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THE
LAND WE LOVE.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE, MILITARY, HISTORY, AND AGRICULTURE.

VOLUME III.

MAY--OCTOBER, 1867.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.
PUBLISHED BY HILL, IRWIN & CO.

1867.

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THE LAND WE LOVE.

NO. I.

MAY, 1867.

VOL. III.

GEN. BEAUREGARD'S REPORT OF THE BATTLE OF DRURY'S BLUFF.

HEAD QUARTERS IN THE FIELD,
SWIFT CREEK, VA., JUNE 10TH, 1864.
GEN. SAM'L. COOPER,
A. & I. G., C. S. A.,
Richmond, Va.

GENERAL :

While we were hurriedly assembling by fragments, an army, weak in numbers and wanting the cohesive force of previous organization and association, the enemy operating from his fortified base at Bermuda Hundreds' Neck, had destroyed much of the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad, and occupied the main line of communication Southward, and menaced its river gate (Drury's Bluff) and South-side land defences, with a formidable army and fleet.

In these conditions, the possession of our line of communication Southward, became the main point of contest.

To wrest it from the enemy, I selected a course which promised the most fertile results, that of capturing or destroying his army, in its actual position, after cut-

ting him off from his base of operations; or failing in this, of depriving him of future power to control or obstruct our communications, by driving him before our front and locking him up in his fortified camp at Bermuda Hundreds' Neck.

Our army was organized into three Divisions, right, left and reserve, under Major Generals Hoke and Ransom, and Brigadier General Colquitt.

The general direction of the roads and adjacent river, was North and South, the general alignment of the armies, East and West.

Our left wing (Ransom) lay behind the trenches on Kings'-land creek, which runs an Easterly course, not far in front of Drury's Bluff.

Our right wing (Hoke) occupied the intermediate line of fortifications from Fort Stevens, crossing the turnpike to the railroad.

Colquitt's reserve, in rear of Hoke, centered at the turnpike. The cavalry were posted on our flank, and in reserve, and the artillery distributed among the divisions.

A column from Petersburg, under Major General Whiting had been directed to proceed to Swift creek, on the turnpike, over three miles from Petersburg, and nine from my lines, and was under orders to advance, at day break, to Port Walthall Junction, three miles nearer.

The line of the enemy's forces under Butler, comprising the corps of Gillmore and W. F. Smith (10th and 18th) was generally parallel to our intermediate line of works, somewhat curved, concentric and exterior to our own. They held our own outer line of works, crossing the turnpike half a mile in our front. Their line of breastworks and entrenchments increased in strength Westward and Northward: its right, and weakest point, was in the edge of Wm. Gregory's woods, about half a mile West of James river.

The line of hostile breastworks from their right flank continued Westwardly, intersecting the turnpike near our outer line of fortifications.

Near this point of intersection, at Charles Friend's farm, was advantageously posted a force of the enemy throughout the day's struggle, and here are said to have been the Headquarters of Generals Butler and Smith.

Butler's lines thence, following partly the course of our outer works, crossed them, and run

Westwardly, through fields and woods, until after crossing the railroad, his extreme left inclined to the North. With the foregoing data, I determined upon the following plan: That our left wing, turned and hurled upon Butler's weak right, should, with crushing force, double it back on its centre, thus interposing an Easterly barrier between Butler and his base; that our right wing should simultaneously with its skirmishers and afterwards in force as soon as the left became fully engaged, advance and occupy the enemy to prevent his re-inforcing his right, and thus check him in front, without, however, prematurely seeking to force him far back, before our left could completely out-flank, and our Petersburg column close upon his rear; and finally that the Petersburg column, marching to the sound of heaviest firing, should interpose a Southern barrier to his retreat.

Butler thus environed by three lines of fire, could have, with his defeated troops, no resource against capture or destruction, except in an attempt at partial and hazardous escape Westward, away from his base, trains or supplies.

Two difficulties, alone, might impede or defeat the success of my plan. One was a possible and effective resistance by the enemy, in virtue of his superior numbers. Another, probably a graver one, existed as to the efficient, rapid handling of a fragmentary army like ours, hastily assembled and organized, half the brigades without general officers, some of the troops unacquainted with their commanders and neighbors, staff-

officers unknown to each other, &c. The moral force which derived from the unity, which springs from old association was entirely wanting, and from this cause, generally so productive of confusion and entanglement, great inconvenience arose.

On the other hand, I reckoned on the advantages of being all in readiness at day break, with short distances over which to operate, a long day before me to manœuvre in; plain, direct routes, and simplicity in the movements to be executed.

Accordingly, at 10.45 a. m., on the 15th of May, preparatory information and orders were forwarded to Major General Whiting, then at Petersburg, 12 miles from me, to move with his force to Swift creek, three miles nearer, during the night, and at day-break next morning to proceed to Port Walthall Junction, about three miles nearer. These instructions were duly received by that officer and were as follows :

"I shall attack enemy in my front, to-morrow, at day-break, by River road, to cut him off from his Bermuda base. You will take up your position, to-night, at Swift creek, with Wise's, Martin's, Dearing's, and two regiments of Colquitt's, brigades, with about twenty field pieces, under Colonel Jones. At day-break, you will march to Port Walthall Junction, and when you hear an engagement in your front, you will advance boldly and rapidly, by the shortest road, in the direction of heaviest firing, to attack enemy in rear or flank. You will protect your advance and

flanks with Dearing's cavalry, taking necessary precautions to distinguish friends from foes.

Please communicate this to Gen. Hill."

"This revokes all former orders of movements."

[Signed] G. T. BEAUREGARD,
General Commanding.

P. S. "I have just received a telegram from General Bragg, informing me that he has sent you orders to join me at this place. You need not do so, but follow, to the letter, the above instructions."

[Signed] G. T. B.

In the early afternoon, I delivered, in person, to the other Division Commanders, the following Circular Instructions of Battle with additional oral instructions to Major General Ransom, that while driving the enemy, he should promptly occupy, with a brigade, the crossing of Proctor's creek, by the River road, which was the enemy's shortest line of retreat to Bermuda Hundred's Neck :

CIRCULAR TO DIVISION COMMANDERS.
HEAD QRS. DEPT. N. C., S. C., VA.,
DRURY'S FARM, MAY 15TH, 1864.

GENERAL :

"The following instructions for battle, to-morrow, are communicated for your information and action."

"The purpose of the movement is to cut off the enemy from his base of operations at Bermuda Hundreds, and capture or destroy him in his present position. To this end, we shall attack and turn, by the River road, his right flank, now resting on James river,

whilst his center and left flank are kept engaged, to prevent him from re-enforcing his right flank.

“Major General Ransom’s division will, to-night take position, the most favorable for attack, on the enemy’s right flank, to be made by him at day-break tomorrow morning. His skirmishers will drive back vigorously those of the enemy, in his front, and will be followed closely by his line of battle, which will, at the proper time, pivot on its right flank, so as to take the enemy in flank and rear. He will form in two lines of battle, and will use his battalion of artillery to the best advantage.

“Col. Dunnivant’s regiment of cavalry will move with this division, under the direction of Gen. Ransom.”

Major General Hoke’s division, now in the trenches, on the right of the position herein assigned to General Ransom, will, at daylight engage the enemy with a heavy line of skirmishes, and will hold the rest of his forces in hand, ready to attack with vigor the enemy’s line in his front, as soon as he shall find it wavering before his skirmishers, or as soon as Ransom’s line of battle shall have become fairly engaged with the enemy. General Hoke will form in two lines of battle, four hundred yards apart, in front of his trenches, at the proper time, and in such manner as not to delay his forward movement. He will use his battalion of artillery to the best advantage.

“Colonel Baker’s regiment of cavalry will move in conjunction with Hoke’s division, so as to protect his right flank. He will re-

ceive more definite instructions from Major General Hoke. Col. Shingler’s regiment of cavalry will move with the reserve division.

“The division commanded by Brigadier General Colquitt will constitute the reserve, and will, to-night, form in column, by brigades, in rear of Hoke’s present position, the centre of each brigade resting on the turnpike. The division will be massed under cover of the hill now occupied by Hoke’s troops, so as to be sheltered, at the outset, from the enemy’s fire in front. During the movement, the head of the reserve column will be kept at a distance of about five hundred yards from Hoke’s second line of battle. As soon as practicable, the intervals between the brigades of the reserve division will be maintained at from two to three hundred yards.

“The reserve artillery, under General Colquitt, will follow along the turnpike, about three hundred yards in rear of the last brigade. He will use it to the best advantage. Simultaneously with these movements, Major General Whiting will move with his division from Petersburg along the Petersburg and Richmond turnpike, and attack the enemy in flank and rear.

“The movement above indicated must be made with all possible vigor and celerity.

“The generals commanding divisions, and Colonels Baker and Shingler, commanding cavalry will report at these Headquarters at 6 p. m., to-day. In the meantime, they will give all necessary instructions for providing their respective commands with sixty

rounds of ammunition issued to each man, and at least twenty rounds for each in reserve. They will cause their commands to be supplied with two days' cooked rations."

[Signed] G. T. BEAUREGARD,
General Commanding.

Ransom moved at 4.45 a. m., being somewhat delayed by a dense fog which lasted several hours after dawn, and occasioned some embarrassment. His division consisted of the following brigades in the order mentioned, commencing from the left: Gracie's, Kemper's, (commanded by Colonel Terry) Barton's (under Colonel Fry) and Colonel Lewis' (Hoke's old brigade.)

He was soon engaged, carrying at 6 a. m., with some loss, the enemy's line of breastworks in his front, his troops moving splendidly forward to the assault, capturing five stands of colors and some five hundred prisoners.—The brigades most heavily engaged were Gracie's and Kemper's, opposed to the enemy's right, the former turning his flank. General Ransom then halted to form, reported his loss heavy, and troops scattered by the fog, his ammunition short, and asked for a brigade from the reserve. Colquitt's brigade was sent him at 6.30 a. m., with orders for its return when it ceased to be indispensable.

Before either ammunition or the reserve brigade had arrived, he reported the enemy driving Hoke's left, and sent the right regiment of Lewis' brigade forward at double quick towards the point of supposed danger. This held the

enemy long enough for the reserve brigade to arrive, charge and drive him back from the front of our left centre, (where the affair occurred,) over and along the works, to the turnpike.

It will be seen, in a subsequent part of this report, that one of Hagood's advance regiments had unexpectedly come in contact with the enemy, and had been ordered back, it not being contemplated to press, at this point, until Ransom should swing around his left as directed in the battle-order.—This, possibly, originated Ransom's impression as to the situation of Hoke's left, which had, in fact, steadily maintained its proper position.

At 7.15 a. m., Colquitt's brigade of the reserve, was re-called from Ransom, and a slight modification of the original movement was made to relieve Hoke, on whose front the enemy had been allowed to mass his forces, by the inaction of the left.

Ransom was ordered to flank the enemy's right by changing the front of his right brigade, supported by another in echelon—to advance a third towards Proctor's creek, and to hold a fourth in reserve. This modification was intended to be temporary, and the original plan was to be fully carried out, on the seizure of the River road and Proctor's creek crossing.

In proceeding to execute this order, Ransom found the reserve brigade engaged, and his own troops moving by the right flank towards the firing at the centre. He therefore sent Barton's brigade back, instead of Colquitt's, and

reported a necessity to straighten and reform his lines in the old position, near the lines he had stormed. Here his infantry rested during the greater part of the day—Dunnivant's cavalry dismounted, being thrown forward, as skirmishers, towards a small force which occupied a ridge, in the edge of George Gregory's woods, North of Proctor's neck. This force of the enemy with an insignificant body of cavalry (believed to be negroes) and a report of some gunboats, coming up the river were the only menace to our left.

At 10 a. m., I withheld an order for Ransom to move until further developments should be made for the following reasons:

The right was heavily engaged—all of the reserve had been detached, right and left, at different times—the silence of Whiting's guns, which had been heard a short time about 8 a. m., gave reasonable hope that the had met no resistance and would soon be engaged—a dispatch had been sent him at 9 a. m., which was repeated at 9.30 a. m., to "press on and press over everything in your front, and the day will be complete;" Ransom, moreover, not only reported the enemy in strong force in his front, but expressed the opinion that the safety of his command would be compromised by an advance.

On the right, Hoke had early advanced his skirmishers and opened with his artillery. The fog and other causes temporarily delayed the advance of his line of battle; when he finally moved forward, he soon became hotly en-

gaged and handled his command with judgment and energy.

Hagood and Johnson were thrown forward by him with a section of Eschelman's Washington Artillery, and found a heavy force of the enemy, with six or eight pieces of artillery, occupying the salient of the outer line of works on the turnpike and his own defensive lines.

Our artillery engaged at very short range, disabling some of the enemy's guns and blowing up two limbers. Another section of the same command opened from the right of the turnpike. They both held their positions, though with heavy loss, until their ammunition was spent, when they were relieved by an equal number of pieces from the reserve artillery under Major Owens. Hagood with great vigor and dash, drove the enemy from the outer lines in his front, capturing a number of prisoners and, in conjunction with Johnson, five pieces of artillery—three 20 pounder Parrots and two fine Napoleons. He then took position in the works, his left regiment being thrown forward by Hoke to connect with Ransom's right. In advancing, this regiment encountered the enemy behind a second line of works in the woods, with abattis interlaced with wire; an attack at that point not being contemplated, it was ordered back to the line of battle, but not before its intrepid advance had caused it to sustain considerable loss. This circumstance has been referred to before, as the occasion of a mistake by Ransom.

Johnson, meanwhile, had been

heavily engaged. The line of the enemy bent around his right flank, subjecting his brigade, for a time, to fire in flank and front. With admirable firmness he repulsed frequent assaults of the enemy, moving in masses against his right and rear. Leader, officers and men alike displayed their fitness for the trial to which they were subjected. Among many instances of heroism, I cannot forbear to mention that of Lieutenant Waggoner, of the 17th Tennessee regiment, who went alone, through a storm of fire, and pulled down a white flag which a small, isolated body of our men had raised, receiving a wound in the act. The brigade holding its ground nobly, lost more than a fourth of its entire number. Two regiments of the reserve were sent up to its support, but were less effective than they should have been, through a mistake of the officer posting them. Hoke also sent two regiments from Clingman to protect Johnson's flank; but through a similar error they were posted in the woods where the moral and material effect of their presence was lost.

I now ordered Hoke to press forward his right for the relief of his right centre, and he advanced Clingman with his remaining regiments, and Corse with his brigade.

He drove the enemy with spirit, suffering some loss; but the gap between Clingman and the troops on his left induced him to retire his command, to prevent being flanked, and re-form it in the intermediate lines. Thus Corse became isolated, and learning from

his officers that masses were forming against his right flank, he withdrew some distance back, but not as far as his original position.

These two brigades were not afterwards engaged, though they went to the front; Corse about one hour after he fell back, and Clingman at about 2.15 p. m. The enemy did not re-occupy the ground from which he was driven before they retired.

In front of Hagood and Johnson the fighting was stubborn and prolonged. The enemy slowly retiring from Johnson's right, took a strong position on the ridge in front of Proctor's creek, massing near the turnpike, and occupying advantageous ground at the house and grove of Charles Friend.

At length Johnson having brushed the enemy from his right flank in the woods, with some assistance from the Washington Artillery, and cleared his front, rested his troops in the shelter of the outer works.

One of the captured pieces having opened on the enemy's masses, he finally fell back behind the woods and ridge at Proctor's creek, though his skirmish line continued the engagement some hours longer.

Further movements were here suspended to await communication from Whiting, or the sound of his approach, and to re-organize the troops which had become more or less disorganized. Brief firing at about 1.45 p. m., gave some hope of his proximity.

I waited in vain. The firing heard was probably an encounter between Dearing and the enemy's

rear guard. Dearing had been ordered by Whiting to communicate with me, but unsupported as he was by infantry or artillery, he was unable to do so, except by sending a detachment by a circuitous route, which reached me after the work of the day was closed.

At 4 p. m., all hope of Whiting's approach was gone, and I reluctantly abandoned so much of my plan as contemplated more than a vigorous pursuit of Butler, and driving him to his fortified base.

To effect this I resumed my original formation, and directed General Hoke to send two brigades forward along the Court House road to take the enemy in flank and establish enfilading batteries in front of the heights west of the railroad. The formation of our line was checked by a heavy and prolonged storm of rain. Meanwhile the enemy opened a severe fire which was soon silenced by our artillery.

Before we were ready to advance, darkness approached, and upon consultation with several of my subordinate commanders, it was deemed imprudent to attack, considering the probability of serious obstacles and the proximity of Butler's entrenched camp. I therefore put the army in position for the night, and sent instructions to Whiting to join our right, at the railroad, in the morning.

During the night the enemy retired to the fortified line of his present camp, leaving in our hands some fourteen hundred prisoners, five pieces of artillery and five stands of colors. He now rests there, hemmed by our lines,

which have since, from time to time, been advanced after every skirmish, and now completely cover the Southern communications of the capital, thus securing one of the principal objects of the attack. The more glorious results anticipated were lost by the hesitation of the left wing, and the premature halt of the Petersburg column, before obstacles in neither case sufficient to have deterred from the execution of the movements prescribed.

Too much praise cannot be bestowed on the officers and men, who fought the Battle of Drury's Bluff, for the order and intrepidity displayed by them, whenever called upon to meet the foe, regardless of his advantage in number and position. I shall take pleasure in presenting the names of those who most distinguished themselves, as soon as the detailed Reports of subordinate commanders shall have been received at these Headquarters.

The same opportunity will be taken to mention the names and services of those members of my personal and general Staff who were present during that battle, and of those officers who, belonging to other commands, kindly volunteered their services on that occasion. The intelligent zeal and activity of all these officers in transmitting orders and conveying information from one portion of the field to the other, contributed largely to the success of the day.

Respectfully,

Your ob't. serv't,

[Signed] G. T. BEAUREGARD,
General.

SPRING.

O! come, Sweet Virgin Daughter of the Year!
 Bound o'er the mead with apron full of flowers!
 Come start the blood of Nature—let us hear
 Thy voice in birds and feel thy touch in showers!
 Come with a gush of sunlight and of song!
 Borne on the Southwind's balmy breath along,
 Leave Georgia's sweet peach-blooming vales and bowers,
 And come, Sweet Virgin, come!

Come ravishing the tender-folded, downy buds
 In deep, sequestered vale, and hollow dell,
 With thy impregning breath, and make the floods
 Unclasp themselves in soft-relaxing swell!
 O! come sweet Dillettante,—with thy brush
 Painting the rosy fervor of a blush
 Upon the sky, and maiden's cheeks as well—
 O! come, Sweet Virgin, come!

Come o'er the mountain-tops with em'rald shoon,
 And make a prism round the dripping rock!
 Lay on the sky the crescent of the April moon,
 And on the smiling plain the increase of the flock!
 Come with thy golden locks all wet with dew,
 And heaven soft mirrored in thine eyes of blue!
 Come with the flower-harvest on thy cheek—
 O! come Sweet Virgin, come!

DOWN INTO DEVONSHIRE.

The title of this paper is not to journey. A journey to London be considered as indicating that from whatever quarter is of neidle fancy for alliteration exhibited cessity an *up* journey. The people on such title-pages of books of people who live on the top of the travel as "From Piccadilly to Malvern Hills, or the Yorkshire Pera," or "From Mayfair to Wolds, when they go to the Me-Marathon." A journey *from* tropolis, go *up* to London, and in London in any direction, to any like manner, the Londoner would part of the island, is a *down* speak of going *down* to the Gram-

pians, or, for the matter of that, *down* to the summit of Helvellyn itself. **“Down into Devonshire”* may be taken, therefore, as a natural and proper caption for a chapter descriptive of a jaunt made from London into that beautiful country of the South Coast. Beautiful it was even in the light of a wintry day, as the Express train from London, bearing a throng of holiday pleasure-seekers for the Christmas week, after skirting at a few miles distance the historic plain of Stonehenge, and whirling past the mellow-tinted, lofty-spired Cathedral of Salisbury, entered at Axminster pastures as rich and soft as its carpets, and came to rest at the neat little station, on the edge of the neat little country town, of Honiton.

Nine out of ten of my fair readers know Honiton for its laces, or rather know and prize (more or less) the laces that are made at Honiton, and there are many, perhaps, that will share in my astonishment at discovering that it was an English, and not a French or Belgian, town, as I had somehow vaguely and ignorantly fancied; though possibly they will hesitate to admit the geographical misconception, and as-

* The Story is told of the popular preacher of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Mr. Spurgeon, that in one of his discourses he likened the heavenly pilgrimage to a journey by the railway, and warned his unregenerate hearers lest, when they should present themselves at the station for seats in the last celestial train, they might be excluded with the rebuke—“Friend, this is not an *up* ticket, it is a *down* ticket.” The preacher would seem, in his own mind, in the antithesis he makes of the rural districts and the Metropolis, to have reversed Cowper’s notion that “God made the country and man made the town.”

sume that they had all along known the Honiton lace to be English lace; of course, they knew it. On mentioning the matter to an English friend, I learned that even at home many well-informed people were equally at fault with regard to Honiton as a country-town of Great Britain with myself; and I was told of one lady who was so much annoyed at being disabused of her impression that its laces were of foreign manufacture, that she declared she would never wear a thread of them again. The town itself is altogether disproportioned to the celebrity its fabrics have given it, consisting of a line of houses on either side of the road, all up and down hill, with the hedge-rows extending to the very point where the highway becomes a street, and commencing again where it resumes its character as a highway, the houses of respectable age, but exceedingly clean and bright, contrasted with dingy London, rows of shops with two or three old-fashioned inns, and the post office, and the parish church—the whole looking as if it had been quite finished some years ago, and as if it were quite satisfied with itself, and did not care for any change soever in its size or general condition. In one little respect it has reason for its evident self-complacency. With a population of thirty-five hundred, it sends two members to Parliament, and has therefore, the same weight in the national legislature as the great city of Liverpool with its gigantic corporations and its five hundred thousand souls; an inequality of rep-

resentation which the friends of Reform are just now pointing out as a monstrous injustice that cries aloud for a remedy. It is not to be supposed, however, that should the town lose one of its members upon a re-distribution of seats, or even should it be merged altogether in some larger constituency, the interests of its lace-makers will be greatly compromised to the advantage of Valenciennes or Malines, and certainly the success of a Reform Bill can never rob it of free nature's grace, "or mar its picturesqueness hid among the green Devonshire hills."

From Honiton to Sidmouth, which latter town was the point of my destination, the distance is nine miles. The public conveyance is a vehicle, which, being neither omnibus nor stage-coach, partakes of the character of both, the inside seats being arranged longitudinally, like the omnibus, and there being seats on the roof behind the driver corresponding to those of the old-fashioned English stage-coach. Ordinarily, this vehicle more than fulfils the wants of the traveling public between the two places, but on the occasion of my journey, there were many more persons desiring to be taken to Sidmouth than it could possibly accommodate.—Two seats next the driver had been specially reserved, while the railway porters were piling the baggage on top at the station, for no fewer than six gentlemen, which led to very grave complications of disputed possession, but after three quarters of an hour of grumbling, and stowing away

portmanteaus, and anxious inquiry concerning missing traveling bags, sixteen passengers were disposed of, inside and outside the conveyance, and rattling rapidly through the Honiton High Street we soon began slowly to ascend a long hill, where, from many successive sweeps of the road, there was afforded a pretty view of the valley and the town below us.

Darkness had come down before we commenced the descent on the other side, and we could see nothing, therefore, of what I afterwards thought one of the finest bits of scenery in all England. This is the narrow valley of the Sid, a stream insignificant in volume, (having at times scarcely water enough to slake the thirst of the sleek, patient Devon cattle that enjoy the highest phase of bovine existence in the lush grasses along its short course of four miles to the channel) but very bright and sparkling, and seeming to sing the refrain of the Laureat's song of "The Brook," as if this had been written for it, that "men may come and men may go, but I go on forever." The valley is nowhere more than half a mile in width, and terminates with the town of Sidmouth, built along the channel between two lofty hills. Seen from the highest point of the highway, six miles distant and perhaps 600 feet above the sea, the outline of the landscape, channel-wards, is peculiar, as presenting an arc of a circle in the curve of the land from peak to peak on either side of the town, with the blue expanse of the

ocean filling the intermediate space out to the level horizon. The waters seem held, as it were, in a cup, for the sea view is bounded by the hills on the right hand and on the left. From the sea-wall to the extreme point of view on a bright day, many miles of waves tumble in the sunshine, and the surface is flecked, and exquisitely varied in tint, with the shadows of passing clouds—the sky above the channel is rarely wholly cloudless—which come scudding in from the west Atlantic or go sailing grandly over to France.

On arriving in Sidmouth, it was my good fortune *not* to realize the truth of Shenstone's line of finding one's "warmest welcome in an inn," for I was most hospitably received within a charming cottage home, half concealed by thickets of laurel and rhododendron upon the verge of the town. May I not say, without abusing this hospitality, that I found the social aspects of Sidmouth, as therein presented, much the same that one always sees among cultivated people in a small town the world over? The parochial gossip about Miss Araminta's new bonnet and Miss Amanda's engagement—the long match at backgammon between the dear old gentleman of the family and his next door neighbor, commenced several months ago, and played every afternoon from four to six—the tea-table criticism of the magazines and illustrated papers from London, wherein Mr. Anthony Trollope is duly censured for not making up his heroine's mind as to which of her two lovers she

will accept—the rubber of whist in the corner from which every now and then we catch the voice of remonstrance at revokes—the infinite complexities of worsted in the taper fingers that are working it into endless hoods, fire-screens, jackets, afghans and what-nots—the private theatricals that are to come off next week for a village charity—the sermon of the new preacher last Sunday: are not all these familiar to us in America, and are they any more characteristic of a town in Devonshire than of a town, let us say, in Delaware? What I saw peculiar to England and English life was rather out of doors than within, and something of this belonged to the season and its ancient customs. For example, the mummers. A dozen little urchins dressed in the most preposterous manner come at night-fall around the house, and outrage the dramatic unities on the lawn in the recital of a masque, in which Cœur de Lion runs his tin sword through the first Emperor Napoleon, and Lord Nelson smites Marc Antony who expires in the arms, not of Cleopatra, but of Punchinello, while the Queen of Sheba in crinoline executes a *pas seul*, after which the mighty Corsican and the great Roman triumvir carry round their caps for pennies, and the histrionic corps troop away to rehearse their stories to another audience. And then come the Waits, a melancholy band of music enough, that blow their discordant blare of horns and depart. It is in the country only that these antique observances linger, and even in

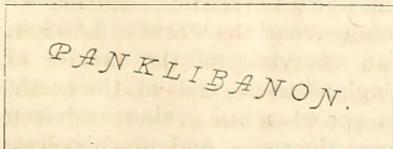
the country they are likely to linger not long. The Christmas mumming and music of the cities are done in the pantomime.

There is a look about all provincial towns in England characteristically and unmistakably English. No American suddenly whisked into one of them from his own shores could fail to perceive that the general aspect of the place was unfamiliar to him. He would read the same names, likely enough on the signs of the English town that are over the shops (or stores) of his native place. There is Smith, the livery stable keeper, and Jones, the seller of hardware, and Brown, the apothecary, and there is the same air of lounging listlessness and idle vacuity in the men that hang around the stables, the same show of pans and kettles at the door of the hardware dealer, the same array of gallipots and globes of green and red water in the windows of the apothecary, that he has been accustomed to from childhood. But the apothecary is called a chymist, and the hardware dealer an ironmonger and the keeper of the livery-stable a *post-master*.* Moreover, the pro-

vincial towns all seem, as has been already mentioned of Honiton, (the manufacturing towns only excepted) to be quite completed and to be altogether content at being so. Not a brick is out of its place, there is no improvement going on, because there is nothing to be improved, (actually or in the opinion of the inhabitants) and one feels that to-day is but a repetition of the same day of the year any time in the reign of George II., due allowance being had for the changes of costume and conventionality.

One marked point of difference between the country towns of England and America is greatly in favor of England as affecting the sense of beauty, while another seriously mars the general effect of the English town. In this quiet, quaint, comfortable little Sidmouth, the smooth, well-kept roads, winding in graceful curves, here giving just a glimpse of a cottage at a turn two hundred yards off, and there sweeping away to cross the brawling Sid by a bridge of stone, are surely far prettier than the long rectilinear streets of American villages. But the high brick walls that run from one end of the island to the other, excluding from the view of the traveler on the highway, lawn and terrace and ancient mansion, are doubly distasteful, as objects ugly in

* A great rage prevails in London for giving magnificent names to trades, and special departments of business enterprise—names derived chiefly from the Greek. No foreigner visiting England during the past two years, in whatever part of the island he may have been, can have failed to notice the universal slanting sign of



which is displayed in every railway of the United Kingdom. "Pankliba-

non" is the Greek for "all iron," *pas, pasa, pan*, all, and *Klibanos*, iron, and the ubiquitous sign refers to an iron-furnishing establishment in Baker street, next door to Madame Tussard's Wax-Works. There are even so many "Panttechnicons" for the storage of bulky articles. A carrier of household goods on railway seeks, through *Notes and Queries* to know whether he shall call himself "ecoscuephoron," "ecoscuephoros" or "ecoscuepheron."

themselves, and annoying for what they conceal. Why, having built a fine house, or having inherited and restored a many-gabled edifice with Elizabethan windows, and ornamented the grounds around it, the English gentleman should wish to shut out his abode from the sight of men is not at first altogether comprehensible.—An iron railing, one might suppose, would as effectually guard him against intrusion as a 15 foot blank wall, but then an iron railing would permit other people to enjoy at a distance, something of the beauty of the place, and the English gentleman desires to keep it all to himself. Personal isolation as opposed to companionship is his characteristic. He is constantly building up moral and social brick walls around his individuality. He probably loves his neighbor as well as most other people, but the scriptural injunction does not seem to him to involve the necessity of his neighbor's acquaintance. To love your neighbor, it is not by any means required that you should know him, and the English gentleman would appear to act upon the belief that if he knew him better, he would probably love him less. But the brick walls around the Lodge, the Villa or the Park, whatever may be their social significance, are a great disfigurement to the rural and suburban landscapes of England. Perhaps, after all, the country would be too lovely without them.

The finest sight of Sidmouth is what it offers to the visitor in common with Dover and Hastings, and Brighton, and Torquay,

indeed with all the towns lying on the channel—that majestic view of the sea, ever varying and yet, in a certain sense, ever the same, that boundless outlook over the waste by which all the bards from the Psalmist down to Mr. Tennyson have been moved to raptures. As for the sea itself, it affects the imagination in much the same way all round the world, but the tall cliffs and bold headlands of the channel impart additional grandeur to the general prospect along its margin, and make up a scene for Turner to paint and Ruskin to describe. A noble seawall called “The Esplanade,” extends for a third of a mile upon the very border of the channel, from the hill on one side of the town to the hill on the other, affording a promenade for the citizens, and protecting them from the too fierce onset of the waves, which, during the winter months, driven before the south westerly gales, come thundering against the stone-work with a fury that would seem well nigh resistless.—No pier or jetty or breakwater extends out into the sea, for Sidmouth is not a seaport; there are only some dangerous breakers a few hundred yards from the shore, over which the sea lashes itself incessantly into foam, and the villagers are therefore never visited by the great ships that are always ploughing their way up and down the channel, bearing the commerce of the world to London, and carrying off the fabrics of England to the ends of the earth, except when one of these is driven upon the rocks, and goes hopelessly to pieces within almost a rope's

length of human habitations. At the time of my visit the channel was very unquiet, and raged violently upon the sands from day to day, seeming ever more angry and insolent in its advance, and dashing the spray, now and then, even into the faces of the pretty promenaders, who, with their fair hair blown about their blooming cheeks, and their skirts blown about their trim ankles, paced to and fro along the Esplanade, exactly, for all the world, as in John Leech's pictures. But the sea was not so rough as it had been a few weeks before. There still remained, at a short distance from the town, the fragment of a wreck over which the waves broke as if in a mad joy at the ruin they had wrought. In the latest tempest of the winter, while lives were being dashed about anywhere on the perilous coast of England, (it had been only a fortnight ago,) a gallant barque was hurled there upon the breakers, within sight of the homes of Sidmouth, fortunately in the broad light of day. The Coast Guard and the brave men of the National Life Boat Institution and all the citizens of the town hurried to the beach and the cliffs that towered above it, to lend their aid to the hapless mariners, or to watch in breathless suspense the result of the efforts to save them. It was indeed an awful moment, a trying *quart d'heure*, as the struggle went on for these poor creatures between human energy and courage and the pitiless elements, but, God be praised! the efforts in their behalf were successful, and the entire crew was safely brought

to land. It was an Italian vessel, from Palermo or Leghorn, bound to London, and the sailors, who had not a word of English to express their thanks, poor fellows, to their human benefactors, fell, every man of them, upon his knees, there on the first bit of dry ground he touched, and inwardly expressed his gratitude to God. Whether honest Giacomo breathed his thanks—giving to the All-Father or to the Virgin or yet to one of the Saints is probably of little importance, but we do not wonder to be told that the sight was an impressive one to English Protestants, who might well doubt whether an English crew cast ashore upon a Roman Catholic strand would ever have thought of Heaven at all.

In the local book-shop of Sidmouth, I bought a little shilling guide to the town and neighborhood, which proved a most valuable *Vade Mecum* in my rambles thereafter. I was always delighted with "Little Pedlington and the Pedlingtonians" which volume is scarcely a burlesque after all. Does not every villager think his own village the most remarkable village in the two hemispheres? Is not the number much greater than is generally supposed of those who

—take the rustic murmur of their bourg
For the great wave that echoes round
the world?

I confess I think the weakness an amiable one, and that I was charmed to find that the genial author of the Guide to Sidmouth had been able to show that a Roman paved road existed indubitably in the neighborhood; that the geological formations

were rather more interesting than the general run, and dip, of stratifications; that a whale had certainly been seen some years ago off the Esplanade; that the mineral waters of the Sid valley upon analysis were discovered to contain ever so many carbonates and oxides, and that upon the whole, the climate was to be preferred to that of Italy. It was in the matter of its modern history, however, that the little book was most entertaining and displayed to best advantage the skill of the author. As Sidmouth has furnished no great novelist with the locality for his fictions and had no poet to sing the beauties of its sea and shore; as, in Crom-

well's time, though many important events occurred in Devonshire, nothing extraordinary was done by Roundhead or Cavalier just at this particular spot; and as the only striking fact that can be recorded of it is that it belonged once to Ghida, mother of Harold, last of Saxon kings, which ownership was inconveniently long ago to excite any present interest of a lively nature, it was necessary to look to incidents nearer our own time for good working historic associations.— Happily these were not wanting, nor has the author failed to use them effectively.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WE learn from the *Ouachita Telegraph* that "the gross receipts at the New Orleans Custom House since the 1st of January 1866, resulting from the tax of two cents on cotton, up to the 30th of June 1866, and of three cents since that period, amounted on the 1st day of January 1867, to \$1,331,808." This tax paid by the South, exceeds by more than a quarter of a million of dollars, the generous donation by Congress for Southern Relief.

TEXAS BOYS.—You never catch Texas napping, where there is anything to be done. Even her boys are wide awake to the spirit of enterprise and industry. See what the *Gonzales Inquirer*, (always prompt to speak a word in good season) says about the Gonzales boys and the young men of the South in general.—*Natchitoches Times*.

"We have several times taken occasion to speak of the highly

praiseworthy spirit of industry manifested by the young men of our town and country. A prominent mechanic told us a few days since that he had received about a dozen applications from boys, who wished to learn the carpenter's trade, and we know of a half dozen young men of our town who have recently set in to learn trades, while not a few have rented land and gone manfully to work to make crops.

This is the right spirit, and the example of the Gonzales' boys should be copied all over the South. Learn a trade—any respectable trade—and learn it well. The young man thus prepared to enter life has a better and more enduring capital, even if he has not a dollar besides, than his fellow, brought up in idleness and ignorance, who has a fortune left him. More than ever is it now necessary that every Southern boy should learn a trade—should take off his coat, roll up his sleeves, and go at something."

MOTHER, HOME, AND HEAVEN.

Oh! a wonderful realm is home,
 A place to memory dear,
 A kingly crown, I'd gladly lay down,
 To dwell in its humble sphere.

The queen in this kingdom so fair,
 Is mother, a perfect saint,
 With hair so grey, and a kindly way,
 And her dress so neat and quaint.

Her scepter she sways with the hand
 Of love, and her ministers three,
 Of heavenly birth, sent down to earth
 Are faith, hope, and charity.

Her palace is a simple cot,
 In a vale by their care shut in,
 From the weary cheat, of the world's deceit
 And its blight of deadly sin.

Through this valley a river runs
 That knows neither ebb, nor flow,
 But ever the stream, slips by like a dream
 To a haven of rest below.

The name of the harbor is heaven
 The name of the valley, peace,
 The river of love has its source above
 Where angels their songs never cease.

Butler, of Massachusetts, voted fifty-four times in succession, in the National Democratic Convention of 1860, for the nomination of Jefferson Davis for the Presidency.

Brownlow carried on a two weeks discussion, in Philadelphia, and wrote a book, to prove that slavery was a divine institution and that abolitionists were worse than infidels.

Hamilton, of Texas, presided at a

public meeting in Galveston that presented Preston Brooks a cane for chastising Sumner.

Holden declared, in 1856, that the election of Fremont would be a sufficient cause for the dissolution of the Union.

Mr. Pool was a Confederate elector and sought the position of Brigadier General in the Confederate army.

Raleigh Sentinel.

THE LAST OF THE CRUSADERS.

The seizure of Namur citadel was a false step on the part of Don John. There can be but little doubt that, as the representative of the King, he had the right to possess himself of any place within the limits of the Provinces. But the circumstances, under which the seizure was made, were calculated to excite the suspicions and inflame the resentment of the Estates. Without warning, the Governor had left the Capital, and more like an enemy than its rightful Lord, had, with drawn sword, taken possession of one of the fortresses of the country.— True, Don John seemed even now desirous to avert the calamities of war. Soon after his arrival at Namur, he dispatched a letter to the Estates, reciting his reasons for the strange step he had taken, and calling on them to ferret out the conspirators against his life and liberty, and bring them to condign punishment. The States replied with many protestations of fidelity to his Majesty and the Catholic religion, and signified their willingness, if Don John would point them out, to bring the offenders to justice. But nothing came of these negotiations. While they were yet pending, an abortive attempt of the Governor to secure the citadel of Antwerp, and some intercepted letters, proving that he was tampering with the German mercenaries, with a view to retain them in the country, put an end to all hope of a peaceful accommodation.— Watching with silent sagacity the course of events in the Netherlands, the Prince of Orange was not slow to take advantage of the repeated mistakes made by his adversary. After the failure of the attempt upon Antwerp Citadel, the influence of his councils became altogether in the ascendant. By invitation of the Estates, he visited Brussels itself and was received with every demonstration of affection and veneration. Beyond question, one of the most eloquent men of his day, the Prince seems to have understood the rare secret of holding his tongue when it was better to say nothing. Hence his soubriquet of William the Silent. The time had now come for him to speak, and he spoke accordingly, to some purpose. By his persuasion, the Estates demanded of Don John, as a preliminary step to the restoration of his authority, first, that he should maintain the Ghent Treaty and Perpetual Edict, secondly, that he should give up Namur Castle, and thirdly, that he should at once dismiss the German mercenaries. Other conditions were added, less important it is true, but from a Spanish stand-point in the last degree, irritating and insolent.— Never was victorious Crusader so braved by Infidel before! The terms proposed, were, in fact, tantamount to a declaration of war. With secret joy, Don John saw that the day of negotiation was gone by, and that the sword must now decide the controversy. His Majesty, he declared, had at

last commissioned him to make war upon these rebellious Provinces and he would do so with all his heart. An army, formidable in numbers and still more so from valor and discipline, was rapidly collecting under his banner.—Mansfield brought a considerable body of troops from France, and the afterwards famous Alexander of Parma arrived soon after with several choice regiments from Italy and Spain. The latter found his old play-fellow worn with the cares and anxieties of his post, but the ghost of his former self. But like the war-horse of Scripture that snuffeth the battle afar off and saith among the trumpets ha, ha, something of Don John's old fire and energy began to revive amid the clash of arms. His army numbered about twenty thousand fighting men ; troops trained in the school of those warriors, who had carried the terror of the Spanish arms to the heart of the New World and more than once had smitten to the dust the power of the great monarchy of France. The army of the Estates was equal in numbers, but in scarcely anything else besides. Above all, it was commanded by second-rate, or by raw and inexperienced, officers. It had been the original intention of the patriots, to attack Don John in Namur, but learning that he purposed himself to advance, their officers determined to fall back on Gemblours, which was nine miles distant from that city. The retreat began on the last day of January, 1598. At early dawn, the Spaniards broke up their camp and began the pursuit. Above

their heads streamed the cross emblazoned banner of their victorious leader, with its memorable inscription, "In hoc signo vici Turcos, in hoc hæreticos vincari." Late in the day, the vanguard of the Spaniards came in sight of the rear of the retreating army. Don John at once detailed a body of six hundred chosen troopers and a thousand infantry, with orders to occupy the enemy, until the main body under himself and Alexander of Parma should arrive. A spirited attack was at once begun upon the retreating Netherlanders, in the course of which the Prince of Parma rode up to reconnoitre. The army of the Estates was at this moment, proceeding along the borders of a deep ravine, filled with mire and water, and as broad and more dangerous than a river. Parma noticed the wavering of their spears as the columns passed hurriedly and confusedly forward and with the intuition of genius, saw that the hour was come for striking a decisive blow. Plunging into the dangerous swamp, he struggled boldly through, and waiting only until his troopers had gained a footing by his side, he hurled them with resistless fury on the foe. The rout that ensued was disgraceful. Panic-stricken, the Netherland cavalry turned and fled without a blow, charging through the ranks of the retreating infantry, and throwing them into the wildest disorder. In a moment, the whole army broke to pieces and lay a struggling and terrified mass at the mercy of the enemy. Resistance, properly speaking,

there was none. When at length, weary of slaughter, the swords of the pursuers ceased from their bloody work, ten thousand Netherlanders, according to some authorities, lay dead on the field. The most accommodating credulity will, perhaps, refuse to credit these figures, when it is remembered that this slaughter was accomplished within the space of an hour and a half, and by but a fraction, from one thousand to twelve hundred men, of the Spanish army. It is certain, at any rate, that the States' army was annihilated. Guns, baggage, camp-equipage, ammunition, all fell into the victors' hands. The few hundreds of miserable prisoners captured, were either hanged or drowned.

