor, or rather perfector, of the hive which enables us to obtain a knowledge of the exact condition of each colony, at all times, and which supplies, therefore, the one thing needed for complete success in bee-keeping. They each obtain their profits from the surplus boxes or caps, placed upon the hive, and which the bees generally fill as soon as their own commissary stores are attended to. Quinby was very successful with the common box hive, taking care to make them of the right size, viz: to contain 2,000 cubic inches. The caps, or boxes, for surplus honey should fit on the top, and should be exactly the same size, except in height, which should not be more than seven inches. One side, or the two opposite sides of the honey box should be of glass, in order that the bee-keeper may see when they are filled with honey. These glass sides should be covered to exclude the light.

For a description of Langstroth's hive, the reader is referred to his work on the honey bee. The hives and honey boxes should all be made in the winter, in order to be ready for the swarming season, which usually begins here in April and continues for two months. The apiary should not be so situated as to receive the full rays of the sun during the heat of the day. A few hours of morning sun to dry the moisture around is quite sufficient. Dark colored comb and honey are always the result of too much heat and light. In South America, where the bees build on trees in the open air, the comb is as black as jet. If there are no low-growing trees near the apiary, it will be necessary to plant some bushes six or eight feet in height, for the swarms to settle upon. In hiving a swarm, the inexperienced bee-keeper should protect himself from stings, by wearing a broad brimmed straw hat, over which a bag made of two yards of mosquito netting should be drawn and tied securely under the arms. The hands should be shielded by India rubber, or thick buckskin gloves with gauntlets. Mr. Langstroth uses a bee-hat, made of a piece of wire-cloth, one foot wide and two and a half feet long, sewed to a circular piece of leather at the top, and with a frill of cotton cloth at the bottom, to be tucked under the coat, to protect the neck. Old apiarians handle their bees without any of these precautions and incur no risk. When there is danger of a swarm running off, they may be arrested by throwing water, or

even earth amongst them, but no ringing of bells, or beating of pans has the slightest effect.—After the swarm has settled, the usual plan is to saw off the limb and lay it upon a table underneath, upon which a white sheet has been spread, and place an empty hive over them. When it is not desirable to saw off the limb, they may be shaken into the hive, (inverting it for the purpose) by giving a quick jarring motion to the limb. Then turn the hive on the bottom board and place it where you wish it to stand. In using Langstroth's hive, the bees should be shaken into a basket and carried to the hive and turned out upon a sheet, fastened over the alighting board. If they show any reluctance to enter, sprinkle them with water. Only one swarm should be allowed to leave each hive. By using Langstroth's hive, all after swarms which weaken the parent colony, may be prevented. His hives are so constructed that each comb is built upon a separate frame which may be taken out at pleasure. About a week after the first swarm has issued, take out all the frames and look them over carefully until you find the queen cells, which are easily distinguished by their large size, and cut out all but one. The old queen always leaves with the first swarm, leaving her successors in the unhatched condition in the queen cells. If all these unhatched queens, excepting one, are destroyed, there will be no more swarming, for bees never swarm unless led by a queen. The Golden Rule in bee-keeping is to KEEP STRONG

COLONIES, and one of the means of doing this, is to prevent all after-swarms. When the colonies grow feeble from other causes than over-swarms, they are to be recruited in the following simple manner. Take brood combs from strong colonies, containing a sufficient number of bees in the pupæ state, and place them in the hives containing the weak colonies. An experienced bee-keeper can tell from the weight of the hives whether the colonies are strong enough. Each hive should contain at least thirty lbs. of bees. Orchard and forest trees are most important auxiliaries to an apiary. All fruit blossoms furnish delicious honey, but none supplies it in such quantity as the blossoms of the apple. The raspberry also furnishes most delicious honey. The catkins of the chestnut and chinquapin are also very valuable, and the blossoms of the persimmon are often seen covered with bees. White clover is one of the most important plants from which bees derive their supplies. It is in the Spring when fruit blossoms fill our orchards and forests, that honey is gathered in the greatest abundance. A week or ten days of favorable weather will enable a strong colony to lay up an ample supply for the year, if they have a sufficient quantity of fruit blossoms to gather from. And instead of injuring the coming crop of fruit by robbing their blossoms, they bestow a great benefit upon them. In proof of this fact, the *American Bee Journal* makes the following statement:

“At the Apiarian General Convention held at Stutgard in Wirt-

emburg, in September, 1858, the celebrated pomologist, Professor Lucas, one of the directors of the Hohenheim Institute, said: 'The interests of the horticulturist and bee-keeper combine and run parallel. A judicious pruning of our fruit-trees will cause them to blossom more freely and yield honey more plentifully. I would urge attention to this on those who are both fruit-growers and bee-keepers. A careful and observant bee-keeper at Potsdam writes to me that his trees yield decidedly larger crops since he has established an apiary in his orchard, and the annual product is now more certain and regular than before, though his trees had always received due attention.

Some years ago, a wealthy lady in Germany established a greenhouse at considerable cost, and stocked it with a great variety of choice native and exotic fruit trees—expecting in due time to have remunerating crops. Time passed, and annually there was a super-abundance of blossoms, with only a very little fruit.—Various plans were devised and adopted to bring the trees into bearing, but without success, till it was suggested that the blossoms needed fertilization, and that by means of bees the work could be effected. A hive of busy honey-gatherers was introduced next season; the remedy was effectual—there was no longer any difficulty in producing crops there. The bees distributed the pollen, and the *setting* of the fruit followed naturally.' "

There are four occupations which we believe could be combined most profitably and beautifully in this climate. In truth, they "dove-tail" into each other so exquisitely that they seem but different parts of one charmed whole. These occupations are

bee-keeping, orcharding, wool-growing and *landscape gardening*, the last being but the golden cord which binds the three first together. By orcharding, we must not be understood to mean the ownership of a patch of crooked moss-grown and canker-worm-eaten apple trees, but the careful cultivation of every variety of fruit-bearing tree which belongs to our latitude, from the massive chestnut, which tosses its giant branches to the sky, to the light and graceful amelanchier, with its crimson, currant-like fruit. The landscape gardener furnishes the rich turf upon which the sheep feed—the sheep enrich the soil and keep down the weeds around the orchard trees, and the orchard trees furnish the blossoms of which the bees make their honey, and the bees in their turn fertilize the blossoms of the orchard, thus completing the circle of mutual benefits. Then the owner finds them "dove-tailing" into each other, with equal harmony, in the claims upon his attention. The lambing season is over just before the swarming season commences—then comes sheep-shearing—then the hay-making, and then the gathering, boxing and marketing of summer fruits—then the vintage and gathering of nuts and winter stores of fruit, and then the landscape gardener may take up his pruning knife and spade, planting and trimming during our mild winter months, until January comes again with its fleecy treasures. We have said that landscape-gardening is but the golden cord which binds the other occupations

together. That is, the turf, trees, sheep and bees should, and could, form one beautiful whole, arranged by the artistic taste of a landscape-gardener. Let heavy masses of wood, dense enough for Druids' homes and temples, crown the hills and be composed of chestnuts, black and Persian walnuts, shell-bark hickory nuts, Swiss and Italian pines, salisburias and araucarias, persimmons and mulberries, and let the usual orchard fruits mingle their exquisite odors and blossoms on the outskirts of the heavier trees, catching the sun-light, and strewing the emerald sod with their pearly white and rose-tinted petals, while the bees give a murmuring chorus to songs of the nest-building birds. Let the copse wood be composed of filberts, chinquapins and hazelnuts, and let the blackberries,

"Black as beauty's tresses
And sweet as love's caresses"

grow, not in straight lines, but in masses not too tangled for the gardener to enter with his pruning-knife occasionally. The sheep are good pruners as well as mowers, and a thicket of Chickasaw plums assumes a miniature orchard look, whenever they have access to it. They clear out noxious weeds and hiding-places for snakes, spiders, &c., as if by magic. By the employment of hurdle fences, these gentle laborers will fertilize, mow and weed your land whenever you desire it; growing at the same time wool for your raiment and mutton for your table, and pets for your children. Poet and philosopher, what more could you ask?

But to return to our proper subject, bee-culture. Our purpose in the foregoing remarks is not to induce young enthusiasts to invest money in bees, but merely to persuade the present owners of bees to take care of them and make the most of them. A single colony sending out one swarm, or "doubling every year, would, in ten years, increase to 1,024 stocks, and in twenty years, to over a million. At this rate, our whole country might, in a few years, be stocked with bees. It is not easy to overstock any country with bees. On this subject, Langstroth remarks:

"It is difficult to repress a smile when the owner of a few hives, in a district where as many hundreds might be made to prosper, gravely imputes his ill-success to the fact, that too many bees are kept in his vicinity. If, in the spring, a colony of bees is prosperous and healthy, it will gather abundant stores, in a favorable season, even if hundreds equally strong are in its immediate vicinity; while, if it is feeble, it will be of little or no value, even if it is in 'a land flowing with milk and honey' and there is not another stock within a dozen miles of it. There is probably not a square mile in this whole country which is overstocked with bees, unless it is so unsuitable for bee-keeping as to make it unprofitable to keep them at all."

Mr. Langstroth's work should be read by every bee-keeper. It is written in an entertaining style, but rather too diffuse for the ordinary reader. It would be an advantage to have a condensed edition for practical people who are not fond of general literature.

Virgil, Aristotle and Columellus are very well in their proper places, but when the bees are swarming, we haven't time to attend to them. *Quinby's Mysteries of Bee Keeping*, also, contains much valuable information, but *Langstroth's* hive is admitted by *Quinby* to be the last improvement in bee-keeping. It is an art which cannot be taught in a magazine article, but many farmers, at the South, are very successful, who have no guides but their own good sense. **KEEP YOUR COLONIES STRONG** is the golden rule. There may be as many modes of doing this, as there are modes of enriching the soil. The "principles" of agriculture are now thought to be well understood, but *Mr. Dickson* places his dependence upon commercial fertilizers; *Mr. Gift* upon home-made fertilizers, and *Mr. Howard* upon sheep. *Mr. Quinby* was very successful with common box hives, but admits that he is more successful with movable comb hives, and we know a mountain farmer who has sold hundreds of pounds of honey from hives made of sections of hollow trees.

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

I will commence my reminiscences of public men, with *Mr. Calhoun*, who stood pre-eminently above all others, in South Carolina, of my day and time. In early life, I had a most exalted opinion of this distinguished Carolinian, his talents, patriotism and purity of character.— This opinion was formed from his general course in public life, his speeches in Congress, and his administration of the War Department, under President *Monroe*. Whilst going to school, at *Asheville, N. C.*, in 1822, I remember writing an article advocating his claims to the Presidency over those of *Adams*, *Jackson*, *Clay* and *Crawford*. In the summer of 1825, there was a public dinner given *Mr. Calhoun*, at *Greenville, S. C.* I was one of the committee who extended him the invitation, and prepared the toasts drunk, one of which pointed to the Presidency as the crowning reward of his public life. This was the first time, I ever had the pleasure of seeing *Mr. Calhoun*, and I was then a student of law in *Judge Earle's* office. The speech he made, on that occasion, was a very brief one, and the company was not large. *General Thompson*, afterwards Minister to *Mexico*, presided at the dinner. *Judge Earle*, who was never an admirer of *Mr. Calhoun*, was not present, and left the village in order to avoid the dinner. He had been a *Crawford* man, and belonged to the political school of *Judge William Smith*, of *South*

Carolina. In the Presidential canvass of 1824, Judge Earle supported John Quincy Adams. He had no very high opinion of Gen. Jackson, as a statesman, but was never very decided in his politics.

The next time I saw Mr. Calhoun, was at Pendleton Court, and it was the last time I spoke to him for many years. During our political excitement, in 1832, in South Carolina, I became very strongly prejudiced against Mr. Calhoun, and it was not in my nature to seek the company of those I did not like. The total abandonment, by Mr. Calhoun, of his early national principles and his zealous espousal of what he had once repudiated as "The Virginia abstractions," shook my confidence in his wisdom and steadfastness of purpose in politics. I did not see how a great statesman could radically change his political principles, and be both wise and sincere.