The news of the terrible disaster of Gemblours was received in Brussels with more indignation than alarm. The defeat was attributed, no doubt with much justice, to the jealousies and selfish rivalries of the nobles; and the Prince of Orange had much ado to restrain the popular fury from breaking out in some act of violence against "the traitors." To him all eyes were turned in this hour of extremity; and the unanimity produced by the disaster in the Councils of the Estates, went far to compensate for its other consequences. Prompt efforts were put forth to organize and equip a second army. Orange dispatched envoys to England to arrange for a subsidy for the coming campaign, and sent Commissioners throughout the Provinces to raise the respective contributions agreed upon by the

Estates. Troops were rapidly enrolled and equipped, and the patriots soon saw themselves again in condition to take the field. On his own side, Don John was proceeding with his military preparations on an extensive scale. Some towns of second-rate importance had fallen into his hands in consequence of the Gemblours victory; but this gain was more than counterbalanced by the loss of the important town of Amsterdam, which, situated in the heart of Holland, had long held out for the cause of the King. His army now numbered thirty thousand fighting men, many of them seasoned veterans from Italy and Spain. But he lacked the means to make this powerful force available. The mercenaries, who fought under his banner, fought for gold alone, and gold Don John had none to give them. Pent within the limits of a camp, his fiery spirit chafed high under this enforced inactivity. It is truly pathetic to read his appeals to his brother, at this time, either to recall him, or to furnish him with the means of carrying on the war. He was deeply pained, he said, at being disgraced and abandoned by the King, having served him "with love and faith and heartiness, both as a brother and a man." "Our lives," he added, are staked upon this cast and all "we wish is to lose them honorably." Whether from the poverty of his Exchequer or from the secret distrust he felt of Don John's design, or from both causes combined, Philip still delayed to send him the necessary subsidies. More or less of suspicion will al-

ways attach to him, that he caused a slow poison to be administered to his brother, about this time, with a view to remove him forever from his path. As this suspicion, however, was never clearly proved, it is, perhaps, no more than just to give him the benefit of the doubt. Enough of *known* and *established* criminality attaches to him, to couple his name with eternal infamy. There was enough, indeed, in the circumstances and surroundings of Don John, without referring it to the agency of poison, to account for the final catastrophe now near at hand. Devoured with care, braved by "heretics and rebels," yet powerless to strike, neglected and suspected at home, the hero to whom the dust of the *melée* had been as the breath of his nostrils, sighed at length for rest. He was soon to find a long and last repose. Ever since the death of Escovedo, a consuming melancholy had preyed upon his spirits, and to the ravages produced by mental grief and depression, were soon to be added those of physical disease. In his fortified camp, within a league of Namur, the life of the last Crusader was ebbing fast away. A miserable hovel, the single room of which had once been used for a pigeon-house, was the spot that witnessed the last moments of his chequered and brilliant career. A consuming fever burnt within his veins, and during the last few days of his illness, his mind wandered. Like a later and mightier warrior; his thoughts, in these closing hours of delirium, were again with the battle and its stern in-

terests. Once more his fading eye looked upon the shock of charging squadrons, and once more his deadening ear caught the voice of "the thunder of the captains and the shouting."—Reason, however, returned before the hour of his death, and enabled him to make his last testamentary dispositions. On the first day of October, 1578, the anniversary of Lepanto, he calmly breathed his last. The body was borne in State to Namur, and the heart taken out, embalmed and buried there. To this day may be read, in that town, the inscription on the tablet, which indicated the spot where that lion-heart returned to dust. The body, itself, however, was carried to Spain for interment. It had been Don John's dying request to his brother that his remains might rest by the side of his Imperial father; and Philip, with decency, could scarcely refuse. *To save expense*, however, the son and successor of the second Charlemagne, the owner of the gold and silver mines of Mexico and Peru, had the body cut into three parts, packed into as many bags, for convenience of transportation, and carried privately, and on horse-back, through France to their destination. The ghastly remains at length found rest in the vaults of the Escorial, the palace and the tomb of the royal family of Spain.

So lived and died the last Crusader whom the annals of Chivalry were to know. Not, certainly, a great man or even a great commander, he had yet much of that brilliant and dashing courage

which so captivates the imagination in the exploits of a Tancred or a Richard Coeur de Lion. The romantic circumstances of his birth and rearing, his youth, his beauty, his impetuous valor, and his high and chivalrous bearing, inspire a genuine sympathy in his fortunes and for his untimely fate—a sympathy which may be indulged without check, so long as his efforts are directed against the powerful proselytes of a false religion. It should never be forgotten, however, that he lost his life in the attempt to reduce to political and religious servitude a nation of freemen, in whose veins flows the same blood that reddens in our own. His last efforts were directed, unfortunately, for his fame, against the spirit of that Reformation which forms the great epoch of Modern History—for which, in its mighty struggle for existence, more precious blood than his was to be spilt, and which, as we believe, is destined to survive to that supreme hour

“When wrapt in fire, the realms of
Ether glow,
And Heaven’s last thunders shake the
world below”—

Contrasted with the Protestant

hero who bucklered this great cause, his character seems wanting in almost every element of true greatness. He was, in truth, utterly unable to understand or appreciate his great antagonist—his thought could not comprehend the character of William, of Orange. “Damned heretic and rebel,” he described him to Philip, and damned heretic and rebel he, no doubt, honestly thought William. Power, and fame, and honor, were *his* guiding stars through life, and he could form no conception of one to whom power, and fame, and honors, were but glittering baubles in comparison. If there be any value in the examples of History, his surely is pregnant with instruction. Longing for a kingly crown, when his hopes proved fallacious, he could make no compromise with fate. Like a caged eagle he beat his wings vainly against the bars of his prison-house, pined, drooped, and died—one more name added to the long list of those so well suited

“To point a moral or adorn a tale.”

(CONCLUDED.)

WE gather the following facts in regard to the late Bishop Soule, from the *Christian Advocate* of Nashville, Tenn:

He was born in Bristol, Maine, August 1st, 1780, and was a “descendant of George Soule, one of the Pilgrim Fathers who came to New England in the Mayflower.” He received license to preach in 1798, and labored in Maine till 1816, when he was appointed Editor of the *Methodist Magazine*. In 1820, he was elected Bishop, but declined on ac-

count of his views on “the Presiding Elder question.” At the General Conference, held in Baltimore in 1824, he was reelected to the Episcopate, and ordained by Bishops McKendree, George, and Roberts. From that time until he was forced by the weight of years and increasing infirmities to retire from active service, he was abundant in labors, scorning ease and self-indulgence, consecrating all his powers to the difficult and responsible work which had been assigned him by the Church.

MEMORIAL FLOWERS.

THE Lord of light, who rules the hours,
Has scattered through our sunny land,
Mementoes of His love in flowers,
With lavish hand.

This month they bloom in beauty rare,
And more than wonted sweets display,
As conscious of the part, they bear
The Tenth of May.

On which the South in plaintive tone
Of pride and sorrow mixed with bliss,
Speaks : " As a nation, I can own
No day but this !

I give on it, my glorious dead
The tribute, they have earned so well,
And with each bud and blossom shed
A mystic spell.

I lay the Laurel wreath above
The Cedar with its sacred ties,
And place them, with a mother's love,
Where JACKSON lies.

The Lily in its loveliness,
Pure as the stream where it awoke,
And spotless as his Bishop's dress,
I give to POLK.

To ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSON, Moss,
And Rosemary and Balm ; to these
Entwisted in a simple Cross,
I add Heartsease.

The Fleur-de-Lis, in song and lay
The emblem of true knight-hood's pride,
I place commixed with Jessamine spray,
By ASHBY'S side.

Fresh Morning-Glory buds I twine
With scarlet Woodbine laid beneath ;
And mingle with them Eglantine ;
For PELHAM'S wreath.

The Honeysuckle's rosy drift,
 Whence fragranee dripping dews distil,
 I offer as the proper gift,
 For AMBROSE HILL.

O'er PENDER'S pure and saered dust
 Let Bleeding Hearts and Bays be swept ;
 He well deserved his Country's trust
 So nobly kept !

Let RAMSEUR'S native pines drop down
 Their leaves and odorous gums, displayed
 To form with Ivy-flowers a down,
 Where he lies laid.

While Orange blossoms fall like snow
 To fill the air with fragranee ripe,
 And form of MAXCY GREGG, below,
 The truest type.

Where DOLES and BARTOW rest in death,
 Strew Hyacinths and Mignonette,
 And seatter with its balmy breath,
 The Violet.

The fairest of the radiant dyes,
 Which paint in living gems her sward,
 The Land of Flowers well supplies
 To honor WARD.

The grand Magnolia's blossoms fall,
 Mingling with Fern their snowy loads,
 And form a freshly fragrant pall
 To eover RHODES.

Let Stars of Bethlehem gleaming lie,
 As pure as BARKSDALE'S soul, which soars
 While he exclaims : " I GLADLY DIE
 In SUCH A CAUSE !"

GRANBURY rests in dreamless sleep,
 And heaped upon his grave's green sod,
 I let the Crimson Caetus creep
 Round Golden Rod.

Of ZOLLICOFFER, who went first
 To plead my cause at Heaven's bar,
 The Am'ranth's buds to glory burst,
 Fit emblems are.

For MORGAN let the wild wood Grape
Afford a dewy diadem,
And with its drooping tendrils drape
The Buck-eye's stem.

Missouri, from the fertile fields
Washed by her giant river's wave,
The gorgeous Rhododendron yields
McCULLOCH's grave.

Around the stone with CLEBURNE's name,
Wreathe Daisies and the Golden Bell,
And Trumpet-flowers with hearts of flame,
And Asphodel.

For him who made all hearts his own,
The sweetest Rose of love shall bloom,
In buds of blushing beauty strown
On STUART's tomb.

Each nameless nook and scattered spot,
Which hides my children from my view,
I mark with the Forget-me-not,
In Heaven's own blue.

Of all the varied vernal race
I give my cherished dead a part,
Except the Cypress ; that I place
Upon MY heart.

FANNY DOWNING.

NATIONAL GLORY.

THE land we love is just true national glory, we shall not emerging from the storms of a only add to the interest, but to civil conflict, the bloodiest of the utility of your excellent modern times, the passions engendered by opposing interests, by 1. The glory of a nation does fierce collisions in the Halls of not consist in its physical grand-Congress, and by the still fiercer, eur, this may develop the talent and far more terrible collisions and excite the patriotism of a on hundreds of battle-fields, have people, but cannot constitute their not yet died away. If then we glory. Savages may roam amid can calmly turn away from scenes scenes of unsurpassed beauty, of sorrow and blood, and direct and magnificence. They may the attention of our readers to a live in the caverns of mountains,

whose granite bases, and towering summits, whose huge boulders, and lofty cedars, afford scenery the most variegated and sublime.— They may have their homes close to the thunders of Niagara and hard by lakes whose beauty attracts the admiration of all.— Still they will be savages with no glorious banner floating over their heads, and no national glory shedding its light upon their barren annals. Our forests were grander when they waved in primeval beauty over the half-naked form of the dusky Indian, than when falling beneath the heavy blows of the wood-man's axe. Our rivers swept on to the ocean with as much glory when only agitated by the canoe of the savage, as when bearing upon their bosoms mighty steamers freighted with costliest merchandise. In a word, before the foot of civilization trod our soil, before the axe, or saw, or plane, or hammer commenced their work, before the ears were stunned with the din of business, or the clatter of machinery, before academies and colleges dotted the land, or churches lifted their spires to Heaven, before genius invented or talent discovered; grandeur was written upon the mountain and the vale, and was proclaimed in one deafening peal from ocean to ocean.

2. Nor does the glory of a nation consist in its physical courage, or brute force. To sound the war-whoop and raise the battle-cry, to lead victorious hosts over fields of carnage, to make homes desolate, and children orphans, to carry fire and sword, and bring misery, and ruin, to thousands of inno-

cent victims, may be the boast of barbarians, but cannot add to the true glory of a nation. War may sometimes be necessary, in defence of honor, or life of purity and innocence, of great principles, or inalienable rights; but even then must be resorted to in the last extremity as the "ultima ratio."

War, when carried on for conquest, for subjugation; and in a manner, cruel and vindictive, becomes the shame and not the glory of a nation. When the ruthless warrior, forgetful of the claims of women, of the demands of christianity, and of the cries of innocence, goes forth to destroy, with vandal fury, private dwellings and public edifices, temples of learning, and temples of religion, cultivated fields, prosperous cities, and defenceless villages; then he disgraces his flag, and brings a "reproach to his people." A nation may honor her heroes when they have fought to defend the right, to protect the helpless, and to turn away ruthless hordes that are pouring like a tide of desolation over her fair fields and happy homes. But a nation derives no honor from blood-thirsty Attilas, that sweep like a desolating storm over homes of innocence and Edens of peace and loveliness. Wholesale robbery and murder, heartless conquest and rapine can never add to the glory of a nation. When such heroes are honored, it only shows the absurdity of passion, and the fearful perversion of the moral emotions. When an entire people can offer honors to heroes, whose cruel orders were to destroy

every vestige of animal and agricultural products and to leave the desolation so complete that a "crow" in passing over an entire region, would be compelled to carry his rations with him; then may we lament more over the moral desolation that has come over such a people, than over the physical ruin that has been visited upon their innocent victims. No lawless rapacity, no heartless cruelty should mark the history of a nation, whose proud banner should float unstained by crime. But that banner as it "floats over the land and over the sea" should be upborne by stalwart and virtuous arms, and every rustle of its ample folds should proclaim "glory to God, and good-will to man."

We hold then that the true glory of a nation, consists not in the extent of its territory, the variety of its scenery, the greatness of its resources, nor yet in its vast numbers, its extensive conquests, its physical courage or victorious arms. It is only when war is tempered by the influence of our holy religion, and when its heroes are "soldiers of the Cross" that war becomes tolerable. It is only when waged for the cause of right, and in a manner to bring the least possible suffering upon innocent and helpless non-combatants that war is ever commendable.

3. The glory of a nation is found in the industry and enterprise of its citizens. Let the citizens ever be on the alert to fell the forests, to cultivate the fields, to build the cities, establish the highways, extend the commerce, improve the agriculture,

and advance the mechanic arts, and thus increase the material prosperity, and add to the glory of the nation. Let enterprise go forward, making inventions and discoveries, adding to the means of human happiness, and increasing the sum of human knowledge, and advancing its standard so high, as to win the admiration of the world.

4. A nation may glory in the progress of its sons and daughters in science and literature. A literature, rich, classic, and original, adorned with names that were not born to die, gives imperishable glory to a nation. Eloquence and poetry, science and art, sculpture and painting, colleges and academies, these are the glory of a civilized and christian people. Wise statesmen, profound philosophers, eloquent orators, poets that move with a Miltonic tread, and artists of faultless skill, are stars of the first magnitude, and of radiant beauty, adorning the national sky with more than auroral splendors. Such stars were Homer and Milton, Virgil and Shakspeare, Newton and Bacon, and their light still shines with a splendor which must remain undimmed amidst the revolutions of time, and must grow brighter with the lapse of ages.

5. The glory of a nation is in her wise laws, free constitution, and good government; in the securing of private rights, and maintenance of public virtue; in institutions, just and benevolent; in a press untrammelled and yet free from licentiousness; and in a pulpit, independent, pure, and evangelical. It is not found in

injustice, or oppression, in confiscations and judicial murders ; but in guarding the rights of all, aiding every state and every citizen with the golden rule of justice.

6. It is to the incorruptible virtue of the young men, and to the spotless purity of the young women, that we are to look for the glory of a nation. For, give to a nation, young men whose virtue is incorruptible, and whose intelligence equals their virtue, and its glory is secure in all time to come. A nation, whose young men are wanting in virtue, who spend their days in idleness, and their nights in revelry ; who are restrained by no high moral principle, and who yield a ready obedience to every appetite and passion, must soon be degraded, though possessed of inexhaustible resources and occupying the highest position. Let the young men of the land be worshippers at the shrine of Bacchus, drinking to intoxication, staggering along the streets of the cities with blood-shot eyes, bloated faces, inflamed passions, and stultified intellects, and instead of pointing as did the Roman matron, and saying these are my jewels ; the nation must turn away from them in sorrow, and lift a wail so sad and so loud as to fill the whole land with its lamentations. The young man who has lost all shame, and feels no remorse, and who is incapable of the noble purpose and the high resolve, who has effaced the seal of Heaven from the brow and the image of God from the heart, and quenched the fire of intellect in his eye ; and who has forgotten

the precepts of an honored father, and rejected the counsel that has fallen from maternal lips, is a blur upon humanity, a caricature of a man and the shame of his country. With such young men, a country is bereft of its glory, and gradually, but surely, sinks to ruin.

If our young men should unfortunately yield to the temptations that encompass youth, and become licentious, profane, infidel, wanting in integrity, and destitute of moral principle, then "Icha-bod," the glory is departed, will be written on all our walls. When unhallowed lust and lawless passion have eat out like a cancer the noble and victorious principles which should govern the youth of a nation ; then, indeed, may the Rachels weep over the desolation of the land and the ruin of their sons ; then may the Davids raise their lamentations over their fallen Absaloms ; then may the Heavens be hung in black ; and the funeral dirge of the nation be sung. Let gaunt and hungry famine, blighting pestilence and terrible war darken our homes and sadden our hearts, but let not impurity stain our altars or corrupt our sons.

The glory of Israel was her virtuous Joseph, her pure-minded Samuel, and her innocent shepherd boy. Persia retained her glory as long as she could boast of the temperance and purity of her sons. The Spartan youth, by their integrity, their self-denial, their truth, their reverence for age, as well as by their valor, brought glory to Lacedemonia.— So in every age, and in every

country, the young men who could govern themselves, honor their parents, obey the laws, resist temptation, and with unflinching fidelity, pursue the path of virtue, have been the glory of the nation.

The young women too, who, with shrinking modesty, spotless virtue, gentle amiability, unwavering firmness, and feminine tenderness, seek to honor and bless man, and with consistent piety, to honor God, add to the glory of the nation. Woman who knows her sphere, and who is willing to occupy it, who does not seek with masculine boldness to enter the field, which has been allotted to man, who could not mingle in the strife of politics, nor be found with brazen effrontery, delivering lectures, and discussing, before multitudes, topics of public interest, but who seeks quietly and humbly to fulfil her mission, is at once the crown of her parents, the boast of her countrymen, and the glory of her nation. The lustre of woman's virtues is not like the dazzling radiance of the sun, shining at noon, with cloudless splendor; but is like the soft and mellow light of the evening star, which like that of Bethlehem, is the emblem of man's peace, and the symbol of God's glory.

Finally, the glory of a nation is found in the manly virtues of her sons, the purity of her daughters, and in the unselfish patriotism of both. It is found in an unselfish devotion to the interests of the whole country, and in abiding by the constitution and laws.

The terrible civil war which has raged so fiercely must be made, if possible, to contribute to the national glory. It is the beauty of our holy religion that it evokes from crime and suffering some of the highest virtues of humanity. If there were no suffering, there would be no patience, and without sin, there would be no forgiveness. Misery evokes compassion, and want calls out benevolence. Had man not fallen, Redemption had not been accomplished; had sin not abounded, grace had not *much more* abounded. So let the calamities of our cruel war add to the glory of the nation. Let us of the South, who have been the greatest sufferers in the struggle, add most to the glory of the nation, by a ready forgiveness of the past, by accepting gracefully and patriotically the decisions of war, and by devoting ourselves earnestly and faithfully to the arts of peace. The more we pursue this course, the more we add to the glory of being an American citizen. Our heroes fought and failed; they fought for principle, and struggled with manly courage for what they believed to be right. They were not traitors. Treason is not to be charged upon the noble men, who fought for principles which were hallowed by association with the Fathers of the Republic. These principles had descended to them from Jefferson and Madison, and had come baptized in the blood of the heroes of 1776. During the struggle, the courage of our men, and the patient endurance of our women placed Southern character side by

side with the greatest heroes the world had ever known. The sun never shone on a grander man than was Stonewall Jackson.—A purer patriot never adorned the pages of history than was, and than *is* Robert E. Lee.—Great in victory, great in defeat, and now greatest in peace. Like him, are thousands of the soldiers of the South; and like him, they are adding to the lustre of the American name, by their endurance of misfortune, by their lofty bearing and deep devotion to the land we love.—We offer here and now to the national flag, the energy, talent, learning, genius, patriotism and integrity of the sons of the South. And in like manner we lay upon the same altar the refinement and purity, the polish and piety, the patience and forbearance of as noble women as God ever gave to bless man. Will the North accept the offering? Will they reject the light which now pours its glorious effulgence from our Southern sky? Will they seek to bring infamy upon names, which the Muse of history has already proclaimed among the fairest on her roll, and as immortal as bright? No; let the Union be restored, let Andrew Johnson unite together, in holy bonds, the victorious North and the defeated South, let integrity govern the one and generosity the other, and our national glory shall be like our Union, “one and inseparable, now and forever.”

THE LEAVES OF PLANTS—THEIR STRUCTURE AND FUNCTIONS.—
NATURE'S PROVISIONS AGAINST THE EFFECTS OF DROUGHTS.

SOME years ago during a dry season, a friend observed that his cotton was so much injured by drought, that if there was no rain in a week, it need not rain again for him this season, as his crop would be past help. It did not rain for ten weeks; and in the fall after harvest, he was obliged to confess that he had made a better crop than usual, much to the amusement of those who heard his lamentations in the summer, and his own discomfiture as a prophet.

This anecdote is mentioned to show that plants can really stand more dry weather than we suppose—that they have the means of adjusting and adapting themselves to the variable conditions by which they are surrounded, and that it is more often in dry than in wet seasons that the best crops are made. We see the earth becoming dry and parched, the leaves drooping, the rapid luxuriant growth arrested, and we cry out for more rain. We too easily take the alarm and imagine they are suffering, when on the contrary, they are benefited by the change, receiving strength and vigor from the bright sun, hardening their tissues and thus pre-

paring themselves for the more useful purposes of life—the bearing of fruit instead of the empty and boastful display of foliage.

Of course a proper amount of moisture is necessary to a healthy condition of vegetation; and rains at certain intervals are required to keep up this moisture, but we too often anticipate this period; and had we our own will in regulating this supply, there would doubtless be more frequent destruction to the growing crops from too much moisture.

It would afford a curious commentary on our ignorance, and at the same time, a rebuke to our presumption, if, for one season, the regulating of the clouds were entrusted to our sapient selves.

How soon would there be a real or fancied collision of interests. “More rain” one would cry.—“No! let us have clear weather, until the grass is killed” another would say. Scarcely any two would agree as to the times;—and even on the same farm, the difficulty would arise of satisfying the conflicting claims of different fields or different parts of the same field. It is well for us that man, with his clashing interests and short-sighted judgment, shall not be “masters of the situation.”

We propose to speak of the precautions which Nature has taken as a wise master-builder, to provide plants with a means of resisting the effects of drought, and to furnish them with regulating machinery by which they can adapt themselves to outward circumstances;—and “in whatever condition they are, therewith to be content.” But when we speak

of *Nature*, let us not forget that this is merely a term by which we mean the God of nature. Not a Power or an Agency in itself, but a phrase by which we avoid the too common use of that Reverend Name.

The leaves,—the foliage of plants,—the lungs and stomach of the vegetable kingdom! how varied in shape, size and adornment!—magnificent in their aggregate, wonderful in their individuality! Behold in their color the beneficent adaptation to the eye. What other hue could have been selected so grateful to the delicate organs of vision? A few grains of *Chlorophyll*, deposited in each of the minute cells of the leaf, accomplishes this work.—This coloring matter is never absent, except in some few eccentric characters that draw their sustenance from other plants, parasites and pirates of the vegetable kingdom.

And these leaves, so variable in size and shape! how beautifully do they obey the law of their being! how eloquently do they plead for the one designing architect that has superintended their structure! One general model—one universal plan to prove one designing mind, modified in endless complications to exhibit the inexhaustible resources of the great Master hand.

The foliage of vegetation,—the great Laboratory of Nature in which are concocted all the various products of the vegetable kingdom—wholesome food and deadly poisons,—luscious fruit and nauseous drugs—spices and gums,—aromatic flavors and

etherial odors,—textile fabrics and building materials,—the sinews of commerce,—the moving power of the world's activity!

This vast machinery is ever at work, silently, mysteriously. By day and night, in sunshine and in rain, its manifold operations are carried on;—and conducted with an exactness and precision which baffles all our efforts to penetrate the mysterious, almost sentient agency, which prescribes and regulates the effects.

Here we see growing side by side, the wholesome fruit and the deadly poison, the most fragrant perfume and the most fetid odors, each nourished by the same soil, warmed by the same sun, watered by the same rain, fanned by the same breeze, yet each within the sphere of its own instinct silently working out its own pre-ordained course.

Can we penetrate these mysteries, and expose to human view, the secret workings of their hidden organisms? Can we know why the crude nourishment taken up from the common mother below, when passed through the transmutating alembic of the leaves, shall give us such varying products?

Human ingenuity has accomplished much, and is still at work in the field which promises rich rewards, but we must ever bear in mind that there is an external horizon,—an outward circle, lying beyond that which bounds our ordinary vision, which it is not given to man to penetrate. By laborious investigation, analysis, observation, comparison, scrutiny, we may enter the inner circle and

extend our vision, but it is only to see another horizon beyond, whose limits we cannot enter.

This endless diversity in the vegetable kingdom, fulfilling as it does so perfectly, its great appointment in the economy of life, we cannot but admire.

The many myriads of animated creatures that inhabit our globe, find here their proper and necessary food, and without it, animal life would be extinct. It attests the goodness of the beneficent Creator, who gives not life only, but with it also, enjoyment and happiness. We see the evidence of this bountiful providence in the rich fruits of the temperate regions, and in the delicate aroma and spicy perfumes of the tropics; and in all, a vegetation suited to their wants. He gives to man a sense of the beautiful in nature, and thus appeals to his higher life.

In the profusion of flowers of every hue which deck our fields and forests; in those beautiful ornaments of our gardens, surpassing in chaste design, or in brilliant colors, all the skill of the artists brush, He seems offering to His rational creatures a source of pure delight, and by thus making cheerful his home, to lure him away from the strife of his own passions, to seek for calmness and serenity of mind amid these emblems of purity, chastity and love.

If this endless variety in the appearance and structure of plants, be matters of wonder, how much more so when we are told by the chemist, that on analyzing the plant, there are only a few elementary bodies, which in varying proportions, go into the com-

position of its whole structure, and that all plants whatsoever, are composed of these few simple elements, in combination with a small quantity of earthy matter.

We may investigate the structure of the leaf and learn its texture, its organization, its parts and the mechanical and chemical functions they perform, but of that mysterious power which presides over, and controls the individual life, which gives the peculiar and essential qualities, and with unerring precision, akin to the instinct of intelligent creatures, prepares within itself the embryo seed which is to reproduce itself in endless succession, we know nothing. We call this unseen power vitality or vital force, because we know it only by its manifestations. It belongs to those inscrutable mysteries connected with the great First Cause, which it is not permitted to man to penetrate.

With his crucible and his retort, with his blow-pipe and powerful electric battery, the chemist may dissolve the wonderful fabric of vegetable compounds, and with his delicate tests, may search out their constituents, but he knows not how again to reconstruct. He can tell us the constituents of sugar, and the very proportions in which they are united, but he has never been able to make one atom of sugar. By his ingenious and skilful devices, he is enabled to open the fair casket, to study its curious workmanship, and ascertain the materials of which it is made,—but here his power ceases. He is thwarted in all his efforts to rebuild again. He has reached

the threshold of the great mystery of Life and can proceed no farther. In the presence of this unseen power, which pervades alike the vegetable and the animal kingdom, he bows in reverence and awe.

We take up a leaf and examine it, as it appears to the naked eye. At first glance we see that there are two very distinct materials which make up its substance, in the frame work of ribs which, passing through the centre, ramify in all directions, giving strength and rigidity to all its form;—and the softer and darker green substance which compose the intervening spaces, and known as the parenchyma. The original of both these structures, are simple cells, but the cell-structure is modified in various ways.

In the former, the ribs or veins, we have what is called the vascular or longitudinal system of cells,—elongated, tough and rigid, giving strength and hardness;—in the latter, the cellular or horizontal system, soft and flexible. These latter contain the Chlorophyll or green coloring matter of leaves.

Under the microscope we find several other divisions, which the naked eye fails to detect.

In a cross or vertical section, we find, composing the central substance of the leaf, cells more or less compressed and flattened by pressure, but always with intervening spaces, or air passages, where the edges of the cells are not in close contact. On the upper and under surface is a layer of thickened and closely compressed cells. This is the Epidermis which incloses the more loose

texture within and protects it from the direct influence of heat and cold, and of excessive dryness or moisture.

On the surface of this epidermis are a number of *Stemates* or breathing pores (as they may be called),—mechanical contrivances for regulating the evaporation from the cells beneath. They are openings in the surface which connect with the air cavities or intercellular spaces within, thus affording a free communication between the external air and the cells; and occupy both surfaces of the leaf.

In plants when leaves float on the water, as in the Water Lily and other aquatics, the stemates are confined to the upper surface only;—and in leaves entirely submerged, are absent. They are extremely minute; and vary in different plants from 1,000 to 150,000 to the square inch.—These perforations are situated between certain crescent shaped cells of the epidermis, their concave surfaces coming together and forming an elliptical opening.—“When moistened, these guardian cells change their form, becoming more crescentic as they become more turgid, thereby separating in the middle and opening a free communication between the outer air and the interior of the leaf.—As they become drier, they shorten and straighten, so as to bring the sides of the two into contact and close the orifice. The use of this mechanism will be readily understood. So long as the leaf is in a moist atmosphere, and is freely supplied with sap, the stemates remain open, and allow the free

escape of moisture by evaporation. But when the supply fails, and the parenchyma begins to be exhausted, the guardian cells, at least equally affected by the dryness, promptly collapse, and by closing these thousands of apertures, check the drain the moment it becomes injurious to the plant.”

So far therefore as the leaf is concerned, it is endowed by nature with the means of resisting and mitigating the injurious effects of too much dryness by this self-adjusting machinery.

If we examine into the effects of drought upon the soil, we shall be led to admire no less the proofs of design exhibited there. Throughout the kingdom of nature we see mutual connection and dependence between all objects—action and reaction, relations, adaptations, which prove them all to be the work of one designing mind—all made for each other, and only fulfilling their office when these relations are established; the eye for light and light for the eye—the plant for the soil, and the soil for the plant—the earth for man and man for the earth.

As rain falls upon the ground it is absorbed by the porous soil, and sinks down gradually, thus relieving the roots of that excess which would be injurious. Rain water is always changed into carbonic acid gas, which enables it more readily to dissolve the mineral matter it finds in its progress downward. These are carried down and lodged in the subsoil.—As soon as the surface begins to dry, a reverse action takes place—the moisture from below begins to ascend by capillary attraction,

and to carry up with it these mineral salts held in solution. When the moisture reaches the surface, it is either taken up by the roots of plants, or evaporates, leaving the salts in the soil. The next heavy rains carry down much of these mineral matters, but only to be brought up again during the next drought, by the ascending moisture. The alternations of wet and dry weather thus keep up a constant interchange of these inorganic materials. It is often the case that the subsoil is rich in these valuable compounds. It then becomes an inexhaustable bed for the supply of vegetation above by this simple process of capillary attraction.

We see therefore that droughts are not without their compensating benefits. That the plant has the power of resisting much of its effects through the machinery of its leaves, whilst the porous soil affords a passage upwards of the moisture from below, charged with mineral ingredients, and thereby keeping up the fertility of the soil.

It is in the contemplation of these evidences of creative wisdom and goodness that the naturalist finds unerring proofs of the

great presiding Intelligence, and is led onward to seek out and investigate these works.

And these things which appear minute and trivial should give us the more confidence, inasmuch as they are proofs of his power and goodness even to the inanimate and insensible objects of his creation. "If He so clothe the grass of the field, shall he not much more" care for man, made in his own image? As good old Paley puts it—"Under this stupendous Being we live. Our happiness, our existence is in his hands. All we expect must come from him.—Nor ought we to feel our confidence insecure. In every nature, and in every portion of nature which we can desery, we find attention bestowed upon even the minutest parts. The hinges in the wing of an earwig and the joints of its antennæ" (or the breathing-pores on the surface of the smallest leaf) "are as highly wrought as if the Creator had nothing else to finish. We see no signs of diminution of care by multiplicity of objects, or of distraction of thought by variety.—We have no reason to fear therefore our being forgotten or overlooked or neglected."

"STAND IN THY LOT."

Shall He who formed the ear,
And gave thee eyes to see,
Not fashion sounds to cheer
And light to gladden thee?

Beneath whose brooding wings
The desert wells were nurst—
Deny thee water-springs,
And leave thy lip, athirst?

Nay! were thine upward aim
The utmost stars on high,
His hand who lit their flame,
Can lend thee wings to fly!

Be steadfast in thy day!
As is thy strength, thy task;
Who gave the heart, alway
Gives all the heart can ask.

HUMORS OF THE MORGAN RAID INTO INDIANA AND OHIO.

SECOND PAPER.

GEN. MORGAN had passed with his force of less than four thousand men, some sixty miles into Indiana, and had taken the towns of Corydon and Salem; and rumors flew over the country to the effect that he was aiming to work still further North, with a view to destroying the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, then a thoroughfare of vast importance to the Federal army. So a squad of men—the writer of this among them—was dispatched forthwith to the railroad in question, with instructions to rouse the people and gather them to the defence of certain bridges, &c.

On reaching our department we found that we might as well have been kept at home, for the people were already out in full force, and the bridges were—safe.

The first bridge at which we made our august appearance was over White River. It was guarded by about three hundred brave looking Hoosiers, dressed in every style known to the fashions, and armed with every conceivable kind of weapon, from long rifles to pitchforks. They were entrenched and had a cannon. Their earth-works consisted of a thin ridge of loose sand thrown up as lightly as possible, with a row of small stones resting along on top of it to prevent the wind from blowing it away. Their cannon was a brass signal gun of the smallest size—not over ten inches long, perhaps—and it, too, like the one brought

to bear on Gen. Morgan at Brandenburg, had been captured or stolen, and sent home from the war. At the time of which I write, it was claimed as the property of a Gen. McMillen, who figured somewhat around New Orleans, long after the fighting was over in that locality.

With these arrangements and fixtures, our Hoosier friends felt perfectly secure; and so they indulged loudly in their defiance of Morgan and his four thousand conscripts, as they were pleased to call his men. They were, to use their own language, “jest spilin’ for a fight.” Nothing would give them more pleasure than to see the old horse-thief undertake to capture *that* bridge!—*They’d* show him which side of his bread was buttered!

In an hour or so after our arrival, a locomotive came up the track with word that Morgan had worked out as far as Little Orleans; had captured the place, and was now actually marching directly for the White River Bridge. And immediately the exclamations of defiance, and clamoring in favor of a fight, ceased; and many a tall Hoosier turned pale and became restless. It was the first time they had realized that there was really a possibility of meeting with the great “guerilla chief.”

A little later, and just as the sun was setting, a new impulse was added to the excitement by

the arrival of a recruit from Southward, who swore that he had seen Morgan and his whole force, and they were now within less than six miles of us, and marching at double-quick for the bridge.

Great uneasiness began to manifest itself among our men. We were a divided force; for, while a few appeared to be good soldiers, ready to stand up to the work, come what would, a large majority evinced an inclination to start off for the nearest town in quest of supplies; or to straggle out into the woods in a direction that went the furthest from Little Orleans—away from the buzz of camp, the better to—hear Morgan, of course, and to apprise the guard of his approach, also, of course. But the guard opposed them in their laudable purposes, and the brave soldiers, who had, but a few hours before, boasted what they could do, had to remain.

It wasn't long till we heard the tramp, tramp, tramp of Morgan's men coming, sure enough,—or, until many said they heard it—I didn't. It was a moment of breathless, and I may say, trembling suspense. In the midst of this, when all had stopped breath-

ing the better to hear the approaching enemy, a crashing sound arose from the dense woods within a few hundred paces of us, which fairly shook heaven and earth. And forthwith the clanking of arms might have been heard at that particular bridge on White River, not the effect of men engaged in deadly combat, but produced by men who had concluded to adopt the old saying of

“He who fights and runs away,
Will live to fight another day,”

leaving, of course, the third word of the first line out of the question.

It was a rich affair, that inglorious skedaddle. There was scarcely a corporal's guard left. But rattle, rattle, tramp, tramp, on came the charging squadrons: when lo! a hand-car came in sight! Yes, a hand-car, and nothing more! and we learned that Morgan had taken another route, and had not been nearer to us than forty miles!

The deserters came back, the ranks filled up, and we were all very much grieved that we had not had a rough and tumble fight with the great Guerrilla Chief-tain.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

JOHN MILTON.*

THE reader must now follow us away from the bowers of the Muses, to the dusty *arena* of British politics in the 17th century, and to the thorny paths of history. But we may venture to encourage him with the promise of smoothing these rough ways for him, so that if any feet are lacerated by them, they shall be those of his pioneers, and not his own.

The career of Milton as a public man exactly explains the true nature of that great party in Church and State, known as the Puritan, and of the wide differences which existed within it. It was stated that when the Long Parliament met, November 3rd, 1640, it was almost unanimous in its demand for the redress of grievances proceeding from the abuse of the royal prerogative.—But it then contained three avowed parties. The smallest was that of the King, of Laud, and of Strafford, the party of the high prelatists. They were, in the State, the advocates of pure, unlimited monarchy, and in religion the assertors of the divine right and necessity of a hierarchy of prelates, for the very being of a church. They were shrewdly suspected by the moderate party, of a secret design to bring in despotism and Catholicism: a charge which the extreme liberals fully believed; and which, in the light of history, appears manifestly true. Next, there was the party of the moderate Episcopals, embracing at that time,

the great majority of both houses. These were sincere advocates at once of constitutional right, and of monarchical government; and while they did not regard prelacy as of the essence of a scriptural church-order, and were not so principled against Presbyterianism, as to be incapable of sincerely adopting it, if it appeared necessary for the country's welfare, they preferred a mild Episcopacy, as an advantageous and suitable institution for England as she then was. This party was well represented in the great Hampden. The third party, larger in numbers than the first, but far smaller than the second, was that of the Presbyterians. These looked to the established Church of their sister kingdom of Scotland, where Presbytery was regularly and legally established by the constitution, as presenting their preferred model. Hence, as Scotland was then almost unanimously in arms against Charles, for his despotic encroachments: it was inevitable that this party in England, when their own quarrel with the king became pressing, as well as the moderate party, should look to the Scots as their natural allies. The English Presbyterians were avowed, and unquestionably sincere monarchists, but determined to preserve and increase the constitutional limits on the royal power. In church affairs, they avowed no design of banishing Episcopacy from the English Establishment, but loudly demanded, first, that the hierarchy should not be represented in the upper

* Continued from page 458.

house, second, that the religion of the State should be purged from Catholic tendencies, then so plainly manifest; and third, that their people should enjoy full toleration in England. But in the bosom of this Presbyterian party, latent and unavowed, lurked the little element of Independency, which was destined so wonderfully to emerge, and although always a minority in the nation, to overpower both its rivals. To this element Milton belonged, perhaps at first semi-consciously.*

But something more is needed, to the understanding of the term *Puritan*. In the mouth of an English Episcopalian of 1640, it meant a vast aggregate of most different parties in Church and State, including the National Church of Scotland, all the Episcopalians of distinct and fixed Evangelical or Protestant opinions, all the English Presbyterians, all those politicians who were sticklers for constitutional right, and, of course, the obscure sectaries afterwards called Independents. But these last, as they were least numerous, were then probably least in the minds of the royalist party, when they called their opponents Puritans. Among many testimonies confirming this statement, too familiar to the well-informed reader to need repetition, we only cite one, less known, though exceedingly appropriate. It is from the speech of Sir Benjamin Rudyard, in support of the celebrated Mr. Pym's

motion for redress of grievances, (Nov. 1640.)

"They have so brought it to pass, that under the name of *Puritans*, all our religion is branded; and under a few hard words against *Jesuits*, all Popery is countenanced. Whosoever squares his action by any Rule, either Divine or Humane, he is a *Puritan*: whosoever would be governed by the King's Laws, he is a *Puritan*: he that will not do whatsoever other Men would have him do, he is a *Puritan*: Their great Work, their Master-piece, now is to make all those of the Religion, to be the suspected Party of the kingdom."

The meaning which the epithet *Puritan* bore in the mouth of the Royalist, may be best explained by the historical usage of other terms of reproach. Thus, in the 18th century the word *Methodist*, applied to the evangelical party in the English Establishment, meant not a Wesleyan, but a man who conscientiously regulated his morals by a *methodus*. It was the taunt of a relaxed and unprincipled party against those who tacitly shamed their lack of principle, by professing to live strictly by their principles. So, in the United States the time was, when those who asserted the fundamental principles of the constitution as the practical rules for administering the government, were branded as "Abstractionists."—The Puritans were simply the *Methodiste* and *Abstractionists* of 1640. Says Rapin Thoyras, (Vol. xi. p. 518.) "They" (Charles I. and his party) "believed not only that all the Puritans were enemies

* See Rapin Thoyras, Bk. xx. 15. Charles I. (Ed. Lond, 1731, pp. 24, 25, 61-65. Vol. XI.

to monarchy; but also that all those who were against a despotic Power were Puritans. This made Charles I. resolve to ruin all such as were not submissive enough to his Will, by confounding them all under the name of *Puritans*."

It can be easily understood why the Independent party, at the beginning of the great struggle, should act with the Presbyterians; because the latter, although monarchists, were striving against a despotic monarchy and hierarchy. Thus they were going, for the present, in the direction the Independents designed to go: only, the latter intended to go a great deal farther. And hence, this temporary cooperation did not prove that their principles were not radically different. The Independent sect, originating with the little colony of *Brownists* in Holland, were disorganizers in Church and State. In politics they were radical democrats; by which one word, they are described sufficiently. In Church order, they discarded the great doctrines of "vocation" and rule on which all the Reformed Churches had built their systems, as on a corner stone. That doctrine is, that the limited Church power which Jesus Christ, the Head of the Church, has deposited in human hands, is in the clergy whom he has called, through the voice of his people and Spirit, to this function. And this vocation is recognized only where the candidate for office feels himself moved by godly and Scriptural desires for the work, and both the orders in the Church endorse and approve his pretensions: the laity by vol-

untarily calling him to teach or rule, and the clergy by voluntarily raising him by ordination, to their class. This doctrine of vocation the Independents fatally marred, by discarding the concurrence of the church, and clergy, and teaching that every believer who professed to feel the motion of the Holy Ghost, was duly qualified to teach. They also threw off all ecclesiastical subordination, declaring that there was no such thing as clerical or ecclesiastical power, in any form, regulative of the whole Christian body. With them, any company of worshippers who chose to associate together, were independent and supreme; and they rejected the legitimate control of a representative Presbytery or Synod, as being as verily Antichrist, as a Prelate. It is true, that the monstrous results of such a system of anarchy made a part of the sect recoil, as to a part of their dogmas. The little cluster of Independents who had found their way into the Westminster Assembly, headed by Godwyn and Burroughs, presented to the Parliament in 1644, a statement of their opinions, in which they protest that they admit the ordination of ministers by ministers, the use of ruling elders, the sacraments, and a congregational church discipline by censure or exclusion. It is also true that Independents, both in England, and in New England, have usually found themselves practically impelled, by the very absurdity of their own first principles, to borrow so much of Presbyterianism, in order to exist at all. For, the proper tendency of

their own premises is utterly to disintegrate civil and ecclesiastical society, and bring everything to chaos. And in both countries, and in the 17th and 19th centuries, a large number of those who have adopted these opinions have been continually drifting into one or another absurdity, disorganizing every foundation of order.— In short, the most moderate Independents, represented by Godwyn and Burroughs, retain the principle of their church-radicalism, by repudiating all general church control, and making any number of sectaries who associate together, no matter how few, or how schismatical, or how extravagant, a legitimate and supreme church power, with an inherent claim to all the powers of ordination, sacraments, and discipline, and irresponsible to everything beneath the skies. It is no wonder that such a system displayed its innate tendency to revert perpetually to anarchy, in the instances of the Levellers, and Fifth Monarchists of the Commonwealth, and the Women's Rights, Free Love and Abolitionist parties of New England. It is obvious that the only political creed which could affiliate with such a religion, was the most radical form of democracy. In their 'so-called' churches, the people were a spiritual democracy, and the pastor a spiritual demagogue. So, in civil affairs, these high religionists were found adopting precisely the atheistic and impious principles of the Mountain in the French Assembly: which ignore the very idea of legitimate authority, discard all

ethical foundation for allegiance in the sovereignty of God's will and providence, make each man a god to himself; and assign no other force to law, than the caprice of that aggregate mob of lawless integers, which happens to possess the physical power.