In 1845, I met Mr. Calhoun at the anniversary of the Pendleton Agricultural Society. I had been invited by the President of the Society, Major George Seaborn, to deliver the anniversary address on that occasion. After it was over, Mr. Calhoun came up and complimented the effort I had made in the cause of agriculture. He was then starting to Alabama, to look after his planting interest in that State, and expressed his regret at not being able to have me at his house, near the village of Pendleton. Mr. Calhoun was, at that time, very much interested in farming, and he always made good crops. He paid great at-

tention to the preservation and improvement of his lands. Hill-side ditching was introduced by him in this section of the State, and after completing this labor, on his farm, he then turned his attention to manuring his fields. He wisely remarked that it was of little value to manure, till the land was prepared to retain it.

Nullification had passed over in South Carolina, and was an obsolete idea, with all thinking and reflecting men. The aspirations of party had subsided, and I ceased to think of Mr. Calhoun's inconsistency and tergiversations in politics. I began, once more, to admire his brilliant genius and appreciate his public services in many respects. In the summer of 1846, I met Mr. Calhoun in Washington, and had the pleasure of hearing him address the Senate on several occasions. I was very much struck with his earnest and ardent manner in debate. He spoke with great ease and fluency, his sentences were terse, and his conclusions rapid. He seemed to regard more the idea expressed, than the language in which it was uttered. His style of speaking pleased me more than the grand, solemn manner of Mr. Webster. He had all the feeling and fire of the orator, which I thought Mr. Webster wanted in some measure.

I had the pleasure of dining with Mr. Calhoun, during my stay in Washington, with Gov. McDuffie, Judge Butler and Mr. Burt, of South Carolina. At the table there was an amusing discussion between him and Judge Butler, on the location of national capitals. Mr. Calhoun re-

marked that the Capital of a nation was always on one side, and never in the centre of a kingdom, or empire. Judge Butler controverted this assertion and instanced Spain and Jerusalem. Mr. Calhoun explained by stating that Madrid was a Moorish city, and not originally the Capital of Spain. What he said in regard to Jerusalem, I do not now remember, with sufficient accuracy to state. But Mr. Calhoun was always well posted in reference to any theory which he advanced. If facts failed him, he would, nevertheless, support his theory with the most urgent argument and reasoning. I remember hearing Warren R. Davis give an account of a discussion at a dinner table, between Mr. Calhoun and an English Captain, in reference to the Trade Winds. The Captain listened very attentively to the theory, but said he had often crossed the Equator, and his observation did not sustain Mr. Calhoun's theory. Nevertheless, Mr. Calhoun's argument satisfied the party that he was correct, in opposition to the positive experience and observation of the English Captain. In other words, the Captain's facts were of less weight than Mr. Calhoun's argument.

After the adjournment of Congress, I traveled to the Virginia Springs in company with Mr. Calhoun, Gov. McDuffie and Mr. Burt. We were all in the same stage coach. Mr. Calhoun spoke of Clay's and Webster's manner in debate. He said when Webster was worsted in argument, he felt it, and you saw that he did feel it and know it. But Clay would

never give any such manifestations. He never acknowledged that he was worsted in debate, and would never let you see that he thought so. Mr. Calhoun said Col. Benton was the greatest of humbugs, and could make more out of nothing than any other man in the world. "He ought," said Mr. Calhoun, "to have gone about all his life with quack doctors and written puffs for their medicines. Had he done so, he might have made a fortune!"—There was no kind feeling between Mr. Calhoun and Col. Benton. Throughout life, they were bitter personal enemies. Mr. Calhoun had a bad opinion of the Colonel, and he reciprocated it most cordially.

When I left the Springs to return home, by the way of Abingdon, Va., and Greenville, Tenn., Mr. Calhoun requested me to write him as to the condition of the roads and staging through the mountains. He and Mrs. Calhoun intended returning to South Carolina over that route. He was anxious to visit Wythe county, where his ancestors had lived some time after their removal from Pennsylvania, and before they finally settled in Abbeville district, South Carolina. The roads and staging I found bad enough, and so reported to Mr. Calhoun. On their arrival in Greenville, S. C., Mrs. Calhoun said to me as soon as I saw her, "did you ever expect to see me alive, after passing over those roads in Virginia and Tennessee?"

Whilst I was a candidate for Congress, in opposition to Gov.

Orr, I visited Mr. Calhoun twice in my electioneering tours through Pickens district. I never found any where, a kinder man, or one more plain and unassuming in his manners than Mr. Calhoun; but I was particularly struck with his kindness and winning manners at his own house. How true it is that greatness is never pretending or assuming. It is only "the would be great man," who has to assume and pretend to what he has not. The first visit I paid Mr. Calhoun, we were alone the whole day, and from ten o'clock till dinner was announced, I do not think either of us left our seats for a moment, nor was there scarcely a pause in conversation. He was in fine spirits, and his conversation was truly fascinating. It was not that of a studied speech or lecture, in which Mr. Calhoun too often indulged with his admiring listeners. It was natural and simple, cordial and cheerful, amusing and instructive, giving and taking, calling in the whole range of his life's experience, thought and learning. He spoke of his course in Congress, described his contemporaries, told anecdotes of Randolph, Lowndes, Jackson, Polk, Benton and others. He did not admire President Polk, and spoke of the Mexican war as most unfortunate. He did not believe that our armies could capture the city of Mexico, or hold the country if we conquered it. He spoke in high terms of the officers of the United States army, and said he knew thirty of those officers, who were capable of commanding the largest armies of Europe.

When the Missouri question was on the tapis, in Congress, Mr. Calhoun said he suggested to Mr. Lowndes, that Congress having authorized the formation of a State Constitution, the people of Missouri, if not admitted into the Union, would be a legal, independent State, out of the Union, and beyond the control of the United States. In speaking of the Federal Union, he said the love of it, with the American people, was stronger than their love of liberty! I was greatly shocked, as a Union man, with this idea, and did not assent to it. I contended that the love of the Union with the American people, was only for the purpose of maintaining their liberty and independence. But it would seem from our present political condition, that Mr. Calhoun was right, and I was wrong. A large portion of the Northern people seem willing to establish a military despotism to preserve the Union, and I am extremely mortified to see that a portion of the Southern people are willing to acquiesce in this disposition to get back into the Union.

I have always said that all great men were egotists. Cicero and Demosthenes were eminently so. Mr. Calhoun was not without this foible of greatness, any more than he was of one other infirmity, which it is said belongs to all great men—*ambition*. He liked very much to talk of himself, and he always had the good fortune to make the subject exceedingly interesting and captivating to his hearers. Mr. Calhoun was a man of the very highest mental energy and activity. In this respect, no

one surpassed him. But he was unfortunate in always having the great powers of his mind concentrated on one subject at a time. He thought and reasoned so rapidly and directly, and was so absorbed by the one subject for the time being, that he pursued the argument without considering how the question would affect something else. This was too much his character to be a wise statesman or a safe counselor. Whilst the advocate of a great system of Internal Improvement, he thought of nothing but the social and commercial blessings which it would bestow upon the country. He did not stop to consider, or turn to right or left, to see how such a system would strengthen the powers of the National Government, and crush those of the States. When he became the advocate of a tariff for protection, he thought only of building up the National Independence and encouraging American labor. He did not reflect on its sectional bearing, or stop to consider that one portion of the United States would not find it profitable to engage in manufactures. When he became the champion of Nullification, if not its author, he saw in it nothing more than a remedy for getting rid of the onerous exactions of the tariff system for protection, which he himself had formerly advocated through the highest and most patriotic motives. He did not consider whether or not Nullification would make our National Union a rope of sand. This did not make an objection to the one idea which had possessed

his great mind, and that was to break down the system of protection. In pursuing one question, he lost sight of all others. How many thousands of such men of smaller minds do we not meet in ordinary life. They are forever wrong, and always changing their opinions, because they are always on the extreme, and never right. Philosophy teaches us that extremes are always dangerous, and that the path of wisdom and safety is ever a middle course.

Unfortunately, Mr. Calhoun, throughout his brilliant career as an American statesman, was jumping from one extreme to another, in politics. From the extreme of National powers, under the Constitution, bordering on consolidation, to the extreme of States Rights, bordering on the destruction of all National power. From the extreme of protection to no protection, not even incidental in laying duties for revenue. From the extreme of internal improvements, to the denial of any such power, on the part of the General Government. From the advocacy of a National Bank, to the denial of the power to establish such an Institution! At one time Gen. Jackson was, in the opinion of Mr. Calhoun, a great patriot and an incorruptible man. Then he was a great tyrant and utterly corrupt. At one time, in a letter to Gov. Noble, he urged the election of President and Vice-President by the people, then he thought in the latter part of his life, nothing more vicious and suicidal, in South Carolina. In

1812, he was the champion of the war, but on the Oregon question, his speech is a most masterly vindication of the peace policy.— War was first the greatest blessing, and then the greatest curse. Mr. Calhoun was the advocate of the election of Gen. Taylor, but very soon saw that he was not the right man in the right place. In order to break down Gen. Jackson's administration, Mr. Calhoun became a Whig, and the ally of Clay and Webster. He then abandoned the Whig party, and because Col. Preston and General Thompson would not do so, likewise, he drove one from the Senate and took the stump to crush the other. It is, however, the fate of genius to be erratic.

For many years, Mr. Calhoun was absolute in South Carolina, and all who sought promotion in the State, had to follow him, and swear by him. He thought for the State and crushed out all independence of thought in those below him. It is said by the Historian, that on the death of Henry VIII. of England, that Kingdom breathed more freely. I thought, after the death of Mr. Calhoun, the people of South Carolina could think more independently. Mr. Calhoun seldom made quotations in his speeches or writings. He relied on no authority save the resources of his own great mind. His style was very much that of the greatest and most original thinker of ancient times, the great Stagyrte. In style there is a striking similarity between the writings of Mr. Calhoun and Aristotle's "Ethics" and "Politics."

In Mr. Calhoun's last moments, he said nothing about religion, and I mentioned the fact to Gov. Orr, who was with him when he died, in Washington. The Governor said that Mr. Calhoun had no idea of dying, and had not even given up, at that time, the hope of being President of the United States! The Governor told me that Mr. Calhoun was a Unitarian in religion. But Maj. Samuel A. Townes, who was very intimate with Mr. William Calhoun, the brother of John C. Calhoun, once informed me, that in conversation with this brother, who was a great heretic in religion himself, he enquired what the religious opinions of Mr. John C. Calhoun were. Mr. William Calhoun replied, "John has the reputation of being a great man, and he is too prudent to offend the religious world by the avowal of infidel notions, but I know that he thinks with me in regard to religion." Gen. Thompson has told me that he was at Mr. Calhoun's house with an ignorant and rude Baptist clergyman, to whom Mr. Calhoun was explaining the doctrine of Nullification. The clergyman stopped him and said, "I would much rather have your views, Mr. Calhoun, on the subject of the Christian religion." Mr. Calhoun evaded the question, and the direct inquiry was made of him, if he believed in the Christian religion. The question was not answered.

Mr. Calhoun was greatly admired and loved by all of his neighbors about Pendleton. They knew him best in private life and

their good opinion is worth a great deal. His truth, sincerity and sterling integrity were never doubted by those who knew him best and loved him most. In public life, no matter what may have been his errors and inconsistencies, no one ever charged him with corruption or intrigue, or dishonor in his public duties.

Perhaps, there is no American statesman, whose private life and moral character are more unexceptionable than the life and character of John C. Calhoun. He is a statesman of whom South Carolina may well be proud, and whose genius must have placed him in the front rank of great men in any age or country.

ABOUT BIRDS.

THE Short-Eared Owl is with us only during winter, and except in its predilection for living on the ground, has no striking peculiarities; it closely resembles the Barred Owl, in size and color, and is no doubt very frequently confounded with it. The Barn Owl is a West Indian, who spends his summers among us; this species is abundant, yet his notes are rarely heard, and being strictly a night-owl, it is still more rarely seen. It is a great blessing, however, to the planter in whose corn-crib it has taken up its quarters, keeping the barn free of rats, mice and flying-squirrels with greater efficiency than two or three cats. The Long-Eared Owl is not very abundant, but he is decidedly the most quizzical-looking of his tribe, though not destitute of a certain beauty of his own. You have, no doubt, seen him sitting with stupid gravity on the box to which his captors have tied him, his slender and ungainly body thrown for-

ward, his back humped like Punchinello, and his long, feathery ears pointing backwards. His plumage, however, is very soft, and delicately colored, and his scarlet eyes with their bright green margins attract the attention of all who observe him. Then we have the Snowy Owl, which comes to us in winter from the far North, and is an object of greater interest. This is a very fine bird, of striking appearance, and sees equally well by night and by day. It is not common at the South, but on one occasion, while out shooting with a friend, near Columbia, S. C., we frightened three from a ruinous building in the centre of a field. A beautiful specimen was long in the possession of the late Dr. R. W. Gibbes, of the same city, which had been shot from a chimney in one of the streets, and I have known two individuals to be killed, at Charleston, at different times, while perched upon houses situated in the most frequented

thoroughfares. This owl is an expert fisherman, being famous in the far North for his skill in capturing fish at their breathing-holes in the ice, and with his near relation, the Great Cinereous Owl, for predatory excursions among the muskrat traps.

The three species which are most common in the Carolinas, and, therefore possess for us the greatest interest, are the Great Horned Owl, the Barred, or Swamp Owl, and the little Screech Owl. The first and last of these, although respectively the giant and pigmy of their tribe, are very closely connected. They are the only representatives on this Continent of their particular genus, which is *Bubo*, or Horned Owl; the Screech-Owl, proper, having a round head, and being represented with us by the Barn Owl only. The Great Horned Owl is the nocturnal tyrant of our woods. Audubon says nothing of his migrations, yet, I have never heard or seen one after the month of November, or earlier than the last of March, nor have I ever seen an individual nearer to the sea-coast than the middle districts of South Carolina. He resides chiefly among the uplands, spending the day in the dark shelter of some pine, or moss-clad oak, from which you may hear his sepulchral voice at regular intervals "from eve till morn," and in cloudy weather, "from morn to dewy eve." This note is excessively melancholy, resembling a *tremolo* movement, executed by blowing a comb with paper placed over it, and it may be heard at an astonishing dis-

tance. At night, he sets out upon his solitary plundering expedition, and commits terrible depredations among out-lying poultry and pigs. His large size, and powerful talons render him a terror to all the smaller animals, and to all birds, from the turkey downwards. His flight is vigorous, but wonderfully noiseless, being admirably described in the lines addressed to him by Hirst:

"The Lord of the Night goes by
Not with a loudly whirring wing,
But soft as a lady's sigh."

Moved by some spirit of diablerie he will sometimes alight for a moment and give utterance to the most horrid and unearthly shrieks, mingled with eldritch mutterings "like the gurgling groans of a murdered man," or the stifled screams of a person struggling with the night-mare. The appearance, and some of the habits, of this noble bird may best be gathered from a brief account of a splendid specimen which was recently in my possession. From its size (the female is the larger and more highly-colored among all birds of prey,) I judged it to be a female; it had been touched on the wing by a shot, and caught some three miles from my house, but recovered, perfectly, in a few days. It was as large as a well-grown turkey-hen, but when teased would erect all its feathers, as an angry cat does its fur, and swell out to double its natural size. The color was a rich, chocolate brown, shading on the lower parts into pale tawny, and beautifully marked about the head and throat with glossy black, relieved by a white

ring about the neck. The ear-feathers, or "horns," were usually kept erect, and in shape, somewhat resembled those of a yearling bull. It fed ravenously, after dusk, upon dead birds, squirrels, or anything else that was offered, and invariably managed to escape from its cage before morning, when it would be found sitting on the top of it, secured by the string which was fastened to its foot. I kept it about ten days, the cage being set on the grass-plot in front of the house. One morning, we were aroused about day-break by a grand concert, or rather palaver, just beneath the window. Three new voices were audible, consulting with the captive, and, as the event proved, devising means for his rescue. I went to sleep after listening to the conversation for over an hour, and on coming down stairs, found the cage empty; the string, which had so long secured him, still tied to the bars. A week after, the same person who had shot this owl, heard one in the same tree; he procured a gun, and as the moon was bright, easily brought down the bird. Upon examination, it was found to be the same one, being easily recognized by the cut which had been made on its leg by the string, and which was still very much inflamed.

As the Great Owl is the most destructive to poultry, which he will enter the fowl-house to secure, so is the little Screech Owl the most innocent. His ghastly wail is familiar to all, and although evidently his mode of expressing pleasure, is excessively

unpleasant and depressing in its effect upon those, even, who attach to it no superstitious importance. But we should cheerfully submit to this annoyance, in consideration of the great quantity of mice, lizards, beetles, grass-hoppers, and other noxious vermin and insects, of which he rids our grounds. In appearance, this little fellow is a miniature of his enormous and truculent brother just described, but his colors are different, the old males being of a brick-dust red, with the under parts white, and the female being mouse-grey, marked with black and white. I once had one as a pet which afforded much amusement. It would sit on my arm on the very day of its capture, snapping its little bill at every dog or cat, and taking refuge from the sunlight in my sleeve, or under the back of my coat, exactly in the manner of a tame squirrel; it fed on small birds, and was very active and noisy at night, and finally escaped by flying from my arm across a stream, where I could not follow it. These birds are about the size of one's fist (in appearance) and if kept with clipped wings where there is no cat, make more efficient mousers than that animal, which is generally too well fed from the table to exhibit that activity, which hunger alone prompts all predaceous creatures to display. The habits of our little Screech Owl are strictly nocturnal, and for that reason, he is oftener heard than seen. Early in the morning, however, or on moon-light nights these birds may readily be called up to within a few feet of any one

who can imitate their cries, and this is easily done by blowing tremulously through the clasped fists.

The last of this family, which will engage our attention, is the Barred Owl, the most common and noisy of his tribe in all swampy localities. He belongs to the round-headed, or Hooting Owls, and is in apparent size, as large as an ordinary hen, although, like all other owls, when plucked of his thick coat of feathers, he dwindles to the bulk of a pigeon. This is the practical joker so famous for frightening nervous travelers by night; his usual cry is composed of eight distinct hoots, the last syllable being prolonged into a mournful and piercing wail. Sometimes, he gives utterance only to this last note, and then again to a laugh, so weird and shrill, as to make one's blood crawl. Of a still evening, or even during the day, in cloudy weather, these cries are bandied from one to the other, so as to induce the belief that hundreds of owls are carrying on a conversation of great importance, while the frequent shrieks of laughter which are re-echoed on every side, give the idea that some excellent jokes are passing. They prey chiefly upon small quadrupeds and nocturnal birds, and will often visit the hen-roosts and fattening coops, for the purpose of plunder. They are fond of frequenting ruined, or vacant, buildings, and there was an old church in South Carolina where one lived for several years in the organ, frequently sailing out during service, and taking up his po-

sition on the sounding-board above the pulpit, just over the head of the minister, and thus upsetting the gravity of the younger members of the congregation.

The Owl has always been regarded by the superstitious as a bird of ill omen, and has innocently given rise to a great deal of unnecessary distress and terror. There is no doubt that he is "the only and original" Banshee, and his amorous ditties, as he serenades the object of his admiring affection, have often been mistaken for the howl of the Wehr-Wolf, or the shrieks of some restless ghost. As an instance of those singular coincidences, which sometimes occur to feed the fires of superstition, I will relate the following from my own personal knowledge. Two gentlemen were one night sitting and reading in a country house, which had for sometime been unoccupied; the windows were all open, and two candles stood about the centre of the mantel-piece. Suddenly, a Barred Owl flew noiselessly into the room, and flapped out both lights with his wings. One of the gentlemen remarked at once, "If we were superstitious, that might make us uneasy," and then the matter was forgotten. The next morning they left for home, and before riding a mile, met a messenger who announced the unexpected death of a relative, and a few miles further on, they met a second with a similar piece of intelligence concerning another. It may be an appropriate sequel in the eyes of credulous marvel-lovers to state, that both these gentlemen died young and by vio-

lence. One of them was drowned while nobly trying to rescue a fellow-being from the waves, and the other filled a soldier's grave, in the equally fruitless effort to rescue from destruction, that which was far more precious than even many lives. But the birds are, happily for them, as careless as they are ignorant of all those shadows which chequer human experience with sadness, and their habits change not with the vicissitudes of the life of man.

All owls have a singular power of turning the head almost completely around, without the slightest effort, which has led to the popular jest of wringing off one's head by walking round his perch. The feathers of the neck are so loose that they retain their natural position, and as the bird looks steadily at you with his head reversed, it produces a ludicrous impression, that such is its normal situation. Another habit common to the tribe is that of disgorging large pellets composed of the hair, feathers, teeth, bones and other indigestible portions of their prey, and their mid-day retreats may often be discovered by the number of these *disjecta* lying on the ground around them.—They all build their nests in hollow trees or ivy-bowers, except the larger sorts which sometimes construct them of sticks and feathers, and all lay from four to six white eggs, globular in form like those of the Muscovy Duck. Young and old of all species click their bills angrily, when a dog or other object of their dislike approaches them. When shot, they generally remain for a while cling-

ing to the perch by their strongly contracted talons. I have known a Barred Owl thus to seize in its death-throes the hand of a child, which could be extricated only with considerable difficulty. They move on the ground only by awkward hops, and almost invariably upon alighting on a tree, they instantly "about face" with a single hop.

And here, my dear reader, we will end our chat about our Nocturnal Birds. On another occasion we may meet again to while away a pleasant hour with some gossip in regard to those of our predaceous birds which commit their depredations by day, and if we become better acquainted, we may perhaps, from time to time, indulge in conversations about the various other classes of the feathered tribe, such as Game-Birds, Song-Birds, Birds Noxious or Beneficial to Agriculture, etc.

NOTE.—Since writing the first pages of this article, I have made an observation, which illustrates the unreliability of *positive* assertions, which are based upon *negative* evidence. I was tempted into the woods by the calls of the Chuck-Will's-Widow, while the light was still quite strong, and advanced towards the spot whence I heard the notes, until the bird observed me and became silent. Remaining perfectly quiet for a few minutes, I saw it flying towards me, and passing within a few feet of my face, it alighted upon the ground. I startled it again, when I saw it settle at some yards' distance upon the dead twig of a fallen tree, and ap-

proaching very near, saw a pair both our other Goat-suckers, but of these birds *sitting cross-wise* this single observation will doubt-upon a *very small* branch. I less apply to all, since such a watched them for some time, so habit would, probably, be a gener- near as to distinguish, with ease, ic, rather than a specific, mark. the male from the female bird, The pair of birds, which I noticed and thus exploded the belief on this occasion, flew in those which I had always held, proving graceful cuttings and windings that the Goat-suckers *do not* in- through the air, which are pe- variably support their bodies culiar to their tribe, and uttered, lengthwise on a limb or tree. unceasingly, their strange, low Audubon asserts this of the purring, almost precisely like that Whip-Poor-Will, and I had al- made by the cat. ways observed it in the case of

B A B Y .

BY FANNY DOWNING.

Of all the musical meanings rung
 Round the tones of our mother tongue,
 This has the sweetest, said, or sung,
 Baby!

Heaven's handiwork fashioned fine;
 Concrete where choicest charms combine;
 Wholly human, yet half divine—
 Baby!

Old as creation, yet ever new;
 Sparkling as sunshine and fresh as dew;
 The blessing of blessings, tried and true,—
 Baby!

Pure as a plume from an Angel's wing;
 Robed and sceptered, the household king;
 Absolute despot, that helpless thing
 Baby!

Tender tyrant whose tiny hands
 Hold our heart-strings in triple bands;
 Sways us with smiles, with a tear commands,
 Baby!

Harmless monarch before whose frown,
 Sages and white-haired men bow down;
 Woman's glory, and cross, and crown,
 Baby!

What is its magic? We analyze,
 Seeking to compass the charm that lies
 In whatever elements may comprise
 Baby!

Imprimis, hands like a crumpled rose,
 Plump pink cheeks, and a nondescript nose;
 Wax white forehead and dimpled chin,
 Honey-sweet mouth, not a tooth within;
 Eyes, of whatever coloring, hid
 Under the shade of each silk-fringed lid,
 Black, blue, hazel, brown, grey, or green,
 "The sweetest eyes that ever were seen!"
 Head with a covering of furry hair;
 Shoulders like swans-down—not quite so fair!—
 Limbs with their fluctuant curves unmarred;
 Nothing angular, harsh or hard;
 Full of a beauty no words express;
 Strong from its utter helplessness.
 These concomitants, thus combined,
 Constitute "Baby," we seekers find.
 Still our searching has not revealed
 Source of the wondrous power, they wield
 Over our feelings, nor taught us how
 The perfect peace of a baby brow,
 So shames the furrows which time has set
 Upon our foreheads; why we forget,
 Beneath the beam of a baby smile,
 Our cares and sorrows, and for a while,
 Escape from our burden of pressing pain,

Become like a careless child again,
Then take up our troubles—not faint and worn—
But, strengthened in spirit and soul, go on.
May not the wonderful charm be shed
From the light of the Christ-child's manger bed?
May not the Baby of Bethlehem
Have placed the print of his diadem
—Seen by the Angels, unmarked by us—
On each of our cherished children? Thus
Making their frail humanity show
A reflex of him who came below,
Not with the splendors on Sinai shown,
Not to an earthly crown and throne,
Not with the whirlwind, and flame, and sword,
Not in the pomp of Creation's Lord;
But weak and helpless, and meek and mild,
Born in a stable, a baby child!
May not the Star of the Magi shine
Over our babies—yours, and mine?
Gilding their lives with its golden ray,
Banishing sorrow and sin away;
Teaching that heaven, from whence they came,
Keeps on our children its prior claim;
Warning our weakness, lest we lay
Too much treasure in moulds of clay;
Bringing before us, as life speeds on,
The dawn of the dreadful reckoning morn;
Tenderly urging us so to live
That we to our summons, this answer give,
As we stand by the shore of the Jasper Sea,
“I AND THE CHILDREN GIVEN ME!”