We repeat, that the Presbyterians, although temporarily having the political adhesion of the Independents, held principles essentially different. They were a recognized branch of that great communion known as the "Reformed," to which the Anglican church belonged. From the latter they only differed in one essential; the prelatical headship for their church order. But while they did not recognize the Apostolic succession through prelatical Bishops, they held firmly to the necessity of a clerical succession, and of a Scriptural authority regulative of the whole church, residing in the clergy. While the Episcopalians sought this general regulative power in a hierarchy of Bishops and Archbishops, the Presbyterians placed it in representative courts of more general, or of universal jurisdiction, called Synods and General Assemblies. And they taught in common with the whole Protestant world, that the foundation of allegiance in both Church and State, is the supreme will of God: of which will regular expression is to be obtained, first in the Holy Scriptures, and then in the combined voice of the constituted human authorities, and of the people, uttered through the appointed channels. Thus they aimed to find the golden mean between the principles

of despotism, and those of anarchy. It is manifest that their system was as truly one of subordination, of order, and of legitimate authority, as that of the moderate Episcopalians. And this is not only inference, but a historical fact. Just so soon as the Independent party found it their interest to withdraw from them, they uniformly assailed them with the same charges of tyranny, which they uttered against the Episcopalians and Catholics.

It is obvious also, that the genius of Presbyterianism was such as might properly affiliate either with a constitutional monarchy, or with a regular aristocratical republic; while it had no affinity with a literal democracy. The British Presbyterians were undoubtedly sincere and steadfast mon-

archists. We know that the opposite is often asserted; that King James I. embodied his opinion of the incompatibility of their system with monarchy, in the apophthegm "No Bishop, no King." The Presbyterians would willingly have avowed this maxim, if modified so as to read: "No Bishop, no Despot." It is true that the Stuart Dynasty held this opinion as their inheritance, to their latest hour. It is true that the Presbyterians in the Long Parliament were persistently charged by Charles I. with a secret purpose of establishing a commonwealth. But we shall present irrefragable evidence of the opposite, at the cost of some anticipation of the order of facts.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LOVE'S LAW.

The classical people were certainly queer,
And did many a comical thing;
Yet their doings, if sifted entirely clear,
Will some moral undoubtedly bring.

A fanciful fancy of their's I relate,
And the truth, which it covers, display;
Endeavoring its innermost meaning to state
To whoever may list to the lay.

These Ancients created a beautiful God,
And crowned him with myrtle and rose,
Then placed in his soft, snowy fingers a rod
With the which he did just as he chose.

He reigned on the mountains, he ruled o'er the sea,
And he governed the heavens above;
And naught might presume to dispute the decree
Of the powerful deity Love!

Love loved and was loved by the loveliest girl,
 That the earth at that season had seen;
 As pure as some snowily glittering pearl
 In the depths of the ocean serene.

He loved, and he wooed, and he won, and he made
 This most exquisite maiden his bride,
 Yet on her a stringent injunction he laid,
 Lest a terrible woe should betide.

When night draped the earth in a soft, starry shade,
 He would leave his bright throne in the sky,
 Still crowned, and in royal apparel arrayed,
 To the arms of his darling to fly.

Yet never a moment that darling might gaze
 On the face of her lover divine,
 Save when on his glorious beauty the rays
 Of faint fliekering star-beams should shine.

Love's law was obeyed and the moments flew fast
 Round the silvery circle of Time,
 Till Pysehe too curious, grew sinful at last—
 Disobedienee to Husbands is erime!

One night she held close to his myrtle-wreathed head,
 As asleep he dreamed happily on,
 A lamp.—Love awoke in an instant, and fled
 And forever and ever was gone!

This lesson enwrapped in the story I find;—
 To be happy, obey it we must—
 "To keep Love we must always be partially blind,
 And take half of his treasures —— on trust!"

SKETCH OF GOVERNOR ALLEN OF LOUISIANA.

IN the year 1838, the writer of numbers. Of these, one was this was standing before the door Henry W. Allen, the subject of of one of the dormitories at Ma- this sketch. He was about five rion College, Mo., engaged with a feet ten inehes high, with a fine group of fellow students in diseus- intellectual forehead, and impress- sing some of the questions which ed us very favorably. There were ordinarily engage the attention of upwards of twenty students from College boys, when the hack from the Old Dominion, in College, and the nearest town arrived, bring- those of us who belonged to that ing an accession of two to our squad soon ascertained that he was

from "the land we loved," and sought an acquaintance with him. His father removed from Prince Edward county, Va., (a county that gave Sterling Price and Joe. Johnston to the Confederacy,) and settled in Richmond, Ray county, Mo., when Henry was some fifteen years of age. Henry was placed in a store in Lexington, Mo., a place afterwards prominent in the annals of the war. The life of a merchant, however, did not suit young Allen, and he left the counter when about seventeen years old, to pursue his studies in college, looking forward to the bar as his profession. In college he was one of the most diligent students I ever knew. He was fond of public speaking, and while not neglecting his text-books, took a prominent part in the discussions in society. On one occasion, he made an argument before the Judge of the Township in favor of the rights of the students of college, which he thought had been infringed upon, and gained great credit for his first public forensic effort. He did not complete the course of study at college. It must be admitted that he was disposed to be a little extravagant in his expenditures.— His habits of dress, cultivated in a store, made his expenditures exceed the average of his fellow students, and his father, finding that he greatly exceeded his allowances, took occasion to remonstrate with him. This offended him, and he left college to seek his fortune in the South. It so occurred, too, that he had had a disagreement with one of his fellow students, about some matters connec-

ted with a controversy conducted in the literary society. Before leaving college, this fellow student addressed him a kind note, asking him, that as they were about to separate, perhaps never to meet again, he would forget the past, and not carry with him ill blood. He rejected the tender of reconciliation. He was not yet schooled and disciplined by contact with the world, to make him the man he became. There were in him all the elements of greatness and nobleness, but he had never yet been chastened by experience to know and feel that little peccadillos should not be allowed to separate chief friends. He had not been in Mississippi two weeks, before he wrote back a note of humble apology to this same student, especially regretting that he had ungenerously rejected the tender of his friend looking to a reconciliation. Thus, was one error of life atoned for, and rectified. The same was the case towards his honored father. He was too much under the influence of impulse, but at the same time was as generous a soul as ever lived. The next thing he did was to write a long and humble letter to his father making amends for his too hasty conduct in leaving college. He was in the world now, he was to carve out his own destinies, and in contact with strangers he had learned to value the fond affection of the loved ones at home. Of course the breach was healed, and the first vacation in which he could spare time, he paid a visit to his home. Thus was the second error of life reformed.

Young Allen began his career

in Mississippi by teaching in order to support himself, and also to study law. After the usual time spent in preliminary studies he was admitted to the bar, and rose to distinction. Here again, "the rash humor which his mother gave him," made him forget that he was not called upon to redress every wrong, and especially that a newspaper squib had better not be noticed, than to lead to a personal conflict. It so occurred that that non-descript, hunchback, Tom Hunt, of Pennsylvania, "a man of infinite humor who was wont to set the audience in a roar" as a temperance-speaker, visited the town in which Allen resided in Mississippi, and delivered a lecture. Some one of the Editors of the town perpetrated a squib at Hunt's expense, and as the lecturer had married a distant relative of Allen's, he took the quarrel up, which led to a challenge, and in the conflict that ensued, Allen received a slight wound. He ever afterwards regretted that he had engaged in the affair.

The war with Mexico coming on, Allen raised a company and joined our forces on the Rio Grande, where he acquired his first taste of military life.

Years after this, the writer met his old friend at one of the Virginia Springs. He was sitting under the rotunda, when looking over his shoulder, he saw a gentleman reading a book, whom he recognized as his old College mate. When in College we called him by familiar soubriquet, "Hoss."—There was an old Judge in Missouri, by the name of Allen, who,

for some cause or other, went by the nick-name of "Hoss Allen," and College students are fond of giving nick-names to their fellows. We gave him this, and he always went by that name. As I had recognized my friend instanter, I called to him by his old soubriquet. I presume he had not heard it for ten years, but like the old war-horse when he hears the sound of the trumpet, he recognized the name, and came running to greet me with the exclamation—"Who in the world is it that calls me by my old College nick-name!" Of course it was not long before he knew who it was that addressed him thus familiarly, and many pleasant hours we spent together. He was now a married man, and he and his wife were spending the summer in the mountains of his old native State. He was also the representative of Yalabusha county, in the legislature of his adopted State.

Years passed by—the storm of war had burst on Virginia. He was eager to mingle in the foray, to strike for his home and native land. The first battle of Manassas had been fought. Crowds of soldiers were gathering to this scene of conflict to range themselves under the banners of Johnston and Beauregard. I was standing at Gordonsville one day, and looking at the trains as they passed crowded with soldiers, when who should step off one of the cars but my old friend, dressed in a Colonel's uniform. We exchanged hearty greetings. I asked him his destination. He told me he had command of a regiment

of Louisianians, stationed on Ship Island, but was on his way to report to General Beauregard.— Soon after this General B. was sent West and Colonel Allen's regiment was incorporated in the army of the West. In the active operations of the Western army he played a conspicuous part, sharing all the toils of that arduous campaign. When General Breckenridge attacked the enemy at Baton Rouge, he was in the thickest of the fight. Riding at the head of his regiment, for he never could walk well, (we used to joke him about his gait in College) he was shot through both his legs, and his horse killed under him. He was borne to the rear, and laid on a table to have his limbs amputated. Against this he protested. "Gentlemen" said he to the Surgeons, "My Maker gave me these pins when he brought me into this world, and some how or other, I intend to take them with me when I go out of it. I acquit you of all blame. I assume the responsibility. If I die I take all blame myself, splinter me up, and try to save my limbs." They took him at his word, and splintered him up. He slowly began to amend. For months he was disabled from field duty. At length he had convalesced so far as to visit the Capital of the "so-called" Confederate States, where he received the commission of a Brigadier General. He also, while in Virginia, on this trip, visited his old home in Prince Edward, and mingled with his relatives and friends, many of whom had known him as a boy. He was able to walk with the aid of a

crutch, one leg, (that which had received the slightest fracture) he considered entirely well. Alas! he never recovered the use of the other entirely—nay, it was the cause of his death.

From this time General Allen was never in the field. He had been for some years an honorable and influential citizen of Louisiana; Had sympathized deeply with the oppressed people of his adopted State. They looked to him now as the man for the times, and placed him by acclamation in the gubernatorial chair. Well he justified their high opinion.— No Governor in the whole Confederacy was more energetic.— Every one read and remembers the clarion notes of his inaugural address. If Butler's hide were not as thick as a rhinoceros', he would have felt the barbed arrows of this young champion of the women of New Orleans. His message was in a different tone. It was calm, able, dignified, statesman-like. The one was the loud clarion peal summoning the clan to rally—the other the cool, deliberate orders of the commander to the men assembled on the field. He lost his earthly all in the war. From being a man of princely wealth, when I heard from him last at Shreveport, whither the seat of Government of Louisiana was removed, he had but a single horse, and one servant, the wreck of a magnificent estate.

It remains but to state that when news reached him of the surrender of Lee and Johnston, in company with others whose hopes were buried with the Confederacy, he went to Mexico.—

Here he edited the Mexican *Times*. I have seen several numbers of his paper. It was conducted with great ability. He seemed to cherish great regard for the Emperor and Empress, who extended a welcome to the exile, a welcome that it seems they themselves shall soon need from some friendly power. For more than a year, from his retreat in Mexico, Gov. Allen was able to watch the events as they shaped themselves in his native land. He loved his home, in the land of his exile.— At length the summons came to join “the innumerable host” of patriots that have gone “to the pale realm of shades.” His wound never entirely healed. He left the city of Mexico, it is said, to seek surgical aid in France—

but at Cordova he was stricken down and yielded his spirit up to God—another martyr to the “lost cause” of his country.

His remains have been brought to Louisiana that they may rest among the people he loved so well. No booming cannon was allowed to announce their arrival at New Orleans. But a nobler demonstration was made than cannon roar or muffled drum. Amid the tears of thousands whom he loved and for whom he died, his noble form was laid to rest till the arch-angel’s trumpet shall awake it at that dread tribunal, where all the wrongs of earth shall be redressed.

“Green be the turf above thee
Friend of my early days,
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise.”

TWELVE MONTHS IN SPAIN.*

It comes well here, in the order of incidents connected with the Fair, to notice the bull-fight which ended the festivities of the occasion. I have concluded, however, to pass that spectacle over for the present; and it may be that some apology is due for this course. I have never, indeed, in the first place, estimated Spanish character by that splendid national game as much as we foreigners are usually inclined to do—for none of us seem to think of Spain or Spaniards without thinking also of the bull-fights. I believe, contrariwise, that Spain has many

worse things and many better things than that favorite sport. But, chiefly, by way of apology, let me say that it is always best to get the highest style in every art, even in the art of killing bulls.— And it was at Seville I heard, that the famous Montes, the best sword in Spain, celebrated in all books of travels for twenty years before my visit, had returned to the arena and was then engaged at Madrid. Let us wait, therefore, till we have finished our bird’s-eye view of the Peninsular, and get back to the Capital, where, during the course of the summer, we shall often see this unmatch-

* Continued from page 331.

ed swordsman in the ring. For it is not more certain that Napoleon was the first slayer of men than that Montes is the first slayer of cattle.

TRIANA:

I used sometimes to cross the Guadalquivir by its venerable bridge of boats, and spend an hour or two in Triana—a Gipsy Town immediately opposite Seville.—You see many of this strange tribe of people wandering over Spain. I was curious to see something of their life and manners in a settlement almost exclusively their own. Triana looks wretched enough—wretched streets—wretched huts—wretched inhabitants. And worse than wretched. All is filth too.—Naked children, old men surly and gruff, old hags withered and witch-like, eye you through the chinks or broken windows, silently and sinisterly, as you pass.—You never see anybody at work. You never hear the least stir of business. You wonder how they live. The secret is, that a certain portion of the tribe, especially the younger part, is always off on distant expeditions, trafficking chiefly in horses, practising the arts of palmistry, or pilfering generally, while the old and infant class remain at home and subsist on the gains of these expeditions.

On the occasion of one of my visits, with a Spanish friend, anxious to see more of Gipsy life than it was possible to see by merely sauntering along the streets, we addressed the old and ugly women sitting at the door of a hut. They were communicative,

and the conversation resulted, as we hoped, in an invitation to go in. We found inside two other women and two men. One of the women was young and pretty.—Her regular, delicately chiseled, sun-burnt features, her glossy raven hair, her fine piercing black eyes would have made her a beauty of any land, or of any race. The men, rather youthful in appearance, sat silent and unsocial to themselves in a corner. The first thing which excited remark and (shall I add?) admiration was a complexion and a color of hair very unusual in Spain: And they proceeded forthwith to fix my local habitation, which they placed in many countries—yet missed America, after all.—Indeed the extent and accuracy of their geographical knowledge, surprised me much. They knew the names and relative positions of most of the States in Europe, and around the Mediterranean. I asked how they came by their information? They answered that some of them had traveled—but they had learned most of what they knew from their own people, whom they had seen from those various parts of the world. “The Gipsies,” they said, “are everywhere, and brethren wherever they are.” But of our Model Republic, they were wholly ignorant: and, in turn, became very inquisitive of me concerning every item of interest touching my country. Some of their questions were amusing: Were our people all fair complexioned and red-haired? How far distant was my country, and how could one get there? Who was King? Had

we large cities and large rivers? What language did we speak? Had we fine horses; and finally, were there any Gipsies among us? As well as I could, I gratified their attentive curiosity.— They seemed believing until I told them we had no Gipsies: whereat they betrayed symptoms of incredulity, for which I inquired the cause, when they said, that a country with fine horses and without Gipsies could not be. I was not able to understand the necessary connection between these two things—but they persisted that they always went together, and I had to yield the point by way of complaisance.

Meanwhile we had distributed some cigars, and had ordered some wine. The two men now came out of their silence and their corner. The sociability was general and cordial. The chance seemed opportune for seeing what I had long desired to see—a genuine Gipsy dance. I had seen imitations of it on the Spanish stage, but much tempered down to refined tastes, as I found when I came to witness the original.— My Spanish friend made the proposal, which was at once accepted, with the proviso that we would pay something for the sight. A guitar was sent for; and soon a set of four took the floor and danced till we had enough of it. Well: what shall I say of a Gipsy dance? It consists of wierd-like gyrations, exceedingly wild and fantastic, but overmuch wanton and immodest mingled with songs which, though not unmusical, gives a strange savagery to the whole performance. It was

not unlike what I fancy an Indian dance to be.

I had purchased a few days before a small pocket-dictionary of the Gipsy language. I took occasion to use a word or two, curious to see whether the book might be relied on. They understood the words; and immediately asked how much I knew of their language, and how I had acquired it! I assured them I knew nothing of it, and then displayed my dictionary as the source whence I had derived the word or two I had used. They protested warmly and all together, that I could not have depended for learning their language upon books, and said repeatedly *es mentira*—"it is all a lie"—meaning anything put down in the books concerning the Gipsy speech. They said I could only learn their language by living among them, which I thought would be paying too much for the whistle. I was satisfied, however, notwithstanding their protestations, with the accuracy of my dictionary, though at much loss to comprehend why they wished to deceive or mislead me about it until my Spanish friend afterwards explained this trait, with other things, in this singular people.

I expressed a wish to have my fortune told. One of the women offered to bring her mother, who, she said, was the best fortune-teller in Spain. She was brought; and certainly she embodied all that is horrible in our conceptions of a witch. After paying her a *peseta* by way of fee, she proceeded to read the lines in my hand, which she did with many signs

and mystic mumblings. I need not record her prophecy, which was but the usual twaddle of charlatanry, not remembered even by myself. But I can recall, nor without a shudder, the ghastly smile, the shriveled features, the sinister expression, the malignant leer of the dark sooth-sayer of Triana.

Walking back to Seville, my Spanish friend told me something concerning the Gipsies, which interested me greatly, and may not be unentertaining to you.—They form no inconsiderable part of the population of Spain, and constitute a distinct community—a sort of *imperium in imperio*—with their own laws, customs and manners. Their maxims of government are enforced with inexorable severity, not by the aid of Courts of their own, which are denied them by the Spaniards, nor of any regular organism, which requires formal and public administration; but simply by a peculiar system of free masonry built upon the pride of race, which accomplishes among them what positive institutions do for other nations, and render them the most intensely exclusive and unamalgamative tribe on earth. They have something of an oral literature—nothing written. In fact books are their abomination. They esteem their language itself as a part of their arena, and fear lest the art of writing, if practiced by them, might lead the profane world into the mysteries of their Eleusinia. Hence they tried to persuade me that my dictionary was untrustworthy: and had they got their fingers on it, my friend said, they would have held on to it either by force or fraud.—Nevertheless, in spite of their aversions to books, they were uncommonly quick-witted and well-informed. I had formed a low opinion of their morals. I was assured, on the contrary, that, whatever they might be among themselves, they were singularly free from lustful practices with other nations. They value pure Gipsy blood above all price: and the woman, who falls into strange loves, is cut off from her tribe by a secret and terrible castration.—Such indulgences, however, on the part of the sex, rarely or never occur. The art of palmistry, whereby they impose so largely upon the Gentiles, is really not deemed a system of imposture among themselves—but a kind of sacred knowledge rather. Such horrid errors, as the one they brought to decypher my own destiny, are reckoned to be endowed with a portion of divinity. Indeed the only religion they have, seemed to connect itself somehow with this art. It is their religion. They observe no rites. They have no worship. They never accord even an external conformity to the Catholic Church. I endeavored to draw them out on this subject, but received only silence for answers. They are not addicted to daring violations of the law—but their incorrigible habits of thievery gives the Spanish authorities much annoyance. Finally, my friend said, they never improve—they never advance. What they were when they came into the Peninsular ages ago, they are now.

ITALICA—CUESTA AND PALOS.

There are several pleasant excursions around Seville—to Italice, for instance, where we are carried back in Roman history to that Scipio, who defeated Hannibal, and who founded this city A. U. C. 547. It was also the birth-place of three Roman Emperors—Trajan, Adrian and Theodosius. But of all its Roman life nothing remains only the ruins of an Amphitheatre, which, had Time, the adorning of ruins, been let alone, would still exist almost equal to the Coliseum at Rome.

"The last, the worst, dull spoiler, who was he?"

The lazy Spaniard—the unpoetic corporation of Seville. Towards the close of the eighteenth century, a large portion of the materials was removed and employed in constructing a Royal Road to Badajos. The spoliations thus effected have much impaired the grandeur of the structure as it stood in its prime, or even as it might have been seen a hundred years ago, like the melancholy mausoleum of an Empire's dust, half-buried in earth and all over-spread with herbage and vines:

"Cypress and ivy, weed and wall-flower grown
 Matted and mass'd together hillocks heap'd
 On what were chambers, arch crush'd, column strown
 In fragments, choked up vaults, and frescoes steep'd
 In subterranean damps, where the owl peep'd,
 Deeming it midnight."

Yet assuredly nothing is here for tears, and we may well restrain our vain regrets over the demolition of this stupendous pile. Our age

is eminently unclassic and utilitarian; and, after all, a good road is a better thing than an amphitheatre, where wild beasts and wilder men bearded each other to the inhuman shouts of a Roman mob. Rome herself has left us roads which will eternize her better civilization, while her bloody games but tarnish the pictured page of her story.

Not far from Italice, is the village of Cuesta—a village of, perhaps, a dozen mean houses—yet it is the death-place of a life un-eclipsed in glory and in crime.—In one of the meanest houses, over the door of a shed-room, ten feet square, more fit for a pig-sty than for a human habitation, read these words; "HERE DIED HERNANDO CORTEZ, A VICTIM TO DISGRACE AND SORROW, THE GLORY OF SPAIN, THE CONQUEROR OF MEXICO—HE EXPIRED DEC. 2, 1547." This squalid spot—such a death-chamber—such an end of such a career—is likely to make older heads than school-boys, and wiser men than weeping philosophers, dream dreams of human vanity, and take knowledge of "what shadows we are and what shadows we pursue."

I spent a day or too in an excursion to Palos—the little seaport whence Columbus sailed, after eighteen years of hope deferred, on his voyage of discovery, and to which, within eight months, he returned the successful discoverer, whom all the world have since delighted to honor. I need not describe it. There is, in truth, not much to describe; and, besides, the graceful pen of Mr. Irving, who visited Palos in 1828, has pre-

ceded me in the task. Nothing can be added in point of style or of information to his graphic account, which may be found in the 3rd vol. of his *Columbus*. There was no change in the condition of things since the period of his visit. Mr. Ford, it is true, in his "Handbook of Spain," says the Government had ordered, in 1846, the Convent of La Rabida to be fitted up as an asylum for invalid soldiers. I observed, however, no preparations of that sort; and it is to be hoped none will be made. The Convent should rather remain, while time lasts, dedicated to the same uses and preserved as much as possible in the same state as when Columbus, wearied with his long journey on foot, begged at its humble gate for bread and water for his little boy. Touching it is, indeed, and more like the ways of God than any other event in the divinely-guided life of the Discoverer, that, cast off by Princes and Nobles, his wandering feet should have been directed hither to this by-corner of Spain, where he found a welcome sympathy for his sufferings, and an intelligent appreciation of his great argument. There is, too, in beholding the earth, the sky, the sea about Palos, a certain mournful awe, which one does not realize on scarcely any other spot rendered immortal by what is greatest in human thought or in human action: for there is only earth and sky and sea left here to connect us in imagination with the grandest idea and most perilous adventure known to the modern age. The little village, indeed, remains miserably decayed

and dwindled down to not more than three hundred inhabitants. The white walls of La Rabida rise conspicuously on its neighboring hill amid a dark forest of pine trees. But of what we expect as in some measure suggestive of the lofty enterprise of Columbus—of Palos, the sea-port, with its bustling commerce; not even a wreck is left to tell the tale; no trace of a wharf or landing-place or warehouse, or barque or harbor, where proud navies might ride; absolutely nothing! So the mind, undisturbed by mere perishable memorials of the past, is all the more sadly awe-impressed by the amplitudes of natural scenery—of earth and sky and sea, which endure forever. We feel, after all, that there is a harmony between the heroic character of Columbus and the simple grandeur of the scene whence he embarked on his heroic voyage. We admire that Providence which, through so much tribulation, at last sent him forth from this obscure place, as another Nazareth, to bless the nations and to double the area of the world. Undoubtedly, if the finger of God had not indicated the way, the shore-line of the globe itself hardly contains a port which had not been rather selected as the point of departure for such an expedition.

Mr. Irving represents the inhabitants of Palos as totally ignorant, and as scarcely knowing even the name of America. He is doubtless correct. I am not sure, however, but we deserve to be forgotten and unknown in that memorable locality, till we learn to show them better treatment.—

They see the face of an American almost never. We pass by on the other side even to places of far less interest. This is not well.—America is a great debtor to Palos, which should be a Mecca to every American in Spain. Her intrepid seamen were the earliest companions and coadjutors of Columbus—many of them, it is true, forced into his perilous service—but still they were by his side on the unfathomed waste of waters, and stood to their work, all things considered, with commendable resolution and fortitude. Yet we go on, by a kind of bathos, christening our towns and villages after Rome and Athens and Corinth and Utica, while Palos, whose history is indissolubly linked to ours, is still unhonored and unsung.

One is struck everywhere in this part of the Peninsular with the falling off in the character of the population, compared to what that character was three hundred years ago. It is known to all who are familiar with the early settlement and conquest of Spanish America, that the race of men, most of whom were from the Province of Andalusia, sent out by Spain for a century after the discovery of the New World—the followers of Columbus and Vasco Nunez, of Cortez and Pizarro—never had an equal, if a rival, in hardy virtues and heroic exertions. The most stirring events of our North American history—even our Plymouth Rock and our Jamestown, it must be owned, read like dull, tedious annals by the side of what they mightily did and mightily suffer-

ed. They were formed, indeed, and specially endowed for the prodigious work given them to do; nor did they do it negligently.— Besides an intense love of country and a burning zeal for “the Faith,” they illustrated superbly a proud contempt of pleasure, an untamed spirit of adventure, an unconquerable energy and a capacity for endurance, which defied hunger and thirst, cold and heat, want and nakedness, disease and death. Of such stern stuff to will and to do and to suffer, were these men made. Such were the splendid qualities which have cast a halo even around their crimes. But we look in vain for their like among their descendants. The contrast in the Andalusian of this century is painful. He seems incapable of high resolve or of high endeavor. There he goes lazily about his easy work, or rather there he lies sprawling, the live long day, listlessly, in the shade, loquacious, indolent, unwarlike. If he rouses up to effort at all, it is spasmodically and wildly wasted in frolic and sport.

How is this? Is it that Spain, in a single century of superhuman energy, spent all her vigor and vitality? Just as among individuals sometimes an over-strain brings exhaustion for long after it, if not death itself. Is it that Andalusian manhood is not dead—but only dormant? Or must we rather search for the cause of this radical change of character in the laws and policies of Spain? With our thoughts employed on the solution of this problem, we return to Seville.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE MEN IN GREY.

Our conquered heroes homeward came,
 Gone from their eyes the glanee of flame
 Marked on their brows the touch of shame
 And walking wearily.

In tattered coats of dear old grey,
 In dusty, weary, worn array,
 Their banners—flaunting once and gay,
 Now drooping drearily.

Ah! different from the longed for day
 When back would come the dear old grey,
 With glory crowned, with victory gay
 As Hope had painted them.

There was no trumpet's stirring sound,
 No smiles of triumph circling round,
 But flags that trailed along the ground,
 Red with blood that sainted them.

Yet these had fought in Freedom's cause
 And known nor let, nor doubt, nor pause;
 They gloried in the glorious scars,
 That sealed their souls to liberty.

They rushed in whirlwinds to the fight
 They swept the foe, before their might
 They gave their blood and lives for right,
 Their saered soil, and victory.

They fainted in the summer's heat
 They marked the snow with bleeding feet
 They starved, and fought, in cold and sleet
 And bore their banners haughtily.

They waited in their dungeons dim,
 They smiled amidst the rigors grim
 Of faithless foes, and raised the hymn
 Of Hope still loftily.

They saw their blazing homesteads fall,
 And misery like a funeral pall,
 Dark lowering, slow envelope all,
 That Earth held dear to them.

But, guiding still, through faint and far,
 They saw the rays of Freedom's star,
 And dared the utmost curse of war
 To bring it near to them.

With hope serene, devotion high
 Unwavering hearts, unflinching eye—
 Their very women learned to die,
 As died the heroes teaching them.
 Four years their deeds of glory shone,
 They bore the battle up alone,
 The World against them, and their own
 Strong hearts supporting them.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

BY FANNY DOWNING.

CHAPTER IV.

“Called woman because taken out of man.”

“Grand-father, do you consider women inferior animals?”

The speaker, a slight slip of a girl about seventeen, was perched up in an arm chair so large, that her trim figure bore the same relative proportion to the amount of green morocoo by which she was surrounded, that a small island does to a huge lake. “My dear, I do not consider them animals of any sort!” was the mildly admonishing reply as the old gentleman pushed back his spectacles, shut up the book, he was reading; and looked kindly at the young speaker. “Well, but do you consider them inferior, Grandpa? I have been reading St. Paul’s Epistles, and he certainly doesn’t seem to have a very exalted opinion of my sex!”

“St. Paul was so exalted himself, and had such a high standard of excellenee, that”—

“But Grandpa, it has been so from the beginning, and we have

been made to occupy the lower position. Just think of Adam! Eat as many apples as he wanted, then when the trouble came, instead of standing up boldly and meeting it, he turned round on “the woman, which *THOU* gavest me!” A double thrust, Grandpa, and you can neither deny, nor defend it! And it has been so ever since—we have to bear the blame of everything! I wish I was a man!—they take all the cream off existenee, and leave us the bluest kind of skim milk! I suppose it must be so till the end of the world, for as we all know, woman is God’s *arriére pensée*.”

“Why, Charley, my ehild, these are very peculiar sentiments for so young a girl!—where did you get them?”

“From nature, I think, Grandpa. She intended me for a boy I know, and I do wish she had carried her intention into effect! Was’nt I named Charles Lee Preston before I was born? Am I not a living reproduction of Aunt

Betsy Trotwood's disappointment? Isn't my very name, given me by poor Mamma, a boy's name? And look at my hair!—fix it as I may, it will curl close to my head in great locks just like a boy's!"

"It is mighty pretty hair, anyhow, Charley!" and a loving hand was laid tenderly on the bright curls. "'Pretty'—there it is! As if all a woman needs, is to be pretty! If you had been talking to Frank, you would have told him of some glorious deed, he must emulate, or given him some difficult study to conquer, but because I am a girl; you pat me on the head, and tell me I am pretty!"

Grandma's quite as bad; she thinks women were made just to keep house, nurse sick people, take care of negroes, and knit stockings. Frank looks on them as pretty china toys, but considers them as the old Romans did—"impedimenta," and as for the Professor, he is as bad in his ideas of woman, as Mahomet himself!"

"Now! now! Charley; you are unfair; if ever there lived a man, who looked on woman with the devotion of a knight and the veneration of a saint, it is James Douglas Stuart!" "Still Grandpa, he looks on us as Milton did on Eve—mighty handy things to have about a house, and good to pick vegetables and pare fruit, but as much beneath Adam, as Adam was below the Angel!"

"Here he is to answer your sauciness as it deserves," said Colonel Preston, as the library door was softly opened and a gentleman walked slowly in. He was

tall and very spare, the latter fact proceeded more from a lack of robustness than from any want of health, and his limbs of unusual length, though well shaped individually, were so loosely put together as to produce at first sight an impression of a want of proper proportion. His face more than atoned for this, however, not only by the perfect regularity of its clear cut features, but by an indefinable sweetness of expression, and a something which made all who looked on him feel that the gentle purity which it displayed, was the true reflex of the man's nature. For the rest, his clothes awkwardly put on, and totally innocent of even an approximation to fashion, his long hands white and delicate as a woman's and above all a dreamy, preoccupied look in his gentle eyes, plainly proved that he was one more given to the study of books than of men.

He did not speak, but sinking down into a chair by the large fire of hickory logs, held his hands out over the inviting blaze unconscious of any presence in the room but his own.

"I say, James, defend yourself and your sex against the assault of this saucy girl—she is too much for me!" said the Colonel cheerily. "Eh? Ah!—I beg your pardon, but I had just found the solution to a problem, which had bothered me somewhat, and it absorbed me."

"I wish you would solve mine," said Charley, walking to the side of the fire opposite his seat, and holding out a remarkably small and pretty foot over the bed of glowing coals.

“What is it, Miss Charley?” he said, looking up to the young girl with a pleasant smile.

“Oh! a subject of small importance in your eyes, as it concerns woman!” was the reply in the tone of a petted child.

“You are mistaken, Miss Charley; you do not understand the extent of my regard for those, whom I consider the Master-piece of the Master! Tell me, what your problem is, and I may be able to help you clear it.”

“Well, Professor, I feel that woman is so hampered and bound down as it were—condemned to a state of inactive inferiority—governed by laws she did not make, and subject to the will of a court in which accuser, witness, judge, jury and executioner are all one and the same person! I think she has the husks of life, and you all, the ripe corn—woman’s life is made up of such very little things! I do not wish her to vote, or claim any of the horrid rights, the Yankees talk about. I do not want to unsex my sex, nor in any way to usurp the privileges of yours; but I do think, Professor, that you men might abate a little of your lordly assumption—might give yourselves a few less I-am-Sir-oracle-airs—and might think a little more highly of our best performances than lies in the faint praise you give, ‘very good, for a woman!’ You are arrogant, and conceited, and opinionated, and unkind, and you cannot deny it!” and Miss Charley’s little foot was brought down on the hearth with an emphatic tap.

“I assure you, Miss Charley,” said the Professor aghast at the

turn the girl’s attack had taken, and seeming to feel that he was individually responsible for the accumulated sins of his sex, “My dear young lady, I do solemnly assure you, that such a thought even as you ascribe to me, has never entered my mind! I revere woman! I think your sex approximates to the angels!—could almost?”—

“Could you love one of us, Professor?”

The poor Professor raised his eyes in absolute consternation to the bright face opposite to him, which was certainly pretty enough to retain the gaze of any who looked at it, while the blood mounted to his very temples.

“Upon my life, Miss Charley” he faltered, “I do not know—I never tried—I—I might!”

“Do not fatigue yourself with the immense exertion!” was the cool reply. “You had better go and change your coat; it must be wet to judge from the streams of vapor which poured from it.”

“It is, James—so it is! wringing wet!” said the Colonel, laying his hand on the Professor’s shoulder, “have you been out in the storm?”

“Yes sir; Stephen told me that the family, which moved last week to the house on the Broad fields’ road was in great distress, and the man, whom I knew in Williamsburgh, wished to see me, he is ill, and I went to see him!”

“Without your cloak, of course!” broke in Charley.

“No, Miss Charley, you are mistaken; I did put on that tried old friend of mine, and in it bade defiance to rain and wind.” I made my visit, and the family is a

case for the kind offices of you ladies,—and was returning, when I saw coming along the road from the direction of the river, an object which I at first thought, was an animal. Upon coming nearer, I found that it was a woman, a girl rather, scarcely so old as yourself, and the most pitiable looking creature I ever beheld.

She was thinly clad and her clothes were all plastered with mud and drenched with rain, and she was suffering so much from cold and physical prostration that I feared she would fall in the road. I spoke to her, and succeeded in learning that she was on her way to Broad-fields, but did not know its exact location. So I begged her to let me take her there” (“Four additional miles in such a storm as this” sotto voce, from Charley”) and as the poor child was too much exhausted to refuse, I wrapped her up in my old cloak, and managed to get her to the door of Broad-fields, with, I trust, less discomfort than she would otherwise have had.

When we got to the door, she pleaded so earnestly that I should leave, that I did so; and, Miss Charley, I confess it, I forgot my cloak, and did not think of it until unpleasantly reminded by the rain.”

“Just like you, Professor!—you ought to have a keeper!” said the girl in a voice, she tried to make sharp.

“I know it, Miss Charley” was the gentle reply, “Now I’ll take your advice and change my coat, for I begin to feel very uncomfortable.”

“Do please,” said the girl “and

I’ll coax Mammy to make you a cup of her especial coffee, and I’ll fix your supper myself, and send it up to you, and after you eat it, you can go to work on “Hector” until I send you a glass of hot punch, after which, you are to go straight to sleep. I can perform these little services—being little, they are suited to a woman!” and sweeping the sauciest courtesies, she ran off.

“James,” said the old gentleman “Where did that girl get the notions she has expressed? If ever there was a petted child on this earth, or one made so much of an idol, I have never known it.

What does she mean about inferiority and arrogance and all that?—it is not natural at her age—she talks like an old woman!”

“She is an uncommon girl in all respects, and far beyond her years. She has been brought up with persons much older than herself, and she thinks deeply, that’s all, Colonel. It is all natural enough; she has just learned to fly, and she feels that the world itself is scarcely wide enough for the compass of her wings. Do not try to check her; let a few years roll over her head and she will get her true poise and find that in the sphere, she now considers so circumscribed, lie the highest rights and greatest privileges that God has vouchsafed to mortals.”

“I trust so, James, if it will make the child happier—she is the very apple of my eyes, and the joy of my life. I think her perfect, and the worst of it is that I cannot conceal my opinion, and the little rogue takes advantage of it and me!

Wife begins to say it is time for her to think of marrying—she was a year younger when we were married—and has set her heart on Charley and Frank making a match in the old Virginia style. I am not much in favor of first cousins marrying, but if Charley loves the boy, I am willing. I'll not oppose her marriage with any one except a Bostonian, and then by George, I'd stop the ceremony, if I had to shoot the rascal at the altar!"

"No fear of that contingency! She does not love our Boston brethren any more than you do. But, Colonel, can you be in earnest on the subject of Miss Charley's marriage? Why it seems only a few weeks ago, since I left William and Mary to become tutor to her and Frank, when she was a little thing in her short dresses, and the very impersonation of fun and mischief. Ready to be married! How old I must have grown!"

"You do not shew it, James," said the old gentleman heartily, "but you had better go to your room. If that little tyrant finds you here, you may look out for a storm of indignation."

After he had left the room, Colonel Preston sat in his arm chair by the glowing fire, absorbed in silent thought, until he was joined by Charley, who kneeling down on the rug beside him, laid her bright head on his knee, and shared his silence for a while.

"Grandpa," she said at last, "I am a bad, wayward, ungrateful girl, and do not deserve one half the blessings God has given me!—Here I am with every thing that heart can ask for—not one wish

ungratified, or one desire ungranted, with you and Grandma, and aunt Eliza and Frank to love me, and yet I am dissatisfied and discontented, full of whims and fancies, and unable to bear any contradiction. I have been thinking of that poor young girl the Professor met—thinking of her miserable condition, and contrasting it with mine, and, Grandpa, it has done me good! I will try to be a better girl than I have been!" and a pair of soft arms were clasped round his neck, and a warm cheek was pressed to his.

"Don't, child—don't!" said the old gentleman, hastily, with a huskiness in his voice, "if you get any better, you will die! You are plenty good enough for me now. There, there—don't think of such things, and I'll send to Richmond to-morrow and order you a set of jewelry."

"Thank you, Grandpa—I do not wish any more jewelry: Grandma's and Mamma's is more than enough for me. But if you will get me a little love of a pistol I saw on main street, oh! Grandpa, I will be so happy!"

"And shoot yourself with it the first time you use it!"

"No, indeed! I am going to learn to be a famous shot. Uncle Jack is to put up a target, and Frank is to give me lessons as soon as he comes, and I am determined to make the most of them!"

"Humph, child! I am inclined to think Frank will give you lessons in another art!"

"Well, I am willing, provided he and it are agreeable," was the light reply. "But I must go and

see to the poor professor's supper. Why do you not go up to his room and take tea with him?—it will be so cosy. Grandma, does not feel well enough to come down stairs this evening, and she and mammy are in their state of highest enjoyment, nursing and being nursed. I sometimes think that the greatest proof of affection I can positively give Grandma, would be to have a spell of illness that she might have the pleasure of nursing me, and I do not know but it is undutiful in me not to give her the opportunity!"

"Very well, Miss; think as you please, but be convinced that the highest proof you can give me is to stay well, Charley, my darling!" said the old gentleman as he kissed her rosy cheek.

"You do not know, my child how completely my life is wrapped up in yours. You know, darling, that ever since I was born, I have had an unmitigated hatred of Bostonians, and the feeling deepens with my age, and their evil doings.

But Charley child, to keep you well and make you happy, I'd open my heart to the entire Yankee nation! I can't say any more than that!"

Now run along; send up some of old Chloc's best waffles and biscuits, and a piece of broiled venison—don't forget the jelly. And child, send up two glasses of punch! Remember the family recipe, and make the punch like woman's temper ought to be—with the sweet perponderating over the acid!" The directions of the Colonel were obeyed to the letter; a delicious supper was

served up in the room of the suffering Professor, and in due time the two steaming punches sent up by the hands of uncle Jack, Colonel Preston's body servant, who had attended his master from his boyhood through his wild college days, and the scarcely less wild ones when he was a member of the House of Delegates, and who now ruled over him with a tyranny which was ludicrous.

Then the sprightly tea-maker after a visit to her Grand-mother's room, and a lively chat with her, said good night and went off to her pretty chamber.

Dismissing Mandy her foster sister and maid, Miss Preston performed the task of disrobing for the night, without other assistance than that of her own nimble fingers.

First the little lace collar and ribbon were removed from the neck, and the bright merino dress laid aside; next the snowy skirts were lifted over the head, then a spring touched in front of the rounded waist, when with a clicking and metallic sound, down came the wide expanse of crinoline, while Miss Charley stepped out of its steel circle, considerably collapsed, but all the prettier. A somewhat similar mechanical operation was repeated and numerous springs and curls were sent in a lively motion, and then with a stretch upward of the plump white arms, and a long drawn sigh of relief, off came the little French "railroad" corsets, and the dimpled shoulders of the wearer rose in unrestricted freedom.

The snowy night gown was now slipped over the head, and its

delicate frills daintily adjusted to the throat and wrists. Next the mirror was visited, and the charming little *moues* made at the bright face it reflected, and then seizing the brush, the girl, proceeded to apply it to her glossy curls until they shone like satin.