AN OLD MAN'S MEMORIES.

By the fire which is settling down in the dull redness of martyred coals, throwing its glare on the soft rug, and dimly lighting up the dark draperies of the room, sits an old man alone with his memories. The lights and shadows of the summer of his youth flicker and fall around him. Airy forms come dancing through the distance, and the echoes of long-ago melodies are mockingly sweet in his ear—they are gone—the flare of the last blaze is over—“Behold your house is left unto you desolate!” sweeps sadly into his heart.

Many, many years before, Allen Chesley left the old “ingle side,” blithely and hopefully, for the great rushing world. Memory has limned in unfading colors the departure from the home of his youth—the fervent blessings of his single-hearted parents, sobbings of little Gracie and the “God bless you, Allen,” of the big, rough brother.

He sprang from under the stoop when the last farewell had been given and taken, and without daring a glance at the group who watched him in sadness, walked rapidly till a turn in the road hid him from view.

He reached the wide-winding brook, crossed its rippling waters to the big rock beyond, then threw himself impetuously down to sob out the emotions of his heart. But more fleeting than the fragrance of the violet is the sorrow of the

young, and ere the sun had sunk two degrees lower in its own splendor, his cap was tossed on high—“Excelsior!” rang from his lips and he was passing out of sight of the old homestead, the barn with its wealth of golden furniture, brown hills rough with the refuse of harvest, the beach-tree lettered from root to branch, the brook, the gurgling spring—all the old land-marks of his boyhood.

The old man looked at the wrinkled hand before him, then raised it to his head that had bravely met the wintry storms, felt the thin, grey locks that still clung faithfully to it, and slowly wandered between the years of them and now.

He smiled, and he remembered his bashful confusion in the hurrying crowd of the city, the shouts of the street vendors, and monotonous chants of the news-boys that rang perplexedly in his ears, his shy delight in gazing at the decorated shop-windows, rich in every arrangement of fancy. He had dreamed of all this, in his little cot, when the light of the moon crept through the chinks in the roof and laid its silvery touch on his face, and no sound broke the stillness of the night, but the scamper of the bold little mouse, under and over the loose planks of the floor, and the harsh chirping of the Katy-did in the big sycamore, that rustled its leaves in at the window.

Borne along by the ever-going

through, still life behind, and the uncertain future before him, he drank in the wonders that far outshone the splendor of his dream. The Queen of Sheba did not view the treasures of Solomon with more delight and bewilderment.

How vividly appears the morning he called on the Professor, a warm friend of his father, before their paths in life diverged, with the letter of introduction safely in the pocket of the brown coat, that had cost his mother and the village tailor many anxious thoughts. His awe in the presence of so much knowledge, which changed to an enthusiastic affection, when the kind old Professor took him warmly by the hand and promised to do all in his power to advance the aspirations of the young neophyte, inquiring kindly after the Pylades of his youth. Then his college days unroll in panoramic order, marked by nothing save the hard course of study—lapses in the wild life of his associates—rescuing influence of the watchful friend, and the encouraging letters from home, breathing “onward and upward.” All with the laurel-wreathed “Alma Mater,” disappear in the distance.

He dwells, pleasantly, on his studies in the office of good Dr. Bronson. The steady dive into that science, which is so far behind her ambitious sisters. The flush of pride on receiving the well earned diploma of his profession, which affixed the honorable title of M. D. to his name.

Struggles and difficulties did not cease 'till his hair was threaded with white, and brow furrowed

with care, he lets go by with a sigh—he does not want to live them over—beyond them is a face brightening here and lingering sadly there.

He is thinking now of Katie Bronson—the little girl with golden curls—the merry little sprite he helped the father to spoil, “Flitting fairy Lillian.”

When patience and perseverance had overcome all obstacles, and fortune was holding out her horn of plenty, Katie Bronson had grown to be a lovely woman. He had watched the bud expand into the blooming flower, and never knew when he first placed her an idol in the penetralia of his heart.

“In the vast world, he only saw her face” so “delicately pure and marvelously fair.” The old man took a locket from its abiding place, and gazing wistfully on the reflex of the only one, who ever had power to quicken the pulsations of his heart, softly said, “there is none like her, none.” The dark blue eyes looked sorrowfully into his own, as they did on the day she told him to bury his hope. Oh why did he tempt his fate! He knew he was much too old for Katie, and was not showy and graceful like her young admirers. The deep love that had grown with giant strength was responsible for the venture. How vividly before him is the evening, it was made. He was going on a journey and called to bid her good-bye. How faithfully every detail is portrayed. The cheering light on the roseate hue of the furniture—the marble basket heaped with flowers of dying Autumn

—Katie, how beautiful she was with her clear cut face—two or three curls playing truant from their fastenings had fallen on the crimson shawl around her shoulders. He cannot recall the words through whose agency, he made known his great love for her, but when she told him her heart was another's, that it was given to one whom he knew was not deserving of the priceless jewel he had won, every letter was branded in ineffaceable characters which ring sadly to his ear. The clock struck eleven—he counted every stroke—they tolled the requiem of his hopes.

Out on the pavement—under the clouds that buried the star of his destiny, the “wee sma hours” left him as they found him, heart sore and aching. The years that followed had no pleasure in them, but the consciousness of duty done. Where are they all now, the friends of his youth? His eyes fill with tears.

Vases of freshly kept flowers mark the spot where lies Katie's broken heart, and far from it, in a foreign land, its tyrant is under the sod. The last of the little ones that clambered about her knee, he took from the dying mother's arms to his sheltering care—little Katie. On the green knoll, not far from the chimney stacks of the old homestead, sleep father, mother, Gracie and the brave, stout-hearted brother.—Gracie—how his heart yearns for the little girl he loved so well. Memories' leaves are wet with the dews of affection, and he closes the book—a noise and scuffle is heard from the hall. A childish voice is ringing, “I will kiss Uncle Allen good night, I will,” and the little romp, Katie, rushes in. He clasps her in his arms, and murmurs,

“In the desert, a fountain is springing
In the wild waste, there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of thee.”

THE HAVERSACK.

Byhalia, Miss., gives a cavalry anecdote:

I belonged to the *horse* cavalry of old Bedford, so-called, in contra-distinction to the *foot* cavalry of old Stonewall. We *would* go out foraging sometimes, and our experience was very varied, and our success equally so. I never got completely put out but once,

and that was by a good old country-woman, in Upper Georgia. I knocked at the door of a rather rude hut, and on being invited to enter, found the old lady of the house knitting a pair of socks, with her daughter carding by her side. She gave me a look partly benevolent, partly curious and partly forbidding, and then

broke in with the query:

You belong to a critter company, doesn't you?

Cavalry soldier. Yes, madam.

Old Lady. (Turning to her daughter.) Thar now, Lizer Jane, here's one of them critter company soldiers and me just done throwin' all the butter-milk to the yaller sow's pigs!

A. R.

From Locust Bottom, Va., we get "some incidents and anecdotes of the mountains of Kentucky:"

The cavalry from the Cumberland Gap Department made an advance toward the Ohio, in the Spring of 1863, under the command of Gen. Humphrey Marshall. We did no unnecessary fighting. The object seemed to be to use up all the surplus grain in the country, and thus make all future raids upon the Salt Works of Virginia, an impossible thing, for troops coming by way of Kentucky.

As we were riding one day quietly from one corn-crib to another, I was joined in the rear of our howitzers by rather a forward, fearless-looking mountaineer, who said to me: "Mister, what do you call them things?" pointing to the howitzers. I replied, "them things, sir, are called the dogs of war or more classically the *purps*."

Mountaineer. Does you ever 'spect to hear 'em bark?

Myself. That's what we came for. I expect to hear them open beautifully on the *trail*, when our old General lets them loose.

Mountaineer. Whew! when your old General lets them loose? Why, man, old Humphrey ain't

after a fight. He's runnin' for Guvnor of Kentucky!

The wonderful conversational powers of the General made an impression, even upon the rude mountaineers. I remember that one of them, at whose house the General had staid for some time, was quite enthusiastic about this quality in our chief. He said to me: "just let the old gentleman have three or four slices of ham, a dozen eggs and other roughness to suit; then let him get a good sleep arter his meal, and when he wakes up, he's the most interestin' old fellow, you ever hern talk!"

The mountains were infested with bush-whackers. When we were in force, in any particular section, they kept themselves concealed. A couple of these desperadoes ventured to the road-side, and made an old woman cook up her last pint of meal for their dinner. Before they had used it up, our advance guard came in sight, and they ran. The old woman was as thorough-bred a rebel, as could be found any where. She took her position at the door to feast her eyes with the sight of our squadrons, as they passed. Her eyes glistened with delight as she joyfully exclaimed: "La, sakes!! 'Tis a sight in the world to see the calvary. Mister Marshall has got in his company from the corn-cribs and milk-houses!"

The mountaineers always called the cavalry, "calvary," and Gen. Marshall's forces were called "Mr. Marshall's company." On the other hand, the company of rebel rangers, under the gallant and efficient Captain Caudle, was usually called "Capt. Caudle's army."

The mountaineers did not keep their children as clean, as the abundance of pure fresh water would have permitted them to do. I had looked at dirty children until a clean one was to me what the cavalry was to the old woman, "a sight in the world." Happening on that sight one day, I was so delighted that I called a friend's attention to it. He said, "you are nearly as bad as Prof. H., of Christiansburg. He happened to see a clean baby in these mountains, and was so excited by the sight, that he dropped his musket, ran out of ranks, rushed into the house and kissed the nurse."

During the Chickamauga campaign, we were ordered to Cleveland, Tennessee. Near that place, we passed the house of another old woman, who might have been the sister of the one in Kentucky, but she was not so patriotic.—Possibly, her anxiety to protect her pigs from rebel hands, cooled her patriotism. At least, she seemed more desirous to "save her bacon," than her country.

Old Woman. Where are you 'uns from?

Soldiers. From Virginia.

Old Woman. And is you 'uns come all the way from Ferginny on critter-back to fight for we 'uns?

G. T. L.

Our next two anecdotes came from Galveston, Texas.

During the winter of 1863-64, while the Army of Northern Virginia was encamped around Orange C. H., Davis' brigade, consisting of four regiments of Mis-

issippians, one of North Carolinians, and a Mississippi battalion, was stationed about two miles from the village. The adjutant of one of these regiments obtained permission one day, to visit some friends in the 4th North Carolina regiment. At that time, the plank road was being put in repair under charge of a major of engineers. As the adjutant was riding along, he saw ahead of him a working party under charge of a sergeant, who mistook him for the engineer officer, and cried, "fall in boys, here comes the major to put us to work." The adjutant felt quite complimented by the involuntary tribute, to his good looks and soldierly appearance. He would have felt still more elated, had he not heard one of the men mutter as he passed, "if that fellow's a major, then major-timber must be scarce where he was put up."

On the 10th of May, at Spotsylvania C. H., Heth's division under the immediate command of Gen. Early, temporarily in command of A. P. Hill's corps, was sent soon in the morning to regain the position, that the enemy had gained on our left. After driving the "blue coats" through two lines of breast-works and across two streams, they made another and more obstinate stand. Although the balls were flying very thick, Gen. Early was along our line in person, encouraging the men to drive the enemy from his last position. The "blue coats," however, held their ground tenaciously, and late in the day our men set up the cry, "out of ammunition!" The old General

rose up in his stirrups and in his shrill clear tones, shouted, "what of that? Damn it, cant you halloo? You can drive them by halloing. Forward!" The whole line raised a shout and marched forward. The enemy broke before we got to their works and the battle was won.

A. H. B.

Correction.—Owing to the absence of the Editor, the name of Capt. James S. Oden was incorrectly printed in our January number as Capt. John B. Ogden. We notice that two of our sterling Democratic exchanges, the *Bellefonte Watchman* and *Genius of Liberty*, (the first printed at Bellefonte, and the second at Union Town, Pennsylvania) have both copied from our Haversack the account of the atrocious conduct of Gen. Geary to Capt. James S. Oden. In justice to General Geary, it should be stated that he is "truly loyal," and that explains his cruelty and his timidity.

A Modest Darkey.—The uncompromising Union editor of this Monthly heard some negroes, at Atlanta, Georgia, revealing their ambitious aspirations, as follows:

Gumbo Squash. I'd jist like to be a 'ductor on de cars. De way I'd make de folks stan' round!

Cuffee Black. I never specks to be nuffin but 'ductor on de hand car, wid de crank in my hand!

If all the white Fetich were equally modest, the "machine would be run as they found it." But the most ignorant and debased creatures want to be conductors on the cars of State, and

they are driving to destruction, as fast as the Father of steam can carry them!

Speaking of hand-cars suggests an anecdote, which our incomparable cavalry leader, Gen. Forrest, tells on himself. After his great cavalry fight, which turned Sherman back from Meridian, he and Gen. Stephen D. Lee took a hand car, at Columbus, Mississippi, and worked it themselves, to Gainesville, Alabama, to meet General Polk. They arrived at the latter place, thoroughly tired and broken down and sought a lodging where they might rest, and fix up their outer-man. They were ushered by the servant girl into the parlor, and they noticed that she would cast suspicious looks at them, while she affected to be dusting and airing the room. Her mistress called her, but she still hung about the room, watching the weary guests with hawk-eyes. A second call from the mistress had to be obeyed, and the Generals heard the faithful servant give the reason for not obeying the first call. "I'd a come sooner, mistiss, but, I clar deres two of de meanest lookin' white men in de parlor, I ever seed. I'se fraid to leave 'em dar by dey selves, dey might steal somethin'! Dey's eider Yankees or somethin' wus!"

F. Faunt Le Roy, Esq., of Belton, Texas, sends the next two anecdotes.

Here's your mule.—On our march to the field, we halted and remained several days in Houston county. While there our election

was held for several regimental offices, that of major among them. Five gentlemen aspired to that position. Industrious electioneering, as well as speech-making, was resorted to by the candidates. The interest waxed warm. I was not present, but was told the following incident occurred: After several speeches had been made, a certain one of the competitors—an ex-editor—mounted the stump and let off in fine style. He was making a good impression, when, unfortunately for him, he declared he had never before *ex-pired* to an office. Just at this crisis, a waggish fellow sang out, "*Here's your mule,*" and the poor man on the stump subsided; he could say no more. Afterwards, he said to a friend, "you know that was only a slip of the tongue; and I should not have stopped, if that d—d fellow had not cried out, '*here's your mule.*'"

F. F.

The mule story suggests an incident of Missionary Ridge, which we are told is entirely authentic. When our troops began to give way and the Yankees were pressing them vigorously, a distinguished Confederate General dashed up to a body of soldiers, who were beginning to show symptoms of disorder, and cried "rally, my brave boys. Here's your General." A reb, who was slightly demoralized and considerably inclined to run, looked up at the General and replied, "and here's your mule on a quarter stretch!" and broke down the hill at thundering speed.

An old head on young shoulders.

—Nothing was more offensive to those who entered the Confederate army, of their own accord, than to call them *conscripts*; and this class of soldiers never withheld their biting sarcasm or ridicule, when they met or passed those, who were forced into the service.

On one occasion a little boy, with a poor horse and droll-looking cart—altogether making a ludicrous exhibition—was passing one of our regiments, and of course many witticisms were uttered at his expense. He was silent for some time, but at length stopped his horse, coolly looked around, and asked, "What are you all down on me for? I had nothing to do with passing the conscript law!" The boys acknowledged they were beaten, and the little fellow drove on.

F. F.

From St. Louis, Missouri, the next five tit-bits have been dropped into the Haversack:

Twenty or thirty years ago, old Bob Maupin and Sammy Douglass were opposing candidates for the Legislature in B— county, Kentucky. In the course of one of Maupin's speeches he said: "Why, bless your souls, my fellow-citizens, 'honesty is the best policy.' Ain't that so, Mr. Douglass?" Old Sam replied with his peculiar squeak, "I don't know, Mr. Maupin, I have never tried any of your d—d villantry!"

— There was a certain Mose Aiken, who had some reputation at one time, as a revivalist preach-

er, in Kentucky, but who fell from grace by having that weakness, which has since been so characteristic of the carpet-bag preachers and the *fleshly-inclined* saints of the school of the Freedmen's Bureau. But when Aiken was in the hey-day of his glory, he was making an eloquent address one day, and had Sam Douglass as one of his hearers. "Take heed to what I say," cried Aiken, "I will be the Moses to lead you away from this sinful Egypt, right through the Red Sea of baptism, right through the wilderness of life, feeding you on heavenly manna by the way, right across the Jordan of death and into the blessed Canaan at last. Rise up and follow me!" Old Sam interrupted the eloquent speaker with: "No, I won't rise up, Aiken, and I won't follow you nother. It might turn out as it did before, only three or four of 'em got into Canaan and *the preacher war'nt among 'em!*"

Few officers in the Trans-Mississippi Department could *scare up* a better spread than Col. Dick M——, of — Missouri regiment. His always abundant and ever-varying larder seemed to be unaffected by the general scarcity of all good things. He, alone, had whisky long after commissary and medical supplies had been exhausted. This was a profound mystery to all who did not know the Colonel's black cook Jim, whose ability as a cook rivalled that of Soyer, and whose skill as a commissary fell but little below that of the renowned purveyor for Stonewall Jackson, Commissary

General Nathan P. Banks! On one occasion, Jim had just performed one of those masterpieces of negro-cookery, in which the persimmon fed 'possum was baked into the potatoes and the potatoes into the persimmon fed 'possum, until the point of union was lost in racy fatness. Major Joe Smith was invited to dine with Col. Dick, and the good nature of the Major developed so rapidly under the influence of hot 'possum and cold whisky, that he was profuse in his compliments to Jim for his wonderful art as a cook and a purveyor. "Why Jim, you are almost as good a cook as my man, Johnny, but he can beat you in getting 'possum. He has the fattest, sleekest, biggest fellow I ever saw. Just come over to-morrow, Colonel, and compare Johnny's cooking with Jim's." Just then it occurred to Col. Dick to inquire of Jim, where he got the 'possum, and a development was made, which caused Major Joe to withdraw the invitation to dinner.

Col. Dick. Where did you get that 'possum, Jim?

Jim. Don't like to tell, Sah.

Col. Dick. But you shall tell. Did you buy him?

Jim. Not 'zackly, Sah.

Col. Dick. Did you steal it?

Jim. No, Sah, I is honest, I is. I comes by that 'possum, 'gitimate, Sah.

Col. Dick. Well, why the thunder don't you tell then?

Jim. Well, Sah, you see, Sah, me and Major Joe Smiff's man, Johnny, got into a little game of poker lass nite. I riz him a dollar, and he call me wid de 'pos-

sum, and we put de 'possum agin de dollar, and I win, Sah. But it warn't Johnny's fault, Mass Joe, 'cause I hilt fo aces, Sah, and Johnny done his level best, Sah. Dat 'possum, which you done eat and 'gested, Sah, was Maj. Joe Smiff's 'possum, but Johnny done he level best to sabe him, Sah!

Many reasons have been assigned for the failure of the Southern Confederacy. But this little story explains it better than all the theories in the world. The Yankee held four aces and Johnny Reb lost, though he did his level best!

Not much on music.—It became known in camp that a loved commander had returned to his brigade, after a retracted absence on account of a severe wound. The brigade band proceeded to serenade him, and of course, first played "Dixie," and then gave several repetitions of "Annie Laurie," known to be a great favorite with Gen. Mc. G.—and with all of Celtic descent. Of course, the General responded in "a neat and appropriate speech," full of patriotism and devotion to the good cause. All hearts were thrilled, and the musicians were charmed with his flattering compliments to their "sweet and soul-stirring music," till he concluded with "although my soul thrills to the sentiment and music of 'Dixie,' yet you will pardon me for regretting that you did not play 'Annie Laurie,' and knowing my Scotch descent, you will excuse me for my presumption in

requesting that I may be favored with it before you leave!"

The town of W——, Missouri, has always engaged and merited the reputation for pluck. Its citizens made war upon carpet-baggers in Kansas, in 1854, seceded in '61, and went en masse into the Southern army. Just before the investment of Lexington, Missouri, by Price, a Yankee boat loaded with troops, and having a battery on deck was sent to reinforce the threatened point. The boys in W——, saw her coming and got ready a little nondescript used for towing wood-boats, mounted on it an old brass piece which had its mouth unfortunately twisted to one side, filled it nearly to the muzzle with powder, and rammed an old brick (not Pomeroy!) on top, and then steamed boldly out to have a naval fight, on the turbulent waters of "Big Muddy." The hostile fleets came bravely within a half a mile of one another. There was a hush of expectation! The ladies of W——, lined the banks, cheering husbands and lovers by their presence. The boys felt the inspiration and fiercely touched off the twisted brass thing. There was a fearful crash, old brass careened over and sullenly dropped into a watery grave. The brick thundered on, struck the water with a terrific splash—half a mile less twenty feet from the Yankee boat! The smoke rose up with appalling fury from the nondescript. The Yankees saw that the rebels were "terribly in earnest." They turned back their transport! The

naval battle did not take place and—Lexington fell!

J. A. W.

The loyal Fetich have been almost insane in their desire, to get up a *mensonge* as superb as the Preamble to the Reconstruction Bill of the loyal Congress. The thing is simply impossible. *That* can never be beat for humorous mendacity, jocular cruelty, merry malice,—all mixed up with premeditated murder and the contemplated destruction of ten States of the “glorious Union.” The loyal Fetich have the will to do something, as grotesquely funny and atrocious, but they lack the brains as well as the power and the position. Still, they try to do their best, and they do sometimes get up a very respectable witticism, not so absurd and diabolical as the Preamble aforesaid, but sufficiently grim to bring a smile on the face of old Sooty, their father.

Brownlow’s proclamations have a goodly flow of the murderous wit of the Preamble. The sermons of the loyal Father Pepper have the same rollicking *diabolism* in them. The frantic cries for loyal militia, from Fetich Chief No. 1, Fetich Chief No. 2, and Fetich Chief No. 4, remind us a good deal of the fiendish raillery of the Preamble. But the loyal Fetich should reflect that while a Jacobin in power is a tiger-monkey full of playful murder, the Jacobin out of power is simply a monkey full of very ridiculous tricks. Hence, when the Fetich, aforesaid, attempt something grandly wicked, they do some-

thing laughably absurd. The Fetich in North Carolina hate the University, because it has educated a great number of *gentlemen*. They intended to show their hate by something heroically tragic, but they have only succeeded in getting up an amusing farce. They have made Sol. Pool, President of the University, of North Carolina! O, ye loyal Fetich, the Haversack is your appropriate chronicler! Motley is your appropriate garb!

An Incident of Fredericksburg.—

We have always been more desirous to get real incidents, than amusing anecdotes for the Haversack. Our design is to paint the Southern troops as they were. An anecdote will often do that better than an incident, and in that case, is always welcome.—We have recently received a vast number of incidents, and will give them the preference, other things being equal.

When Burnside, or rather his troops, (for he was a loyal and prudent man, and had a “powerful field-glass”) crossed the Rappahannock on the morning of the 11th of December, 1862, two of Jackson’s divisions (Early’s and D. H. Hill’s,) were at Port Royal, 20 miles below, and Lee’s force was too weak to spare so large a body of men. It was, therefore, of the utmost importance to delay the crossing of the troops of Burnside, (he being at the Philips’ house with his “powerful field-glass,”) until the two divisions could be notified of the crossing, and brought up to take part in the engagement. Barksdale’s

splendid brigade of Mississippians was entrusted with the duty of delaying the troops of him, with the "powerful field-glass," aforesaid. The heroic Col. John C. Fizer, of the 17th regiment, was directed to fire on the pontoons and prevent the completion of the three bridges, which had been begun at night. Nobly was that duty performed, and the enemy held in check until after night-fall. Through some unexplained delay, the absent divisions did not receive their orders till about sun-set, on the 12th. But, by marching that night, they reached the battle-field before the fight opened on the 13th.