Thence to the wash-stand, where teeth white as cocoa-nut meat, were rubbed until they gleamed still whiter, and the rosy face dipped in the gilded basin of pure, cold water until it glowed with renewed crimson. And then drawing a low seat close to the fire, the young girl laid one pretty foot lightly on her knee and began to unlace the tiny boot which encased it; in a few moments both little feet were bare in their childish beauty, and pressed down on the hot bricks of the hearth, while a careful measurement was made as to the relative lengths of the big toe and the one next to it, for in this important difference depends the momentous question as to which of two shall rule in the future married life of the measurer. It having been decreed by mysterious and immutable signs, that should the great toe be the longer, the forthcoming lord of the lady will be her master as well, while if the second has the præminence, a similar

fate is in store for herself, and her only master will be her own sweet will.

In the present instance, both of the soft pink toes were of such sameness of length, that the inference was sufficiently clear that destiny decreed the married life of Miss Charley Preston should be a state of equal rights.

That young lady sat still and amused herself by doing a little prospecting in the way of gazing down into the coals glowing before her, and then taking her Bible from its stand, she read the lessons appointed for the evening, then knelt and said her simple prayers. A puff of fragrant breath from a pair of rosy lips, and out went the candle, leaving the room lighted only by the rich fire light. Then unbolting the door that Mandy, who slept in her young mistress's room, might gain access, when it should please her to leave the delights of the kitchen, the young girl turned back the soft blankets, and snowy sheets of her bed, made the impress of her rounded figure in its downy depth, laid her innocent head upon the tastefully trimmed pillow, and went to her happy dreams.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MISCELLANEA.

CURIOUS MISTAKE IN FABULOUS GEOGRAPHY.

IN answer to the question : where was situated the Island on which Robinson Crusoe spent so many years? nine out of ten of the readers—and all readers are admirers—of Defoe's inimitable story, will reply: off the coast of Chili, on the western side of the South American Continent. A recent writer in a British Magazine (and the article has appeared also in the Richmond *Eclectic*) giving an account of a visit to the Island of Juan Fernandez, represents himself, when first setting his foot on its soil, as unconsciously looking around on all sides for the remains of Robinson's cave. He saw many things to remind of Defoe's wonderful story! The accuracy of his descriptions is really marvellous! Several years ago, John Rosse Browne, or Browne Rosse (I do not remember which,) an author of some reputation as well as pretension, visited this same Juan Fernandez. He, too, *almost* saw the ruins of the cave, and of the folds in which Robinson penned his goats; with other traces of his habitation and handiwork! Alas! what tricks the fancy—that of tourists writing for the papers, especially—will play!

Now, it happens that, Crusoe is very precise in the location of his Island. He gives the exact latitude and longitude; and, according to his account, to be found in more than one place in his narrative, it was situated quite on the

other side of the Continent, and many degrees north of Juan Fernandez. He places it in the very mouth of the Orinoco river.

It has been conjectured that Defoe derived the hints of his story from the adventures of Alexander Selkirk, who, it is said, *did* live, in solitude, for seven years, on Juan Fernandez, but the fact that Robinson Crusoe's adventures are located at so great a distance from his, is perhaps a full counter-balance to the very slight reasons on which the conjecture is founded.

ANECDOTE OF GOVERNOR ORR OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE anecdote given below I find going "the round of the papers," the scene laid in England, (I am glad it is not *New England*) and the *dramatis personæ* represented as Oxford Tutor, and a gentleman whilom student in that renowned University. We, of the South, have so long been accustomed to be plundered of our goods and our rights of every sort, with and without pretence of law, that it may seem late in the day to offer either objection or complaint; still I do not feel willing that this fine specimen of genuine ready wit should be filched from us.

The parties were the Rev. Dr. White, of Lexington, Va., and the Hon. J. L. Orr, now Governor of South Carolina. I have myself heard the incident narrated by Dr. W. with that genial heartiness of manner which all

who have enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance will readily recall, and his numerous friends at a distance will rejoice to learn, is not, in any degree, abated by advanced years, nor even by the infirmities of protracted ill-health.

Dr. White, Col. Orr, and other gentlemen had met at a hotel in the mountains of Virginia during the summer of one of the early years of the war. After some minutes, Col. O. accosted Dr. W. with the inquiry: "Were you not Chaplain to the University of Virginia in 18—;" and, on the Dr.'s replying in the affirmative, added: "I was a student there at

that time, and I recognized you as soon as I saw you walk across the room." (The good Dr. is lame and limps considerably in his walking.) "It seems then, Col. Orr," replied Dr. White, "that my lameness made a deeper impression on you than my preaching did; I cannot feel therefore flattered by your recognizing me after so many years." Col. Orr instantly rejoined: "But, Doctor, you know it is the highest compliment we can pay to one of your profession to say *that he is better known by his walk than by his conversation.*"

AUNT ABBY, THE IRREPRESSIBLE.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

It was Valentine's Day, and having spent a large part of the morning in the gallery of both houses of the Legislature "assisting," as the French would say, at the passage of a bill appropriating fifteen hundred dollars to the Ladies Memorial Association, I threw myself on a sofa after my return from the State House, fatigued with the exertion of mounting two pair of stairs, and dropped into a half doze, from which I was roused by the sudden opening of the door and the entrance, unannounced, of a tall, Meg Merrilies looking woman, who walking straight up to where I lay—said,

"I staid last night with Miss Bobbett, and she told me as how

you had writ something about President Davis, and Giniral Lee, for Giniral Hill's book, and I've come over here to give you my 'sperience of the war, and git you to write that down too."

She was dressed in deep mourning, with a black silk handkerchief tied over her cap and under her chin, so as to conceal every particle of white, which might otherwise have softened the harsh outlines of her face; over this was stuck a black shaker bonnet which tipped so far forward as almost to rest on her nose; and as I caught the expression of her shrewd black eyes peering at me in a weird and scrutinizing manner, I instinctively felt that her 'sperience would be worth listen-

ing to, and perhaps worth relating to the readers of *THE LAND WE LOVE*. Southern women, into the Confederate cause.

I had heard of "Aunt Abby House" and her untiring efforts to obtain furloughs for sick soldiers, ever since the first year of the war, and recognized in her, one of those persons who are best described as being "a character;" so inviting her to take a seat, I pressed her to "give me her 'sperience" then and there. But I soon found she was like a person conscious of sitting for her portrait, and was doing her very worst, from a laudable desire to do her very best. So, taking a hint from my artist friend, Mr. Brown, I set down her age and one or two items, and then throwing my pen one side said to her—

"I cant possibly do it now Aunt Abby, and there is not time to get it done before the next number of 'General Hill's book' comes out. I heard that you had broken your arm not long ago, tell me about that now, and before next court you'll be in town again and will have it all straight for me."

She narrated her accident in its length and breadth, and I then by well turned questions drew her on until, excited by the relation of the past, she forgot she was giving me her "sperience," and poured out the whole story of her life since the commencement of the war. She was sixty-five years old when it began, and though unable to read or write, mastered the rights of the question in her own opinion, and threw herself, heart and soul, like most of the

Being a woman of strong character, and one who could use her tongue effectively, she early in life acquired an authoritative air and manner, which very soon placed her in the category of "people who have a way," and enabled her to prove that she also had a will; to which most persons with whom she came in contact submitted. Never was the proverb "where there is a will there is always a way" more clearly demonstrated than in her case. The converse of this maxim is generally equally true, for wherever a person is found with "a way" to which others submit to in them, but would resent in another, it is pretty good proof that, no matter what may be the mental and moral force of such individuals, their strength of will is undoubted.

"Aunt Abby," the name by which she has gradually come to be known, was never known to yield what she conceived to be a right, without a struggle, and has consequently been involved during the greater part of her life in lawsuits, which have brought her in personal contact with the first lawyers of the State. This has doubtless confirmed her natural fearlessness of speech; for among the country people of North Carolina, more especially that much sneered at portion of them who cannot read and write, who are so mourned over by Northern Radicals, but who generally manage notwithstanding to make good citizens, with clear common sense views of politics, the leading law-

yer practising in the courts of the county in which they reside, is regarded as the greatest man in the State, and the Governor and whole executive sink into a secondary position beside him; it is generally believed that he does not hold the highest offices, simply because he would not give up his practice for them, and when he is elected Governor, or sent to Congress they "always knowed he could 'er bin long ago if he wanted to."

Nothing but the best would ever satisfy Aunt Abby, and she who spoke her mind freely to "lawyer Badger, lawyer Miller, or Squire Haywood," had no bashfulness in the presence of President Davis, General Lee, or Governor Vance. To the same cause she probably owes her ability to see more clearly into the merits of a case than most women of her class, and has acquired a facility in the use of her naturally strong mind. "I haint bin a law-in' of it nigh upon thirty years, honey, without findin' out that a bad speaker'll spile a good case, and that's the reason when I's got anything to say I says it right out at head quarters. When you see a lawyer a carryin of a case first to the county court and then to the superior court, and then a flinging of it into the supreme court, you may be pretty shure he is generally a trying to stave off a judgment and git time. Now that's jest the way in the army, if you goes to the Captain he sends you to the Major, and if you goes to the Major he sends you to the Curnel, so when I wanted anything I never wasted

time on none 'er your under strappers—I went straight to President Davis or Ginerall Lee, and I got it."

This was her reply to my question as to what put it first into her head to go to see President Davis. She had eight nephews in the Confederate army, all but one, Edward Sutton of Georgia, in North Carolina regiments.— "Ah! I can tell you what narry a man in my family would I a let stay at home in peace when he was able to shoulder a musket.— I said to them, boys says I, all 'er you go a'long to the field whar you belongs, and if eny on you gits sick or is wounded, you may depend on yer old aunt Abby to nuss and 'tend to you. For so help me God if one on you gits down, and I cant git to you no other way, I'll foot it to your bed-sides; and if arry a one on you dies, or is killed, I promise, before the Lord to bring you home and bury you with your kin."

Faithfully did she keep this promise, five of the eight sleep in soldiers graves, and she never failed in it to one of them. The first year of the war had not closed before she was called on to bring home the body of one of them who had died in the hospital at Petersburg. She went on to nurse him as soon as she heard he was sick, and after remaining with him some time left him, as she supposed, convalescent, and returned to her home in Franklin county; she had not been there long before a letter came telling her if she wished to see him alive she must hasten back; she lived three miles from the depot, and

had only time to reach it, before the next train passed by, running a great part of the way. This she did, and got to Petersburg to find her nephew speechless and insensible. "But by a rubbing and doctoring of him, I fetch him round to know me afore he died, and then I brung him home to Franklin to his mother, I sent a nigger on ahead from the depot to tell her I was a coming with Dunc's body, but he never went, and the poor thing never know'd he was dead 'til I drove up in a cart with him. But I could'n't rest 'er nights arter we had buried him for thinking he would'n't 'er died if I had 'er staid thar to 'tend to him; and I said I never would leave another one on 'em in a hospital agin, but jest fetch the next one that tuck sick home and nuss him myself; for I did'n't have no 'pinion of them thar army Sudgins. Some of the neighbors 'lowed Jeff. Davis want a gwine ter let me fetch soldiers off just when I tuck a notion ter; and said thar was an order out that all soldiers in the horse-pitals was to stay thar till they got well.

"Till they dies you'd better say, says I; and if they aint a gwinc to let us women bring the boys home and nuss 'em when they's sick, then its a burning shame they don't take better kere on 'em in the horse-pitals; and I've a great mind to go and tell 'em so."

"You'd better," says they, "much Jeff. Davis and Gin'ral Lee's gwinc to heed what a ole 'oman like you can say, even if you could get to 'em."

"Well, if they haint got sense enough to know that a ole 'oman knows a sight more about nussing of a man that's down with the measles or the plurissy than these here young Doctors does whose a thinking a sight more about siling of them new uniforms, and a drinking liquor than they is about curing of them that is in the horse-pital, they'd better give up their places to them as has, and go into the ranks; and you all hear me say it now, that the next one of my boys that gits down, I'm gwine ter bring him home if I has to go inter President Davis' bed-chamber to git the papers signed to do it."

It was not long before her resolution was put to the test, another nephew sickened, and Aunt Abby, true to her word set off for Richmond to see President Davis.

"You see, honey," said she, "I did'n't know then izactly whar to strike for him; so I went fust to A-gustis (Custis) Lee's office, Giniral Lee's son you know that was made a Giniral hisself arter that, but who was a clerking then along er Mister Davis; and he told me I could'n't see the President just then, 'cause he was busy, but if I would set down awhile mabe I might git to see him, but thar want no certainty on it.— Says I to myself, young man if you thinks to git rid o' me by that dodge, you don't know Abby House; but I set down and waited awhile, till I sod the door of the President's room open and two gentlemen come out on it, and then, afore they had time to shut it, I slips right in, and told him what I wanted. He talked mighty

perlite, but said he could'nt give furloughs to the men as was sick, because if he did, they never would git well and come back. Lord bless your soul President says I, if that's all, you jest sign the paper and trust me to git 'em back—for if ar'er a man that I takes off won't come back when I say the word for him to do it, I'll fetch him back myself. He sorter laughed when I said this, and then I axed him if he had the measels did'nt he think he'd git up sooner if he had a woman to nuss him than he would if he only had a man: He 'lowed he might, but said it wa'rnt the getting on 'em well he was thinking about, but the getting on 'em back when they was well, and then I jest up and told him that if he war'nt a gwine to let the boys go home to be nussed, then he oughter to see they was better 'tended to in the horse-pitals. 'Their lives is in your hands says I, and you haint got no right to turn 'em over to a passel o' medikill students, jist out o' school, who half the time when they is 'tending to them, is only a trying of 'speriments upon 'em to see how the truck they gives 'em is a gwine to work.'—Then he got serus, and sorter drawd himself up and said, "I'm doing of my very best, Madam, I assure you."

"Well, if you's a doing of your best I should like to see some on it, says I, for I be switched if all I've seed o' your horspitals aint your level worst."

Then he laughed right out, and says you must be that old woman that's been abusing of me so.

Says I, mabe I'm that.

Well, says he, if I tell you what I have hearn you said about me will you own it, if its true?

"I never said a word in one place to deny it in another, says I, and I aint a gwine to begin now."

Then he up and told me what I had said when Dunc died, and I said them's my very words; and moreover, them's my sentiments; and he jest tuck up his pen and signed the papers right off, and give me transportation to whar I was a gwine to."

The furst time I seed Gin'ral Lee, he talked the same way, and I jest said to him: "Gin'ral, is that thar boy eny use to you now he's sick?" Says he, "I can't say as he is, Madame, but if I was to send every soldier home who is sick, as I should like to do, I should soon have no army at all."

"Gin'ral," says I, "you jest let me have Marcellus, and if he, or arre man that I carries home, wants to set in the chimbly corner and hide behind me arter I say he is well enough to be of use to you, I'll jest shoulder his muskit and take his place myself, and I'll warrant you I'll be of more sarvice in the ranks than any sick, sneaking coward would be. But you need'nt be afeard o' that, for I can tell you if he was sick he would'nt dare to own it, for I'd make him more afeard of his old aunt Abby than of all the yankees tother side the river."

Her nephew, Edward Sutton, was killed at the battle of Fredericksburg. He was separated from his company, who could not find his body, and supposed he might

have been taken prisoner; but uncertainty would not satisfy Aunt Abby, and she set out to search the battle-field herself; for twelve days she wandered over it unmindful of its horrors, "looking for Ned."

"I was determined I'd never give over till I had looked in the face of every man thar," she said. "Gin'ral Lee he gin me a guard to go 'long o' me, for he was al'ers as good to me as he could be, and I went till I found him. I know'd him when I got in ten steps of him; and says I to the men as was with me, 'yonder's Ned.'—He was a leaning agin a fence, like as if he was a looking over it, and his hand was raised 'bout like he was a holding of his muskit with the butt end on it a resting on the ground when he was shot; his face was sorter turned over his shoulder, and it seemed to me he was a looking back, and a beckoning on me to come on and keep my promise of burying him with his kin, and he had a sorter peaceful look as if he knowed I would'nt forget it."

"You went to see General Lee and Mr. Davis more than once, didn't you?" said I to her.

"Lord bless you honey, yes, many's the time I've got furloughs for the boys as was sick from both on 'em. Wonst I went into Gin'ral Lee's tent arter he had gone to bed, and shuck him by the shoulder as he lay asleep 'afore the fire, and told him to git up and read a letter I had fotch him from Governor Vance; the men outside, you see, tried to keep me from going in, but, says I, I's got a letter for

him from Zeb Vance, the Governor of North Car'lina, and my orders was to put it in nobody's hands but Gin'ral Lee's, and it aint a bit o' use for you to try to keep me from doing on it, for I aint no more afraid o' your bag-nets and muskits than I is of so many broom straws and whip poles; so I went right straight in and give him the letter and got the furlough signed to take Marcellus home. You jest write to Zeb Vance, honey, and ax him if I aint carried more'n one letter from him to Gin'ral Lee. And as for President Davis, Lord bless you, I got so I didn't mind a going to him a grain. Augustis Lee, he used to be mighty good to me, and would say, "Set down, Aunt Abby, and don't go a bothering of Mister Davis yit awhile, and I'd stay in his room tell I thought he was 'bout through, or oughter be, with them as was with him, and then I'd up and go in. Wonst Augustis, he said to me, 'Mr. Davis is mighty busy to-day, Gin'ral Lee's here to see him and he aint come down yit to his office.'—'Lord,' says I, 'if he and your par gets together they haint no telling when they will git through ther chat, so I'll jest set outside and ketch him afore he goes inter his office. Augustis, he 'lowed I'd better set thar by the fire, but I went out and sot on the steps; presently they come along together, Mr. Davis was a walking fust, he holds his head sorter high when he walks, and he was a talking to Gin'ral Lee so he never seed me, but passed on, I sot still, and Gin'ral Lee he seed me, and sorter smiled and noddod to me,

but never said nothing; and I up and followed him so close that when Mr. Davis turned round to shet the door thar I was inside on it. 'High!' says he, 'and whar did you come from, and how did you git in?' Then Gin'ral Lee says, 'I seed her as we passed;' and he shuck hands with me, and I says, yes, but *President* Davis holds his head too high to see old friends when they's under his feet; he laughed, and so did the Gin'ral, and then he says—'Well, Aunt Abby, I aint likely to forgit *you*, no matter who else I forgits. What's it now? Furloughs or money?'"

"Both on 'em says I, I've got seven women I'm a taking on to see their husbands, because you wont let their husbands go to see them."

"Then they both on 'em laughed, and Mr. Davis he tuck up his pen and writ something for me to carry to the Secretary of War. I tuck it to him, and he said he could not possibly attend to the papers that day." "But Mister Secretary, says I, I wants 'em right off, and when *President* Davis sent me to you he thought I'd get them signed at wonst."

"It's impossible, Madame, says he, but you shall have them by eleven o'clock to-morrow morning."

I know'd Mister Davis was monstrous busy, so I says—

"Well, I aint gwine to bother the *President* no more to-day, so I'll lay these here papers on your table, and its my opinion that when I comes back to-morrow, they'll be a lying here just like I leave 'em now."

The Secretary of War assured her they would be attended to, and she left him, saying as she went out—

"Well, if they's done when I come back to-morrow Mister Secretary, then I'll say, for the fust time in her life Abby House is a liar."

On her return next day she found the papers as she had predicted she would; coolly taking them up she said, "Whose told a lie now Mr. Secretary, you or me?" and plumping herself down in a chair said, "Here I sets now till them papers is fixed. *President* Davis never did have a Secretary of War that was worth shucks in summer time, 'thout'en it was Mister Randolp, and he would'nt stay 'long o' him 'cause he want a going to be no man's under strapper like the rest o' you is content to be."

When I told the *President* about it he laughed and says, "So you gin it to the Secretary of War did you?"

"Yes says I, I did, and I can tell you what, *President* Davis, you never will have a Secertery of War or of anything else that's worth a straw as long as you keep er interfering with 'em so, you's too proud to let ar'er other man have a finger in your pie; if you'd be satisfied with being *President* and not want to be all the Secerteries too, you'd find you had more'n enuff for one man to 'tend to." Mister Davis he laughed fit to kill hisself, and says, 'So you're gwine to scold me too are you?' Well now 'spose you jest tend to gitting of furloughs and transportation, and

leave me to manage my Secer- don't 'spose my say 's gwine to
teries, and I'll promise to do the turn you a hare from your pur-
best I kin by them and you." pose, but I alers speaks what's
"It's a bargain," says I, "for the in my mind I don't kere whom
Lord knows you are a proud man, I'm a talking to."
as you have a right to be, and I (TO BE CONTINUED.)

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.

PULASKY COUNTY, KY.,

December 9, 1833.

DEAR SIR:—In a late commu-
nication received from the Hon.
J. M. Fulton, there was presented
a request from you to me to give
you an account of what I knew
concerning the character of Hop-
ton, who was hanged by General
Campbell during the Revolution-
ary War. Hopton was of infam-
ous character, and considered a
dangerous tory, and as such was
arrested by a legal precept and
committed to prison in Abingdon;
but, it was believed, by the assist-
ance of other tories, the jail door
was prized off its hinges and car-
ried half a mile away from the
jail. Hopton escaped to the Brit-
ish and obtained a commission and
letters to the Cherokee Indians to
raise and bring them on to mur-
der the frontier inhabitants.—
Gen. Campbell, in company with
a James Fullon and a man by the

name of Farris, discovered Hop-
ton crossing the road before them,
pursued and caught him in the
ford of the Middle Fork, about a
mile above Capt. Thompson's.—
They took him out to the bank,
searched him and found the pa-
pers above alluded to. Hopton
was on a horse which he had stol-
en, perhaps, not two hours be-
fore they caught him, and had a
new halter tied on behind him,
which, it was believed, he intend-
ed for another horse before he left
the neighborhood: this served as
a means for his execution.

The whole affair, with all its
circumstances and the papers,
were laid before the Legislature of
Virginia, and an act of indemnity
for the parties concerned was
passed, by a unanimous vote.

* * * * *

Yours respectfully,

S. NEWELL.

To Gen. FRANK PRESTON.

WAR POETRY OF THE SOUTH.

THE truth of the trite saying, that a race of warriors is always succeeded by a growth of writers has been conclusively proved in the two years, which have elapsed since the surrender of the dearest hopes and the noblest cause, which were ever hugged to the heart of a people.

More than one noble hand, which waved the sword and led men on to a charge, which was seemingly certain death, mercifully preserved to its country, now in the retirement of library, or office, employs the pen in quieter work, but such as may yet prove the truth of Richelieu's celebrated assertion.

While many, who are precluded from original literary composition, gather up the works of others with zealous care, and seek to give them, and the themes of which they treat, permanence and perpetuity. The eminent author, whose name appears at the head of this article, combines, both the above avocations in a happy union, for while, with constant and untiring industry, he sends out fresh impressions from the press of his inexhaustible fancy, he has still found time to collect the scattered works of others, and combine them in a book, whose name ought to be a passport to every true Southern heart. Labor for the land he loves so well is no new act on the part of Dr. Simms! From his earliest youth, he has espoused her cause with an impassioned devotion, which was

tinctured with the chivalric daring of the beautiful State, which he represents. The interests, the honor, and the glory of the South, have been his watch-words, and nobly has he done duty for them, maintaining them through good and through evil report, with a strength and tenacity of purpose, which seemed ever on the increase.

In the present position of this ardent lover of his country and earnest laborer in her behalf, there is something not only peculiarly touching, but eminently worthy of imitation. Ruined by the war, his beautiful home desolated, his books, valuable, not only for great intrinsic worth, but also, from a thousand hallowed associations, employed as material for a bon-fire, to light up Sherman's march to Columbia, and the fruits of a long life of honorable labor utterly destroyed, he does not sit hovering over the ruins of the past, but buckling on his armor, throws himself into the teeming present, resolved to conquer Fortune.

Possessed by a spirit of ever active industry, the Nestor of Southern Litterateurs passes his life in an unending round of duties and labors, not only for himself, but for others, who may need his services, and one reads of his passing five days and nights in almost consecutive exertion, and yet on the sixth, such is his wonderful vitality and flow of energy, cheerfully attending a festival in

order to give pleasure to his friends, when he would have greatly preferred the rest to which he was so justly entitled.

What an example this steady pursuit of labor, and readiness to oblige others, presents to younger men, who are wrapped in a selfish indulgence, or waste life, time and reputation while supinely "waiting for something to do!"

One can scarcely estimate the annoyances, nor the vast amount of labor attendant upon the prosecution of Dr. Simms' work, which may well be classed as the pursuit of usefulness under difficulties.

Undertaken at a time when the postal intercourse of the South was confined almost entirely to the great cities along the regular mail route, its author was compelled to rely on such stray scraps of poetry, as he might collect from the fugitive literature of the war, and the productions of those whom he could reach by letter.

Vast quantities of literary material, however, were contributed, the poems amounting to over ten thousand; but it was, unfortunately, an affair in which quantity largely preponderated over quality.

Through all this chaotic mass, Dr. Simms delved most diligently, until he had restored it to order, and extracted from it all that was most valuable and worthy of preservation.

We feel a natural regret when, in looking over the volume of War Poetry, we miss some of the poems most popular during the war, and which are endeared to us for that reason. Among these

we may make special mention of "Our Ship," by Harry Flash, containing a beautiful tribute to President Davis, "General Polk" by the same brilliant author, and the "Brave At Home," whose author is unknown, but whose rare beauty entitles it to a place in any collection of poems.

These omissions are the more to be regretted from the fact, that with the exception of the last named poem, they occur in the smaller work on the same subject by Mr. DeLeon, a work whose selections have been made with such exquisite taste, that each poem it contains is a gem.

That the volume of Dr. Simms does not contain these, and many other really meritorious Southern poems, must be attributed not to any want of appreciation on his part of their merits, but to incomplete mail arrangements, the failure of parties interested, to respond to his earnest appeal, and to the fact that to produce a literary work entirely free of faults, is almost as great an impossibility as to find a perfect human being. Objections have been urged against the "War Poetry of the South," on the score that the author has given undue preponderance to the poets of his native State, but the really unprejudiced judge must decide that in this case, Nature is more to blame than the Doctor.

Whatever may be the ideas of Southern people in regard to State Rights, their estimation of State-pride should be, that all of such feeling shall be merged in one grand consolidation—the South.

If South Carolina have produced a very great number of authors, let us thank God for the fact, and set it down to the credit of the entire South. When that State gives such authors as Davidson, Hayne, Randal, Timrod and the author of the present volume, her claims to prominent recognition in the world of letters are too great to be passed over.

Another accusation which some critics have brought forward against this work, is that it does not do full justice to the genius of the people of the South.

This argument is answered by the explanation given by Dr. Simms in the preface of his work, and may be entirely removed by a hearty response to this effort, and a substantial support secured for it. In which case, the author is ready to do his work over again, and bring it to a state of the highest possible perfection.

Presented in its present form, it is well worthy the gratitude and affection of the people, whose brief history it records, and should be received by them as a welcome addition to the home fireside.—There is scarcely a poem in it, which is not associated with some phase of our national existence, under the influence of which the reader thrills or saddens as the waves of memory sweeps over him. Cold must be the heart, which can remain unmoved while reading "The Return," and "Only one killed," which breathe the very essence of poetry and pathos. Not even Tennyson in his exquisite verses, "Break, break, break, at the foot of thy crags, O sea," has excelled the plaintive

beauty of John Esten Cooke's wailing "Band in the Pines," while in respect of artistic finish, and polished sarcasm, John R. Thompson's "England's Neutrality," deserves high literary preëminence. In fervid delicacy, Timrod's "Unknown Dead" is unequalled; "Somebody's Darling" goes home to every body's heart; Hayne's "Martyrs," and Flash's "Jackson," "Zollicoffer" will endure as long as the history of their country does; the breaking of Cooke's illustrious and far traveled "Mug" has saddened more hearts than that of its owner, and the biting sarcasm of the "War Christian's Thanksgiving" would reach the heart of those to whom it was addressed, had not these appendages long ago experienced ossification.

The hero "who never lost a fight" will be better remembered by Thompson's "On to Richmond," than by the regular historical record of the same, while that true gentleman, and finished author has given almost too much celebrity to the runaway roué to whom he bade "Farewell!" May the station of that individual ever remain "the front, which is strangely the rear!"

A beautiful plea has been entered by Mr. Barret in behalf of his noble but ill-fated Kentucky, who never felt the loss of her glorious Clay in its full bitterness, until the dark hour when he would have shone as her guiding star.

In the necessarily circumscribed limits of this notice, it is impossible to mention even the names of numerous poems which

commend themselves not only for their beauty, but also for the subjects of which they treat, and the names which they embalm.—When we say that the “War Poetry of the South” is a book which no Southern family can do without, if it wish to preserve all that remains of our country and our cause, their immortal memories, we assert nothing that the volume does not abundantly confirm.

The book, and its Author are well entitled to the annexed lines, in which one of the Southern Women to whom the latter has paid such a beautiful tribute, has tried to return her thanks.

“THEY HAVE LOST A CAUSE, BUT THEY
HAVE MADE A TRIUMPH!”

Untuned and mute upon the trees
His country’s harp neglected hung;
The scattered strings he sought and
strung,
Then gave their murmur to the breeze.

Melodiously it falls and floats,
Or swells in diapasons deep,
As through its chords the South winds
sweep
And wake the music of its notes.
All that our country’s past contains,
All that her future held in hope,
Is compassed in the silvery scope
Vibrating from those mellow strains.
They give her glorious history well,
Her triumphs and her blameless life,
Till yielding to unequal strife,
She grew the greater as she fell!
Throughout her borders wide apart
Those strains responsive chords
should find,
In one vast harmony combined,—
The outburst of the Southern heart!
While Southern tongues with grateful
hymns,
Appreciative praises yield,
And breathe them on the blazoned
shield,
That bears the name of Gilmore Simms!
And bind fresh bays upon his brow
The symbols of his country’s truth;—
He won fame’s laurels in his youth,
But wears the garland grandlier now!
Long may his golden harp be seen—
Long may his hand its music strike;—
His memory, name and fame be like
His State’s Palmettoes evergreen!

FANNY DOWNING.

THE HAVERSACK.

THAT “little joke” about “the insecurity of life and property” at the South is so much richer and racier than any rebel witticism perpetrated during the war, that we hesitate to present anything in competition with it.—That reverend joker Sydney Smith was certainly no mean judge of humor, and he tells us that an important element of it is *surprise*. In this view of the matter, nothing can approach the witti-

cism referred to. We would advise that reader to go no farther, who may be so absurd as to expect to find in these annals, a single anecdote so pleasant, so novel, and so entertaining.

With this admonitory hint to “the fair and gentle reader,” we open our haversack with unaffected diffidence.

Fulton, Missouri, sends us the first two anecdotes:

One dark rainy night, the 2d

or 3d after the battle of Corinth, Lieutenant Tom Green, son of our General Martin Green, (poor Tom! he was killed at Franklin; and a better or braver man never fell in defence of his country,) picked up what he thought was a round rock and *put it under the end of one of the logs of which his fire was made.* It was not a rock, but a very large *shell.* One of our Irishmen saw it after awhile, and removed it saying, "faith, Leftenant, the Praist told me that *Purgatory was full of jist sich kindlin wood as that!*"

ON the Nashville campaign of General Hood, one miserably cold, drizzling, sleety night, while we were all huddling around a camp-fire to keep from freezing to death, old man Mercer, Company E. 1st and 3d Missouri, (consolidated) made a remark that always struck me as very forcible. He raised his head, after being in a brown study for some time, and said, "I tell you what, boys, if there's any *wolf* in a man, *this trip is going to make him howl!*"

N. C. K.

OUR esteemed and gallant Irish friend Charley M. (whom the troops would call "fighting Pat") writes to us from Baltimore.—The anecdotes in the Haversack carry me back to the Army of Northern Virginia, and make me forget for a time that I am not with the brave boys in grey. I will give you some anecdotes and incidents, which may serve to divert the sorrows of some poor fellow, as mine have been diverted while reading the facts furnished by others.

Just after the surrender of Lee's army, Colonel Branch and myself called upon General Lee in Richmond. He met us in his usual manner and told us that he had just received a letter from one of his old soldiers. It ran thus,

"DEAR GENERAL: We have been fighting hard for four years, and now the Yankees have got us in the Libby Prison. They are treating us awful bad. The boys want you to get us out, if you can. But if you can't, just ride by the Libby, and let us see you, and give you a good cheer. We will all feel better after it."

My impression is that the soldier was a Tar-heel.

A CITIZEN, Dr. L——, well known to the Army of Northern Virginia, was passing one day on the cars between Richmond and Petersburg. He was a very small man, but he had on one of those enormous high-crowned hats, which never failed to set the boys at their pranks. The usual cries were raised, "get out of that hat," "lift up that bee-gum and give us some honey," "stranger, is that a camp-kettle on your head?" &c. The Provost, at last, came round demanding passes. An old Georgian bawled out to him, "Mister, I think that thar ar two spicious kerriekters on board this here car. I seed them crawl under that man's hat and hide themselves. I know they haint got passes."

JUST after the battle of Sharpsburg an order came round for the promotion, from the ranks, of all those, who had distinguished themselves in battle. The parties

recommended had, however, to pass an examination upon their knowledge of tactics and the rudiments of an English education. A man appeared before the Board as a candidate to fill a vacant Lieutenancy in a Florida regiment. The President, Col. S——, questioned him pretty closely, and found him very ignorant. The man getting much excited by his failure said, "I can't read nor write; I can't understand tactics; I can't swim a stroke; I have never been vaccinated, but I can whip any man in the Board; try me and you'll see that I am a good fighter anyhow."—The challenge was not accepted, and the commission as Lieutenant was not given. This occurred at General Pryor's Headquarters, near Winchester, Va. C. M.

THE LaCrosse (Wisconsin) *Democrat* is full of rich things, which every friend of his country would enjoy. It must be a bad spell of the blues, which a single number would not cure. Some of the hits are splendid, and almost come up to that practical joke at the Capital of the nation. In the issue of March 12th, Brick Pomeroy publishes General B. F. Butler's Report of operations around Petersburg, which fell into the hands of some Confederate scout. General Roger A. Pryor was, at that time, acting as a scout on his own responsibility, and as some of his adventures were very daring, he must have been the fortunate man, who captured the prize. The Petersburg *Express* first published this Report, early in February, 1864. As the present number of the Magazine con-

tains General Beauregard's Report of the battle of Drury's Bluff, it is but fair to let our readers see the Report from the other side. We copy from the *LaCrosse Democrat*:

May 13th—Sent Generals Gillmore and Smith to capture Drury's Bluff.—They stormed at the point of the bayonet the works abandoned by the rebels. To-morrow we will open up the navigation of the James river.

May 16th—Met General Gillmore retiring with his troops to our entrenchments. He said that Beauregard had attacked him with musketry and he would not submit to it. "This," he said, "was the age of long-range artillery—musketry was a relic of barbarism; he fought with 100-pound Parrotts, on Morris Island and would not permit the rebels to force him to engage in their favorite mode of warfare." My headquarters were too distant to hear the fire of musketry; I heard the artillery, but thought it was the rebels blowing up their iron-clad vessels. We burned four more houses to-day.

It will be seen that the General's habit of *concentration* enables him to condense in a few lines that which his great antagonist could only express in eight pages.

The phrase "gone up the spout," or simply "gone up" was often used during the war by many who were ignorant of its origin. Pawn-brokerage is quite an institution in England, and thousands seek temporary relief from cold, hunger and want by pawning, for a certain amount, jewelry, clothing, furniture, &c. The valuation is, of course, below the value of the article pawned, and if the article cannot be redeemed in a certain time, it becomes the property of the pawn-broker.

Every Saturday night there is a great crowd at the house of the pawn-broker. The articles pledged are valued, labelled and put in a box. When the box is full, it is pulled up by rope and pulley

through a *spout* to the upper story. Hence with the poor of England, and more especially of London, "gone up the spout" is but another form of expression for "lost," "ruined," "past out of our control." In a similar sense, the phrase was used in our service.

A correspondent tells us of a play upon the words by one of Wheeler's cavalry after the surrender at Greensboro.

As the cavalry were wending their way homeward with dejected and downcast looks, they reached a cross-road where a signboard was nailed to a tree and rude letters carved on it, TO LIBERTY. This was the name of a little country village not far from Greensboro. One of the troopers dismounted and turned the board vertically, so that the finger pointed upwards. When asked what he did that for, he replied that as "*liberty* had gone up, the signboard ought to point in the right direction!" When will the time come for changing the sign-board?

From N. C. sources we get the next two anecdotes; and as they are somewhat personal, we suppress the names.

An officer marched up to a certain Depot some of the "Junior Reserves," "the seed corn," as Mr. Davis called them. He was very gaudily dressed, with a great deal of lace, braid, and brass fixtures about him, and with a large feather in his hat. One of Johnston's rough rebels seemed to be very much impressed with the elegance of the grand officer, and after walking around him the better to inspect all his finery, the old

soldier accosted him with, "Mister, does you hold yer offis for life or for good behavior?"

One of our neighbors was very ingenious in keeping out of the army under some of the provisions of the Conscript Act. He raised pork for the army, and he raised corn, flour and potatoes for the army. In short, he did everything but shoulder his musket and fight *with* the army. At last, finding that the conscription would catch him, he finally raised a company of Home Guards. As he knew nothing about tactics, his attempts at drilling were very funny. One day, wishing his company to wheel, but becoming embarrassed, and forgetting the word of command, he cried out, "come round like a gate, boys!" He was known ever after as General Gates, of the Home Guards.

This incident will recall to many of the old soldiers of Lee's army, the command for falling into ranks that used to be given by a gallant colonel, who had been a very successful statesman, "make two rows, boys, make two rows."

An Alabama colonel, who was as good, true and brave as he was ignorant of tactics, was marching his men by the flank when a hot fire was opened upon them. Gen. Rodes dashed up and gave the order to charge. The colonel looked embarrassed, not understanding that the General, of course, intended him to first throw his men into line before making the charge. The order being again repeated, the colonel said, "General, do you mean for me to charge *endways*!"

There is scarcely any evil that has not some accompanying good. The late war exposed so many fire-eaters and spread-eagle orators that the people will not be easily duped again—at least, by the same class of grandiloquent speakers. Certain it is that long before the war closed, the soldiers looked upon a war-speech, especially if peculiarly fiery, as a rich piece of fun. They enjoyed it, but very much as they would the tricks of the mountebank, knowing that 'twas only a successful piece of charlatanry.

A friend sends us from Marianna, Florida, a practical illustration of the reception by our soldiers of a war-speech.

Looking over the incidents of the trying days, "so sad—so fresh, the days that are no more," the following, among others, of the comic-kind reminds us of the *Haversack*; and because it is a fact, as many a soldier in that fine regiment commanded by the dashing Colonel Maury, of Mobile, will readily vouch for, we are half inclined to offer it. It occurred about this wise: Owing to the absence or indisposition of the field officers, the command devolved upon the senior captain, who, by the way, is all of a clever fellow, and a good soldier. During this temporary elevation to superior command, an important order arrived, which directed a movement indicative of an engagement. The officer drew the troops in line, and with shield and buckler on, rode in superb style to the front, to address them on the nature of the move in question. He had ascended into the ascending series

(on his Pegasian steed—high climbing the glorious mount) when most unexpected to every one, a vicious ass immediately in his rear, vociferated in drowning accents, which perhaps might have been endured, had not a waggish voice from the line, in clear penetrating tones, shouted, "*one at a time! one at a time!*" It was too much. The enraged officer about-faced his caparisoned steed—drew his revolver, and fired into the animal. At this juncture, the regimental line swayed to and fro like a reed in the gale. The first fire produced a wound only; but dashing in upon the persistent enemy with one of those irresistible concussive charges, he finally ended the victim with a couple other discharges, amid the waving of the colors, the hilarious shouts of the command, and a gentle flourish of trumpets.

M.

From Charleston, S. C., we get the following:

I send the *Haversack* two incidents, which I have had from eye-witnesses, that illustrate the heroism and devotion which was manifested in the late war by many who were lowest in rank, and from the humblest walks of life.

During a contest between the batteries on Sullivan's Island, and the iron-clad fleet in front of Charleston, a shell from the Weehawken struck the muzzle of a Columbiad in Fort Moultrie, and glancing down exploded on an ammunition chest at the side of the chamber. A terrible scene followed, the explosion communicating from one chest to another, hurling

piles of balls in every direction, filling the air with clouds of sand, fragments of timber, burning pieces of clothing, and mangled bodies. There was a moment of breathless horror as the explosion swept the right battery of the fort. Almost at the mouth of the service magazine it stayed, and when the smoke cleared away, amid the debris of shattered carriages, and torn up parapets and traverses, amid the wounded and dead, a man stood upon the lid of an ammunition chest holding it down. This man was private Shepherd, company C. 1st South Carolina Infantry.

The next incident took place at Battery Bee, also on Sullivan's Island. There was a night-attack on Fort Sumter, and the batteries opened hastily with shell and ricochet firing. The gunners at one piece, at Battery Bee, omitted to sponge the gun, and a premature discharge occurred as the cartridge was driven home.— One man at the muzzle was instantly killed, the other had his arm blown off at the shoulder.— He was borne to the hospital, and placed under the influence of chloroform while the stump of his arm was amputated. After a time, the firing ceased, and the officer in command of the company went down to the hospital. As he entered, the amputation had been performed, and the poor fellow was still lying on the surgeon's table, slowly recovering his senses. As he opened his languid eyes, he glanced for a moment at the place where his arm was wanting. Probably with it had gone his whole capital and

support in life. Then he caught the countenance of the officer.— The dawning consciousness in his face deepened into earnestness, and half-turning on the table, he murmured "Lieutenant, is Fort Sumter taken?"

E. C. E.

From Berryville (Va.) we get one version of an oft-told anecdote:

On one occasion, as a portion of our Virginia cavalry was passing by some North Carolina infantry, one of our boys said, "halloo, tarheels, have you any tar left in your State?" A rough looking fellow straightened up and coolly replied, "not a single drop. Our Guvnor has sold it all to the Government to pour on the fields, whar you cavalry have to fight to make you stick better nor you have been a doin." As we had been licked a short time before, we felt the additional tar plaster applied to our sores. M. S. T.

We get an account of a similar hit which comes to us from Hudsonville, Mississippi:

After the close of the seven days' fight around Richmond, and when Ransom's North Carolina brigade (of which I was then a member) was *en route* to Drury's Bluff from Malvern Hill, we came upon some Virginians encamped upon the Richmond and Petersburg turn-pike about two miles from Manchester. There began at once the usual running fire of wit and sarcasm between the troops of the two States. As we were approaching the Virginians, I noticed a big, burly, *dark-visaged* Lieutenant step out before

his companions, as though he was to be the champion of their side. He was of so dark a complexion as to indicate descent from Pochontas or of some one else not belonging to the Caucasian race.—The wink was given to our “acknowledged wit” and he moved over to the side next to the Virginians. The dark-visaged Lieutenant noticed the movement and at once accosted “old Stonewall,” the name by which our wag was known.

Lieutenant. “Halloo, Tarheel, did you know that Tar River was burnt up?”

Stonewall. “No I did’nt, hoss, is it true?”

Lieutenant. “Oh yes, I was there and saw it burn up.”

Stonewall. “Well, I am afraid it is too true, for your face looks badly smoked.” G. P. T.