The most terrible artillery fire,

probably, of the whole war was opened upon Fizer's command, and the loss was fearful, but the men, under such gallant leadership, stood up to their work most manfully.

Col. Fizer led the forlorn hope at Knoxville, where he lost his right arm. His attack was completely successful, but unsupported.

Like all Confederates, he has gone to work, bearing about with him, that eloquent empty right sleeve. He is now in the house of Stewart, Galbreath and Fizer, of Memphis and New-Orleans, attending to business as closely as he once attended to the troops of the commander, who was too loyal to come in double cannon range of rebels.

THE FOOD QUESTION SETTLED FOR THE CAMPAIGN—1865.



BILL, of the — Regt. A. N. V., (contemptuously,) to TOM of the same.

"Talk about starving us out as long as blackberries lasts"—

TOM—"And after them comes huckleberries and these 'simmons."

EDITORIAL.

"History repeats itself," is a saying as true as it is trite. In every age, the same eternal principles of right are contended for, fought for, and oftener lost than won. In every age, the most stupendous crimes are committed in the name of God and liberty. In every age, the low and vile hate purity, goodness and refinement, and seek to drag down all to their own degraded level. In every age, hypocrites mourn over other people's sins and thank God that they are not like other men. In every age, the Jewish Pharisee has reappeared—a veritable Wandering Jew—as a Jacobin in France, a Puritan in England and a "man of great moral ideas" in America. The form is different, the substance always the same,—full of hatred against high culture, social elevation and honorable principle.

So we cannot read a page of history, or a chapter of biography, without meeting with incidents and characters in our own observation and experience. We find this true in the brief sketch given us of the travels and labors of the Apostle Paul. We are told that when he was at Thessalonica, "the Jews, which believed not, moved with envy, took unto them, *certain lewd fellows of the baser sort*, and gathered a company, and set all the city in an uproar, and assaulted the house of Jason." In no period of American history, have these "lewd fellows of the baser sort" been so

violent and outrageous as at present. The Northern papers are teeming with accounts of manslaughters, riots and murders. We counted in a single paper, published in a State, "not lately in rebellion," the Governor's proclamations offering rewards, for no less than thirteen murderers. Violence is getting to be fearfully common in our section. When the Reconstruction Bill passed through both Houses over the President's veto, the South was the most profoundly quiet, orderly and peaceable portion of the globe. The Preamble to that Bill, setting forth the insecurity of life and property, at the South, was a known and deliberate falsehood. But after the negroes and loyal militia were instructed to murder inoffensive citizens, retaliatory murders sprang up.—Violence always begets violence.

Even the worm under the foot will, in its dying agonies, attempt to sting or bite its destroyer. A system of violence once established under one form, will assume Protean shapes. Every species of lawless outbreak and wrong-doing will follow in the ranks of red-handed murder. It is our purpose to investigate the cause of the disregard for human life, now so awfully prevalent in all parts of the United States. Mullaly, in the New York *Metropolitan*, attributes it to the familiarity with blood, through the scenes and incidents of the war. We know not how it may be at the North,

but we feel sure that at the South, nine-tenths of the murders have been committed by those, who had not been in the service. We hardly think that it would be extravagant to say that ninety-nine out of every hundred have been committed by those, who occupied bomb-proofs during the war. There are three powerful reasons why the Confederate soldiers have not imbrued their hands in blood. First, they are brave, and brave men are always generous and magnanimous. The coward will kill his antagonist through fear of being hurt or killed himself. We once heard an old and eminent lawyer, in Virginia, say that nearly all the murders, or man-slaughters, so-called, in his large experience, were the results of sheer, unmitigated cowardice.—Second, the Confederate soldier has proved his courage on scores of fields, and does not flare up and kill his antagonist, as does the street-bully, to vindicate his manhood. Third, the Confederate soldier is a worker wherever found, and busy men are not apt to get into frays. This brings us to the parallel of history.

If we turn to the Greek text, we will find that the original is "lewd fellows among the idlers," or more literally, "lewd fellows among the hangers about the forum and the market-place." Here is the explanation of a large proportion of blood-shed, in this once quiet country. *There are too many idlers.* These are the lewd fellows, who excite tumults, make uproars, assault the house of Jason and murder unwary antagonists. They now shun the

hardships of work, as they once shunned the dangers of the battle-field. Having nothing to do, they are ready for riot, bloodshed and murder. Knowing that their war record is not honorable, they wish to establish their courage by threats, bravadoes and flourish of pistols, and if need be, by the killing of some defenceless, or at least, unprepared enemy.

In a defensive war, familiarity with death does not give an appetite for blood. The Southern soldier fought for home and fire-side, and not from lust of plunder or lust of fame. He has seen enough of blood-shed, and now in the seclusion of private life, he seeks for peace and repose. Nor is it true that the handling of arms begets a blood-thirsty disposition. There has never been a duel at West Point or an act of violence with deadly weapons, though boys, from sixteen to twenty, have been handling fire-arms there, for sixty years. We believe the same is true in regard to the Virginia Military Institute, and of all the Military Academies in the country. In fact, the handling of fire-arms is more apt to impart courage, and courage is always pacific. The Southern boy, who carried his gun as soon as he put on breeches, grew up to be a fearless and peace-loving gentleman.

The fiercest and blood-thirstiest of all the Jacobins, is the Hon. Charles Sumner, whom General Stone, U. S. A., spoke of as an "acknowledged coward." Next comes the Hon. Henry Wilson, who resigned his colonelcy, when

he heard that the rebels had killed Col. Baker. So we might go through with the whole long list of blood-thirsty poltroons. But one notable example will answer for all. The bloody fiend, Robespierre, was as timid as Governor Geary.

We have no hesitation then, in attributing the prevalence of murder to the idleness of cowards. The "lewd fellows among the idlers" are the wretches, who are draping the land in mourning. We believe that every Southern reader will confirm this statement. The soldiers, in their homely, but expressive way, said, during the war, that bullies and braggadocios had "played out" in the army. This pestilential class is still alive, for the best of reasons, none of them went where they could be killed. The practical question is, how to get rid of them and how to stop their murderous career. *The simplest plan is to have vagrant laws in every State.* Punish idleness as a crime, and bloodshed will cease at once. The first Legislature, which met in South Carolina, after the surrender, passed vagrant laws. But the Feticch abrogated those laws, as an act of *self-protection!* In the absence of such laws, society could do much to stop cowardly murder, by frowning upon the idler and regarding him as a prospective murderer.

A Mystery.—Mr. D., of Lebanon, Texas, sent us a twenty dollar bill on the State Bank of South Carolina, and it came to our office without having the envelope broken! Now we have been

frequently robbed of Postal orders and checks on National Banks, and as for green-backs, bless your life! they can't get through the blockade at all. Why then was this note allowed to escape unchallenged? Did the odor of Sumter and the first shot at the "dear old flag" pollute the note and offend the nostrils of ye loyal men? *Quien sabe!*

A State without Officers.—The loyal McClurg, who has been elected Governor of Missouri by one-third the population, declares in his Message, that no rebels and no rogues shall hold office in Missouri. We are not surprised that a loyal man, like McClurg, should proscribe rebels, but it seems strange that he should exclude his own party also. Perhaps, he thinks that the loyal Fletcher might have made a few millions more, had he not spoilt the spoils by long division with his followers. Profiting by the mistake, he will have the fat offices all to himself.

Truly Loyal.—Many hard things are said of the Washburne family, but their loyalty is above suspicion. Gov. Humphreys, of Mississippi, tells us that H. D. Washburne, Colonel of the 18th Indiana regiment, stole his magnificent library, and the money and silver-plate of his father-in-law, Mr. Maury. The pious chaplain of the same regiment, like a good soldier, aided and abetted his superior officer in the robbery aforesaid. Loyal men every where will honor Colonel Washburne for his "short, sharp

and decisive" treatment of rebels, and they will mourn with increased penitence over the sin of rebellion.

Mr. Van. R. Ellis, of Memphis, Tennessee, states that he was in the cars, at Chattanooga, Tennessee, just after the surrender, when some negro soldiers, headed by a white lieutenant, entered the cars and robbed some ladies in broad day-light, cursing them in the vilest manner. The town was then heavily garrisoned by Federal forces. Wendell Phillips says that the war brought the civilization of the North down to the South. Is this what he means?

Sorghum Sugar.—We have examined several specimens of brown sugar, made by the Louisville (Ky.) Sorghum Company, and could not distinguish the taste from that of the cane sugar. The crystalization of the Sorghum juice is a wonderful discovery and must be attended with most important results. The sugar can be made for from 6 to 8 cents per lb., and the syrup from 26 to 28 cents per gallon. The whole outfit, for mills, pans and machinery, of a sugar factory will not exceed \$500. So that almost any farmer can make his own sugar, who has bought the patent. It is estimated that the crop of sorghum will be worth from \$80 to \$90 per acre to the farmer, who does his own manufacturing.

It is a little singular how many elements of destruction for the poor negro were developed by the war inaugurated by the Abolitionists, through their hatred of

the negro's master. It used to be contended that the world could not do without sugar, and that sugar could only be made by the negro. The Abolition war of hate and envy, which cut off the Louisiana sugar from both belligerents, turned attention to sorghum, and we see the result. We regard this discovery as another omen of the negro's extermination.

Imitative Loyalty.—The loyal citizens of Brownlow's Kingdom are imitating the loyal Congress of the best Government the world ever saw, in establishing "rings," which may encircle some of the good things of the Treasury. We learn from our valued contemporary, the *Jackson Whig*, that the loyal Tennessees have made one Colonel Waters, a General Claim Agent to report damages done to the loyal people, aforesaid, by abolition and rebel forces. This Col. Waters has gone to his work *con amore*, and has gathered with vast labor, the statistics of damages in every neighborhood in the State. The total estimate of losses is \$6,402,365.61.

There are some remarkable things in this Report of Colonel Waters, and without knowing the fact, we presume that he was educated in Washington, or at least went there to be polished. For instance, he reports the losses in one county, Carter, to exceed by \$145,411, the taxable property (exclusive of negroes and lands, not included in the estimate of losses) as shown by the census of 1860.

We annex a comparison of the loyal losses in nine counties, with the taxable property in the same counties. If the loyal men in these counties receive the damages claimed by the judicious Waters, they can each say with good King David, "it is good for me that I have been afflicted!"

<i>Counties.</i>	<i>Taxable Property.</i>	<i>Loyal Losses.</i>
Anderson,	\$95,435	\$56,862
Campbell,	40,931	57,693
Claiborne,	73,662	106,269
Cocke,	56,169	179,559
Hancock,	32,511	68,425
Johnson,	31,873	67,430
Morgan,	11,606	23,366
Scott,	1,235	64,302
Union,	38,977	72,635

Our Contributors.—It is proper to state that the Address of Gov. Vance was delivered two years ago, though it is now published for the first time. The penal code of North Carolina is not now, as it was at the time of the delivery of the Address. When the loyal Fetich came into power, they abolished whipping, branding and the pillory. This was, partly, from sympathy with their class, but, chiefly, from prudential considerations of personal safety! They have substituted the Penitentiary for all the old-fashioned modes of punishment. They had a double object in view. First, they bought 8,000 acres of land, for the penitentiary grounds, for \$4,000, and sold them to the State for \$100,000. Second, they look to the penitentiary to furnish them an appropriate retirement in the decline of life.

We begin with this issue, an admirable series of sketches, by Gov. Perry, of South Carolina. They embrace the most dis-

tinguished of his contemporaries. Each sketch is complete in itself, and independent of all the others, but the entire series will last for more than a year.

No man, at the South, is better qualified for such a task than Gov. Perry. His acquaintance was long and intimate with the subjects of his sketches, and his estimate of their characters is always based upon personal knowledge. We, of course, do not endorse his views. In fact, our reverence for the memory of Mr. Calhoun is almost unbounded.

Looking Ahead.—The Harpers evidently, have faith that there is "life in the old land yet," at the South. After libeling our section for eight years, with scurrilous articles and scandalous caricatures, they have permitted one J. W. De Forrest to say some kind things about the "chivalrous Southron." That the dose might not offend the loyal stomach, Mr. De Forrest was instructed to mix it up with the more savory compounds of venom and slander. He has accomplished his delicate task with a great deal of skill. He has said enough to flatter the easily gulled "chivalrous Southron," and said it in such a way as not to disgust the loyal soul. The Harpers will now have a great run at the South, and will lose none of their patronage at the North, save with the extreme wing of the saintly army, who were too busy in repenting of Southern sins to go in the way of rebel bullets.