One of Forrest’s former Captains sends us an anecdote of the great cavalry leader:

It is well known that old Bedford often played the “bluff game” very successfully upon his blue-coated antagonists. While on his memorable raid to Athens, Pulaske, and other points along the railroad, he came to a block-house held by a Dutch captain and his company from Fader-land. Morton’s splendid guns could make no impression upon the block-house. So old Bedford hoisted a flag of truce and went in person to the Dutch captain and demanded his surrender. “I no do dats,” stoutly replied the Dutchman.—“Very well,” said old Bedford, “I’ll burn you out with Greek fire.” Saying this, he took out a bottle of phosphorus and threw it

against a stump. The bottle broke and exposing the contents to the air, the stump was soon in a blaze. The frightened Captain took time by the fore-lock and cried out. “I surrenders my company mit you.” J. L. L.

Tuscumbia, Ala.

A friend tells us that a Dutchman, captured in the Valley of Virginia, being asked to what Corps he belonged, replied “me fights mit Seigel and me runs mit Banks.” We hope that the worthy Dutchman is not now running in the same leash with the Great Commissary.

Our kind friend, T. H. B. M. of Lubek, West Virginia, sends us the next two anecdotes, the first of which is as creditable to the generosity of the enemy, as it is to the gallantry of Lt. Pate. The truly brave always honor an unusual exhibition of pluck. We have known several instances of soldiers refusing to fire upon a very daring enemy.

In the withdrawal of our troops from Maryland, ’63, our regiment, 17th Virginia cavalry, was in rear. Lt. O. K. Pate, Cadet, V. M. I., doing duty with our regiment, remained on the Maryland side until the regiment had passed midway the stream, and was pursued by some federal cavalry, who reached the bank nearly as soon as Pate reached the water.—They sent a volley of balls after him, but to the amazement of all not a ball took effect. Pate turned in his saddle and waved a salute at the astounded party. Not another shot was fired. He was allowed to pass over and join his

regiment, much to the astonishment of all.

Col. McC. (afterwards General) had a private detailed to do some work about his quarters; the detail came with ax as directed.—Col. M. pointed out what should be done—detail seemed to make a close examination of the task, and inquired, doubtfully, “Can *one man* do it?” Col M. answered him that one man could. “*Well, then,*” said detail, shouldering his ax, “*I’ll go back to camp,*” and did so, leaving the Col. under the impression, that *his* physical abilities were not questioned.

From Columbus, Ga., we get our next anecdote:

A soldier of the 10th Georgia regiment was court-martialed for what he called “playing quartermaster,” that is, for taking things without paying for them. His punishment, among other things, consisted in marking time for an hour each day on the head of a barrel. While he was thus engaged one day, a comrade passed by and accosted him with, “Joe, what are you marking time there for?” Joe answered as well as the difficulty of keeping his balance would allow, “don’t know, ’zackly, believe its some foolishness about some chickens.”

Comrade. “Well they have got no right to make you do that kind of a thing. There’s no law for it.”

Joe. “Don’t care whether there’s any law for it or not, I’s e doin’ it!”

Poor Joe! he has many sympathizers. Law or no law, we’s e doin’ it.

An ex-chaplain sends from Lexington (Va.) the following anecdotes:

Our noble old Commander-in-Chief was always so occupied with his many cares and responsibilities, that he had but little time during the war, for social intercourse, and yet he very much enjoyed a quiet joke.

Witness the following: Upon one occasion, while inspecting the lines near Petersburg, with several General officers, he asked General —— if a certain work which he had directed him to complete as soon as possible, had been finished. General —— looked rather confused, but answered that it was. General Lee at once proposed to ride in that direction. On getting to the place, it was found that no progress had been made on the work, since General Lee was last there. General —— at once apologized and said that he had not been on that part of the line for some time, but that Captain —— had told him that the work was completed. General Lee made no reply at the moment, but not long after begun to compliment General —— on the splendid horse he rode. “Yes sir,” replied General ——, “he is a very fine animal—he belongs to my wife.” “A remarkably fine horse,” returned General Lee, “but not a safe one for Mrs. —— He is too mettlesome by far, and you ought to take the mettle out of him before you permit her to ride him. And let me suggest, General —— that an admirable way of doing that is *to ride him a good deal along these trenches.*”—The face of the gallant General

—— turned crimson; General Lee's eyes twinkled with mischief, no further allusion was made to the matter, but General —— adopted the suggestion.

Late one night, General Lee had occasion to go into a tent where several officers were sitting around a table, on which was a stone jug and two tin cups, busily engaged in the discussion of a mathematical problem. The General obtained the information he desired, gave a solution of the problem

and retired—the officers hoping that he had not noticed the jug. The next day one of these officers, in presence of the others, related to General Lee a very strange dream he had had the night before. "That is not at all surprising," replied the General, "when young gentlemen discuss at midnight, mathematical problems, the unknown quantities of which are a stone jug and two tin cups, they may expect to have strange dreams." J. W. J.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

"March," says the proverb, "comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb," but as applied to the March of '67, the proverb seems like to prove but a half truth. Its exit, by all appearances, will be as lion-like as its entry. There have been no less than four snow-storms here in the course of the month, and the streets of the city have been in a condition formidable alike to pedestrians and vehicles. Carts, trucks and wagons stuck fast in huge holes in the cross-streets, and blocking the way to a long line of other such vehicles, have been of no uncommon occurrence. Of all these cross-streets, Fulton is probably the most crowded. At the point of its junction with Broadway, so great is the jam of vehicles and the transverse streams of foot-passengers, that it has been found necessary to erect a *bridge* over the great thoroughfare for the accom-

modation of the latter. How far this will meet the necessities of the case, it is impossible to say until its completion. Some means of relieving Broadway, at almost any cost, is anxiously canvassed by the public here; especially as it is thought that the new Post-Office—the present one on Pine is a disgrace to a great metropolis—will be built on this street. I know no better remedy, by-the-way, for provincial egotism than a walk in the famous thoroughfare which is the boast of this continent. The traveler who lands at the Battery, indeed, where the Fort of New Amsterdam once stood, will be little struck at first either with the crowds on the sidewalk or the magnificence of the buildings. But the scene becomes gayer and more animated as he advances. Men of every name and nation jostle each other in the double tide that streams

back and forth, and palaces begin to rise on either hand. Yonder is the Bowling Green, where the Liberty boys pulled down the statue of King George, and here on the right is the famous Wall Street, where millionaires and speculators most do congregate. Further on is the Astor House, the first of the large Hotels in Broadway, and on the right, near the Court House, rise the marble walls of Stewart's retail establishment. Perhaps a mile further yet, at the widest portion of the Island, are the splendid Hotels, the Metropolitan and St. Nicholas, and close by the most noted places of amusement. As a rule the crowd is densest between Washington and Fulton streets, on which are the two great markets of those names. Change and progress are everywhere. The most striking of the few old landmarks that remain, looks out at you from between the iron railings of Trinity Churchyard, where, in the very midst of all this busy life, the half-defaced inscriptions on the tombstones carry you back to the days of '76. Were an octogenarian, who had passed his early life in New York, to visit the scenes of his youth, in the midst of the unfamiliar world around him, it would be here that he would be most likely to linger—in the one remembered spot,

"Where the mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom.
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

But wonderful as are the changes which have taken place in Broadway within the memory of men still living, it is probable

that fifty years more will witness changes still more surprising: and in this connection I wish to give you some account of a new species of light which will doubtless, after a time, be used for lighting up this magnificent street—certainly a wonderful invention, though, hitherto, it has attracted little general notice. The inventor is a Mr. Wilde of Liverpool, and a complete machine, made under his directions, is expected to be on exhibition soon in this city. Of course, I can attempt no detailed history of the discovery or explanation of its philosophy; but in a general way, it may be said that the light is electric and that the discoverer has found a method of producing electricity in quantities and of an intensity hitherto unknown, "by the use of feeble electrical currents upon powerful magnets." The effects are truly astonishing. The light produced rivals the dazzling luminosity of the sun. "At the distance of a quarter of a mile, it throws shadows from the flames of street lamps upon a wall." "It beats the sun at taking photographs. In twenty seconds it darkens sensitized paper, held at a distance of two feet from the light, as effectually as one minute of full, noonday sunshine." This actinic property renders it specially valuable to photographers, two of whom in England are already applying it to the practical purposes of their art. Twelve such lights, it is estimated, would illuminate Broadway from the Battery to Fourteenth Street, with a light so powerful that print could easily be read by it at the distance of a quar-

ter of a mile. The expense, it is said would be less than for gas-lights, for the same distance. Another novelty in this country—though not a very recent invention—is likewise a good deal talked of here at this time. The daily increasing importance of easy and quick transportation between New York and Brooklyn and back, has led to many different proposals to meet a need so much felt by the public. Perhaps the one most in favor is the proposition to construct an underground “Pneumatic Railway” between the two cities; of which the motive power, as the name implies, is to be the pressure of the atmosphere at one end, driving the train through a tunnel exhausted of air. The experiment, I learn, has been tried successfully in England.

Since their repeated “fiascos,” most people, I imagine, are heartily sick of the subject of the Fenians. They refuse to be ignored here, however, and it is impossible for a general news-letter always to pass them over in silence.

Last Monday, the Brotherhood celebrated St. Patrick’s day, which fell this year on Sunday, and in numbers at least, showed quite a formidable organization. On Court House square the flag of the Emerald Isle floated alongside the stars and stripes, and the shamrock, “the green, immortal shamrock” was sported by not a few well-dressed and well-looking men. A grand procession paraded in Broadway, and the inevitable dinner, at Delmonico’s, was the scene of the usual number of daring toasts. Of course the day did not pass off without “a row,”

in which a poor carter and some dozen or more policemen were well nigh cut and beaten to death by a crowd of assailants.

Of the many places throughout the country that have lately suffered from flood or fire, New York has not been the least severely visited. Almost as I write, the smoking ruins of the Winter Gardens Theatre, on Broadway, tell the tale of a fresh disaster.—The fire when first discovered had made but little headway, and a couple of buckets of water, at that time, would have quenched it. By one of those accidents, however, in which devout people see the finger of Providence, there was no water on the premises, and when water was brought, it was too late to save the building.—The tragedian Booth, brother to Booth the assassin, is reported to have lost \$75,000 by the casualty. A neighboring building, the Southern Hotel, was saved with difficulty by the exertions of the firemen, and has sustained considerable damage from the flood of water poured into and upon it from the engines.

I take pleasure in closing this letter with a mention of the fact that there is, in this community, a wide-spread feeling of sympathy for the present destitution in the South. Many contributions have already been made for the relief of the sufferers, and benevolent men and women have not at all relaxed their efforts in behalf of their fellow countrymen who are crying to them for bread. Heaven speed the day when a returning sense of justice and the charity which suffereth long, and is kind, shall once more unite us in a happy, free, and equal sisterhood of States.

EDITORIAL.

NOTHING has gratified us more, for a long time, than the address of General Hampton to the Freedmen at Columbia. It is kind, courteous and conciliating: while it is frank, manly, and independent. There is none of the hypocritical cant of having "always believed slavery to be a sin, and being glad because of its abolition." This is simply the language of the demagogue. The freedman will not be deceived by it. The thought must arise in his mind that a man, so believing, could have freed his slaves, and thereby have cleared his own skirts from the stain. There was a large portion of our people, who believed that slavery was a drawback to our material prosperity, and to the full development of our resources. But there were few indeed, who did not think that the sudden freedom of the negroes would not be of incalculable damage to them.

Nor does General Hampton profess that he is glad at the prospect of universal suffrage. A profound thinker, like him, perceives that the elective franchise is a solemn trust to be confided to uneducated men, with untrained and undisciplined minds.—The unprincipled demagogue, who is loudest in his professions of attachment to them, will make them his dupes and his victims. All this, the General knows, and he raises a voice of warning against that dangerous class of base, bad men.

General Hampton's address was promptly endorsed by General A. R. Wright, of the Augusta (Geo.) *Chronicle and Sentinel*.

So far as we have been able to ascertain, every Southern newspaper edited by a Confederate soldier, has followed the lead of these distinguished officers. The prominent idea held out by Generals Hampton and Wright, is that the freedmen is to *be trained to feel that he is a Southern man*, indentified with the South in its interests, its trials, and its sufferings. He is to be taught to feel that he is no alien upon the soil, but that this is his country and his *home*.

We think that it does not require much education for the negro to learn that while every pound of cotton, which he raises, pays a tax, "the man and brother" from New England gets a bounty for every fish which *he* catches, as well as payment for the fish itself. It will not require much education for the negro to learn, that a tax upon industry always falls most heavily upon the laborer. He will soon learn that while the philanthropists are so much concerned to procure homesteads for the unfortunate freedmen, that they have taken, this year, by this cotton tax, twenty-four millions of dollars from the South. If these benevolent gentlemen would combine the proceeds from the cotton tax and the fishing bounty, there would be enough to purchase a farm for every freedman in the entire South, who is the

head of a family. We believe that the negro will learn these truths very rapidly, and that he will have no faith in those tender professions of love for him, which are exercised in increasing the poverty of the desolated country to which he belongs.

The freedman will be a democrat, and will assuredly vote against all class legislation, all tariffs, and all bounties, whether to communities or to individuals.

The Southern white man is the natural, as he is the best and truest friend of the negro. The two races may live together in peace and harmony, feeling their mutual dependence, and blessing one another: if bad feeling is not stirred up by our demagogues, in conjunction with the pious missionaries, who are roaming over the country, taking from the negroes their little money and giving them in exchange—their photograms. At any rate, it is the duty of those, who have the superior education and mental culture, to set an example of fair dealing, moderation, forbearance, and kindness. The disfranchised class have no political aspirations, and no lamentations over their situation. There is not one of them, who is not willing to have as a ruler, an original union man of principle and integrity, such as Moore, of North Carolina, Perry, of South Carolina, Jenkins, of Georgia, and Sharkey, of Mississippi. But we fear that we may get an old fire-eater newly dressed up in the star-spangled banner, with an eagle feather in his hat, who says Yankee-doodle as a grace before meat, and Hail

Columbia as a thanksgiving after it. Better a military ruler for a century, than a single term of such a man! The military ruler has no partisans to reward, and no enmities to gratify. The fair presumption is that he will be just and impartial, having no controlling motive but a sense of duty. There is not one of the five Districts in so unhappy a condition to-day, as is Tennessee *in the Union*.

It becomes then the imperative duty of voters to choose true men, not turn-coats and weather-cocks, men whose consistent unionism will be satisfactory to the dominant party. Such men as governors, representatives and legislators will not be intent upon personal aggrandizement and building up a party, but will strive earnestly to promote the happiness and prosperity of their sorely disturbed, perplexed, and impoverished country.

If the poet (?) who sends his contribution to a periodical, would reflect that possibly others too may feel the divine *afflatus* and ring the musical chimes also; much trouble would be saved to both author and editor. But the kindness in sending the contribution is *almost* counterbalanced, when the author writes a second letter requesting for the sake of euphony, the preposition "with" in the 3d line of the 42d canto be changed into "by;" and then sends a third letter asking what has become of his poem; and follows that up with a fourth, indignantly demanding its return.—The plain common sense view of

the matter would seem to be, that if the poem is good, 'tis to the interest of the editor himself to publish it: and if 'tis not good, the less correspondence the better, between poet and editor. Now we happen to know something of the perplexities of one of the latter class. He has told us confidentially that he has a great deal of excellent poetry on hand, which he hopes to publish some time, if the writers do not become too impatient. But that he has a bushel, three pecks and one quart of the "so-called," about which, he hopes no correspondence will take place. In answer to our inquiry, he said, that he had used *dry* measure in computation; because there was not *flow* enough about the aforesaid verses to permit him to use *liquid* measure.

THE *Methodist* of New York says that he regrets to perceive that the land loved by the Editor of this Magazine is not the whole United States, but only a rather troublesome section of it. Our contemporary wrote a kind letter, proposing an exchange, and we cordially accepted his offer. We candidly confess that we have a great liking for our Methodist brethren. They made such splendid rebel soldiers! Why, a rebel Methodist had no more fear in him than a wild Irishman from Tipperary. From this attack upon us, we judge that the Northern Methodists belong also to the Church *militant*. However, as opening fire under flag of truce, was so universally reprobated by both sides, we rather incline to think that our worthy brother be-

longed to the "home guards," and not to the army in the field.

A lady, who had written a really valuable book, once told us that an unfavorable criticism of her book would be more acceptable, than the usual stereotyped phrases of commendation, which proved that the critic had not even cut the pages of the book, he professed to review.

It is plain to us that our excellent contemporary had not read our Magazine. For although we are exceedingly national, yet we are not aware of manifesting any special partiality for Massachusetts; so that we cannot be justly accused of unduly loving "the troublesome section of the United States." Probably, we can best explain our position to our worthy brother by "a little anecdote."

On the banks of the Hudson there used to be a Military Academy, and it may be there yet for aught we know. (For some years, we were debarred the privilege of visiting that section, and don't know what changes may have taken place.) In that Academy there was a French Professor, Monsieur M——, as much distinguished for his irritability as for his learning. One of his pupils was a certain Jack Foster, whose cool, imperturbable effrontery was unsurpassed and unsurpassable. On one occasion, Jack's exercise in French, written on the black-board, was a rare medley of bad English, worse Latin, and worst French. Monsieur M—— looked at the black-board, thrust his hands deep into his pockets, (as he always did when angry,) ope n-

ed his eyes and roared out in a voice like a Bengal tiger, "Misther Foster, dat ish not French, tish not Latin, tish not English; sacré, diable, what ish dat?"—Jack examined his writing very leisurely, and then calmly and sweetly said, "Oh, I perceive that I have written in Latin instead of in French; being very familiar with both languages, I sometimes confound one with the other.—Excuse me, Monsieur M——, my intentions are the best in the world!" So, good brother, we say, having been equally familiar with rebellious and with loyal sentiments, we sometimes confound the one with the other.—But our intentions are the best in the world.

Moreover, we are getting old and we have been afflicted with rheumatism a long time; which affliction, rebel campaigning for four years did not much improve. We have not, therefore, the astonishing activity of some of our friends in Dixie, and cannot, then make such neat somersaults as they, nor can we play supple-jacks so well. Our old leaders in secession, our fire-eaters, our Yankee-haters have thrown a somersault, and are now "loyal-leaguers and persecuted Union men."—Our old negro-traders, that despised class of "dealers in flesh and blood" have become philanthropists and friends of "the man and brother." The most cruel and tyrannical masters are those, who have always regarded slavery as a sin and wished for its abolition. The Sherman-Bill has developed as much activity in taking the back track, as did Bill

Sherman when he was sweeping through Georgia and the two Carolinas.

Owing to the rheumatism aforesaid, we move along slowly and painfully, but "with the best intentions in the world"—wondering all the while at the agility of our more supple neighbors. There is no use for any Circus to come South. We have men so agile that the most expert man in the ring would feel ashamed of his clumsy attempts at "ground and lofty tumbling," after witnessing their wonderful performances.—One of the things, which we are too stiff and too rheumatic to do, is to toss a somersault and turn our back on this dear old land, which gave us birth.

We will tell our esteemed contemporary what the "loyal North" used to think of renegades, aye and what the really noble men and women there think of them yet. When John Adams went to England, after *our* independence had been gained, George III. jested with him one day upon his being under French influence.—His noble reply was, "I must avow to your Majesty that *I have no attachment, but to my own country.*" The King answered quickly, "*an honest man will never have any other.*" It is well known that the great painter, Benjamin West, of Pennsylvania, went to England before the American rebellion. The kind patronage of the King and his business relations induced him to remain in London, after the war broke out. One day, some Courtiers who were jealous of West's influence with the King, spoke of a

defeat of the Americans, while West was in the royal presence, hoping that his sorrow thereat would offend the monarch. West perceiving their object, said frankly to George, "I am a loyal and grateful subject to my King: but I can never rejoice at any misfortunes, which befall my native land." The King cordially replied, "a noble answer, Mr. West, and I assure you that no man will ever fall, in my estimation, because he loves his native land." A kingly speech worthy of the monarch of a great nation! We are not so sectional as our worthy contemporary thinks.—For we believe that there are millions of men in the loyal North, who respond to the grand sentiment of George III.: and who have as much respect for the Southerner, who stands in his lot prepared to share the fate of his people, as they have contempt for these mountebanks, who, through fear of confiscation or greed of office, are stultifying themselves by insincere declarations and dishonest professions.

The St. Louis (Mo.) Southern Relief Association contributed \$10,000 for the relief of the destitute in North Carolina. This has been distributed at points selected by Ex-Governor Vance and to parties named by him.

The Governor and the Editor, recipients of this bounty, take this occasion, in the name of the suffering, to return their thanks to the generous donors. The relief it has afforded, is, doubtless, considerable, and many a prayer of thankfulness and praise will go

up from our destitute homes, in behalf of those who have thus made charity doubly noble by accompanying it with those assurances of blessed sympathy, which strip misfortune of half its terrors and render calamity endurable.

We learn from a private letter from Boston, Massachusetts, under date of April 2d, that up to that time, there had been contributed, in that city, \$35,638 for the relief of the destitute in the South. This is nearly one-fourth of the entire amount raised in St. Louis for the same object.

We are truly glad to note this generous donation from Boston. It will bring relief to many a suffering household. But we are sorry that in the meetings at which these funds were raised, many things were said, which were as false, as they were harsh and unfeeling. We would commend to the notice of these slanderers what St. Paul says. "*And though I bestow all my goods to the poor, and though I give my body to be burned and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.*"

The Monthly Circular, for April, of Norton, Slaughter & Co., estimates the cotton crop for the year ending September 1867, at 1,800,000 bales. The general estimate, however, is 2,000,000. At the latter figures, the cotton tax will amount to \$24,000,000. This comes out of the South, and bears specially hard upon the laborers of the South. It would be a noble thing for the philanthropists of Boston, to exert themselves to

procure the abolition of this tax, and to divide the proceeds resulting from it, among those who are suffering for bread. If this is followed up by earnest efforts for the repeal of bounties, tariffs, &c., we will believe that the humanitarianism of Boston is not a myth.

Though we are opposed to fiction, and especially to serial stories, we yield to the public taste in such matters, and will begin in our next issue, a story of Maryland life before the war, which will run through the volume. Our present number contains the first of a series of sketches of travel in Great Britain, by John R. Thompson, the eminent Poet, so long the able Editor of the *Literary Messenger*. The Spanish sketches, by Mr. Barringer, which have been so favorably

received, will extend through this volume. We have also Italian sketches, by a distinguished scholar and statesman, which will appear during the year.

A Paris correspondent has been engaged to give the most interesting features of the Exposition, or World's Fair, and especially, the facts most interesting to agriculturists.

In Agriculture, we will diversify the essays of our most scientific Professors in Colleges, with those of the best practical planters.

Sketches of homesteads and remarkable localities, and biographies of men eminent in letters and arms, will have a prominent place in the Monthly.

The military character will still be preserved, and the rank and file are earnestly invited to continue their contributions.

BOOK NOTICES.

INGEMISCO, By FADETTE. New York, Blelock & Co., 1867.

We feel a special interest in this book since 'tis written by a young lady, who, on the mother's side, has in her veins the noblest Revolutionary blood of Delaware, and who, on her father's side, is allied to an equally honorable ancestry in South Carolina. It is right that the descendants of those, who won the country for us, should have a controlling influence upon the public mind, when that influence is pure and good.

We give below an extract as a specimen of the tone and style of the fair author. Page 109.

"The sunset glow is in the air, and its glory rests upon the Right. Solitude remained below, in the woodland recesses. Here is a motley multitude assembled. In the background, with the indispensable accompaniments of stables, stable-boys, din and bustle, stands the inn, about the doors and balconies of which lounge guides variously engaged in eating, drinking, smoking, and gossiping, while from a window in marvelous proximity to the pointed, over-hanging roof, leans a bonny maiden, carrying on, as she airs her blankets and her linnen, a stealthy flirtation with a gallant below, who sports the black leather small-clothes and white stockings, the scarlet vest and long blue open jacket, of Schwyz. In the fore-ground are groups of every

description and of almost every country. Here a Russian princess with her noble retinue discourses in astounding consonants. There a knot of German students in gay pedestrian garb, personating in appearance every phase of character, from the fierce bandit Don Whiskerado to the fair-haired, mild-eyed poet or musician. A Tyrolese peddler, chamois-booted, his grave, clear-cut features looking national beneath the shade of the national black-cock plume, displays his wealth of beauty to a circle of admiring country-people. Here a family of English exclusives, in the well-to-do, over-dressed shopkeeper style, upon the approach of our party turn the significant shoulder. Here, there, and everywhere, the ubiquitous Yankee, "doing" the Alps, striding about, a very lord of creation, ejecting his tobacco-juice and his opinions with the same determination, equally careless whether in or out of place, and not to be daunted by the repeated rebuffs of the English exclusives, whom he leaves at last with the query, addressed with insinuating politeness to the red-headed dandy of the party:

"I say, stranger, did you have any kin-folks mixed up in the Revolution? Because in our picture of the battle of Lexington up to him, there's a red-coat a streaking it before our bayonets, the living image of your grandfather."

Upon which information concerning the family tree, the dandy discontinues his employment of switching at the turf blossoms with his cane, raises his head and stares in astonishment through a piece of glass stuck in his eye, then saunters contemptuously away."

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Traveling since the war through

many portions of the South, I have heard every where the wish expressed that these Poems should be collected and published in a form so cheap as to be accessible to all. This desire I have endeavored to fulfil.

Besides a "Memorial" volume, to preserve these "songs," expressive of the hopes and triumphs and sorrows of a "lost cause," I have another design—TO AID BY ITS SALE THE EDUCATION OF THE DAUGHTERS OF OUR DESOLATE LAND; TO FIT A CERTAIN NUMBER FOR TEACHERS, that they may take to their homes and spread amongst the different Southern States the knowledge of those accomplishments which else may be denied them.

I appeal to all good people to aid me in this effort to provide for the women of the South, (the future mothers of the country,) the timely boon of education. Many of these children are the orphans of soldiers, from whom they have inherited nothing but an honorable name, and the last hours of more than one of whom I was enabled to soothe by the promise that I would do something for the little ones they left behind them. That promise, I trust, this humble effort may enable me in part to redeem. E. V. M.

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This is the Publishers notice of Miss Mason's excellent collection of poems. We learn that in the second edition, which is nearly ready, all that was objectionable in the first, has been removed.—The book has been enlarged by the introduction of many choice poems and those of less merit have been left out.

Miss Mason's Orphan School is in successful operation. She has six pupils from North Carolina, who are being educated out of the proceeds of this book. We wish it the success which it so richly deserves.

THE HOME MONTHLY, Nashville, Tenn. Price \$3 a year. Forty-eight pages of reading matter.

This beautifully printed and

ably conducted Monthly is under the auspices of our Methodist brethren. We notice among its contributors the names of men honored for their learning and piety. In the days of our rebellious career, we learned to esteem and love one of these noble men, Rev. J. B. McFerrin, D.D., for his stout, unmovable Southernism.— At the risk of being accused of want of nationality by the good brother in New York, we will say that the attachments formed during the war still cling to us.— These stern old rebels have warm and tender hearts, and could easily be won by a word of kindness; and our New York friend knows in his heart that a single one of them is worth more than a million of those tumblers of the circus, who always make their somersault and turn their backs upon their friends, when their support is most needed.

Among the excellent articles in this admirable Monthly, we would call special attention to the serial, "Confederate Notes," by a lady of Virginia.

SOUTHERN REVIEW. Terms \$5 per annum. Baltimore, Md.

The April number has come to hand just as we are going to press. We, of course, have not read it and can only give its table of contents. The Origin of the late War; Southern War Poetry; The Teaching and the Study of Geometry; De Tocqueville on the Sovereignty of the People; The Legend of Venus; Recent Histories of Julius Cæsar; Life, Character, and Works of Henry Reed; Agricultural

Chemistry; Victor Hugo as a Novelist; The New America of Mr. Dixon; Book Notices.

The January number (the first published) was very able. Among its great articles, are the "Education of the World," "Earl Stanhope's Life of Pitt," "Imprisonment of Jefferson Davis."

The Review is edited by that ripe scholar and profound thinker, A. T. Bledsoe, L.L. D. It is worthy to bear the name of that great work edited by Legaré and adorned by the genius of Pettigru, Middleton, Pinckney, Simms and so many other gifted men of the South.

THE FARMER, Richmond, Virginia,. Terms \$3.00.

THE SOUTHERN PLANTER, Richmond, Va. Terms \$3.00.

These are both excellent Monthlies of their kind and ought to have the support of the agricultural community. The time was when our farmers could blunder along any way through the year and have an abundant harvest at its close. But that time has passed. They must now seek light from men of science, and information derived from the practical experience of their own class. The culture of the earth is the noblest of all the pursuits, and it ought to be brought to the same state of perfection as the other departments of human effort. But it is not, and for the simple reason that those most interested do not support and encourage the men, who are trying to shed light upon the seemingly easy, but really difficult, subject of successful farming.

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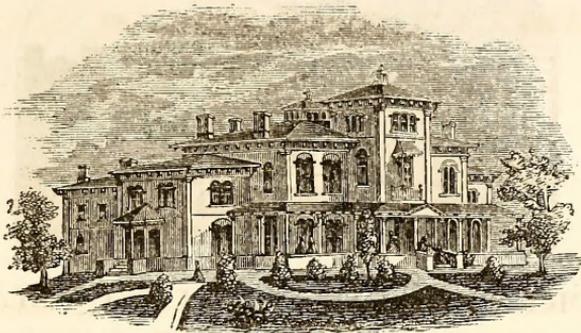
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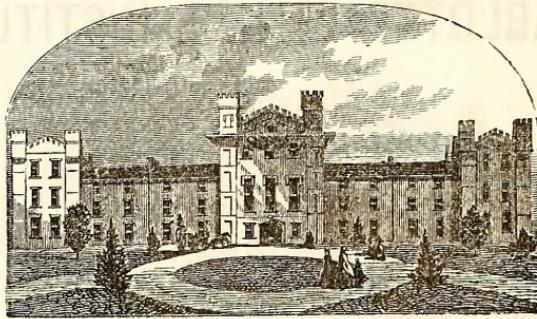
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May 1867—3m

THE LAND WE LOVE.

NO. II.

JUNE, 1867.

VOL. III.

GEN. GEORGE BURGWYN ANDERSON.

AN unsullied honor, a record that shall be immortal, and a grateful and affectionate remembrance of her martyred sons, are all that are left to the South from the wreck of the great civil war. That honor, no prejudice or malignity can successfully assail or even tarnish. That record of heroism and devotion shall grow in lustre as the years advance, and be the theme of song and story in ages yet to come. And that love and veneration for the noble dead will live and intensify until the present generation sleeps in dust; and then our children and our children's children

"Shall *revive* their names, and in fond memories
Preserve and still keep fresh, like flowers in water,
Their glorious deeds!"

Lavish as have been her offer-

ings, North Carolina has rarely made a richer contribution to fame and history, than when George Burgwyn Anderson left them the legacy of his bright young name and example. It shall be the object of this imperfect sketch to tell his services and to commemorate a life that was as admirable while it lasted, as it was glorious in its conclusion.

George Burgwyn Anderson was born in Orange county, within one mile of Hillsboro', on the 12th day of April, 1831. His father was William E. Anderson, a brother of Chief-Justice Walker Anderson, of Florida, and best known as the faithful and intelligent Cashier, for many years, of the Branch Bank of the State, at Wilmington. His mother, Eliza, was the daughter of George Bur-

gwyn, of the "Hermitage," in New Hanover,—the head of a family graced by all the qualities which adorn society. He received his elementary education from that best of all instructors,—the mother,—and was subsequently a pupil of Colonel Wm. Bingham, and at the Caldwell Institute, in Hillsboro'. As a boy, he was remarkable for the brightness of his intellect, his amiable and cheerful disposition, manly deportment and studious habits,—the same qualities which, in after life, characterized him in so remarkable a degree. He matriculated at the University of North Carolina in July, 1847,—joining the Sophomore class of that year. Up to the time of his leaving the institution, he shared the first honors of his class with John Hill, a young man of high promise, who died early, Wm. H. Johnson, of Tarboro', afterwards a Tutor at Chapel Hill, and Professor W. C. Kerr, at present Geologist of the State. The distinguished President of the University speaks of him as one of the most punctual members of his class, as gentlemanly in deportment, most exemplary in morals, and, in every respect, the fitting compeer of the best of his contemporaries. It is only deemed necessary to refer thus briefly, to his youthful antecedents. Many facts are in the possession of the writer, exhibiting the germ of that character which, in maturer years, made him the object of such high hopes and tender regard; but the great events in which, as a man, he played so illustrious a part,

obscure the trivial but pleasing incidents of his boyhood.

Through the kind agency of the Hon. A. W. Venable, he obtained the appointment of a Cadetship to West Point, and entered the Military Academy in 1848, a member of a class numbering ninety-four young men, and which graduated forty-one members. As soon as his studies commenced, in September of the first year's course, it became apparent (to use the language of General Stanly, U. S. A., who was his contemporary) that "young Anderson was not only one of the brightest intellects, but the *very superior* mind of his class." In the Mathematics, Physics and Engineering, he was particularly ready, and subjects or problems that ordinary minds agonized over for hours, he comprehended and mastered with a single reading. But he was too fond of reading and genial companions to confine himself to the dry studies of the Academy; and hence it was that he graduated only ninth in his class,—a high standing, of itself, but nothing to what he might have accomplished, as was evidenced by the fact that, at the first examination, in January, after his admission, he stood *second*. The library was his favorite resort, and, among the haunts of history, philosophy, and general literature he strolled and culled their choicest fruits.

In 1850, the strife in Congress between the North and the South, growing out of the Compromise agitation of that period, invaded the precincts of the Academy, and controversy was as excited

and blood as hot there as in the National Legislature. While young Anderson was earnest and decided in the vindication of the imperiled rights of his section, and devoted, with all the enthusiasm of his generous nature, to the sunny land of his nativity, his discussions were always marked by courtesy. In one of these discussions, as described by General Stanly, it was remarked by a participant: "Well, if war *must* follow, I hope that my day may have passed, that I may not live to see it." "No," said Anderson, "deeply as I too would deplore it, if it must come, I would feel it wrong that I should put off, for a succeeding generation, a misery that I am more entitled to bear." Those who were most intimately acquainted with George B. Anderson know that if there was any one trait, next to his scrupulous conscientiousness and exalted sense of personal honor that distinguished him and made him the nature's nobleman he was, it was his utter abnegation of self. And what a superb illustration of it was here!

In 1852 the class graduated, and Anderson's standing entitling him to the choice of the arm of service he should enter, he selected that of the Dragoons. After spending six months at the Cavalry School, at Carlisle, he was detailed by the Hon. Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, as an assistant to Lieut. Parke, of the Engineers, ordered to make a survey for a practical railroad route in California. In this scientific duty, he spent most of the summer, fall and winter of 1853. We next find

Lieut. Anderson joining his regiment, the 2nd Dragoons, at Fort Chadburnc, Texas. Among the officers more or less connected with this extreme and desolate frontier post, during the year of his stay, may be mentioned W. J. Hardee, R. H. Anderson, Albert Sidney Johnson, Geo. H. Steuart and H. H. Sibley, afterwards Confederate Generals, and Pleasanton and Stanly, subsequently general officers in the Federal army. In the fall of 1855, the regiment marched across the plains from Texas to Fort Riley, Kansas, when Anderson, then 1st. Lieutenant, commanded his company in the absence of Capt. Patrick Calhoun, then in his last illness. The winter of 1855-'56 was spent at Fort Riley, and in the spring of the latter year, the Kansas troubles commenced. From that time until the middle of the summer of 1857, the troops in the country were incessantly engaged either in the arrest of predatory parties headed by such marauders as Jim Lane and Ossawatomie Brown, or in interposing to prevent the destruction of some exposed village by a Missouri mob. Here Lieut. Anderson had for a commander Gen. E. V. Sumner, and served in the same command with the since illustrious Joseph E. Johnston. In 1857, the Utah expedition was undertaken, the 2nd Dragoons was one of the regiments detailed for the duty, and Lieutenant Anderson was appointed its Adjutant. In the autumn of 1859, passing over intermediate events, he left Utah for Kentucky.

On the 8th of November, of

that year, he was married to Miss Mildred Ewing, of Louisville.—The following Spring, he received the recruiting detail and was stationed at Louisville until April, 1861, when he resigned his commission in the United States Army and hastened to North Carolina to link his fortunes with those of his State. *He was the first officer of the old army, then in service, who proffered his sword and his life to North Carolina.* True to the patriotic and filial instincts of his great heart, he rushed to the defence of the dear land of his nativity and his affections. In that defence he died,—nobly died, in the prime vigor of manhood, in the full flush of promise, and in the possession of all the endearing heart-treasures that make life lovely and attractive,—gloriously died, for a cause, in one sense, now lost, but none the less, right and holy, because so lost, and in the justice of which he believed as fully as he did in the existence of that *truth* which he idolized.

Arriving in Raleigh, he was commissioned, by Governor Ellis, as Colonel of the 4th Regiment, North Carolina State Troops, on the 18th day of May. This regiment, being one of the earliest formed in the State, was composed of the choicest material, and included in its *ranks* some of the best representatives of North Carolina. Jno. A. Young, of Charlotte, well known throughout the State as a gentleman of high character, and as a leading public man in his section, was Lieutenant Colonel, and Bryan Grimes, of Pitt, who subsequently

won a merited promotion to a Major Generalcy, was its Major. Among its line officers were men, who had represented the people in many positions of trust and prominence. Colonel Anderson proceeded at once, with energy and enthusiasm, to reduce the raw and incongruous elements of his command to system, and although applying to it the rigid regimen of the regular army, he combined with discipline and decision so much of affability and kindness as to reconcile the impatient *materiel* to his rule, and to win the *hearts* of his regiment.—His men loved him from the start, and their affection grew almost to idolatry as they, in the course of time, experienced his tender regard for their comfort, his just and impartial administration, and the judgment, prudence and caution, which he united with the gallantry of the Marshals of the Empire. And he, in turn, was proud of his regiment; and well he might have been, for a braver band of heroes never faced a foe or marched under martial banners.

The regiment, after being fully organized at Garysburg, was ordered to Manassas, which it reached a few days after the battle of the 21st of July. A short time after its arrival, Colonel Anderson was appointed Commandant of the post, and under his skillful superintendence, many of the fortifications around Manassas were completed. Even at this early day he was strongly recommended for a Brigadier Generalcy by Generals Beauregard and Johnston, who were impressed with

his eminent capacity; but owing to certain invidious representations, the Government failed, at that time, to recognize his claims. He remained in command at Manassas until the evacuation of that post in March, 1862. At Clark's Mountain, on the Rapidan, *en route* for the Peninsula, General Featherston, of Mississippi, was assigned to the command of the brigade,—General Johnston, and General D. H. Hill, commanding the division, expressing surprise and regret at his supersedure.

The command reported for duty to Gen. Rains, at Yorktown, on the 9th of April, and was assigned to the left of Gen. Magruder's line of defence. Although present and slightly engaged at Williamsburg, on the 5th of May, the 4th regiment did not receive its *real* baptism of fire until the great battle of Seven Pines, on the 31st. Here Col. Anderson, in the absence of General Featherston, commanded the brigade, which consisted of the 49th Va., Col. (ex-Gov.) Smith, the 27th and 28th Georgia, and the 4th N. C. The latter carried into action 520 enlisted men and had 86 killed and 376 wounded! Of 27 officers for duty, 24 were either killed or wounded! No comment is needed to point the moral of such an exhibit.—Nor is it our purpose to give any further details of this desperate engagement, with its many tragic and thrilling incidents. When its history is fully written, the fact will be recognized that few, if any, battles of the war were fought with more conspicuous valor, with finer exhibition of individual intre-

pidity or more splendid instances of aggregated daring. Col. Anderson behaved throughout with such distinguished gallantry and skill as to elicit the highest encomiums from Gen. D. H. Hill, and to draw from the Government a prompt commission as Brigadier General, which was issued to him on the 9th day of June.

The brigade assigned him was composed of the 2nd, 4th, 14th and 30th regiments of N. C. Troops—all of which, under their then and subsequent commanders, earned an immortality of renown.

On the 26th of June, the series of battles around Richmond began, in all of which the brigade participated, and in the concluding one of which (Malvern Hill) General Anderson received a wound in the hand, while leading his brave boys through a terrific storm of shot and shell.

The writer of this sketch joined Gen. Anderson as Adjutant General of his brigade on the 25th day of August, 1862, while it was in bivouac on the Rapidan—the army, after some six weeks' repose from the giant struggles of the "seven days," being *en route* for the first Maryland invasion.—It was not the fortune of Gen. Hill's division to have an active part in any of the engagements of this remarkable campaign, until that of the 14th of September, at the South Mountain Gap, near Boonsboro, in Maryland—of which it may with safety be observed that, in its consequences, in the accomplishment of pre-determined objects, and in the skillful disposition of small numbers to oppose overwhelming odds, it is without

a parallel in the war. The division, unaided until a late hour of the afternoon, held in check the advance of the greater portion of McClellan's vast army, endeavoring, with battering-ram impetus, to force its way through the narrow gap, and thereby afforded time for the concentration of our various corps, dispersed in strategic directions, in season for the bloody issue at Sharpsburg. In this engagement (South Mountain) Gen. Anderson behaved with his characteristic intrepidity, and additional evidence was furnished this day that none of his brigade commanders more enjoyed the confidence of the division commander than the youthful and recent Brigadier. This is exalted praise, when it is remembered that he was associated with such men as Garland and Rodes. We need not tell who *they* were. Garland (between whom and Gen. Anderson, by the way, there existed an earnest friendship and admiration) fell early in this action. An accomplished gentleman, the very soul of chivalry, and one of the first civilian officers in the service, he would have won high distinction had he lived. Rodes, who ultimately succeeded Gen. Hill in the command of the division, was slain at Winchester, on the 19th September, 1864. His loss was one of those terrible disasters, which foreshadowed the final and approaching catastrophe.

We may not essay to describe the unequal field of Sharpsburg. It has been claimed as a victory for the Federal arms. History will not so write it, with all the

facts and sequences impartially arrayed. At day-light, on Wednesday, Sept. 17th, Gen. D. H. Hill's division occupies the centre of the line drawn up to receive the brunt of battle. Soon, desperate and heavy from the left roll the boom of artillery and the rattle of small arms. A retreating mass of men sweeps over the hills in that direction, where the enemy has attacked with tremendous force. General Hill's division is ordered to change front to left, and, marching through a growing field of corn, it takes position in a long lane. Ripley on the extreme left, then Garland's Brigade (commanded by Colonel D. K. McRae,) next Rodes, and Anderson on the right. But few moments elapsed ere this small division, weakened by its losses at South Mountain, was furiously assailed by a force immeasurably its superior. It seemed madness to stand, but, true to its glorious prestige, it calmly awaited the shock. This was about 8 o'clock. And then the air shook with the din of arms,—of musket and of cannon,—and high above the clash and roar rung the angry "shouting of the Captains," the cries of the wounded and the groans of dying men. General Anderson occupied a prominent position on slightly rising ground, immediately in rear of his command. While thus exposed, and displaying the most splendid courage, animating his men by his example, and directing them by his cool and collected orders, he was struck in the foot, near the ankle-joint, by a minnie ball and fell. He was at once carried,

with difficulty and danger, to an improvised hospital in the rear, and the wound examined and pronounced severe but not serious.—No one dreamed that one of the truest and bravest men that ever lived had the *wound of death* upon him.