One scheme of iniquity after another has been devised to crush

the South, and tens of thousands of our people have gratified the Jacobins by leaving the land forever. We have always tried to hope that the madness of the fanatical hate could not last forever, and that there were wise and good men enough, at the North, who could see the folly of placing the destinies of ten States in the hands of ignorant negroes, unprincipled adventurers and thievish renegades. We have all along tried to believe, that the Fetich rule could not last long enough, to make an utter wreck of every thing at the South. This article in the Harpers confirms our faith. If they thought that the work of ruin was to go on, wood-cut and steel-plate would have to do double-duty in throwing odium and ridicule upon our people. The "chivalrous Southron" will be immensely gratified by the *amende honorable* of these loyal publishers, and Harper's Monthly will be taken by him, who is "too poor" to take a Southern paper published in his own town! If the cotton crop of 1869 prove a failure, will we hear from Mr. De Forrest again? Vive la humbug!

Cheap Lands.—We have all along contended, that the object of the Reconstruction measures was three-fold. First, to secure the perpetuity of rogues in office, through the negro vote. Second, to gratify the hate towards the South of the mean and revengeful, who were too cowardly to confront rebel bullets. Hence these measures have been condemned with singular unanimity by the brave

men of the Federal army. They have been approved by such men as Kilpatrick, who cannot tell the truth when it would answer his purpose as well as a falsehood; by the cruel and dastardly Geary: by Commissary Gen. Banks; by Burnsidés, with his "powerful field glass;" by Butler, who kept beyond cannon range of his own troops when in action; by the hatless hero of Vienna; and by the whole vengeful and cowardly miscreants, who staid at home to "fire the loyal heart" and—grow rich by shoddy contracts. Third, to make life and property so insecure at the South that our rich cotton, rice, sugar and tobacco lands, would become so depreciated in value, that loyal men might come in and get them for a trifle.

All three of these motives were at work, and all helped to elect Grant. Some were influenced by one of them and some by another. The first motive operated on the mind of the office-holder; the second on the mind of the envious and the fanatical; the third influenced the speculator and the adventurer. All the carpet-baggers, all the strolling agents of the infinite variety of diabolical associations in the name of religion and philanthropy, all the traveling speakers from Henry Wilson, down as low as W. D. Kelley, of Philadelphia,—all have gloated over the magnificence of Southern rivers and water-falls, the astonishing fertility of Southern soil and the marvelous wealth of the mineral products of the South. Providence, surely, intended these good things for loyal men, and if he has made the mistake

of giving them to rebels, it would be a noble and Christian act to correct His error and *restore* them to the saints. In this spirit of restoration, have been all the acts and declarations of the party in power. They have written articles, made speeches, and enacted laws—all designed to drive the Southern people into strangelands, in order that the true Israel might come in and take possession. Forney's paper, the *Chronicle*, teemed every week with accounts of rebel outrages, and supported all the atrocious measures of oppression. The loyal Forney has had his reward. He and his associates have been able to buy vast tracts of land in North Carolina for a mere trifle. Timid as he is, he traveled through the State and encountered no bushwhacker and saw no Ku-Klux. On the contrary, the loyal Fetich of Raleigh blacked his boots, kissed his great toe and entreated him to spit upon them, or at least, favor them with a kicking. If Forney had believed his own published statements, would he have made such large investments among rebels? Would he have ventured his precious body among them? How emphatically does his own action brand with falsehood the gross calumnies of his paper! Sprague, of Rhode Island, (we came near inverting the sentence and writing Rhode Island of Sprague,) has given his hearty and cordial support to all the measures for expatriating the Southern people, and making their lands valueless. But Sprague of Rhode Island has gone to the very heart of the rebellion, even

to South Carolina itself, and there purchased sites for mills and factories.

A regard for consistency, if not for decency, ought to make these men, who are now landed proprietors at the South, stop their falsehoods about rebel outrages and expunge from their statute books the infamous slander about the insecurity of property at the South. Sprague is welcome, for he comes with machinery and artisans. Forney is welcome. He has set all the loyal monkeys to bowing and grimacing. We have enjoyed his visit, as much as the school-boy enjoys the menagerie. If he has got cheap lands, we have had a cheap monkey show! O ye loyal Fetich! your apish ways are vastly amusing!

Rebel Teaching.—Harper's Weekly expresses surprise that the South has not rebelled again, considering "the sort of vermin that has been sent down to rule it." This is very severe upon Prosser, Powell Clayton, Warmoth, R. K. Scott, Abbott, Tourgee, and Co. It is very unjust too. They are simply the representative men of the party of great moral ideas, like Ben. Butler, Ben. Wade, Cuffee Mayo, Gumbo Squash, Schuyler Colfax and Fred. Douglass. As an uncompromising Union editor, we cannot fail to rebuke this rebel teaching of the Harpers, and to indignantly repel the assumption that the Fetich rulers sent down here are any more verminish than those left behind. We will not permit strangers to insult our dignitaries.

A Good Time Coming.—We venture to repeat our prediction and we will give two reasons for it. First, we have never known a man to be perpetually drunk, though we have known some to make a very near approach to it. The country has been drunk, for eight years, with fanaticism, sectional hatred, roguery, infidelity and diabolical schemes of philanthropy having their root in deadly hostility to God's word of truth. This state of beastly intoxication cannot last forever. The North will see at last that though loyalty is a good thing, it is a very expensive luxury to keep five hundred thousand thieves in office. They will see, too, that their prosperity is very closely linked with that of the South, and that though, it is a very refreshing thing to weep over Southern sins, it pays much better to have the spindles of the loyal North humming in the consumption of Southern cotton. Self-interest will make the drunk man sober, and we can then appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober, and ask for wiser legislation, which will repay the legislators a hundred fold. Second, we have never known a monkey-show last forever. How often have we thought that the grinning and the dancing stopped too soon! It is nothing now but a big monkey-show at the South. Negroes taken from the corn-field, are playing at the game of lordly legislators, mayors, aldermen, magistrates, judges and jurors! White men, who can't write their own names, and can't tell the number of months in

the year, are filling the highest offices in the land! No monkey-show was ever half so farcical, none was ever so grotesquely absurd. The whole Fetich system of the South, legislative, judicial and executive, suggests but one thought, and that is of the monkey picking up the coppers around the street-organ, looking very wise and solemn all the while, and tucking up his tail, as well as he can, in his red flannel trowsers, that he may not appear to be a monkey!! The thievish Freedmen's Bureau has represented the hand-organ, the loyal Fetich have been the monkey. When the hand-organ ceases to *grind*, (ah! what a grinder it has been!) the coppers will no longer be thrown down. The red breeches will wear out, and not be renewed, and the monkey will be revealed in his veritable and caudaline proportions. Then the good time will have come!

Apologetic.—We stated some time since, that one of the Fetich judges in North Carolina was a convict, who had served his term in the penitentiary of *Maine*. We have been corrected and informed that he was really from the penitentiary of *Ohio*. We beg pardon of His Honor, and wish him a safe and speedy return to his residence!

Amazing Folly.—From our valued exchange, the *Augusta (Geo.) Chronicle*, we clip the following table:

Northern States.	No. Mills.	No. Spindles.	No. lbs. Cotton used yearly.
Maine,	22	433,800	28,838,008
New Hampshire,	37	734,460	48,089,439
Vermont,	12	24,138	1,041,125
Massachusetts,	140	2,327,822	134,568,652
Rhode Island,	124	1,062,624	50,742,373
Connecticut,	76	527,816	29,425,720
New York,	43	410,070	20,515,044
New Jersey,	15	133,840	6,885,000
Pennsylvania,	94	367,856	33,853,004
Delaware,	8	43,108	3,038,280
Maryland,	10	39,358	9,929,788
Ohio,	5	22,834	3,170,000
Indiana,	1	10,800	1,500,000
Missouri,	4	13,436	2,475,000
Total North,	591	6,151,962	373,071,433
Southern States.			
Virginia,	10	36,060	4,010,000
North Carolina,	15	21,112	3,009,000
South Carolina,	6	31,588	4,174,100
Georgia,	20	69,782	10,864,350
Alabama,	8	25,196	2,820,596
Mississippi,	5	6,924	1,145,000
Texas,	6	8,528	1,372,104
Arkansas,	2	924	258,400
Tennessee,	9	11,720	1,597,200
Kentucky,	3	6,264	1,075,009
Total South,	84	218,098	30,325,759

It will thus be seen that the the Honorable Charles Sumner North has seven times as many and the Honorable Henry Wilson mills as the South, and that speak, with reason, of the "two the Northern mills consumetwelve hundred years of unrequited labor. as much cotton. For they have given the

We *must* multiply our kinds of negro only a few cheap tears and industry or go to the wall. All the curse of freedom. When the the advantages of manufacturing subject of giving dollars has been are on our side. We have the raw broached, they have squeezed material at our door. We have their silver coin, until, as in the finest water-falls in the world, mockery, the figure of the Goddess of Liberty has been left and our rivers are not closed up printed in the palms of their own a single day in the year. Fuel hands, instead of in those of the is cheap and abundant, expensive woolen clothing is not necessary for the operatives, and the poor negro.

But if the North has grown rich through her factories with cost of living is below that at the every thing against her, the South North. The slave labor of the ought to grow doubly rich with South built up these mammoth factories of the loyal North, and every advantage in her favor. We

must abandon the old foggy routine, vary our industrial system, develop our own resources, work up our own products, and march steadily on to wealth and power, in spite of Fetich and Jacobins.

BOOK NOTICES.

AMONG THE ARABS, A NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURES IN ALGERIA: BY G. NAPHEGYI, M. D. A. M., LIPPINCOTT & Co., PHILADELPHIA:

The author of this work is by birth a Hungarian, but a long course of travel, and adventure—years of desperate experience, and hard conflict with the world, have made him emphatically a Cosmopolitan.

With no prejudices of caste, or creed, he is prepared to view the customs, and habits of all nations with philosophic impartiality. And then, nature has gifted him with keen powers of observation, a genial temperament, and not a little of that genuine humor, without which a traveler who tells the story of his adventures, may be wise, learned, instructive, perhaps, but never agreeable.

Some few marks of exaggeration, the present volume displays, but there is not a dull page, hardly a dull sentence in it. The picture of Arab society, and government is vivid in the extreme. We behold a people, bound down by the iron laws of a superstitious formalism, and a narrow system of prescription,—yet, in themselves impulsive, passionate, eager, and under the surfaces of

conventional reserve, possessing aspirations of the noblest order.

But still, these Arabs, like all Mahommedans, are essentially Barbarians.

The *Marabouts*—or Saints of their religion, are invested with almost absolute authority, and influence over the masses, and this authority, it is, which fights against the amelioration of Christian manners, and a Christian polity to-day, as it *has* fought against them for centuries past!

If the existence of the Arab be—according to *our* views—low, and restricted, it is at least picturesque. The Patriarchal age reproduces itself among the inhabitants of Algeria, and Barbary.

There, and *only* there, perhaps, can we see the ancient Emir, or Chief of a Tribe, reclining at four score, under the shadow of immemorial palms, enjoying the cool of evening, or it may be, awaiting death, in a trance of anticipated rapture.

The religious epochs, and ceremonies of the Arabs, are fully described by our author. He tells us, that the Fast of Ramadan lasts thirty days.

During that time, the sincere Mahommedan observes a rigid abstinence from sunrise to sunset;

but immediately *after* twilight, he sits down with his family to a feast of equal delicacy, and abundance!

The evening concludes with music, dancing, theatrical performances, and all sorts of games.

Dr. Naphegyi's book contains an interesting, and no doubt authentic, biography of the celebrated Abd-El-Kader. He was born in 1808, and on the *same day* that witnessed the birth of the present Emperor of the French. But the Emir cannot boast of princely blood. His father was Mahiddin, a Marabout of the Hachem tribe, near Mascara, and belonged to a clan, distinguished equally for scholarship and sanctity.

Abd-El-Kader received the best education his country could afford. He was versed in all the traditions of the Elders, and doubtless, would have ended as a Marabout himself, and died "in the odor of sanctity," had not circumstances proclaimed him chief of the inflamed, enthusiastic hosts that were thronging to the defence of their country, and as permanent Emir of Mascara.