He was subsequently conveyed across the Potomac to Shepherdstown, and received every attention at the hands of the estimable ladies of the family of Mrs. Boteler, until Friday morning, when the falling back of the army necessitated his further removal.—Friends counseled his remaining, but he revolted at the idea of falling into the hands of the enemy, and his heart yearned for the ministrations of his devoted and lovely wife, and the little endearments of his infant boy. By slow stages, in company with his brother and Aid-de-camp, Lieut. Robert Walker Anderson, who was wounded in the same battle, and who was afterwards killed in the Wilderness, on the 5th of May, 1864, (and a noble type of the Christian gentleman he was,) he was carried in a wagon up the Valley, to Staunton, and thence by rail to Raleigh, which place he reached about the 26th of the month. At the residence of his brother, William E. Anderson, Esq., he was the recipient of every kindness that a sympathizing community could bestow, and of the best surgical attention. We may not invade the precincts of that home and speak of the tender love that, angel-like, hovered around his couch. After a fortnight of intense suffering, mortification having taken place, am-

putation was deemed necessary as the last hope of saving his valuable life. The operation was skillfully performed, but he sank under it and died on the morning of the 16th day of October, and surrendered his pure and noble spirit to God.

One of the largest public meetings ever held in Raleigh testified the sorrow of the citizens at the great public loss, and their sympathy with that agonized family.—And when the intelligence of his death reached the army, brave men mourned and wept. Death was, and had been, all around them, and they had become used, and perhaps callous, to its contemplation; but the loss of their leader and their friend moved them to new and *expressive* emotion.

He was buried in the City Cemetery. The funeral was one of the most imposing ever witnessed in Raleigh. The old flag, which waved above him at Seven Pines, riddled with bullets, was borne on its shattered staff in the cortége, and, attached to the saddle on the horse, which was led by his body servant, was the sword which he wore when he received the fatal wound. This sword was once the property of his gallant uncle, Capt. J. H. K. Burgwyn, and was on *his* person when he fell bravely fighting at the battle of Puebla de Taos, in Mexico.

What is left to be said may be comprehended in few words.—*Such* a life needs no formal eulogy.

Perhaps the most marked traits of General Anderson's character were his sincerity, his conscientiousness and his earnest devotion

to truth. These might, if qualities so noble ever *could* be so deemed, have been considered, by some, as almost quixotic in the extent to which he carried them. He would have died, if possible, a thousand times, before he would have swerved an inch from the straitest paths of rectitude and honor. With a spirit as gentle and confiding as a child's, he had all the nerve and decision of the best type of a man. Modesty herself was not more unassuming than he. Who that ever knew him can forget his *smile*, when pleasant and genial emotions were excited? It was like a sun beam lighting up his handsome face, and winning the prepossessions of all who approached him by an irresistible magic. Such a smile

could only have been born of a heart, in which the purest thoughts had their home. And it was, if we may so speak, the index to his whole inner nature.

Had he been spared, he would undoubtedly have attained the highest distinction. But a death in the defence of home and country is equal to a life-time of glory, and when North Carolina makes up her roll of honor—as she must and will do, when calmer times supervene—full justice will be done to his memory. Surveying in mournful and grateful retrospect, the long catalogue of dead heroes who have illustrated her name and history, she will dwell with peculiar pride upon the life and services of GEORGE BURGWIN ANDERSON.

“ THE LAND WE LOVE.”

Land of the Gentle and Brave!
 Our love is as wide as thy woe,
 It deepens beside every grave,
 Where the heart of a hero lies low.

Land of the brightest of skies!
 Our love glows the more 'mid thy gloom,
 Our hearts, by the saddest of ties,
 Cling closest to thee in thy doom.

Land where the desolate weep!
 In a sorrow too deep to console,
 Our tears are but streams making deep
 The ocean of love in our soul.

Land where the victor flag waves,
 Where only the dead are the free,

Each link of the chain that enslaves,
Shall bind us the closer to thee.

Land where the sign of the cross,
Its shadow of sorrow hath shed,
We measure our Love by thy Loss,
Thy Loss—by the graves of our Dead.

MOINA.

JOHN MILTON.*

It is said that the Presbyterian, Westminster Assembly was called, through the Long Parliament levied war against their king! We reply, first, that no advocate of good government will deny, at our day, that this war was inevitable, save at the cost of submission to a hopeless despotism.—But, second, when the Parliament determined on war, it was still under the control of the Episcopalian party, by an overwhelming majority. The Presbyterians, although influential by their ability, were the minority. It was only when the king, at the opening of the war in the autumn of 1641, required his adherents to leave the Parliament, thus withdrawing the more decided Episcopals, that the Presbyterians began to make themselves to be felt. As the struggle waxed, the accession of the more moderate Anglicans, who saw that they could not proceed without the most hearty cooperation of the Presbyterians, and their powerful allies, the Scots, speedily gave them strength. Then indeed, the

Westminster Assembly was called, their ambition was fired with the injudicious and unjust project of making their's the established religion of England, as it was of Scotland; and the war was pressed with determination, to establish effectually the constitutional limitations upon the King's prerogative. But the Presbyterian party, which then directed affairs, never dreamed of any other government than limited monarchy, nor of any other dynasty than that of the Stuarts. The evidences are, that when the Independent faction, whose strength had been nurtured mainly in the army, desired to revolutionize the government, "Colonel Pride's Purge" was necessary; by which one hundred Presbyterian* members were violently expelled at once; before the factious fragment could have leave to abolish the House of Lords, murder the King, and proclaim the Commonwealth. When these ruthless ends were established, the Rump Parliament endeavored in vain, for weeks, to

* Continued from page 42.

* Rapin Thoyras, Vol. xii. p. 561.

procure the bare proclamation of the Commonwealth in the city of London, which was the stronghold of Presbyterianism; and they did not succeed in procuring a compliance with this formality, until the Mayor, Reynoldson, and the leading Aldermen, had been fined and expelled from office, the city threatened with martial law, and the municipal government violently abrogated.† This was in 1649. A stronger evidence is, that when the Rump demanded of the various public bodies, a pledge of simple acquiescence in the Commonwealth, even as late as 1650, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, met in London, joined with the two Universities in openly voting to refuse such pledge.‡ During the usurpation of Cromwell, the Presbyterian leaders, like the Royalists, remained in retirement, in stubborn, but silent opposition.— Another proof of our position is found in the action of Scotland, where Presbyterianism in its purity was prevalent in all counsels. Just so soon as the Independents had murdered Charles I. the Scotch transferred their allegiance, without a moment's hesitation, to Charles II., sent their commissioners to him at The Hague, brought him to Scotland, crowned him at Scone; and although he was personally, intensely unpopular, with a noble fidelity to the maxim, "Principles, rather than men," poured out their best blood in defence of his throne, at Dunbar and Wor-

cester. And thenceforward, the usurper was constrained to hold them down, during his whole reign, by martial law, to prevent their loyalty from asserting itself. Rapin Thoyras,* while giving a luminous account of the party interests, which, as he supposes, prompted the stubborn enmity of the English Presbyterians to the Independents, exhausts his judicial acumen, and professes himself unable to assign a satisfactory solution for that of the Scots. He might have found it easily, in this simple view: they were determined and honest monarchists. Once more: the Parliament which réassembled after the death of Cromwell, under the auspices of Monck, was the Long Parliament; and in this the Presbyterians were again predominant.† They proceeded at once to exercise their power for assembling of a new one, which, as they intended, voted the unconditional restoration of the king. Now, in the face of all these facts, the charge that the Presbyterians were secret enemies of limited monarchy, and only resisted the Commonwealth because its powers were not in their own hands, must appear to every reflecting person most absurd and unjust.

In 1643, the Presbyterians had risen to a legitimate predominance in the Parliament. This power they held until 1648, when it was forcibly wrested from them by the Independents, through means of

* Vol. xii. p. 490.

† M. Guizot, République D'Angleterre, Vol. i. p. 9-11.

‡ Reliquiæ Baxterianæ, P. i. p. 64.

† Hume, Ch. 62. "The kingdom was almost entirely in the hands of the former party," the Presbyterians.

the army. These five years, therefore, form the season, during which they may be justly held responsible for the direction of affairs; and by its events they should be tried. That they employed force to resist the aggressions of violence upon the liberties of the kingdom: that, taught by a bitter experience of royal treacheries and persecutions, they demanded of Charles special guarantees for those liberties, every friend of free government will concur with us in regarding, as justifiable. But the broader errors and crimes of their party, if we pass by minuter transactions, may be said to be the following. They knew perfectly well that the great mass of Englishmen were unalterably attached to the legitimate government of the country, by Kings, Lords, and Commons; and that the majority of them were equally attached to the Anglican Establishment. But having skillfully used their party strength, to bring the King to concede constitutional guarantees, they committed these grave errors. They delayed the legitimate repose which the country so much needed, in order to manœuvre and manage it into an adoption of Presbytery: which was not the religion of the majority of Englishmen. To gain this darling and unjust end, all their great faults were committed. For this, they violated the constitution for which they professed to be fighting, by inordinately prolonging the existence of the Parliament. For, they knew that a general election would not place them in the majority. In issuing special

writs of election to fill vacancies, they acted with partial injustice. Thus, they stamped their movement with the character of faction. It became an illegitimate attempt, to make a minority dominate at once over the majority and the prescriptive forms of the constitution. And last, instead of closing definitively with the Royalist party on a compromise of limited monarchy, they continued, coquetting with, and endeavoring to use the Independents, whom they knew to be thorough disorganizers, and factionists.

But, to do justice to the English Presbyterians, we must remember the great extenuations presented by the errors and faults of the times. They had long been horribly oppressed: they now had power to protect their rights.—The King offered concessions: they had good evidence to convince them that he would not feel his conscience bound by a single pledge, when once he resumed his sceptre. The King and the Anglican party had hitherto, maliciously persisted in confounding them with the sectaries, and under the name of punishing faction, had used the powers of the government only to crush down their legitimate assertion of their rights, by star-chamber sentences. They had good reason to consider a hierarchy as an inevitable engine of despotism. Hence they naturally felt, that should they voluntarily yield to the majority of the nation that power which chance had given them, without securing the final overthrow of the prelacy, it would be nothing better than

the folly of a voluntary laying of their heads in the pillories, and embracing the whipping posts, where they had long suffered such intolerable wrongs. They knew the temper of that majority and of that King and hierarchy, so as to foresee only too well, that the magnanimity of such a surrender of power, and the splendid evidence of their true loyalty to the constitution, which it would present, would all be in vain to gain them the toleration as Presbyterians, to which they were entitled. Is it strange then, that they shrunk from laying down the power which was their only shield? To do so would have required a height of disinterested virtue, to which no political party has ever risen: and to which only the Timoleons and Washingtons among individuals have been competent. These errors of the party were, then, rather the inevitable result of the diseases of the times, than of their own criminality: and the most valuable lesson which the student can learn from them is, that the issues of great national movements are not within the control of the wisdom or virtue of individuals. The English Presbyterians found themselves inexorably shut up, as it were, to their inconsistencies, by the cruelty of the circumstances under which they were compelled to act. And these circumstances were the necessary fruits of theoretical errors and malignant passions, sown in a previous age, and by other hands than theirs. The glory and success of great parties, and the prosperity of nations, are not determined by their own

merits, but by the dispensation of that Divine Providence, which rules over the water-floods of popular errors and emotions.— And the practical lesson for us to learn is, the fear of His Name, and the practice towards our fellow-citizens of justice and moderation, in times of peace as well as of disturbance and danger.

It was when the Presbyterian party became dominant, that Milton left them, as has been related. Their condemnation of his treatises of Divorce began the alienation: and it was completed by perceiving that they had no more notion than the Episcopalians, of that wider liberty which he demanded. They never dreamed of dispensing with an established religion; only, it was their religion, which they desired to see established, in place of the Episcopal. They discountenanced “sectaries,” although they were far from using the inhuman penalties of Laud against them. They refused full liberty to the press, still requiring the *imprimateur* of the Licenser for the publication of books. But the modern Liberal who would judge the Presbyterians of that age equitably, for these errors, must remember that herein they were but sharing the universal convictions of all leading parties, and of all great and good men of their times. The doctrines of full religious equality and “voluntaryism” for all churches and sects, were not yet invented.— The utmost of which the most liberal dreamed, was, ‘toleration,’ for such churches, other than the established, as were not judged criminally anti-scriptural. He

who had proposed the full liberty and equality, now guaranteed in the United States, would have been regarded by all parties as extravagant. And certainly the Independents, when they had supreme power, did not surrender the doctrine, either of church-establishments, or of persecution, in old England, nor in New England.

They steadily opposed the vain vision of an English Republic.— But the Independents now found it to their interest to emerge from their latent attitude; and they held out the hopes of these privileges. Milton therefore transferred the allegiance of his whole soul to them; and undoubtedly, he was thoroughly honest in his advocacy of their cause. But his was just the error of those great and visionary minds, (the more dangerous by reason of their greatness,) who desire practically to apportion human rights according to an *a priori* theory, instead of the lights of the history and precedents of their own people.— “This sublime and severe genius who, in youth, had resisted his parents and teachers to devote himself wholly to poesy and letters, was smitten with an ardent passion for liberty; not for that true and practical liberty, which results from the respecting of all rights, and of the rights of all: but for liberty absolute and ideal, religious, political, domestic; and on this subject his powerful mind fed itself with vigorous ideas, lofty sentiments, grand images, and eloquent verbiage, without troubling itself to learn whether the positive facts around him, or

even his own actions, corresponded to his principles and his hopes.”*

These words of a great practical statesman suggest the chief truth to be learned from Milton's public career. Man's true political wisdom is only learned from experience. This is the only source from which any safe light is projected forward upon the future working of untried institutions. A good government cannot be the invention of original sagacity in any man; but must be the growth of events, under the hand of Divine Providence. The workings of the human heart, and the relations of human society, are infinitely diversified.— To foresee and meet, by original speculation, all the results which will be evolved by the contact of any set of institutions or principles with these diversified relations, is the attribute of omniscience, and not of human wisdom. There is still much of this folly among our would-be wise men: who seem to think that institutions can be invented, which will run of themselves, like some improved locomotive carriage; forgetting that their machine must meet, in its course, diversities of positions, obstacles, and relations, of which they can foresee nothing. We have no respect for your constitution-makers, who, like the Abbé Sieyès, keep a shop full of constitutions, which they can furnish to customers at order. The only safe and successful progress made in human institutions, has been under the guidance of history. The spirit of English re-

*M. Guizot, République D'Angleterre, vol. i. p. 29.

form has been eminently historical. The same character marked the measures of the wise fathers of our nation. They took their lessons from the past, and from facts. The liberty and rights for which they contended, were the prescriptive rights of British freemen. Even in passing from monarchy to republicanism, the Washingtons and Masons, Rutledges and Pinckneys removed nothing which was not incompatible, and built their new commonwealths upon the historical foundations furnished them by the growth of the colonies, and established in the national associations and habits of their people. But we have an illustration of the other, and more ambitious wisdom, and its hateful results, in the policy of the fantastical theorists to whom Milton gave his adhesion. It was nothing to them, that Britons had been governed for six hundred years under Kings, Lords and Commons: that every arrangement and distribution of the body politic was firmly accommodated to this order: that the tenure of property, the administration of justice, the national worship, were all based upon it: that every association familiar and dear to the national heart was intertwined with it: that every established interest was concerned in it: and above all, that nine-tenths of living Englishmen, right or wrong, were naturally persuaded that their old government was best for them, and determined to have no other. To these enthusiasts, a republic was the *beau-ideal*: and therefore, a republic England must be. But in justice to Mil-

ton, it must be said, that his support of the republic was doubtless honest. While he held office under it, his hands were pure from the plunder with which those of his party were so foul. He was magnanimous and forbearing towards adversaries, except as he excoriated them with the lash of sarcasm. His writings contained advice addressed to the Lord Protector, in favor of equity and moderation, couched in the noblest terms. But he was implicated neither in the confidence nor in the crimes of the government.— Another Latin Secretary from the Council of State was placed beside him: and he was entrusted with no secrets. His functions were, in fact, little more than those of a translating Clerk.— When one of his literary friends in Holland, Peter Heimbach, wrote, asking him to secure him a favorable introduction to the English Envoy about to proceed to that country, Milton replied, that he was not in the way of procuring official favors, that he had no relations with the dispensers of them, and that he was not sorry for it.* And when his party fell, he shared its fate with a grand consistency and courage, worthy of an ancient philosopher.

The success of the Independent party, in wresting the supreme power from both its stronger rivals, has usually been represented as a surprising proof of the genius of Cromwell. But it is also an instance of a fact which has recurred so uniformly in revolutionary movements, that it suggests a regular law of causa-

* M. Guizot, Vol. ii. p. 164.

tion. This is, that in violent revolutions, the most extreme party becomes supreme over all the more prudent and rational. Thus, in the later Roman commonwealth, it was the most popular party, espoused by *C. Julius Cæsar*, which finally triumphed over the old aristocracy headed by *M. Cato*, and the more moderate senatorial party of *Cicero* and *Pompey*. And then the faction of the populace ripened, under Octavius Cæsar, into that despotism which seems to be the natural development of radical democracy. In the French revolution, it was the Mountain, or extreme left, which overpowered first, the court party, then the limited monarchists represented by *M. Mirabeau*, then the Girondists; and having installed Jacobinism in power, at once proceeded to transmute it into the frightful tyranny of the Committee of Public Safety, and the Directory. So in England: the party of absolutism first sunk before the advocates of limited monarchy, and then, they in turn, before the Independents. Some of the causes of this uniform result are obvious: others of them may be difficult to divine. At such times, popular passions become embittered, and naturally find extreme measures most congenial. The spirit of innovation is contagious, and men who have departed in important respects from the established order, grow impatient for farther experiment. That hardy, daring, and determined temper, which is often found associated with extreme theory, finds, in the revolutionary scene, its appropriate *stimulus* and

arena. Above all, the accursed lust for revenge, power, and plunder, in the hearts of able and wicked men, now scents its opportunity; and naturally finds its tools in the fanatical extremists: because the farther the work of demolition and social disorder proceeds, the better field it has for pursuing its prey. It would seem then, that it is the fate of revolutionary movements to be usurped by the ultraists of the time; to witness the perversion by them of every wholesome reform; to see them reënact all the crimes which had been charged upon the governments which were overthrown; and at last to have, in their mischievous career, a demonstration of their incompetency for rule, and of madness of their dogmas so bitterly convincing, as to cure the nation for a season of its follies, and reconcile it to moderate and rational principles. Such was certainly the career of the Independent party in England. When they were themselves persecuted, they loudly proclaimed the doctrine of religious liberty: when they obtained power, they continued the laws against the Romanists, in their sternest forms, and extended their intolerance to the Episcopalians; thus denying the much lauded right to more than half the English nation. Cromwell has been praised for his tolerance, of which he doubtless possessed more than his party. In June, 1654, a poor Catholic priest named Southwold, who, thirty-seven years before, had been proscribed and banished as such, ventured to return to England. He was ar-

rested in his bed, sent to London, tried, condemned, and hung, notwithstanding the intercession of the foreign envoys.* After persistently hunting the most of the Episcopal clergy from their benefices, Cromwell published an edict (thus it might be justly called) forbidding their employment as chaplains and teachers in the private families of gentlemen.† By this act, not only was the last resource against starvation closed against these clergymen; but an interference with parental right and domestic liberty was attempted, almost incredible in that country, whose proud boast it had been that each citizen's dwelling was his castle. When the truly venerable Archbishop Usher remonstrated against it, Cromwell replied that his party insisted on it: but it must be said that the Lord Protector, less vindictive than his faction, did not trouble himself much about its execution.

The Independents had loudly demanded the liberty of the press; and Milton, in his lofty discourse, the *Areopagitica* had declared, that the suppression of an author's book was the murder of the noblest essence of his being. Well: no sooner were they installed in power, than the rumored appearance of the *Eikon Basilike* presented a splendid opportunity to show

their faith by their works. But so far from willingly tolerating its circulation, they did their utmost to suppress it;* and it was by a surreptitious publication, that forty-eight thousand copies were sold in England in one year: an astonishing proof, at that day, of the power and prevalence of royalist sentiments. The Rump Parliament proceeded also to suppress with rigid severity, the publication of their own debates, and of the proceedings of their High Courts for the trial of State offenders: They prosecuted the erratic Lilburn, chief of the Levelers, under the charge of high treason, for printing his pamphlets, in which he only carried their own doctrines to their legitimate corollaries; and they endeavored to frighten the jury into his judicial murder, by arts of intimidation worthy of a Jeffreys.† An act was passed exalting the utterance in print of mere words into a capital treason: another act made not only the authors, printers, and sellers of books which they were pleased to regard as seditious, but the readers, liable to penalty: all printing was positively prohibited save at four places, London, York, and the two Universities: and, the street venders of ballads even, were suppressed, under pain of public whipping.||

* M. Guizot, République D'Angleterre. Vol. II. p. 149.

† Thurrloe, State Papers, Vol. II. p. 406.

* M. Guizot, Rep. D'Angl. Vol. I. p. 28.

† M. Guizot. Vol. I. p. 64.

|| M. Guizot. Vol. I. p. 64.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AFTERNOON.

You say the years have sadder grown,
 Beneath their weight of care and duty,—
 That all the festive grace has flown
 That wreathed and crowned their earlier beauty.

You tell me Hope no more can daze
 Your vision with her bland delusions;
 Nor Fancy, versed in subtle ways,
 Seduce you to her gay conclusions.

The rapturous throb—the bound—the flush,
 That made all life one strong sensation,—
 Grow quiet now, beneath the hush
 Of time's profounder revelation.

You have it still,—the inviolate past,
 So pure, so free from gloss or glitter:
 The wine runs fragrant to the last,—
 No dregs to dash its beads with bitter.

Vixi :—thus looking back, you write;
 The best that life can give, you've tasted;
 And drop by drop, translucent, bright,
 You've sipped and drained,—not one is wasted.

'Tis not in retrospect your eye
 Alone sees path-ways pranked with flowers;
 You knew the while the hours flew by,
 They were supremely blissful hours.

The sun slopes slowly westering still,
 Behind you now your shadow lengthens;
 And in the vale beneath the hill,
 The evening's growing purple strengthens.

The morning mists that swam your eye,
 Made large and luminous life's ideal:
 Now,—cut against your clearer sky,
 You comprehend the true,—the real.

Life still has joys that do not pall,
 Love still has hours serene and tender:

—'Tis afternoon, dear . . . that is all!
And this is afternoon's calm splendor.

God grant your cloudless orb may run
Long, golden cycles ere we sever;
Or like the Northern midnight sun,
Circle with light my heart forever!

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING*

In strong contrast was the chamber of another girl less old than this fair young sleeper; a girl whose slight and attenuated frame was alternately tossing in the fever of delirium, or stilled into a heavy stupor as she lay with burning eyes staring vacantly at the wall.

Kind friends watched over her, and loving and skillful hands were laid on her hot and throbbing temples, but she was unconscious of every thing except the pain, which seemed to rack her childish figure beyond endurance. Occasionally a low moan, apparently wrung from her heart, would force itself from her fevered lips, and such stray fragments of words and sentences as "gone," "lost,"—"gone—never—see—any more," would fall upon the ears of the anxious watchers, while the young speaker would clasp her hands and almost throw herself from the bed in her frantic grief. All through the long winter evening she had lain thus, and as the night wore on, Mrs. Esten, the gentle Mistress of Broadfields, bent over

the only child of her dead sister with a shuddering fear that the hours of her young life might be rapidly drawing to their end.

The coming to Broadfields of Camille, or the poor wreck of her, who bore that name, had been as sudden and unlooked-for as the thunderbolt, which crashes through the sunny stillness of a summer morning.

Summoned by the bell, old Gabriel, the butler, had opened the door to find on its threshold a shrinking figure, which, in scarcely intelligible terms, asked to see Mrs. Esten. Had it not been the invariable rule of the household of Broadfields that no applicant should be turned from its ever hospitable doors, the old negro might have been tempted to close them upon a creature, who seemed so strangely out of place, in the portico of that splendid mansion.

As it was, he ushered her into the passage, and drawing a chair, for she seemed too weak to stand, he saw her seated in it, and went off to summon his mistress.

Ever alive to the call of duty, or

* Continued from page 61.

service of the suffering, that stately lady laid aside the devotional volume she was reading, and receiving the soft, fleecy shawl which a young negro girl, who stood near her chair busily engaged in knitting, respectfully wrapped around her shoulders, she followed Gabriel to the passage.

The object of her intended good offices was crouched in the chair just as the old man had left her. When Mrs. Esten came near her, she made a violent effort to rise and go forward to meet her; but the exertion was too great for her feebleness, and sinking down on the floor, she held out a pair of thin hands, sobbing out in a choked voice, "Oh! Aunt Mary, I am dying!—I am Camille."

The hands relaxed, her head dropped, and she lay so rigid and still that Mrs. Esten bent down over her with the agonizing fear that she had found her darling only to lose her forever.

To summon the woman who had taken charge of the girl from her birth until she left for Louisiana, and with her assistance and that of Gabriel, who had carried her many a time in his arms during her bright babyhood, to remove her was the work of a few moments. Long before the family physician, for whom the carriage was at once sent off, could reach Broadfields, Camille had received every attention that affection could dictate, and lay living, but all unconscious, in the luxurious chamber prepared for her.

Her aunt who felt her trouble and responsibility with double force from the fact that owing to the temporary absence of her hus-

band, she was forced to bear them alone, sat by her trying by a hundred sweet and soothing attentions to rouse and comfort her.

The anxiety of Mrs. Esten to know the cause of such a miracle as the appearance of Camille alone and in such miserable plight, in Virginia, when, in accordance with letters received from New Orleans, she should have been under the protection of her husband, and on her way to France, was intense, but she held it in check, and forbore by even a word, to increase the suffering of her beloved and so suddenly restored niece.

Good old Dr. Mason, who had known Camille's mother in her girlhood, and attended her on her early death-bed, looked ominously grave as he listened to Mrs. Esten's account of the girl's coming and condition. Then walking to the bed on which she lay as white as the pillow under her head, he made a minute examination of the case.

His verdict was an attack of brain fever in its worst form, the product of some excessive mental exertion, culminated by fatigue and unusual exposure; then administering the remedies he thought necessary, he took his seat by the bed, and declared his intention of sharing Mrs. Esten's watch through the night. Greatly did the poor girl require care and attention, for from the moment when stung by the coldness of her husband, and wrought up to agony by the knowledge that he did not love her, she had devised the wild expedient of leaving him, her existence had been one of fevered and miserable suffering.

As soon as Loui left her alone on the steamer, she went to her state-room, and remaining there just long enough to write a line to him, she wrapped a thick veil over her face, and gliding along the crowded deck of the boat, easily made her way to the shore without attracting any observation.

As she stood trembling and confused by the babel of sounds around her, she was accosted by an old negro hackman, who asked respectfully if she would have a carriage. Only too thankful to escape before her husband, whose coming she momentarily expected, should arrive, she followed the driver to the hack, sprang in, and in reply to his question "Where to, Miss?" replied, hurriedly, "nowhere—anywhere—I wish to go to Virginia."

"Den I muss take you to the Norfrem train, and it'll be a sharp work to ketch it" was the reply, and lashing his bony horses, the old man incited them to a vigorous gallop.

Thanks to his exertions, he reached the train in plenty of time, and then, either attracted by the refinement of the girl's manner, for the negro is a true aristocrat, and possesses a subtle intuition as to the grades of rank, or struck by her forlorn condition, he volunteered to go to the office and purchase her ticket.

She drew out the little play thing of a porte-monnaie which contained all her worldly wealth, consisting of some few gold pieces which her aunt had given her years before, and handing it to

her sable friend, asked him to buy a through ticket to Richmond.

In a short time he returned with a woebegone countenance, holding in one hand the open pocket-book now completely empty.

"Missus" he said "I'se done paid out all de change, and it wo'nt take you no furder dan dis place marked on de ticket, and my fare ai'nt nowhere!"

"Oh! I am so sorry—it is all I have! Here, Uncle, take this breast-pin, if it will pay you," and she unfastened a small gold brooch set in pearls, from her slender throat.

"Thank 'ee, Missus—dat 'll do. My ole woman will be monsus proud! Ai'nt you got no baggage, Missus?"

"No, Uncle!" was the sad reply, as a sickening feeling of the full loneliness of her condition rushed over the girl's mind. She crushed it as it came, for smarting with the sense of her injuries, she was resolute in her determination to avenge them in the only manner, which seemed feasible, and bracing herself in the strength of her pride, she stood defiant and almost sublime in her powerful exercise of an indomitable will.

Bidding good bye to the old negro, she left him with the forlorn feeling that she had parted with her last friend, and entering the cars, took her seat.

How the day passed by, she did not know; at first the novelty of her position, the intense excitement under which her nerves were strung up to their highest tension, and the determination to carry her undertaking to its end,

supported her and lent her a fictitious strength.

As evening advanced, reaction came on, and under the full weight of her mental and physical misery, she began to sink rapidly, and placing her head on the rail of the seat, she lay in a sort of stupor, whose only consciousness was intense suffering. She was roused by a touch on her shoulder, and looking wearily up, she saw a Conductor, who had paid her several acts of attention since they left New Orleans, standing by her.

"Change cars, Miss!" he said, "and you must be quick, or you'll miss the other train." She drew her shawl round her, and rising tried to walk, but tottered so, that had it not been for the kindness of the Conductor, she would have fallen. He supported her out of the car until revived by the cool, fresh air, she was able to walk alone.

On their way to the other train, she and her guide were obliged to pass a table in the depot, on which coffee and plain refreshments were displayed, and the girl who had not tasted food since the previous day, quickened her steps, lest in the frantic craving for food, which came over her, she should lose all command of herself.

Her humble and unknown friend seated her carefully, and then vanished without one word of farewell.

In a few moments, he appeared outside of the window and clambering up on the car as well as his stoutness, and the nature of the place admitted, he pushed a

good sized parcel, wrapped in paper, through the window, and said heartily:

"I'm an old man, Miss, with a daughter pretty nigh your size, and seeing you had left your basket, and knowing the ways of young ladies, I made bold to offer you a lunch. Take care of" — her thanks, or refusal, and the rest of his sentence were cut short by a snort from the engine, which gave such a jar to the train, that the kindly Conductor, dropped from his insecure perch and came in a fat heap to the floor of the depot.

"I've seen many a rum customer in the twenty years I've been a Conductor," he said, as he picked himself up and stood talking to one of the car hands, who was gazing after the retreating train, "but I never did see a queerer case than that one! She's a lady that's sure, but she ai'nt got any baggage, and she ai'nt got any funds, for I saw her turn her bit of a pocket-book in and out and shake it. And the way she did look at them eatables was enough to make a man feel sick! So young too—she ai'nt as old as my Lizzie, poor child!"

The object of his remarks was in the full enjoyment of his kindness, and after making a hearty meal of the substantial fare, so considerably supplied, her accession of strength was so great that she felt equal to any amount of exertion.

She had need for it all to enable her to get through even the wearisome days, which must elapse before she could reach the station

next to Raleigh, and to which her ticket extended.

What she should do when that point was reached, and she would be unable either to proceed or to stop, she did not know, nor did she care, for in the feeling of desperation which the thought produced, she clasped her hands over her throbbing forehead, and muttered drearily: "What does it matter?—I can die!"

While seated in the cars at Raleigh waiting for them to start Northward, she was attracted by the sight of a stylish carriage which dashed up, and stopped opposite the window on whose sill her head lay. In it sat a lady, whose delicate beauty was enhanced by an air of aristocratic elegance, which would have befitted a queen, and which gave her that unmistakable stamp of high birth, which is so well described by the word "thoroughbred." By her side was an elderly gentleman with the same regally refined appearance, and in addition to it, an expression of gentle and benignant kindness, which affected the heart as sunlight does vegetation.

He took a tenderly affectionate leave of the stately lady, clasped both of her hands in his, and for an instant, seemed like one who pronounces an inspired benediction, then leaving her, he entered the cars and took a seat near Camille. She threw a timid, careless look towards him, and in his noble face there beamed a something so pure and paternal that a vision of her dead father came before her, and for the first time since she left her husband, the

girl felt a great sob at her heart, and her proud young eyes filled up with tears.

The gentleman glanced in the direction in which she sat, and meeting the full gaze of those imploring, tearful eyes, had his attention at once aroused; though with the politeness of a true gentleman, he gave no direct manifestation of the fact. He continued to keep a careful, though seemingly unobservant, watch on the girl, and soon gathered sufficient evidence to warrant the conviction that she was friendless, and in need of protection.

Taking the vacant seat by her, he opened the pages of a magazine, and addressing her in a tone whose fatherly kindness will never be forgotten by those who have been so fortunate as to hear it, he made some remark upon an engraving, which represented the luxuriant scenery of a portion of the Mississippi river.

"The picture is pretty," she said, in reply to his remark, "but not half so pretty as the place itself!"

"Do you know it?" he asked quickly. "Oh! yes, sir," she replied, raising her great eyes to his face, "it is near my home in Louisiana, Belle Espérance." "Belle Espérance your home? Then you must be a La Fronde! If so, my child, I have a double claim on your acquaintance. All the children of the Church in Louisiana belong to me, and I knew both the late Messrs. La Fronde; I baptized Loui the son of the elder gentleman, your cousin, if I mistake not, do you know him?"

"Yes sir," she said, so faintly that her answer was almost inaudible, then added, "but who are you?"

He took her little trembling hand, for she seemed as if she was about to faint, and in the tone one uses in dealing with a sick child, he told his name.

A noble name at all times, and one about which unnumbered blessings have clustered; destined in the course of a few turning years to grow so great, that fame should make it a household word in all the length and breadth of the land, and then, in the full exercise of its usefulness and glory, to be translated to heaven, and written in letters of living flame in the Lamb's book of life!

To the heart-sick girl at his side, he seemed like some guardian angel, whom heaven had sent in her extreme need, and under the influence of his sacred office and kindly paternal manner, she was won to a confidence as full as it was earnestly given.

He looked very grave as she told of her abandonment of her husband, but seeing that the poor child was sinking under her physical and mental sufferings, he considerably forebore to add to them by any animadversions on her conduct.

"My child," he said, "you are too young, and at present, too ill to act for yourself. You must let me act for you and obey me as if I were your father. I know your relations in Louisiana personally, and those in Virginia by reputation, and I shall act in their behalf. Besides you are a baptized member of our Mother, the

Church, and as such are my especial care as a lamb of Christ's fold.

"Now be a good girl, stop thinking, and give that tired little head some rest. From the way in which the train is creeping, we will not reach Richmond until tomorrow morning. Go to sleep; I will make you a pillow of my shawl, and wake you when you get to Richmond, I stop there, so I can place you on the James River Boat which will take you direct to the landing next to your uncle's residence."

"I will try to do as you tell me, sir," she said, humbly, "but I fear I cannot sleep; my eye-balls burn so badly that I cannot keep the lids down on them."

"I think we can seal them, and manage to secure sleep, notwithstanding the burning," he said, pleasantly. "Take this; it is not very bad!"

She swallowed submissively, the drops he had counted from a tiny vial, which he took from his pocket, closed her eyes, and in a few moments was fast asleep.

Next day when they reached Richmond and her friend woke her, it was some moments before Camille could collect herself sufficiently to realize her position, or even know where she was. Conducting her to a hack, her kind protector took her to the James River steamboat, and placing her under the special care of its captain, bade her farewell.

"I will write to you as soon as I reach home, and when you are equal to the effort, you must let me hear from you. And take this as my parting admonition, and

make it the guiding rule of your life: never engage in any plan of action upon which you cannot ask God's blessing. Farewell, my child," and he laid his hands upon her drooping head, "God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, bless, preserve and keep thee. The Lord be gracious unto thee, and give thee peace, both now and evermore!"

She caught the sacred hands as they were removed from her head, and imprinted a kiss upon them, then raising her eyes all full of tears, with one eloquent look she gave the thanks which her sobs would not permit her to speak.

Weak, and still drowsy from the effects of the anodyne she had taken, Camille willingly took the advice of the polite stewardess, and lay down until the boat should reach the landing, which was about three miles from Broadfields.

Arriving there in the early afternoon, she was escorted by the captain to the shanty upon the wharf, which afforded a nominal shelter for such as might be obliged to wait the coming and going of the boat. The man in attendance assured her that the hack, which ran regularly from the landing, was then due and must soon arrive, and she sat shivering down to await it. It was so long in coming, and she was so utterly wretched in the feeling of miserable unrest which a fever now raging upon her, produced, that she formed the desperate resolution of walking to her uncle's house.

Obtaining some general directions as to her route, she set out,

and before she had gone very far, the storm which had been impending all day, came down in its wintry fury. On she toiled in her misery, upheld by her inordinate strength of will, and protected by that Hand which shields the lily from the blast, until she was met by the Professor, who so gently guided her to Broadfields, and then at her frantic entreaty left her there alone.

Drearly passed the night to Mrs. Esten and Dr. Mason as they kept their anxious watch over the girl's bed. Her old nurse sat at the foot, moaning occasionally, and muttering disjointed sentences to herself, while in one hand she held the two cold little feet of her nursling, and rubbed them gently with the other, in her efforts to restore their almost suspended animation.

Suddenly, Dr. Mason, who had been looking fixedly in Camille's face, rose and bent over her, while with fingers pressed tightly on her wrist, he tried to count its scarcely perceptible pulsations.

"Missus," said the old nurse, "pears to me de chile's feet is too cold to be nat'ral, and, bless the Marster, dere's old Banshee a yelping! dat hound ain't howled dat way sence de night Miss Lucy died, and she ain't a howling fur nothing!"

Her mistress had risen, and with a face as white as the cap she wore, stood with hands crossed on her bosom, rigid in prayer.

A grey, ashen shadow fell over the little face looking so childish in the great masses of hair which had been loosened by the tossings of delirium; a light spasm quiv-

ered across the thin, delicate features, and then passed off and left them motionless. The physician laid his ear close to her mouth for an instant, and then

opened her night-dress and laid his hand upon her heart. "Give me a mirror," he said, "Quick! quick!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOSEIN.

I.

The Caliph Yezid heard the news and bade his couriers fly,
 The Emir Obeid-Allah tell forthwith to Cufa hie
 To seize the castle and the town, and strike with sword and brand
 Till every vestige hath been swept of Hosein's daring band,
 That this Mahomet's bold grand-son must speedily be crushed,
 That all who dared to breathe his name should by the sword be hushed.
 Then Obeid-Allah quickly came, sent Shamar and Amar
 And told them spare nor old nor young but bloody make the war.

II.

Hosein, the last of Ali's sons, on Cufa's gory plain
 Was quickly pent up with his band—last of a mighty train—
 A remnant of those gallant men who, weary, worn and faint,
 Had fallen round him, one by one, yet breathed not one complaint;
 For as the Prophet's standard waved, the cry was heard from all:
 "If so it is great Allah's will, we will united fall;
 Let the usurper gain the day, we'll let his minions know
 We die to save the noblest Cause for which our blood can flow."

III.

Then Shamar pressed upon the left and Amar on the right,
 As though their myrmidons would crush brave Hosein with their might;
 But that devoted little band fought on and wavered not,
 And as they fell they still cried out, "Be not our Cause forgot,
 For if they listen not on earth in Heaven we will be heard,
 Live with your rights, or die for them, and murmur not a word;
 For e'en should every soldier fall their blood will be the seed
 From which our Cause will bloom again and finally succeed!"

IV.

At last an arrow pierced the heart of Hosein's little son,
 And when the father's wild despair beheld the life-tide run
 He caught it madly in his palm, then threw it toward the sky
 And called for vengeance, solemnly, for vengeance from on High

When lo ! his little nephew fell, pierced by an arrow's dart ;
 Then Hosein bowed his head and said, " Break, break my aching heart !
 O ! Allah, pardon my despair, more grief put on me still,
 I place my Cause and Faith in Thee and bow me to Thy will"

V.

They fell, those gallant few—they fell !—but did not fall in vain !
 They gave their lives up for a Cause, that could not thus be slain.
 Though o'er twelve hundred years have passed, the Cause of Hosein lives,
 And to the land of Persia still, the same faith now it gives ;
 While Yezid's line has passed away and mouldered into dust,
 The sword, too, that did strike the Cause, has erumbled into rust :
 Yet still the star of Hosein shines as bright as it did then,
 For when *Fanaticism* dies *Justice* will rise again !

VI.

Though Yezid lived so long ago, more Yezids still remain,
 And though their passions rule their hour, their labor is in vain ;
 Success may seem to crown their work and crush the noble few,
 But still a Cause, baptized in blood, will live and conquer, too ;
 For men its blessings ne'er can prize, until they've felt the rod,
 Though they may suffer, still they'll win if they place faith in God,
 For every battle for the right, lost when 'twas nobly fought,
 The Cause was won in after days—in God's good time 'twas wrought.

MEMPHIS, TENN., 1867.

DOWN INTO DEVONSHIRE.*

Upon the front of one of the houses facing the sea, and removed from it by a narrow space of ground, known as *the Fortfield*, the stranger sees with some astonishment the double-necked eagle of Russia heraldically displayed. The amiable author of the Guide Book gives the explanation of this imperial device with a minuteness of particularity that might befit the most imposing event of modern times. "At three in the morning of Tuesday the eleventh of December," (1688) writes Lord Macauley in record-

* Continued from page 16.

ing the flight of James the Second, the King rose, etc., etc., etc.—"On Friday, the 24th of June, 1831, in six carriages and four," says our Sidmouth chronicler, "at half-past seven in the evening, (as I see by my diary) the Grand Duchess Helen of Russia, wife of Michael, brother to the then Emperor, arrived for a three months' sojourn at Sidmouth, and took up her residence at No. 8, Fortfield Terrace." The courier of St. Petersburg has excited the childish admiration of many of us in the circus by riding four fiery steeds at one and the same time, but his

illustrious country-woman, the Grand Duchess Helen, entering Sidmouth "in six carriages and four," was certainly a far more wonderful sight. The Countess Nesselrode, who was one of the attendants of the Grand Duchess, was, it seems, not altogether equal to the proper management of *one* animal, for riding out one day on a mare, which she had stooped from her dizzy social eminence to hire from a Sidmouth livery stable, the mare shied and threw her Lady-ship, and, by some strange perversion of the Sidmouth people, was ennobled for her bad conduct, and went afterwards, as long as she lived, by the name of "The Countess."—These and other incidents of the Grand Duchess's sojourn—levees and salutes and boatings—are narrated with delightful naïveté and the chapter closes with the fact that "at seven o'clock in the morning, of Wednesday, the 24th of August, 1831" (here the record follows very closely the hegira of James) the farewell guns were fired which announced the Duchess's departure. The light shed by this *étoile du Nord* upon the little Devonshire town lingered long around No. 8, Fortfield Terrace, and all through the Crimean war the double-necked eagle kept his place where he still remains, having never moulted a feather.

Not far off from the Fortfield is Wolbrook Glen, where lived for some time, and where died the Duke of Kent, father of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria. Upon his arrival in the town, he was waited upon by some of the principal inhabitants desirous of paying

proper respect to a member of the Royal Family, and one of the visitors expressed the hope "that his Lordship and Mrs. Kent were well," a story which our guide, philosopher and friend fears is "too good to be true." About another story connected with the Duke's residence in Sidmouth, there is less doubt, and the incident is important because, had it terminated otherwise than it did, it might have affected the happiness of millions and the destinies of empire. The infant Princess lay asleep near a window of the nursery one day when some idle boys, who had been shooting sparrows in a field adjacent to the house, fired a random shot which broke the panes and entered the opposite wall of the apartment, passing directly over the Princess' head. In this child were centered the hopes of England. Our guide, however, does not dwell upon the incident, but goes on to tell us of a conversation he held "on the 23rd of March, 1864," with a retired and venerable hair-dresser of Sidmouth concerning the last shaving operation the Duke ever underwent, which was performed two days before his death, and for which, in consequence of the confusion caused by this sad occurrence, the hair-dresser never applied to be paid*.

* It is a little remarkable that since her elevation to the throne Her Majesty should never have once visited the scene of her infancy, and the house in which, as an infant Princess she made so narrow an escape. Very lately she has erected in the parish church of Sidmouth a beautiful memorial window to her father, and it is to be regretted that she did not make this the occasion of a Royal visit to the town, as it would have afforded the author of the Guide Book the opportunity of bringing out a new edition of his work, with all the incidents attending so majestic a journey.

The peak on the eastern side of the town, which is known as "Salcombe Hill," rises directly above the channel to the height of 497 feet, and from it on a clear day, points along the coast may be discerned at a distance of twenty miles. In making the ascent, the pedestrian passes directly by a tall flag-staff which has been erected by a grateful Sidmouth in compliment to a former citizen of the town, one Mr. Fish, whose greatest benefaction would appear to have been that for a period of more than thirty years, he threw open to the public, on Monday afternoons, his beautiful grounds and his yet more attractive house, which was a museum of rare and costly articles, gems, pictures, cabinets, carvings, enamels, that visitors never tired of examining.— This amiable virtuoso, who must be considered a rather "queer Fish," was said to have sprung from a very humble origin, and one day overhearing some very ill-bred person, a Monday loungee through his establishment, refer to this fact in terms that were by no means complimentary, he became misanthropic and determined to shut up his mansion forever afterwards.* He lived for some years all alone with his intaglios and china, seeing nobody, while Sidmouth as a watering-

* Mr. Fish had not the pride of birth that belonged to the late eminent Lord St. Leonards. When this nobleman, long distinguished as Sir Edward Sugden, and made Lord High Chancellor for his great legal learning and ability, was created a peer, it became necessary for him to assume a coat of arms, and upon being asked by the Herald for his armorial bearings, he said, "my father was a hairdresser, let me have three women's heads of hair," and these were accordingly placed on the St. Leonards escutcheon.

place was being eclipsed by its neighbor Torquay, among other reasons, perhaps, because the Monday afternoons had lost their charm in losing their *virtu*; and then went to London, where he died a few years ago, leaving "Knowle Cottage" and its contents to a worthy solicitor who makes it only an occasional place of residence.

A drive of seven miles by the highway, or a walk of a shorter distance across the hills, takes one from Sidmouth to a very pleasing and drowsy little hamlet called Ottery St. Mary. One does not see it until one comes directly upon it, and we might fancy it to escape visitation in a cavalry raid through Devonshire, should such a thing ever occur, by reason of its not being observed. It lies at the head of the valley of the Otter, a stream about equal in length and volume to the Sid, and is surrounded by rising ground which in one direction reaches a considerable elevation and commands a view, a far away and hazy view, of the twin towers of Exeter Cathedral. The one hundred and twenty houses, be the same more or less, with their curtelages and appurtenances, which make up Ottery, and the fine old church which gives it the additional name of St. Mary were, during the year 1645, alternately in the possession of the King and the Parliament, and the Puritan forces of Sir Thomas Fairfax remained here for some little time, probably for repose for which the place would seem favorable. The trade of the town did not strike me as being very considerable, and seemed to con-

sist chiefly in little white china mugs, on which was baked a tolerable picture of the church, and in photographs of the same, of all sizes, and representing the edifice as seen from every possible direction; and the only real importance of Ottery, so far as I could judge, lay in its furnishing a ready rhyme to its pottery for another edition of the child's "Book of nonsense."

The Church of St. Mary has been recently restored in the most glowing style of chromo-embellishment, and internally it is as rich as externally it is picturesque. The floor is of Minton tiling, and the groined work of the roof is in gilding and colors, and the windows are of exquisitely painted glass, and there is a Lady Chapel as beautiful as any revivalist of Mariolatry could desire, and a baptismal font sculptured in high relief stands in one of its aisles. If the Parliamentary soldiers had found it in this condition of decoration they would have entered *con amore* upon the business of its defacement, but most probably its interior was never so profusely ornamented as at the present day. Its irregular walls and towers have undergone little change, perhaps, for centuries, and doubtless looked just as venerable as they now do when they reflected the glare of the beacon-fires which flamed from the heights above Sidmouth to give warning of the Spanish Armada.

It was not the decoration of the Church within, executed, as this had been, in strict accordance with ecclesiological requirement, that most interested me in walk-

ing through it, but rather the mural tablets to the memory of the dead of many generations.— Among the more modern memorials was one to the family of Coleridge, inscribed with the names of the father and mother of the poet, and of their ten children, including that of the great Samuel Taylor himself, though he lies buried at Highgate. A very quaint old epitaph in verse records the early death of a young lady of rare personal charms and accomplishments who was snatched away almost in the very hour of her espousals, two hundred and fifty years ago—a sorrowful fate that Time is constantly repeating for poets to bewail in elegiac numbers.

Thus runs the inscription—

If Wealth, Wit, Bewtie, youth of modest mirth
 Could hire, persuade, Intice, prolong,
 Beguile
 Death's fatall Dart, this fading flowre
 on earth
 Might yet unquailde have flourished
 A while;
 But mirth, youth, Bewtie, Wit nor
 wealth nor all
 Can stay or once delay when Death
 doth call.
 No sooner was she To a loving mate
 From carefull parents solemlie be-
 queathed
 The new Alliance scarce congratulate,
 But she from him, them, all was
 straight bereaved,
 Slipping from Bridall feast to Funerall
 here
 She soon fell sicke, expirde, lies buried
 here.
 O Death thou mightst have waited in
 the field
 On murdring canon, wounding Sworde
 and Spear
 Or there where fearful passengers doe
 yeld
 At Everie Surge each blast of winde
 doth rear
 In Stabbing Taverns or Infected Towns,
 On lothsome prisons or on princes'
 frowns :

There not unlookte for many a one
 abides
 Thy Direfull Summons. But a Nup-
 tiall feast
 Needs not thy grimme Attendance:
 mayden brides
 In strength and flower of age thou
 mightst let rest.
 With wings so weak mortality doth
 fly
 In height of flight Death strikes, we
 fall and dy.

These verses are marked with the date, 1618, which places the mortuary event just two years after the death of Shakspeare.— There is a wonderful power and significance, almost Shaksperian, in the lines—

*In stabbing Taverns or Infected Towns,
 On lothsome prisons or on princes' frowns.*

The mind reverts to the time when all men wore arms for self-defence, and the brawl at the inn made them draw *a l' instant*; before Jenner had rescued the cities from the periodical desolation of the small-pox, and the plague itself was yet dreaded in England as a visitant; before Howard had entered on his mission of mercy to ameliorate the condition of the wretched occupants of the jails, and when the fate of Sir Thomas More, and the fall of Wolsey were still freshly remembered.

Another tablet, of a date not far removed from that of the foregoing, recites the sad mischance of a father and his son dying on the same day, and being buried in the same grave. After telling us of the virtues of the father and the youthful promise of the son, the elegist continues—

And then one age, one very day
 Tooke both the Sire and Sone away
 As if time for the Sire and Sone

As much as time could doe, had donne,
*Making them live and die uneven
 And yet to live as twyns in Heaven.*

Around the Church “the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep” beneath crumbling grave-stones which are interspersed with monuments of our own time. One of these near the entrance struck me by the very equivocal meaning of its inscription. It was a simple but very neat and handsomely graven head-stone newly erected, bearing only the name of him who lay buried under it, the dates of his birth and death, and this text from St. John—

“If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.”

I could not help remarking to my companion, that unless this line had been carved above the deceased by his own request, he would appear to have been an incorrigible sinner, when our cicerone, a very civil and intelligent person, observed that it was the tomb of his father, and that it being the correct thing to have a verse of Scripture on the tomb, this had been chosen by the family as being probably as good as another, and doubtless as “coming convenient” in the opening verses of the Morning and Evening Service in the Book of Common Prayer. There was nothing of course to be said in apology for my unfortunate remark, but I was greatly relieved of my mental distress at having made it by our cicerone’s saying that the same thing had been suggested by previous visitors, and by the fact that it had evidently given him no pain.

As in duty bound, I brought away with me a six-penny photograph of the Church, but I retain a prettier picture in my memory of the venerable building, and the gleaming marbles and deep grasses of the burial ground, and the silent, clean little village in the midst of which it stands, and the lights and shadows over all. Exeter Cathedral is a far more stately structure, the valley of the Exe as seen from its turrets is more extended than that of the Otter, and Exeter itself, with its memories of Charles Martyr and Cromwell and Charles Merry Monarch and William of Orange, is not to be compared for interest with the obscure hamlet of Ottery, but there is something of pleasant surprise in coming upon a fine old building outside the beaten track of ordinary travel that makes its impression even stronger than is often produced by those objects "which every tourist ought to see."

There were other places in the neighborhood of Sidmouth to which I should have made pedestrian excursions had the weather continued as fine as on the day of my walk to Ottery, but the rains began to descend, and the winds furiously to blow again, and for the residue of my sojourn in the town I was compelled to remain mostly within doors. The last sight I had of the channel was a picture of the elements in their

wrath, the waves "rearing their monstrous heads," and the clouds stooping down to break against them, while the viewless winds almost made themselves visible as they swayed to the earth the naked branches of the trees and drove the drifting scuds of the tempest before them. Howling they went over the hills to Honiton where a few disconsolate-looking people gathered round the fire of the sitting-room at the station, waiting for the fast train to London. It was a drenched and dripping Devonshire that we saw through the pouring rain, as the distant whistle of the locomotive and the loud, sharp bell of the station-master brought us to the platform. Punctual to its time, unheeding wind or weather, fluttering its white flag of steam, the train moved with the speed and the roar of the storm towards us. Soft, admirable upholsteries of carpet and cushion; a blur of landscape through window-panes, across which the rain-drops dashed in horizontal lines; a leader in the Times; sandwiches; a cigar smoked in the solitude of the first-class in defiance of a possible fine of forty shillings; distempered dreams of ship-wreck;—such things engaged me till all at once there was total darkness at 3 p. m., or darkness only mitigated by the many-sprinkled gas-lights of London.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LOVE.

Vague wishes
Unexpressed—
Strange fancies—
Sweet unrest,

That's Love!

Much musing—
Sudden sighs—
Bright blushes—
Downcast eyes,

That's Love!

Verse-making—
Solitude—
Nights sleepless—
Little food,

That's Love!

Faint whispers—
Answers low—
Head throbbing—
Heart aglow,

That's Love!

Hands captured—
Stolen kiss—
Half shrinking,
Trembling bliss,

That's Love!

Rosy hours,
Swiftly whirled,
Too happy
For this world!

That's Love!

Fierce quarrel—
Frantic fears—
Wild anguish—
Bitter tears,

That's Love!

Chance meeting—
Full redress—
Ecstatic
Happiness,

That's Love!

Life together!—
Death apart!—
Two bodies—
One heart,

That's Love

New Heaven—
Under sky—
We wedded—
You and I,

THAT'S LOVE!

AUNT ABBY, THE IRREPRESSIBLE.

She was as fearless under fire as she was in the use of her tongue, and more than one officer has testified to the coolness with which she would walk through the trenches during the fearful bombardment of Petersburg; and she has frequently been known to go under a heavy fire to carry water to our wounded. On one occasion an officer met her coolly walking down the road leading two horses by their bridles, with the bullets whistling round her like hail.

"My God! old lady" he ex-

claimed, "what are you doing here?"

"I'm a taking Colonel McRae's and Captain Young's horses to 'em. They jumped off 'em and turned 'em into the yard, while they run through the bushes down yonder to whar the Yankee's begun a firing on our boys; and when they opened on 'em with the cannon, and the shells begun to 'bust round headquarters, these here foolish horses got sorter cantankerous, so I 'cotch 'em by the bridles, and as they'd 'er 'bin killed mabe if I left 'em up yon-

der, I'm gwine to take 'em down to whar the boys is under cover."

The officer, who told the story said she was as cool as though she was leading the horses to water on a summer's day at home; and only got excited and used expressions more forcible than elegant when they, snorting and jerking back at the whiz of every shell, came near stepping on her. She said the woman at the house had run into the cellar when the bombardment began, and called to her to come in too, "but I told her I was a gwine to carry them thar horses to ther owners,—for mabe they'd need 'em yet a'fore the day was over."

She was on her way to General Lee's army when she heard of the evacuation of Richmond, and Mr. Davis' arrival at Greensboro'. "I could'nt work my way through to Gin'ral Lee 'afore he give up under that thar apple-tree, so I said to the boys; boys, I'm a gwine to jine President Davis since I can't git to Gin'ral Lee; do you all take to the bushes so as not to git kitched by the Yankees, and I'll foot it down the railroad track. One on 'em told me to be sure when I got in sight of the inemy, to raise my right hand, 'and now Aunt Abby,' say he, 'don't you sass 'em none 'cause they ai'nt like us, and would as lieve shoot an old woman as not.'" "

"When I seed 'em, honey, I did raise my right hand, but Lord bless your soul it was the heaviest lift ever I tried, it seemed like 't was made o' lead and had a hundred pound weight hung on the eend o' my fingers. But I knowed it was'nt my hand, but

my heart that was so heavy, and I said to myself, Now, Abby House says, I there ain't a grain o' use in telling of you to keep a civil tonguc in your head if you's got to talk to Yankees; I knows it ain't your natur, so I tells you insted to keep a dumb oue thar.

And I did, I walked through ten mile o' 'em, honey, and never said nar'er a word. I thought I should 'er choked, for when they 'cussed Jeff. Davis, the words kep'er rising up in my throat, and I thought they would come out any how; but I kep'er wiping of my hand over my mouth and a doing like I was a taking off 'em out and a flinging of 'em behind me at 'em, and that sorter eased my mind like."

She got to Greensboro in time to see Mr. Davis before he left there; and staid by the train in which he was until it left. "I cook-ed the last mouthful o' vittils he eat in North Car'lina, and he shuck hands with me when he started, and said, 'good bye, Aunt Abby, you are true grit, and stick to your friends to the last, but's no more than I thought you'd do.'" "

Aunt Abby arrived in Raleigh by the first train that came from Greensboro' after Sherman had possession of the town. When she got out at the depot a Yankee soldier, standing on the platform seeing an old woman stumbling along loaded down with bags and bundles, said to her good naturedly;

"Hand up your traps, my grand-mother, and give us your hand, and I'll help you up these steps."

"No you won't" was her abrupt reply. "I raised my right hand once to a whole army of ye, but I'll never give it willingly to any *one* on you."

She did not escape the fate of most dwellers in the track of the "great destroyer," and lost her "crap critter" which was "picked up" by Sherman's bummers. As fearlessly as she had heretofore sought General Lee and President Davis, she now marched into the office of the Provost Marshal and demanded the surrender of her property.

"I've come here to git back my crap critter that some 'er your men has stole from me," was her abrupt address to the official who sat in state in the room so lately vacated by Governor Vance.

"And pray, Madam, what is a crap critter?" said he, politely offering her a chair.

"No, I'm not gwine to set down in this here office till them as oughter be here, is back whar they belongs," said she contemptuously pushing the chair aside. "I've sot here many a time with Governor Vance and your betters, and had many a talk with 'em, but I wants nothing from you but my crap critter that was stole Thursday's a week ago by your thievish soldiers."

"Well, Madam, if you will tell me what a crap critter is, and where I am to look for it, I will do my best to have it restored to you whatever it may be."

"Where are you to look for it? Why look in your own cattle pens where you won't find much that hai'nt been stole."

"Ah I understand now, its a

cow that you've lost; can you identify it?"

"Lord sakes, who but a Yankee ever heard tell o' tending of a crap with a cow; It's a mule, man that I'm arter, not a cow."

The Provost Marshal, who was quite equal to Aunt Abby, and told of his interview with her afterward asking if there were "many more sich" in the State, directed her to the proper officer, and told her if she could not find her own "crap critter" she might take her choice of any of those in the yard where the stolen animals were kept."

"I expected," he said afterward, "that she would be at least a little mollified by my polite deportment, and even ventured to hope when I added, that if she liked to do so, she could take two mules in the place of her "crap critter," that she'd think I was not, in spite of my blue coat, unworthy to sit in the seat of the departed Zebulon. Instead of which, she turned on me with, 'Ah! easy comes and easy goes; but you need'nt think to make up for stealing from one by giving to another, I'll have nothing from ye but my own crap critter.'"

Her own crap critter, however, could not be found among the stolen mules, and after much persuasion she was induced, on the representation of the Provost Marshal, that she could return it when it was called for, to pick out another mule. He pointed out one that he thought the best in the lot, but she rejected it, and finally selected one of the worst, and replied, when asked, why she did not take a better one—

"I'm not gwine to be beholden to no hatched-faced Yankee among ye for nothing. Some 'on ye tuck my crap critter, and if ye can't give hit back to me, I'll take one as nigh hit's vally as I can git, and that's this here one."

"All right, old lady, take the one that suits you best, Jeff. Davis himself could'nt say more if he was President of the United States."

"And that he'll never be-mean hisself to be," she replied indignantly, "for he never had an ongentlemanly thought, or did an ongentlemanly act in his life, and being *President* of the United States ain't no gentlemanly calling now, since rail-splitters and tailors is tuck it up."

Just before she got up to leave me a gentleman who had frequently seen her in the trenches at Petersburg, came in, and recognizing her, spoke to her, but he had to recall to her memory the time and place where he had last seen her, before she could recollect him.

"O yes, I riccolecks you now," she said at length, but you see, you men all looks so different in your 'store close' from what you did in your dirty old grey jackets in them trenches, that I don't know none on ye at first."

"Don't you think, Aunt Abby," said I, "that they looked a great deal better in their grey uniforms than they do in their store clothes?"

"I don't know about that, honey, some on 'em was monstrous smoky and ragged, I can tell you; you never seed 'em at their worst as I did, they spruced up a sight

when they come home, to what they was in camp, but if they did'nt look better, they felt a long sight better than they does now, or ever will as long as these blue coats is a swarming over the country like the plague of hopper-grasses in the scripiter. But I've got to see lawyer Rogers 'afore night and its 'bout time I was gwine down town. You jest do what I tells you 'bout writing to Governor Vance, and axing him 'bout that letter he 'gin me to Gin'ral Lee, and told me not to let nobody laugh at. He read it to me, but I disremember what was in it: I only knows that Gin'ral Lee said it was a mighty smart letter, and seemed powerful sorry he could'nt let Marcellus stay at home that time cause he was afeard of the example."

I *did* write to Gov. Vance, and his reply was so characteristic of him, General Lee, and Aunt Abby, that I will close her story with the following extract from his letter.

"On one occasion Aunt Abby came to me and said her nephew Marcellus was in the hospital at Richmond, and 'was gwine to die sure ef he did'nt git away from thar to whar somebody could nuss him;' and promised me solemnly that if I would get him a sick furlough for thirty days, that she would return him at the end of the time, *dead or alive!* Upon this I applied for the furlough, and gave my personal pledge that he should promptly return. She set off to Richmond with my letter, and soon Aunt Abby and Marcellus came home rejoicing. It had all passed out

of my mind, when lo! at the end of *sixty* days into my office popped Aunt Abby. She took a seat and stuck her feet up on the fender without a word being spoken.

"Well," said I, "you took Marcellus back did'nt you?"

"No I did'nt" said she, "that child's got the wust coff ever you seed, and I am come to git you to write 'em that he aint able to go back."

"The mischief you have! How do I know that?"

"Why *I* tell ye so; do you dare to 'spute my word?"

"Well but *I* don't know it; *I've* not seen him, and I can't certify to anything which is not within my own knowledge. And besides, I'm not a doctor."

"But they'll believe anything you tell 'em."

"Yes, but I can't tell them a lie."

"It *taint* no lie I tell ye! If you could see that boy coff it would make you sick! Shut up with your foolishness and jest write to 'em as I tell ye; tell 'em *I* say he aint fitten for to go back."

"Well, well" said I in despair, "who shall I write to?"

"Write to Gin'ral Lee, I don't want no botherment with none of them officers."

"I scized a pen and wrote about as follows:"

"GENERAL: The ubiquitous, indefatigable and inevitable Mrs. House will hand you this. She asks me to say, that *she* says, that her nephew Marcellus of — regiment, N. C. T's. now at home, thirty days over his leave, is still unable to return to duty. She says he has a most distressing

"coff." I have not graduated in medicine, nor have I seen this patient, but judging from the symptoms as detailed by Mrs. House, I venture the opinion that Marcellus, like his great namesake, has his thoughts "bent on peace." I fear that the air here is too far South for his lungs, and earnestly recommend that more salubrious atmosphere of the Rappahannock; and that when comfortably established there, he be made to take for his "koff" a compound of sulphur, saltpetre and charcoal, to be copiously administered by inhalation.

I should be happy to learn the result of this prescription, and have the honor to be General,

Your ob't. serv't.

Z. B. VANCE."

"I read this letter over to her in a loud and pompous tone. She was delighted with it, and slapped me on the shoulder saying, "Lord bless ye, honey, that's it, why could'nt you a done that at fust without all this foolishness?"

As I folded and addressed the letter, I said to her, that there were many people in the army who did'nt like me, and perhaps some of them would make fun of my letter, and if so, she must let me know.

"Just let 'em *dar* to laugh at it" said she, and with many thanks she left me. In a couple of weeks she came into my office again with a very long face, indeed.

"What luck, Aunt Abby?" said I, "did you get Marcellus excused?"

"Lord bless you, honey, it never done a grain o' good; I carried

your letter to Gin'ral Lee, who "No" said she, "he begun to read it, but they tuck him, Lord laugh wonst, but I told him 'to bless your heart, they took that dry that up,' and he read it child back jist the same as if you through very solemn, and said it had'nt 'er writ that letter!" was a mighty smart letter."

I expressed my concern, of course, and added, "I hope Gen. Lee did'nt make fun of my letter, did he?"

(CONCLUDED.)

SONNET.

DEDICATED TO JAMES BARRON HOPE.

Poets are priests whose teachings never die;
 Empurpled Kings who sit on ivory thrones,
 With laurels crowned and sweeping harps, whose tones
 Are grand as thunders in the storm-rent sky.
 Their souls are fed with beauty as were Jews
 With manna; their thoughts sad as Æolian
 Strains in midnight bowers; sweet as nectared dew
 By roses wept or blooms Magnolian.
 Their works like to Cathedrals dim and old,
 Where music swells and dies in tones divine,
 Rich in Mosaics of most rare design,
 With pictured oriels, and lamps of gold
 Which, from their frescoed domes, like great stars shine
 Through clouds of incense from high altars rolled!

NORFOLK, VA.

TWELVE MONTHS IN SPAIN*

A RAMBLE ABOUT SEVILLE.

EXTRACT FROM MY JOURNAL.

“April 25, 185—. Up early—before the dappled dawn. Found the streets already thronged and noisy with the busy hum of men. While London and Paris are yet buried in sleep, Seville is wide awake and all astir. But people don't move here, even in the fresh, breezy air of morning, with a *rush*, as if life or fortune were in every step, like they do in our own cities. The face is quiet and regular, more like curiosity seekers than men of business. *The Cigarreras*, hastening to the *Fabrica de Tabacos* from an over-revel, were the briskest walkers I saw. The Churches all open, inviting the devout to matins. Noticed that almost everybody went into a church, were it but for a few moments—a salutary preparation for the day's work. All religious service more impressive at this early hour, than after you have looked into the garish eye of day, and got though never so lightly soiled with the world's dust. Met a great many herds of goats in the streets. The manner of procedure is curious: they pause before a door, when a man or woman will come out with a cup or other vessel, which the goatherd takes, seizes one of the goats, and having filled the vessel with milk; at a given signal the herd takes up the line of march in regular order to the next customer. So you may see them, herd after

herd, going from street to street, over the whole city, supplying the inhabitants with milk, which, they say, a Spaniard is fond of drinking the first thing in the morning, unstrained fresh and warm from the udder. Goat's milk is commonly used. Cow milk is rare in Seville, though quite plentiful in Madrid. But this method of furnishing the supply of milk to the customers, one hardly knows whether to be more pleased with than annoyed at—pleased with the pastoral aspect it gives the city—annoyed at having to make your way through flocks of goats and clouds of goatish odors.

Stepped into many of the stores and shops, which had their doors opened and their wares displayed early. Was struck here, as elsewhere, with the apparent indifference of this class to selling their goods. They are polite enough—in fact it is an excess of politeness which keeps them back from pressing solicitations upon you—they must exchange long and formal salutations with you—they must pass a great many enquiries—as if the business of buying or selling were altogether secondary to that of talking. They show you articles with an air that seems to say they don't care whether you like them or not—shrug their shoulders and then go on chatting again. They preserve here the eastern habit of having the different trades in streets appropriated to themselves. Noticed another thing.—Many of the shops are kept by

* Continued from page 53.

young women. This is an innovation, brought from France, where women are generally better educated than men, and do much of what is usually considered men's work, book-keeping, &c.—In Spain anciently the rule was the reverse, and is so yet to a large extent, outside of Madrid, where French manners have nearly overrun old Spanish ideas and habits. Whether it be that the hot blood of the Spanish women will really not bear exposure to contact with the other sex, or whether it be a pure relic of Moorish jealousy, it is certain they are kept much in the back-ground of society, educated only in the simple duties of the household and sharply watched when abroad. It is a pleasing change, this that they are beginning at Seville, and adds to the attractiveness, and the profits, too, of their shops.

Went through several of their markets—found them well-kept and well-supplied with excellent meats, fish of all kinds, game of all kinds, vegetables of all kinds—very much like good markets all over the world, only the array of luscious summer fruits and rich-colored flowers is scarcely surpassed in all the world besides.

Wandering beyond the walls of the city, through the gates of which long processions of goats, having done their daily task inside, were pouring in a continuous stream to browse in the neighboring valleys and on the neighboring hills, I was shown for the first time the QUEMADESO!! Horrid name! horrid spot! to the gentle manners and tolerant ideas of the nineteenth century! It is a

square platform of granite on the open plain just outside the city walls, where the victims of the Inquisition were burnt, and the last act in the terrible tragedy of the *auto de fé* was celebrated.—Mr. Ford says that this Tribunal, from its establishment at Seville in 1481 to 1808, when the invasion of Napoleon summarily and effectually put an end to its refined cruelties, burnt alive 34,612 persons, and imprisoned 288,109; the goods and chattels of each victim being first duly confiscated. I have no means of verifying the accuracy of these figures. We know only that Protestantism, at its high tide in the sixteenth century, imminently threatened Spain; and we may well suppose that the Inquisition and Philip II, who met it with an amount of resistance which it encountered nowhere else, were unsparing. This is conceded on all hands. The Reformation in Spain came face to face with a foe worthy of its steel—equally true to convictions, equally intense in enthusiasm, equally unselfish in sacrifices, equally courageous in doing or in dying. The result we know; and may deplore or rejoice at, as we lean to one side or the other of the controversy, which has yet unhappily come down to us. But the whole thing, in its relation to existing sentiment in Spain, belongs to the past. Mr. Ford, however, says, that Spaniards live in continual apprehension of a re-establishment of the Inquisition, and asserts that the spirit of the institution still survives. I have not found it so: except, in the general sense, that

the spirit of persecution inherently exists in all sects. True, there is no toleration by law in Spain, for the plain reason that everybody is Catholic, and nobody wants to be anything else—reason enough many folks at home think for establishing the Protestant religion by law. But, practically, one is interfered with here, or questioned as little about his religion as he would be at home. All intelligent Spaniards denounce the excesses of the Inquisition, which was as much an engine of civil as it was of religious oppressiveness. In the war upon it, the Spanish clergy have themselves been foremost and boldest; than whom as a whole, I may add, there is in no country a more liberal and enlightened body of divines. Of course the future is big with mighty actions and re-actions, nor may any prophet tell what it will bring forth—but surely the Spaniards have as little ground to fear the revival of the Inquisition as Englishmen have to fear the revival of the Boot and Screw; and its memory is as much execrated here as elsewhere—perhaps more.

Returned to my Hotel—had a good shave and a good breakfast. A shave by a Spanish barber is a most delightful thing, but don't believe, though often enjoyed, I've anywhere recorded its delights.—A bowl of lukewarm water, scooped out around the rim so as to suit the neck, is placed under the chin. The beard is softened by the hand, without a brush, until the face is so thickly lathered as to resemble a poodle's phiz—then a stroke or too of a keen razor reduces you from barbarism to civ-

ilized humanity; and a perfumed facial bath sends you forth the most sweet-scented of mortals.—All this, too, is done by a surgeon as well as a barber, and the most amiable gossiping fellow about town—for the barbers in Spain are still practitioners in surgery, as in the times of Gil Blas. Have had no occasion to test their skill in blood-letting, but commend me to a Spanish barber for a smooth face and a dainty dish of chit-chat!

In the course of the forenoon visited the *Casa de Pilatos* or House of Pilate—a structure in the Saracenic-Gothic style, erected in 1533 by a distinguished nobleman of that day to commemorate a self imposed pilgrimage to Jerusalem. It is said to be after the fashion of Pontius Pilate's Palace—hence its name. What odd fancies possessed those old pilgrims! Here is a fellow who goes all the way to Jerusalem to worship at the tomb of our Saviour, and comes home to memorialize the architectural taste, as he understood it, of our Saviour's murderer. The House itself is a ruin—a beautiful ruin—utterly untenanted and neglected—abounding in curious relics. One sees, in fact, more broken pieces of Roman sculpture here than in all Seville else put together—gods and goddesses, headless, armless, legless, noseless, lying about in the room or court-yard as rubbish—nothing else remarkable.

Visited also the Church of *La Caridad*, more impressed than ever with a piece of work carved in wood, which wonderfully illustrates the power of genius. It is

a Descent from the Cross. The figures are all life-size. The whole sad scene is so natural—the mournful tenderness and holy awe about Joseph of Arimathea and the friends who assists him in taking down the lifeless body of their loved Lord from the cross—the delicate handling of the mangled form—the expression of Christ himself so death-like—yet so God-like even in death!! I had not thought, wood was capable of such inspiration! I've stood before it and mused by the hour, and “while I mused the fire burned,” till I've actually felt an impulse to help in the sorrowful funeral rites. This work has impressed me the more, as being in contrast with what we usually see here of such representations in wood. Nothing is more common than wooden images of our Saviour; but with such hideous deformity are they generally executed, that Spaniards, when they would strongly convey an idea of remarkable homeliness in a man, express it by a saying that borders on blasphemy. “He is uglier,” they say, “than an old Christ!”

Hastened back to my quarters at the *Fonda de Europa*. The heat is becoming excessive. As the sun careers toward mid-heaven, there begins to come over the life and activity of the city an evident lull, which continues to deepen till the streets, thoroughly shaded though many of them be, are almost totally deserted.—From about 12 m. to 4 p. m., the Spaniards say nobody is out but strangers and dogs.

Excellent lodgings and meals at the *Fonda de Europa* for two dol-

lars a day. Have been much mistaken in my præconceived notions of the general style of living in Europe, especially in Spain.—Used to think before I came here, that, in so old a country, we would'nt find any, or, at least, as much of that wretched cooking and uncomfortable accommodation, which one meets with so frequently in our own backwood taverns. True, in the large cities, like Seville and along the main lines of travel, the inns are tolerably well provided—some of them first-rately—but when you get off in the bye-ways and among the smaller towns, the fare is ill, mean and filthy beyond what is illest, meanest and filthiest at home. Spain, however, has one advantage over us. If she lodges and feeds you badly, she yet does it cheaply. Your Spanish host, extremely affable and always doing his best, don't give you nothing to eat and nothing to sleep on, and then impudently charge you as if you had fared sumptuously.

It is a beautiful custom they have here—that of regaling you at meal-time with music.* A blind man and a guitar are almost necessary parts of table furniture; and strains most musical, most melancholy impart a zest to good bread and good wine, which are universal in Spain.

After a sound siesta, called on Don Juan de Ribera, with whose charming family spent an hour or two. The more I see of the inner, domestic life of Spaniards, the

* It is so common for all blind persons to play the guitar, that the same term (*ciego*) means both a blind man and a musician:

more I like it. There's no doubt about it—they know how to do the hospitality beyond all people. They put their house and everything that is theirs at your disposal with a winning cordiality, which produces a home-feeling at once—but I must not suffer myself to enlarge on this topic. We all strolled out in the evening to the grounds of the *DELICIAS*—the most enchanting promenade in Europe. Lying immediately along the eastern bank of the Guadalquivir, with its extended orange-embowered avenues, terminating in a labyrinthine garden, where art and nature have lavished whatever is sweetest in flowers, stealing and giving odors, while the tuneful feet in the mazy dance, the gay click of the castanet, the soft touch of the guitar gently melodize the eating cares and troubled thoughts of the mind; it is a placè to dream of what is tenderest in love, and to feel what is divinest in poetry:

“And a perpetual feast of nectar’d
sweets,
“Where no crude sufeit reigns.”

Was presented, during our stroll in the *Delicias*, by Don Juan de Ribera to the Duke of Montpensier, whom I had often seen before. He is the son of Louis Phillippe, the last king of the French. His marriage with the Infanta of Spain, the sister of the reigning Queen, was considered a master-stroke of policy on the part of his father, whereby he was supposed to have strengthened his own throne by a network of alliances with the crowns of Europe; and this Spanish alliance particularly made a great noise and seriously threatened the peace

of England and France. But the kings and diplomatists have done well to lay to heart the homely wisdom of Burns:

“The best laid schemes o’ mice an’ men
Gang aft a-gley,
An’ leave us nought but grief and pain
For promised joy.”

Louis Phillippe’s throne fell miserably to pieces at the first onset of Revolution. He and all his family are exiled from France.—The Duke of Montpensier, the happiest, perhaps, of them all has hid himself since the immense events of 1848 in his immense estates about Seville, where he lives in much privacy, and with whose people he is said to be very popular. He is a gentleman of agreeable manners, of culture and fine sense—speaks English well. His marriage, though the fruit of diplomatic intrigue and king-craft, is said nevertheless to be a very happy one. He eschews politics now, but is doubtless abiding his time, which may come; for a king’s son allied to the crown of Spain, in the future throes of Europe, can hardly be an insignificant figure. His wife, the Duchess, who may be seen almost every evening in the *Delicias*, though she was not out to-day, is far handsomer than the Queen, and looks quite Spanish—a full brunette—while the Queen is decidedly blonde and un-Spanish.—Scandal has been busy concerning the paternity of the Queen and the Duchess, as accounting for the difference in their personal appearance, but I don’t care to note the *scandalum magnatum* of gossiping Madrid.

Lingered till a late hour in the enchanted grounds of the *Delicias*

under a mild, star-roofed sky, eleven of the clock, to my room
among the merry, affable crowd and to pleasant dreams.”
of Sevillians; and came back at (TO BE CONTINED.)

THE CONFEDERATE DEAD.

From Potomac's broad flood rolling,
To the Rio Grande's waves,
All the air is filled with tolling,
All the earth is strewn with graves.
Through the valley, forest shaded,
On the hill, and by the stream
Has the martial pageant faded
Like the vision of a dream.

Where the reveillé rang over
Bustling camps, with call "To arms!"
Nod the heavy heads of clover
To the wind's mesmeric charms;
Where flew mounted squadrons, hurling
Clouds of dust adown the pass,
Now the dew's frail gems are pearly
Slender stems of glistening grass.

Where the shock of armies meeting
Roused the air like ocean's roar,
When in wrath his waves are beating
On the stern resounding shore;—
Where the shrieks of tortured dying
Pierced the elemental strife,
And the hoofs of horsemen flying
Trampled out the spark of life;—

Now reigns quiet, earth enfolding
In a hush of dreamless rest,
Gentle Nature's arms are holding
Our lost heroes on her breast—
Shield them well, Oh tender Mother,
And with morn and evening's breath,
Whisper some desparing brother
Of their victory over death.

What though no stately carving pure
 Their cherished names may raise,
 To tell while marble shall endure,
 The theme too high for praise,—
 The sky's white bannered clouds hung out
 Their solemn pomp shall be,
 And all the choiring winds will shout
 The anthem of the free.

The Spring with vineleafed arms shall twine,
 Each hillocked resting-place
 And Summer's roses low incline
 With flushed and dewy face;
 Fair daisies, rayed like stars, shall rise
 From their enhallowed dust,
 And look up to protecting skies,
 With smiles of sunny trust.

And vain shall witling lips assail
 Their fame with envious dart;
 The low-aimed shaft will ever fail
 To reach its shield—the heart—
 The nation's great heart, yet alive,
 Though each throb be in pain:
 For Life and Hope must still survive
 Where Love and Faith remain.

FORT MOTTE, 1780.

MRS. REBECCA MOTTE seems one of her grandsons, may not be generally acknowledged to have been the heroine of South Carolina in the Revolution of '76; a position which would have shocked that lady not a little, as she always disclaimed any peculiar merit in the sacrifice she made for her country. She gave up her house quietly and cheerfully, and "blushed to find it fame."

Though the fact is generally known, so many errors have gradually crept into the story, that the following statement, given me by Mrs. Motte was residing with her two younger daughters and Mrs. Brewton (the widow of her nephew) at her new mansion on the Congaree, when it was taken possession of by the British under Col. McPherson, who proceeded to erect a fortification around the house, which thus became "Fort Motte"—one of a chain of fortified posts extending in a semi-circle from Charleston to Augusta, by which the British hoped to keep

that whole region in subjection.— Mrs. Motte was a widow, but her well-known whig principles, and the fact that Major Thomas Pinckney, “the rebel,” was her son-in-law, gave the British officers an excuse for seizing on her property. She, however, received no personal incivility from them; and it is creditable to McPherson that his soldiers, instead of seizing and destroying whatever they could lay their hands on, *a la* Sherman, did not even make way with her poultry without asking her permission, which though a mere form, was always done in this manner: “My Lord Cornwallis’ compliments and asks you to send him a pair of” turkeys, ducks or fowls—as it might be—a ceremonious fiction which imposed on no one.

On the approach of the American forces under Marion and Lee, the ladies left the Fort and took up their abode at the overseer’s house, at some little distance, and were thus enabled to communicate with the American officers during the progress of the siege.

The approach of British auxiliaries under Lord Rawdon soon made it advisable that a more speedy mode of reduction should be attempted, and Mrs. Motte was reluctantly informed by Col. Lee that the destruction of her house might be necessary. To this she immediately and cheerfully consented, assuring them that the loss of her property was “nothing” compared with the advancement of their cause, and to facilitate their operations, presented them with some combustible arrows with which to set fire to the house.

The arrows were a great curiosity, the points having been dipped into some preparation which, on striking wood, would cause it to ignite. They had been brought from the East Indies by a sea captain and presented to his employer, Miles Brewton, a wealthy merchant of Charleston, a brother of Mrs. Motte. Mr. Brewton and family having been lost at sea in 1775, the arrows fell into his sister’s possession, and were fortunately carried by the ladies when dismissed from the Fort, to their more humble abode. No bow accompanied them, so they were discharged from *a rifle* when the sun had prepared the shingles for the attempt. The first two failed, the third set the roof on fire; and as the piece of artillery in possession of the Americans commanded the only access to the roof, the British surrendered immediately. The Americans rushed in, extinguished the fire and saved the house; an act of gratitude to the owner for her patriotic devotion.*

The day was concluded by a dinner, given by Mrs. Motte to the officers of *both parties*. A painful circumstance, which occurred during this entertainment is mentioned as showing the spirit of the times. While they were at table, several musket shots were heard, at which Marion showed a degree of excitement unaccountable to his hostess, and despatched an officer with orders

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* The Indian quiver which held these celebrated arrows was preserved by Mrs. Motte and used afterwards as a knitting-case. An old lady not very long deceased, recollected that she had often played with it when a child at Mrs. Motte’s side.

to "stop that instantly." He suspected what proved to be true, that the Americans were taking advantage of the absence of their officers to execute summary vengeance on certain Tories who had been taken in the Fort. In extenuation of their conduct, we must recollect that the Tories sometimes murdered, in cold blood, the helpless families of their adversaries.

The house, after escaping the dangers here mentioned, was accidentally burned some years afterwards, a circumstance that has led to much confusion in the traditions on the subject. Mrs. Motte did not rebuild it, but erected, instead, a fine mansion near the mouth of the Santee, which, though shelled by a Yankee gunboat, has survived the late war.—Unfortunately its style, as well as its name, (El Dorado) seem a mockery of the present fortunes of her descendants.

But Mrs. Motte was preyed upon by the British in other ways.—There lies before me a faded letter from Tarleton, dated September 2nd, 1780, in which he acknowledges that her horses had been seized for the use of his troops, and even professes a willingness to return them, if he could identify them. For this he must have failed to do, for many years afterwards when Gen. Thomas Pinckney was Minister at St. James', he was introduced to Tarleton by the eccentric Mr. Church, as "son-in-law to Mrs. Motte, whose horses you know you stole in Carolina." On this occasion Tarleton is reported to have narrowly escaped blushing.

Even the Bible and Prayer book, presented by Mrs. Motte to the Church of St. James', Santee, and bearing her name, as donor, on their covers, were stolen from the church by a British soldier and carried to England. Being exposed for sale on a book-stall in London, they were seen by an officer who had received some kindness from Mrs. Motte during the war, which he reciprocated by purchasing the books and returning them to her. Having safely accomplished their third voyage across the Atlantic, the Prayer-book (an obsolete edition) was retained by Mrs. Motte, and the Bible restored to the church, where one of her great grandsons often read the Lessons from it, when rector of that church, fifty years afterwards.

Mrs. Motte lived to a good old age, universally esteemed and beloved. She was small in stature, with blue eyes, light curling hair, and a fresh complexion, which she retained to the last: her manners modest, easy and dignified. As she had no son, her name (originally *de la Motte*. French Protestants who left their country on the revocation of the Edict of Nantz, 1685) died with her, as her maiden one of Brewton had expired with her brother, but her three daughters married, respectively, Major Thomas Pinckney, John Middleton, and William Alston, and her blood flows in the veins of over one hundred descendants, bearing the names of Pinckney, Huger, Izard, Lowndes, Rutledge, Ravenel, Alston, Pringle, Hayne, Middleton and many others.

WRECKED.

A waste of waters wild and dark,
 A flash of breakers on the lee,
 And, plunging blindly on, the bark
 Drives madly through the roaring sea.

With sturdy hands he grasps the wheel,
 The binnacle is blurred with spray,
 He feels her shiver to the keel,
 And knows she will not see the day.

O, dim eyes peering through the mist!
 O wailing woman by the shore!
 O palled lips that late he kissed,
 And praying hands he'll clasp no more!