In this office, his abilities at once made themselves manifest.

He taught his followers to disregard the fire of artillery,—to meet European arms, and European discipline with calm, and confident courage, so that in little more than a year after his access to power—his supremacy was acknowledged by all the tribes, between the confines of Morocco, and the river CHELIF!

But let us descend from history, to personal experience.

Our author details his suffer-

ings upon various occasions, from heat, hunger, the importunity of beggars, and worse than all, the demands of professional robbers!

Yet all these trials dwindled into insignificance before the horrors of a Moorish bath!—After having been reduced to a condition, *puris naturalibus*, our author was led into a large Hall, with the atmosphere of 110dg. Fahr. Then followed a series of terrific operations!

He was rolled, and scraped, and pounded—pounded, scraped, and rolled into a condition resembling frenzy, after which the Moorish High Priest of the bath would catch him in a playful way, punch his chest, skate down his back with bare feet, and perform all sorts of gymnastic *divertissements*, which to the executioner were amusing, and to the victim exquisite torture!

Of course, there are in the book far pleasanter descriptions than the foregoing.

We are introduced to a young Moorish bride, for example, with eyes dark as those of a Hourii, and fairy feet, encased in gold—embroidered slippers—around her taper ankles are rings of gold, flashing with turquoises, and from head to toe, she gleams a vision of loveliness, and—diamonds.

In brief, this portion of his subject, enables the writer to revive for our amusement, the gorgeous scenes of "the Arabian Nights"—and we rise from the perusal of his volume with a conviction that the weird, marvelous Orient of to-day, is but little changed from the charmed Land of our childhood:

"When the breeze of a joyful dawn
blew free,
In the silken sail of infancy,
And many a sheeny summer morn
Adown the Tigris we were borne,
By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold,—
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haround Al Raschid!"

—
"THE SOUTHERN AMARANTH,
—Edited by Miss Sallie A.
Brock: (Wilcox & Rockwell,
Publishers, (New York,) is a
compilation, the design of
which was conceived in a desire
to offer some testimonial of grati-
tude to the memories of those, who
perished in the late effort for
Southern independence,—as well
as in a wish to render Southern
women help in gathering up the
remains of the Confederate Dead.

An object so patriotic, reli-
gious,—nay, almost *sacred*, fore-
stalls, it must be acknowledged,
anything like honest, impartial
criticism upon the nature of the
compilation itself.

Miss Brock's *purpose* is so praise-
worthy, that how *can* we dwell
harshly upon her short-comings
in its execution?

Yet, truth compels us, most re-
luctantly to say, that of all the
collections of Southern War Po-
ems, issued since the conquest of
our section, this is the *least* satis-
factory, not, perhaps, in regard to
the selection and arrangement of
the pieces, but in reference to the
hopeless corruption of the text!

Assuredly, some "Imp of the
Perverse" must have presided
over the proof-reading of the
ablest, the most characteristic pro-
ductions in the book!

Whole stanzas are reversed, en-
tire lines are omitted, and such is

the undistinguishing murder com-
mitted upon metre, rhythm, and
language, that the meekest Joseph
of a poet might be pardoned for
indulging in certain expletives
more emphatic than euphonious!
As for the proofs of this charge—
we find ourselves troubled only by
an "*embarrass de richesse*."

Were we tempted to begin a
practical demonstration of it,
space and patience would alike
fail us.

That Miss Brock herself can-
not be held accountable for such
typographical enormities, we sup-
pose may be admitted,—but it is
certain that they detract from the
value and authority of her com-
pilation to a degree, which it
would be difficult to exaggerate!

—
DALLAS GALBRAITH. By Mrs.
R. H. Davis: Lippincott & Co.,
Philadelphia:

A tale of singular force, of
marked originality.

The glamor of its interest, and
power fresh upon us, we cannot
refer to it without a certain feel-
ing of enthusiasm: for in "Dallas
Galbraith," Mrs. Davis has con-
tributed a genuine, let us rather
say, a consummate work of art
to the literature of her country.

The freshness, the saliency, the
creative skill, and the noble *morale*
of her novel, have, we confess,
taken us completely by surprise!

It is true that her former fic-
tions—"Margaret Howth," and
"Waiting for the Verdict," were
able performances,—(although de-
faced in our view, by certain
crotchets and philanthropic vaga-
ries,)—but nothing from her pen
had prepared us to expect a pro-

duction so masterly in every important respect, as the present.

The plot of "Dallas Galbraith" we have not the space even to indicate. We must, however, remark, that it is managed with consummate tact, and that the chief personages, especially the characters of the hero and his grand-mother,—are among the most successful and striking in recent fiction.

As for old Madame Galbraith, she seems to step boldly out from the shadow-land of imagination, and to stand before us, a figure, massive, grand and real: her very prejudices, narrowness and cruelty of judgment, enforcing our respect, from the passionate earnestness, which originated and sustains them!

Of the subordinate individuals of the drama—and really the book is *more* of a drama than novel,—there is scarcely one we can forget, so boldly and vividly have the distinguishing traits and temperament of each been portrayed.

Lizzy, the self-sacrificing woman, devoting her whole life to restitution and atonement,—the blatant scoundrel, Ladoun, making his worst vices the theme of self-gratulation, and self-applause; Honora, the delicate, fastidious girl, to whom each round of the ladder of misfortune forms but a step in the upward progress of moral and spiritual culture, the sensitive uncle Galbraith, in such sharp contrast with his uncompromising wife,—all are drawn with a firm hand, and with that elaborate, artistic conscientiousness, which proves how thoroughly sincere the author is, and with

what graphic *vraisemblance* the entire narrative embodied itself to the vision of her genius.

The *moral* of "Dallas Galbraith," never obtruded through the medium of homily, but permeating, so to speak, the heart and fibres of the characterization, is majestically impressive.

It is briefly, that spiritual truth, it behooves us all to learn, that underneath the crust, or outside show of circumstances, however dark and appalling, roll forever the clear streams of God's justice, beneficence and mercy!—that, (to change the metaphor,) as some "strange flower upon the peak of the Sierras, may be evidence of immutable Law, so in the story of the humblest man, there is no such thing as Chance, that God is sovereign under the hardest mortal event, and that God is good!"

THE SUMTER AND ALABAMA,
OR MEMOIRS OF HIS SERVICES
AFLOAT DURING THE LATE
WAR. By Admiral Semmes.
Baltimore: Kelly & Piet, Pub-
lishers:

An absorbing narrative of adventure, which cannot fail to find its way to the hands of readers everywhere, both in England and America. We have always regarded its author—the "Stonewall Jackson of the seas," as a gallant, accomplished, indomitable sailor, but these vivid Memoirs have served to increase our admiration ten-fold. They are written with a spirit and enthusiasm, calculated to stir the dullest heart, to inflame the most sluggish brain and blood!

Herein, are recorded all the

experiences, the "hair-breadth escapes," the desperate stratagems, the noble conflicts against odds,—an entire Ocean drama of hardihood and peril, with the waters of two Continents as the theatre of display, and finally the sinking into gloom and darkness of that "meteor flag," which had so long affrighted the souls of Yankee skippers, and defied the armed squadrons of the haughtiest naval Power on earth.

It is indeed a history of which unfortunate Confederates may be proud, to the third and fourth generation.

The Memoir is not egotistical. No shallow vanity deforms its pages. On the contrary, our generous Admiral gives to every officer who served under him, his due meed of recognition and applause. And, interwoven with the main narrative, are many graphic episodes relating to the customs of foreign countries, to climatic phenomena, to personal, often amusing *conte*, and finally, to certain grave questions, which frequently presented themselves for decision upon points of international law.

The first chapter of the work, entitled, "an historical retrospect," discusses with temperate clearness and 'unusual logical force, the doctrine of Secession, and we think it must be allowed by the most bigoted advocate of Consolidation, that the author exhibits a rare knowledge of his subject, and that his argument, from first to last, is singularly free of *ex parte* statements, and the petty prepossessions of the mere partisan.

Not the Admiral's *logic*, however, though excellent, but his splendid word-paintings, seize upon and rivet attention!

With these, the book abounds. We particularly note the description of the Sumter's escape in the Gulf,—the burning of "The Golden Rocket"—the adventure at Puerto Cabello, the capture of "Arcade and Vigilant,"—a conflagration between Europe and Africa—and lastly, the famous fight off Cherbourg, between "the Alabama" and "the Kearsarge"—forming the topic of the 53d chapter, which the reader should especially study, if he desires to learn how completely under the repressive tyranny of the United States Government, all generosity and sense of justice was stifled in the hearts of its officials,—and how the Yankee captain, victorious through fraud and cunning, left his gallant foes to perish in the waves, after "The Alabama" had struck her flag, and had sunk to the bottom of the channel.

The typography of the *Memoirs* is exceedingly elegant, and the illustrations, comprising chromolithographs and steel-engravings, add greatly to the charms of the text.

In fine, Admiral Semmes' work is the most important and valuable publication of the season.

THE SOUTHERN REVIEW, VOL. V. NO. IX., A. T. Bledsoe, Publisher and Proprietor: Baltimore, Md.:

The South ought to cherish and be proud of this able, conscientious and scholarly Review. From

its initial number to the January issue, now before us, it has been a consistently vigorous, learned, and suggestive periodical,—a truly representative organ of the opinions and culture of our people.

Compared even with the old standard Quarterlies of Great Britain, the “North British,” “Edinburgh,” and “Westminster,” “The Southern Review” has really nothing to be ashamed of; on the contrary, it eclipses, in force and brilliancy, some of the recent numbers of those world-famous productions, exhibiting a peculiar freshness of spirit, and uncompromising boldness and logical acumen, in the advocacy of what we must regard as just principles, which has extorted the admiration of the bitterest enemies of our section.

The January issue contains no less than ten articles, none of them destitute of ability, and several (such as the *leader*, on “the Great Error of the 18th Century,” and the essay on “Waterloo,”) distinguished by uncommon force of reasoning and a spirited appositeness of illustration.

The latter paper is noteworthy, because of the sagacious comparison instituted between the great campaigns of Wellington and our own illustrious Lee.

The author demonstrates among other singular facts, that General Lee with a force not so large as the Anglo-Portugese regular army which Wellington had under him, when he encountered Massena, in 1809—“*in the space of 28 days, in three battles, killed and wounded more men than Wel-*

lington ever killed and wounded during his whole career, from Assaye to Waterloo, both inclusive!!”

Dr. Bledsoe, who undertook the establishment of this Review at a period of discouragement and difficulty, should be warmly congratulated upon the success of his patriotic enterprise.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

“THE RING AND THE BOOK, (in 2 vols.) vol. 1st, By Robert Browning: Fields, Osgood & Co. Boston.

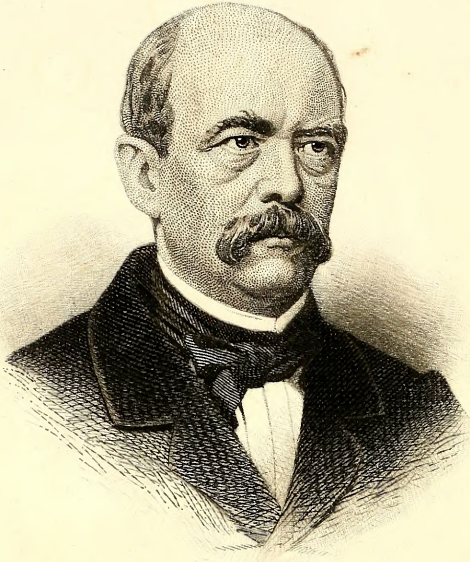
CAPE COD, AND ALL ALONG SHORE, STORIES. Harper & Brothers.

CHARLES DICKENS' WORKS, (illustrated) 1st vol. Fields, Osgood & Co. Boston.

AMONG THE HILLS, By I. G. Whittier. Fields, Osgood & Co. Boston.

PAUL H. HAYNE.

TWELVE TIMES A YEAR is a new magazine just started at Louisville, Kentucky, by Ed. Porter Thomson. The admirable point selected for this publication and the well-known ability of the Editor must ensure the success of the new enterprise. We would suppose that there were too many monthlies and literary weeklies at the South, did we not know the fact that the South gives *fifty-fold* more patronage to Northern publications than to her own. We need many more literary periodicals, and all can be well supported, if the South is true to herself.



F. A. O'NEILL

BISMARCK.

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