A crash—a shriek—one drifting spar;
 Round which the screaming sea-mew wheels,
 And, tosed on yonder yellow bar,
 A corpse, is all that morn reveals.

New Orleans, La.

J. D. B.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, FIFTY YEARS AGO.

I propose to write some recollections of the society of Richmond, half a century ago, lest the honored names of that period become forgotten, because eclipsed by the brilliant galaxy that has arisen in the last six years, and Virginia no longer should cherish the pride of ancestry. Perhaps not half a dozen are now alive, who remember the brilliant period to which I allude. Two only that I know of; the Hon. Wm. C. Rives, of Albemarle, and Judge John Robertson, of Richmond. If these unpretending lines ever fall under their eyes, they will recognize many familiar names and scenes. If I should make a very prominent use of the little letter *I*, I have the example of great historians, ancient and modern, and I prefer to say at once that I make myself the heroine of my sketches, for I intend to recall personal observations and impressions. There is no vanity in this, for I cannot identify the gray-headed old woman who is writing in her sitting room, with the gay, lively Miss ——. *She* is now no more to me than the others who floated with her

through the careless period of youth; "Youth at the helm and Pleasure at the prow" I became a debutante in the fashionable circles of Richmond in the second year of Governor Barbour's administration, and my first appearance was at a brilliant party at his house. I was a young, diffident country girl—yet not unwilling to contend with the elegant women that surrounded me, for the attention and admiration so dear to the hearts of all young ladies—and *gentlemen* too, if the experience of fifty years does not mislead me.

Governor Barbour's family as first in position, deserves the first notice,—nor was it position alone that entitled them to it; their household combined everything to make it agreeable and attractive. The Governor was a very handsome man, of cheerful, affable manners and fluent conversation, making his guests feel perfectly at home, the youngest unconsciously chatting and laughing with him on perfect equality.—Mrs. Barbour was equal to him in all respects. Tall, graceful, and though the mother of a grown daughter, retaining much beauty, her sweet and genial manner soon made her a favorite in the community. The daughter, Maria, was a very lovely young woman, inheriting the beauty of her parents; her fair face was so bright with the lily and rose, that many accused her of painting, but it was by "Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on." Perhaps, I ought not to speak of the Governor's sister, who added another charm to the family

group, as she is still living,—the venerable Mrs. Bryant, of Washington City, mother-in-law of Judges Wylic and Lathrop. Such was the family, which by station and character, led the Ton. Their entertainments were brilliant, consisting of the élite of Virginia, many distinguished persons from other states, and often a sprinkling of gay, young officers, who had won some fame on our lines, and willingly came to spend their winter furloughs in our Capital.

Is it worth while to describe Chief Justice Marshall? His tall, gaunt, awkward figure—his benevolent face and sweet smile have been so often described that they are almost as familiar to every one, as if they had known him personally. I met him often in society, but never at his own house. His wife being a confirmed invalid, he entertained only gentlemen, but I have heard that his dinner parties were very elegant.

Judge Cabell was a tall, handsome, light-haired man with rather a grave, but mild and kindly expression of countenance; his gentle manner was very winning, yet combined with a dignity that prevented all familiarity. His wife was beautiful and elegant then, and a long life of usefulness through many trials has testified to the soundness of her understanding and the goodness of her heart.

Judge Roane was ugly and morose, his young wife gay and volatile; she went a great deal into society, but entertained little at her own house; she had step-daughters who went out very seldom.

Judge Fleming seemed to me, to be about a hundred—though in reality, perhaps not more than seventy: he danced and flirted with the young ladies like a boy, and was of course laughed at by all, though the gentlemen said he was a good Judge, and out of the drawing-room a sensible man.

I boarded in the house with Judge Brooks, and of course, saw him daily;—he was a delightful companion, full of vivacity and wit, and without compromising his dignity, gathered the young ladies around him and amused them to their heart's content.

Judge Norborne Nicolas did not, perhaps, stand so high in the Judiciary as those I have mentioned, but he was a high-bred Virginia gentleman; of course, simple and genial in his manners, full of courtesy and kindness.—His wife was a splendid specimen of the lady;—everything she said and did, was graceful and appropriate. I am speaking of his first wife,—a Miss Smith, of Baltimore;—his second marriage was after the days of my fashionable life.

Such was the Bench. I come now to the Bar—which was then at the zenith of its glory. Wickham, Wirt, Call, Hay, Watkins Leigh, of Richmond, Tazewell and Taylor, of Norfolk, were a bright constellation, there were other stars of considerable, but less, brilliancy from other parts of the State. Wickham was not handsome, but had too fine a face to be called homely. I think he would have been considered rather good looking if he had not been

so constantly contrasted with Wirt's glorious beauty; there was too the same difference in their conversation and manners. You would think Wickham very agreeable, if Wirt did not step up and make himself so much more so. Wickham seemed condescending to entertain you—Wirt made you think you were entertaining him. Wickham was performing a duty,—Wirt enjoying a pleasure. So in their houses and entertainments Wickham's were splendid—*comme il faut*—cold and ceremonious; Wirt's simply elegant, and you were happy, you did not know why.

I once remember being at a dancing party at Wirt's, his parties were generally conversational and musical, though it was customary to have dancing at almost all the other houses in the circle in which I visited. I do not remember whether Mr. Wirt was then a member of the Church. I know he was some years subsequently, a member of the Presbyterian Church, and I am happy to say, a consistent Christian.

Hay was a large, fine looking man, a gentleman, but too vain and sarcastic to be pleasant.

Mr. Leigh was a handsome man, and at that time rising in reputation, being still young; he talked well, but was a little too proud of Mr. Watkins Leigh.

Gen. Robert Taylor, of Norfolk, was the model of an elegant gentleman; person, manners, conversation; head and heart what they should be. He was then commander of our forces at Norfolk, and was said to have shown as much military skill as legal

knowledge. As an orator he was very little, if at all, surpassed by Wickham and Wirt, or his great rival, Tazewell.

I have spoken of those who were then known to fame. I must now turn to those nearer my own age—who were yet but carpet knights but who have since won a place in the annals of the country—who were then just entering or preparing to enter the struggle of life.

Wm. S. Archer was the oldest of the group I shall sketch. He was then in the Virginia House of Delegates, afterwards in the Senate of the United States. He was then what Webster said of him many years after—"the most absurd aggregation of preposterous peremptiousnesses," he ever saw. He couldn't help using his big words; not all the ridicule of his friends could cure him; he was a perfectly good tempered man and stood the raillery of his friends with a self-satisfied smile that was really admirable; he was a sincere friend, though perhaps he never admired or loved any one else as much as himself. He never married.

Abel Upshur, Frank Gilmer, Wm. C. Preston, Wm. C. Rives, John Preston were studying law, and giving promise of their future eminence. Their after life belongs to history. I only speak of them as they then were, the beaux of the season. Frank Gilmer unfortunately died early, but not before he won a name in his State. At the time I speak of, he was an inmate of Mr. Wirt's family, and a student of law. He was then looked upon as the most promis-

ing of the group I am sketching, though not such a favorite of the young ladies as many others, owing to a little formality and hardness of expression, which I think had increased on him when I met him some years after, not long before his death. He was then spending the winter in Norfolk for the benefit of the climate, looking very emaciated, and no doubt feeling wretchedly.

Wm. C. Rives was very handsome, very elegant, if that is consistent with a somewhat stiff formality. With ladies he talked well and laughed without changing countenance, and left them with the air "that duty is done."

Wm. C. Preston was exactly the reverse, all gaiety, dash and good natured sarcasm. His countenance was constantly changing and expressing his feelings before he had time to utter them. He was not handsome, but the constant play of his features made them interesting;—much, no doubt, was conceded to his youth, for, notwithstanding his sarcastic remarks, he was a general favorite and flattered enough to turn the head of any youth of eighteen. He left Virginia and settled in South Carolina and is now spoke of as one of the orators of that State.

I will not speak of Judge Robertson who is still living, and enjoying in his old age, the honors won by his talents and long life of usefulness to his native state.

There were many other young men who would, perhaps, have become equally conspicuous, had they entered the arena of public life;—but some being men of

wealth, retired to their plantations, and lived useful, but comparatively obscure lives—others died young. Even now, though long years have passed over, I feel a sorrow, almost to tears, for the blighted hopes of their families, who looked forward with so much hope to their future success

in life. I can scarcely forbear to pay a tribute to their memories, but 'tis useless, "their merits to disclose, or draw their frailties from their dread abode." Their very names are forgotten, perhaps, in their own family circle.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MARY ASHBURTON.

A TALE OF MARYLAND LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

AN old fashioned farm-house in the eastern part of Maryland, ochre washed into a delicate straw color, a tall yellow chimney peering above the trees, a little attic window peeping out from the great gable-end, and where rose vines are clambering and tumbling over, except where caught by strips of morocco mellowed by time and the rust of the nails almost into the hue of the walls, here and there, deep seated dormer windows front and back where the bees are swarming in at the dishes of dried fruit therein displayed;—old gnarled apple trees lovingly kissing each other over the high shelving roof and almost covering it with their sweet white blossoms; pear and cherry trees mingling their odoriferous flowers on the deep, grassy carpeting of the enclosure; a wilderness of jessamine and honeysuckle growing on the walls; a long, large garden behind, luxuriating in the dear old-fashioned

flowers, not forming squares or triangles in stiff, prim lines, but springing up everywhere, contrasting their colors in the richest, gayest confusion, evidently not suffering for want of attention; for the ground about them is carefully worked and all weeds and briars most promptly removed. No prim walks glistening with sand and gravel, but a rich green sod on which the fruit-blossoms lay their sweet little white cheeks, or the lovely pink flowers of the peach embroidered it in charming patterns. In front, spread a long enclosure lined with fruit trees and interspersed with them so as to form an almost uninterrupted shade about the house, though the sunlight fell in golden patches on the grass and penetrated through the leaves and branches, glinting and sparkling amid the vegetation till lost in its deepening labyrinths. A well sweep suspending an "iron-bound bucket" arose from a well on whose oaken sides the green moss of

ages seemed collected, and glancing over into its clear depths, the water looked so pure and cool that it tempted you to drink whether thirsty or not. Then the apple blossoms fell about it and seemed to make it the sweeter for their breath. An old love of a picturesque well it was, suggestive of pretty maids tripping there with their pitchers on their shoulders, while the traveler quenched his thirst by their kind assistance.

Again, beyond traveled a green lane, running wild at the borders with flowering weeds, and fulfilling the promise of yet more fruit in the long lines of peaches and pear trees that rambled at unequal distances, bowing lightly as the breeze passed over them, tossing their pink and white blossoms in the faces of the solemn looking cattle as they lowed up from the pasturage in the evening, at which the grave procession shook their heads and tossed them off again. Tinkle, tinkle sound the bells upon the air, while the cow boy scolds vociferously as he drives the herd over the smooth grass and a loiterer strays aside to crop the luxuriant herbage.—Fields of wheat and corn wave to the breeze, green meadows slope beyond and form pictures on their grassy sides with the sheep and the white lambs sporting about and mingling their ma-aas with the sounds of evening life.

Such a picture of comfort and rural life;—so sweet and tranquil that it seems impossible for the strife and misery of human life there to penetrate. The restless industry, the untiring zeal, the nights of sleepless anxiety, and

days of exhausting labor, the precariousness of the crops, the frequent ill temper that disappointments provoke, are forgotten in the enjoyments of the fruits of all this industry and pains-taking.

The interior of the house does not belie the comfortable promise of the exterior. Vast presses filled with lavender scented linen, great high posted bedsteads covered with brilliant patch-work, the fruit of the house-wife's early skill in needle-work, yawning chimney places ornamented with the brightest of brazen fenders, andirons, shovels and tongs, gaudy in summer with red flower-pots, from which radiated immense bouquets of the tender asparagus and willow sprays. A long, low parlor, room of state and seldom used, as damp and chilly as such rooms in old country-houses generally are;—entered but upon grand state occasions in which the tall brass candlesticks upon the end of the mantles gleamed resplendently with an illumination of candles; fresh asparagus and marigolds placed in the scarlet pot if the weather happened to be warm; if not a crackling fire spurted up among the sticks of pine and hickory.—Heavy mahogany tables placed stiffly on opposite sides of the room, a long ebony-framed glass over the mantel, above which solemnly waved a bunch of peacock feathers, drab carpeting on the floor, well waxed oaken chairs of the high stiff-backed pattern, bleak white walls unsullied in the purity of the semi-annual white-washings.

A step across the passage and

the honey-suckled doorway, and you enter the family sitting-room, much more inviting in its appearance, where the home comforts are luxuriously displayed; the chintz-covered sofa and curtains, the long table spread with good country fare at meal time; the side-board with its goodly display of glass and china; the prints in which the execution fell far short of the design that hung upon the wall, the roaring fire in the open fire-place; the cleanly and brilliantly painted hearth rejoicing in its brazen ornaments;—these had a freer and easier air than the room we have just left, as if people *lived* there and enjoyed the privilege of disordering it occasionally; reposing on the plethoric sofa, moving the chairs at will, etc. Then the brilliantly striped home made carpet, running up and down the floor with all the colors of the rainbow, added much to its cheerfulness. When evening came and the well spread table was surrounded, the long chintz curtains, gorgeous in flowers of immense proportion, permitted to sweep the floor, while the firelight played upon the glass and seemed to have a counterpart out-of-doors in the dancing reflection, the fire crackled upon the hearth, the brazen andirons reflecting the gaudy blue and red carpeting upon their well polished surfaces,, it was as pretty a picture of home comfort as one would wish to see. Later in the evening, nuts and apples figured conspicuously among the little folks, or pop corn fized merrily in the faces of all around the hearth, causing many a little head to pause in

wonder as to where all the beautiful white that turned itself out could come from, when but a moment before it was but a third of its present size.

Then the dreadful going to bed, when the oldest must leave the romance she is deeply buried in—shuddering, as she reads, perhaps, over some “Mysteries of Udolpho” or like entertaining work highly conducive to strength of nerves and a charming preparation for the dreaded passage up stairs, where ghosts and hobgoblins may start from every niche in the old wall.

Then prettier still; the delights of summer life, when the soft breath of the flowers floated in at the open windows now radiant in white muslin, when a variety of beautiful fruits garnished the table, when the bees hummed outside at the hive, and the golden butterflies fluttered about the room, or dabbled their pretty wings in the honey on the table.

Such was the home where I, Mary Ashburton, was born and brought up, coming with the sunshine and flowers of May, ever reveling with intoxicating delight in the beauties of my mother month, as I termed it. I think I must have caught the beams I clutched at with my infant fingers, their warm, mellow radiance seemed so to have penetrated my soul and kept up the childish love for the bright and beautiful.

But if child of the sunshine and flowers, I had earthly parents of a sufficiently real and tangible nature to convince me of my own practical existence. My father was a plain, honest farmer of lim-

ited education, living but for the business of the day, his whole soul absorbed in the state of his crops, the weather, and such things.— With all proper respect to him, I say it, he was a most ordinary man, the type of his class of common country farmers, uniting in his character their usual prejudices, petty sources of pride and straight forwardness of purpose. To have it said that his potatoes and grain were the best in the market, his vegetables and fruits the finest in Tomkins' Neck, satisfied to the utmost the cravings of his ambition, and he seated himself in his arm chair of an evening after the day's exertion to doze by his comfortable fire-side over a newspaper, the extent of his reading, (save the "Farmer's Guide" and the Almanac) and a pipe of tobacco.

His wife in her department was as active as himself. The cleanly swept hearth, the gay homespun carpet, the dazzling brass, the rich cream, and butter from the tempting dairy, all were indications of her skill in housewifery.

In these mysteries, I, the only daughter, was early initiated, and mother and daughter were frequently complimented by visitors on the proficiency of the latter as an imitator of her mother. I do not think that natural inclination led me to the dairy and kitchen, but mother was too active herself to allow idlers to be about her, and I was too tractable to make any opposition to her wishes. It was much better for me, for nature had made me of a thoughtful pensive mood, rather inclined to melancholy, and the counteracting

influence of homely household duties produced an equilibrium in my favor. I had much to do.— Many little brothers and sisters between me and the next oldest lay dead in the church-yard, and the wild young brothers that were left kept my hands busily employed about the garments which my mother, in her preference for active employment, left to my management.

Left much to myself, what bright dreams were woven by my fancy as my fingers sped rapidly over the shortening seams, what glorious visions of beauty and elegance floated; in the day-dreams of my imagination as it drew aerial pictures at such moments. I was very pensive and quiet; so fond of solitude that my mother often wondered at my being so different from her; she could not imagine what made the child so quiet, she said; she wished, indeed she did, that she was more bustling and active, more like Betsy Hay, our neighbor's daughter. But I was strangely averse, I could not tell why, to the somewhat coarse society of our neighbors and acquaintances. I loved them very much, my parents, and was willing to do all they required of me, but I had always an instinctive, unexpressed wish that they were other than they were, more refined and cultivated. I shrank back when a coarse jest escaped my father, or an unrefined expression fell from my mother's lips. This was feeling rather than thought, for I would have deemed it a breach of the fifth commandment to have dwelt upon the wish, even to myself. Instinctively they seemed

to have the same feeling to me, so that, though there was mutual love, a mutual sympathy was lacking. The father often wondered why the girl shrank back so when he "chucked" her under the chin, with a remark that gave him such hearty enjoyment, and the mother that she was so grave and absent when she was surrounded by her favorite gossips, whose style of conversation was not in the least congenial to my tastes and sentiments.

I had early made the acquaintance of many intellectual companions in the shape of books, and from their lofty intercourse I descended reluctantly to my neighbors' well-meaning, but rather vulgar, society. Nor had my education been altogether neglected. An excellent teacher, a lady in reduced circumstances, having been installed in the small country school-house a mile and a half from the farm, proceeded to civilize the youthful rustics that flocked to her rule. I was among them. Being naturally fond of study and of some aptitude for learning, with me she took particular pains, which had the unusual fate with a child, of being fully appreciated, so that, when at sixteen I was left by her to pursue the broad field of literature alone,—for a call from a widowed brother to take the charge of his motherless children upon her, deprived me of her assistance and delightful companionship,—though neither learned nor accomplished, I had a tolerable English education. Some of her books she left with me; others I procured from the circulating library in the near-

est town; others again, from such of the neighbors as could furnish me with some old, long disused volumes.

To my great delight, I discovered in the garret at home a box of old books that had belonged to the former proprietor, from whom my father had purchased the place before my birth; these old mouldy volumes having either been forgotten or not considered worth removal in the transfer.

How I reveled in them! Stealing up at dusk of evening, when the boys' jackets had been completed, the cream skimmed for supper, by the waning light of day, the sun's red disc pouring its declining rays in the little window panes, myself curled up into an inconceivable space behind unused furniture, stored there to be out of the way, or for safe keeping, crouched close down to the window, I would strain my eyes over the fading page, buried in the story or poem, till daylight had left me entirely, and I found myself alone in the gathering darkness.

Or, if the weather was very cold and I was driven by numb hands and feet from my beloved solitude, to bend over the fire was my next resort, with the volume in my hand, and peruse its pages as well as I could, by the flickering light of the pinewood knots.

Those queer old books;—what quaint reading they were for a young girl. There was "Evelina" (poor vain little Fanny's ambition might have been gratified in a very small degree by knowing, if she only could have done so, that she had contributed towards mak-

ing a lady of a very plain farmer's daughter,) and "The Novice of St. Dominic," and—oh! delicious morsels!—fragments of "Ivanhoe" and "Kenilworth." Even a small portion of "The Bride of Lamermoor" was discovered, though many of Caleb Balderstone's best speeches missed their point by a tear at the most important place, and Lucy's last interview with her lover was stained so as to make the characters illegible over half the page. But I read and re-read until my ingenuity could almost divine the rest, and I must remain satisfied.

Besides these were several odd numbers of "The Gentleman's Magazine," "The Spectator," "Cook's Voyages" and others which there is not time enough to mention. But they proved a source of great delight to me, and elevated me into a region of romance, the effect of which it took all my mother's good practical teaching to undo, and that accomplished this object but partially.

Mother, indeed, did not approve of novel reading; it made people seem so moonstruck and sentimental, she thought, and Mary, she was sure, read more than was good for her, but upon hearing some remonstrances she made, my father remarked, "Let the child alone, Margaret; education will do her no harm, and since it does'nt make her mind the churn the less, it will be all the better for her.

My mother was obliged to confess the truth of his assertion with respect to the fulfillment of my duties, and consequently did not

attempt to deprive me of my greatest pleasure, though sometimes expressing it as her "hum-ble" opinion that it was not altogether so good for me—so much poetry and novel reading, or I would not look so pensive, and above what I was doing, instead of being absorbed in it, heart and soul, like Betsy Hay. But she loved me very much, and in her inmost heart, was thoroughly proud of, and satisfied with me. To tell the truth, I believe her chief fear about the pensive look arose from a notion that children with that look on their faces, were apt to die early, carrying a sort of presentment of untimely death on their features.

As I grew older, she took some pride in fixing up a little room for me as my special possession. I had my choice of all the unused apartments except the guest chamber, and to their great surprise, I chose the garret room where two low small windows blinked in the gable end of the house, the sole relief to the yellow brick of the walls, save the shrubbery that clambered to my porch and trailed in upon the low sills.

"It is out of the way of the boys' noise, to be sure," my mother said after consenting to my singular selection, "and will be a quiet place for you to study, though I don't fancy much bringing my nice things up here in this out-of-the-way place."

That dear little room—I loved it for many reasons,—particularly as the house facing north and south, that was the only window view I could obtain of the sunset

How the red sun used to send his lingering rays lovingly into my snug little roost, as I watched him slowly decline: his last kiss seemed to be for me, and I fancied he smiled me good evening as he rolled downward in a heap of gorgeous purple and crimson; sinking behind a stately residence that reared a bold front against the sunset clouds, raising a cupola and a handsome roof from a dense mass of shrubbery. By the road it was a mile from the farm, but from my window, looking over several fair fields, in one of which stood a gigantic oak, beneath whose shadow the cows were wont to repose, over some clusters of forest trees, a stately park beyond, I could see the house as I have described it. The scene formed a pretty picture, particularly when the fields were waving with a green ocean of wheat, or when the autumnal sun was gilding the stalks of corn they shone like burnished gold.

My little room was quite tastefully and comfortably furnished. Mother's industry contributed a striped carpet composed of the most brilliant colors, where the deepest indigo was shaded off to sky blue, to lie next a startling contrast in red or yellow of various tints. Dimity curtains at the windows, dimity covering for the toilet stand that would otherwise have been very unsightly with its long, bleak legs and rough table. Upon it the appurtenances of the toilet, a brick pincushion covered with patchwork of antique pattern but brilliant hues, and a little square looking-glass, swinging between two upright support-

ers with a drawer below, ornamented by too small glass knobs. A small table covered likewise with white, held my standard books, consisting of a copy of Mrs. Hemans' works, the poems of Sir Walter Scott, presented to me as a prize book at school, Hannah Moore's "Practical Piety," several other religious volumes, my Bible and Prayer Book. A press with folding doors contained my wardrobe, so that my domicile was quite complete in its arrangements.

So pleasant it was to sit at my window on a cushion my own hands had embroidered, and watch the scene beyond, often prolonging my gaze until the twilight had blotted out all save the most prominent objects from the landscape, I could just see the lights gleaming in the upper windows of the mansion in the grove. That place had a powerful fascination about it for me; about it were centered feelings aroused too early and too unpropitiously for a happy girlhood.

I did not wonder at the sun for lingering there, for the sun of my hopes arose and fell within its handsome walls, so foolishly that it seems madness even to tell of my folly.

They were very proud, elegant people—the owners of that estate—stately ladies and fine gentlemen who would have disdained to recognize my family as their equals, and who would have laughed at the clodhoppers's poor little daughter for raising her eyes to them. The family seat of the Chaunceys had belonged to them for many generations, being an entailed property, so that some-

thing of the pride of the English feudal nobility reigned in their bosoms, as they looked from their towering mansion upon many hundred acres of fair land belonging to the estate.

As a little child it had been my wonder and delight to watch the family as they defiled into church, frequently having their numbers swelled by the addition of many fashionable visitors from the city, the ladies waving their delicate plumes and sweeping their gorgeous silken trails up the aisle, the gentlemen elegant and distinguished in appearance.

My little head was full of the strangers and their beautiful dress, but it turned with many shy glances to look at a bold, beautiful boy whose mischievous black eyes and curling auburn hair I thought the most attractive object in the world. I was always peculiarly susceptible to beauty; it produced in me a feeling akin to adoration, whether human or that of nature, while every thing ugly and unsightly excited an aversion that was almost hatred while I looked at it. In after years, by the aid of reason and religion I could conquer it partially, but as a child I really suffered when a very ugly person presented himself or herself before my beauty-loving eyes. When I was grown and that charity, that seeketh for beauty in the most unattractive, had changed me in many respects, I could generally command myself sufficiently to find what I sought, but with the thoughtless prejudices of childhood, I invariably shunned those whose features and

general appearance were disagreeable to me.

Young Alfred Chauncey was the most beautiful person I had ever seen; his movements were grace itself, his slightest smile entrancing and wonderful to his little admirer. I was always disappointed when he was not there; to see him enter with his haughty parents made my foolish little child's heart leap for pleasure, and every object suddenly became refulgent in light. I adored his beauty; turned like poor Clytie in her homely garb beside her sister flowers, towards this Apollo of my youthful imagination. I do not remember the time when I did not love him; love! nay, it was adoration rather as of a star, something that I could never approach any nearer. The simple, childish admiration for his beauty grew into a feeling that was warmer still—a feeling that should have been conquered, yet before I was old enough to understand its nature, before it could be worked upon by the reason of maturer years, when, alarmed at the strength of a passion it was both wrong and hopeless to indulge, I might have subdued it by all the strength I could summon to my aid, I found that my love for him had formed part of my very existence, that I could no sooner forget or become indifferent to him, than I could tear my bleeding heart from my bosom and live still with its place a void.

The sweet, poetical solitude of my retired life, the rapturous enjoyment that I felt in everything that God had made beautiful, fostered most unhappily my ad-

miration for him, and gave me that proneness to day-dreaming that a more intimate companionship with my equals in age or society might have counteracted.— But as it was, I grew up thus, dreaming and loving, deriving a sweet, inbreathed charm from every object of nature that surrounded me, and throwing the glow of my own imagination over even the commonest occupations of practical life.

I loved the dairy even, and thought nothing prettier than the little peak-roofed building, with a stream of gurgling water flowing past it, the dear old apple trees interlacing one another above it as if they clasped hands and embraced over the plaything of a building at their feet, the cool brick floor and pans of rich cream in rows around it. There I sat over my churn for hours, listening to the music of the stream, as the paddle in the churn kept time to its trickling melody, the arm employed bared to the elbow, an apron of irreproachable whiteness protecting my dress, while my thoughts *would* frequently wander in forbidden paths, weaving delicious dreams that would never, in all human probability, be realized, and which might bring unnecessary suffering upon me some day, when the rude shock that must inevitably come, would awaken me from my girlish dreaminess.

God had not given me beauty, and my lack of personal charms was frequently a source of repining to me, but generally I tried to say contentedly, "I am as God made me; let me be thankful that

I am no worse, that I have health and strength." So I kept from my little mirror in the garret room that I might not yield to discontent, and tried to forget what manner of person I was as much as possible, which was certainly the wisest plan to adopt, as grieving over a deficiency does not remedy it.

One day a neighbor remarked to my mother: "I declare, Mary is going to be right pretty after all."

"Mary's not pretty," answered mother prudently, "but she's a good girl and a great help and comfort to me."

I overheard them, being quite near in the sugar closet where I was filling the sugar-dish for supper, and could not help shedding a few sorrowful tears at this confirmation of my own opinion with regard to my personal appearance. I knew that I was not handsome, yet it was the case with me, as with others; whatever humble opinion we may hold with regard to ourselves, we do not fancy the same being entertained by the rest of the world.— How often do we talk in a self-depreciating strain, which were the listeners to confirm or utter, we would conceive them to be the most slanderous, disagreeable persons in the world, and never allow that their opinion should be founded on our own. I conquered at the time, however, and said as I wiped away the tears, "if I could only be loved without the beauty that attracts me so powerfully in others, I would not mind it so much." The compliment paid me by my mother on

my good qualities could hardly compensate at my age for want of exterior attractions so highly valued by girls of all classes, and the guerdon held out to me in this world seemed but a miserably poor one when I thought of Alfred Chauncey.

But I forgot, lost myself in much more attractive objects, as my bared arm plied the busy churn, or kneaded the tempting bread that I turned out presently from the oven in snowy layers, bursting from their rich brown envelope, adapting my poetry to beautifying the common affairs of

life, and in bringing them to perfection, acting out a little of my dream life.

Even the stiff parlor felt the influence of my busy fingers and grew frolicsome under the influence of my little bits of silks, fashioned into cushions for the stiff chairs, or pillows for the uninviting sofa, while my dreams frequently developed further into reality by resulting in bright ornaments for the chimney-piece, moss baskets and worsted work for the ungainly tables.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MINERAL WEALTH OF VIRGINIA.*

COAL.

BEFORE this State was robbed of that valuable portion of her territory now called, "West Virginia," she possessed one of the richest and most extensive coal fields in the world: a field embracing thousands of square miles, with deposits one above another, presenting a formation of astonishing thickness. But since the "dismemberment" of the State, her coal producing territory has become comparatively limited. Still there is enough of this important mineral left, to constitute (when it has become properly developed) an aggregate amount of both private and public wealth not easily estimated.

The coal basin near Richmond

is, at present, the most valuable and important. Its exact limits have never yet been fully defined, nor has it been penetrated at a sufficient number of points, to test with accuracy the thickness of its seams, over a large proportion of its area. They have been found to vary much, ranging from a few inches up to forty or fifty feet in thickness. Enough, however, is known to establish this important point, that many centuries must pass before the field can become exhausted. Such being the case, it only requires the stimulus of manufacturing enterprise to induce large investments of capital in opening and working these mines, on a scale commensurate with their richness and the great importance arising from their peculiar location.

* Continued from page 170, Vol. ii.

The power of coal—and its power is almost unlimited—added to the immense strength of the great water-fall at Richmond, ought to make that one of the first manufacturing cities of the world. All that is now wanting is capital and enterprise. Our people are rapidly acquiring enterprising habits, and if they will in the meantime, compel their legislators to remove the present incubus of their “Usury Laws,” capital cannot fail to flow freely into a region blessed with such unsurpassed natural resources. What iron and coal have done for Pennsylvania, in advancing her wealth and prosperity, and consequently her material and political power, they may also do for the old “Mother of States.”

What may be denominated the “North Mountain belt of coal,” extends, with some important interruptions, along the mountain range lying west of the Valley, from the Potomac to the southwest limit of the State. In Berkeley county, on the Potomac, coal has been dug, which, in point of quality, is said to compare favorably with the best Pennsylvania anthracite. Openings have also been made in Frederick, Shenandoah, Rockingham and Augusta, showing that there must be an almost continuous coal field running through that extensive line of counties. In the south-west part of Augusta, the geological strata in which this coal is found, disappear, forming a breach in the deposit, extending throughout the whole of Rockbridge, and for some distance into Botetourt, where the coal again makes its

appearance, in the Catawba mountain. Here mining has been tried to some extent, but the cost of transportation has been found too great to justify any extensive operations. In Montgomery county, however, considerable quantities of coal have been mined from this belt, and sent to market by the Virginia and Tennessee railroad.

Some important difficulties have been encountered in digging this coal, especially in the north western part of the belt, extending from Berkely to Augusta. In the first place, the almost vertical (and in some places “tilted”) position, into which the coal-seams, with their enclosing strata, have been thrown by geological agencies, is such that they must be penetrated to a very great depth, if they are ever worked extensively. Secondly, the upheaval of the strata has been attended with so much violence, as to crash the coal very considerably, and give it a tendency to break readily into small fragments. This makes the transportation inconvenient and wasteful. If this portion of the field is to be made valuable, it must be chiefly from the use of the coal in reducing the extensive and rich deposits of iron ore, which we have already described as lying along its border on both sides.

The coal found in the counties of Lee, Scott, Russell and Tazewell, is a part of the great Apalachian coal field of West Virginia, and is said to be not only abundant, but favorably situated for mining. The only obstacle in the way of its immediate value, is the

want of lines of transportation.— At present, therefore, it can have only a local importance, but at no distant day it may prove to be a store-house of vast resource.

If the James River and Kanawha canal, about the completion of which some "uncertain Frenchmen" have been pretending to negotiate so long, should ever be extended to the Kanawha valley, it will penetrate one of the finest coal regions of the world, and bring the rich products of those

exhaustless mines within reach of the great oar-banks of Alleghany, Rockbridge, Amherst and other counties, and bring about a new era in the iron business of Virginia. But we are going beyond our limits; for we set out with the purpose of confining what we have to say to Virginia as she *is*, and not as she *ought to be*. Hence Kanawha valley is outside of the ground we have marked out for investigation.

(CONCLUDED.)

THE HAVERSACK.

AFTER the wounding of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, (who was a rigid disciplinarian) straggling got to be very common in the Army of Northern Virginia. In a short time, straggling degenerated into desertion, and the latter being punished fitfully and irregularly, the *army* diminished down to the *squad*, which surrendered at Appomatox Court House. The oft-abused hospitality of the Virginians was outraged during the war by roving bands of these worthless creatures, who always claimed that they had had nothing to eat for three days. This was the stereotyped formula.— They always told too, of the desperate fights they had been in, and of the wonderful feats of valor they had performed, though they were, as a general thing, almost as little acquainted with the dangers of the battle-field, as Major-General B. F. Butler, U. S. A.

We have never heard of the foiling of but one straggler, and that deserves to be commemorated because of its rarity. Whether the good woman, who baffled him, did it through shrewdness or simplicity, we leave it to the reader to decide:

Mrs. A — and her two daughters were sitting at their work in a plain room of an ordinary farmhouse, in Madison county, Va., when a dirty, rusty-looking, but fat and florid soldier knocked at the door. On entering he told his tale, the old tale so often heard by Virginia matrons. *That*, and the replies to it, were after this manner:

Straggler. "I was cut off in the retreat the other day, and the Yanks most got me, but I killed three on 'em first. I've had nothing to eat since. For three days I've not had a mouthful. Hard fightin' and poor feedin' for us fellers."

Old Lady. "Bless my life! I could for him. But he's monstrous fat for a starvin' man!"
 Not eat a mouthful in three days! Run, Polly Ann, and make the kittle bile quick. Put on some corn meal and fix up some warm gruel for the poor starvin'body."

Straggler. "I'm so powerful weak, could'nt you give me some bread and milk and a bit of ham?"

Old Lady. "The wust thing you could eat! Miss Smith's son Jimmy, he got lost, out a black-berryin', and when they found the little critter in the gum swamp, he was nigh on to dead. Dr. Jones, he wus sent for, and he up and said that the boy must have nothin' exceptin' it war gruel for as many days, as he wur out in the woods. Miss Smith, she's a monstrous pertickler person, and she fed Jimmy on gruel for two blessed days and nights, and Jimmy kin run about now as peert as anybody."

Straggler. "I've hearn that a little whiskey was good to bring a feller roun', who had got down that are way."

Old Lady. "Wus norever! I'm rael scared, stranger, that honger's made you crazy like. You Betsy Jane, run and help Polly Ann make that kittle bile. Git some dry chips in your apron and I'll take out the meal myself.— Ever since we got the lid broke, the kittle's monstrous hard to bile."

Straggler. "I wish you and Polly Ann and Betsy Jane may all git to a country where the kittle is monstrous easy to bile." (Exit Straggler.)

Old Lady. "I do believe the ongrateful critter wants us all at the bad place and me a doin' all

It is unfortunate for North Carolina that none of her own sons has attempted a history of the war. There was scarcely a corporal in the ranks of the North Carolina troops, who could not write a more *truthful* history than any yet put forth. He might not be able to adorn it with flowers of rhetoric and ideal descriptions of battles, but he could tell what actually occurred, without drawing upon the fancy and the imagination. The "so-called" histories are not merely ridiculous shams, they often contain gross misstatements prejudicial to the honor and character of troops, from States other than the one sought to be given the preëminence.

Take as an example of this cruel and unjust dealing, the reflection made upon Pettigrew's brigade at Gettysburg. The object is not to injure the brigade, but to exalt Pickett's division. Now it has been confidently stated again and again that the brigade lost more men than the division. No contradiction of this has ever met our eye. We would like to see the figures set side by side. We know nothing of the facts personally, as we were not on that disastrous field, which changed so many old secessionists into "union men from the beginning." But we served for a long time with Pettigrew's brigade and *know* that the world has never scen a finer body of men under a more accomplished and chivalrous leader. We do not doubt for a moment, that North Carolina lost more men in action than any Southern State,

and it will not do to cast any reflections upon her noble soldiery. The subordination and propriety of her troops were the admiration of the citizens, wherever they marched. This admirable conduct was due not merely to the quiet, conservative character of the State, but also to the discipline maintained by the officers.—The tone was given to all the regiments by the selection which the lamented Ellis made, to fill the ten regiments of State Troops.—All of his appointments being given to men of character and standing, other regiments would not vote for men of less mark to command them. Thus, in a very large degree, it was owing to Gov. Ellis that the North Carolina companies and regiments were so well officered. Seven of the ten Colonels appointed by Gov. Ellis sleep in soldiers' graves, one died of disease during the war, another (Gen R. Ransom) rose to be a Major General. He and Col. D. K. McRae are the only survivors of the ten. Col. M. made one of the most desperate and bloody charges of the war, concerning which the New York *Herald* said that "*immortality* ought to be inscribed on the banners of the regiments (5th N. C. and 24th Va.) which made the charge." Col. M. was severely and unjustly reflected upon at home, for the desperate nature of his attack.—Being a subordinate officer, he was of course not responsible.

We hope that there are thousands still living, who remember the earnest and affectionate zeal of Rev. Mr. Young, a Baptist Chaplain, whose liberal spirit and

tender sympathy prompted to visit suffering soldiers of all denominations. There was an Irishman, and of course, a Catholic, in the hospital at Petersburg, who had a very serious attack of illness. Faithfully did the good chaplain visit him and try to promote his well-being. For want of a better name, we will call the Irish patient, Lawrence Donnahue. He, at length, began to mend, and when the good chaplain thought him sufficiently recovered to be able to stand a protracted conversation, he determined to introduce the subject of religion; with this view, he called upon Lawrence, and this colloquy took place.

Chaplain. "I am glad that you are better, Mr. Donnahue, I hope that you are improving."

Lawrence. "Thank ye kindly, yer riverence, I'm very comfortable the day."

Chaplain. "Did you think of eternity, while you were so sick?"

Lawrence. "Many's the time. I did that same, your riverence."

Chaplain. "My friend, were you afraid to meet your Maker?"

Lawrence. "No, your riverence, it was the tother chap, I was afraid of!"

The North Carolina regiments were so fixed in their determination to have colonels not inferior to those appointed by Gov. Ellis, that when no man of military experience could be found, from their own State, they sought army officers, who were natives of other States. In this way, were selected Cooke, (afterwards a Brigadier General,) C. C. Lee and

St. Clair Dearing, and others whose names we cannot now recall. When the supply from the old army was exhausted, the military schools were looked to, and R. M. McKinney, Marshall, Burgwyn and Lane were placed at the head of regiments. The first three gave up their lives for our cause in the spring-time of life, ere the soil of the world had sullied the purity of their souls. We knew and loved them well, but we felt a peculiar affection for the noble McKinney, who had been so long our associate in the North Carolina Military Institute, at Charlotte. A modest, high-toned gentleman, a gallant soldier, a bright christian, he perished at the head of his regiment, but to live forever!

Lane rose to be a brigadier, and for three years commanded the celebrated brigade which bore his name. Identified with the old North State as the accomplished Principal of the classical school at Concord, he feels an honest pride in the reputation of her soldiers, and a righteous indignation at aspersions cast upon them. We copy from that admirable and almost unequaled family newspaper, the *Wilson, North Carolinian*, what is said about, General Lane's position, in regard to the attack upon Pettigrew's brigade:

"General James H. Lane, a Virginian by birth, but a North Carolinian by adoption, has written an article for the *Richmond Times*, in which he demonstrates the unfairness of the attacks made by McCabe upon the conduct of North Carolina soldiers, at Gettysburg. General Lane was one of the most gallant and accomplished officers of the 'great army,' and speaks of matters in which he was an actor. We are glad to see that the apathy, which citizens of our State have exhibited in regard to the reputation of her soldier sons, is

yielding to a just and proper determination to vindicate them from insult and defamation."

From the *Aide-de-Camp* of the lamented Cleburne, we get an account of a trick played by some hard cases, upon General S——, a gallant soldier and true gentleman.

During Gen. Hood's unfortunate march into Tennessee, most rigid orders were given against taking hogs, sheep, poultry, &c. The better to enforce these orders, General S—— organized a special Provost Guard, with specific instructions to arrest all plunderers. As an incentive to the more efficient performance of duty, the guard was promised half of the booty captured from stragglers.—The jolly "goobers" soon got wind of this, and planned for revenge. They killed a certain animal, and removing the hide, feet and ears, converted him into quite respectable mutton. They next sent one of their own number to inform the Provost that some of the "goobers" were killing and dressing a sheep out in the woods. Away posted the guard, in hot haste, eager to do their duty and eager to have some nice mutton. The "goobers" and their prey were captured.—The guard had a savory mess of mutton, and in the grateful emotions excited by it, sent a goodly portion to General S——, who enjoyed it exceedingly. The next day, as he was riding by the famous 5th Confederate, composed of all nationalities, but all of them "goobers," a voice inquired on the right, "who killed the *dog*?" The answer came from the left, "Bill Jones." Then

from the rear, "who captured the dog?" Answer from the front, "Provost Guard." Question from the centre, "who ate the dog?" Answer from all sides, "Gen. S——, Gen. S——! Bow-wow, bow-wow!"

Until the surrender at Greensboro, the gallant General would sometimes hear an unpleasant barking of curs when he rode near the regiment.

An Irishman had his leg shattered by a minnie ball, and was taken to one of the hospitals in Petersburg, where it was amputated just above the ankle joint.— When the poor fellow was convalescing, a Chaplain visited him and found him sitting up, smoking his pipe very pleasantly:

Chaplain. "Well, my friend, how do you feel to-day? You seem to be improving."

Irishman. "Thank ye kindly, your riverence, I'm very comfortable, only I'd like to have a paice (piece) more of leg!"

In the Mexican war, the brigade of Col. Bennett Riley was sent to the rear of Fort Contreras to make an attack through the gorge.— The Palmetto regiment (S. C.) Smith's Rifles, and other troops were placed around the Fort to intercept the fugitives, when driven out by Riley. The attack was made solely by his brigade; and in seventeen minutes it had dislodged the enemy, captured twenty-six pieces of artillery and opened a road to the Mexican capital. An Ex-President of the Republic, two or three general officers, and over two thousand prisoners fell into the hands of the troops placed

around the fort; and the entire force of Valencia, said to be six thousand strong, was scattered to the winds. All the fighting on the American side was done by Riley's men. The report of General Scott, however, made such slight reference to Riley's brigade that Col. R., (for he was then but a Colonel,) in speaking of it, said, "I thought that I had been at Contreras until I read Gen. Scott's Report, but now I begin to think that I was not there at all!" So it has happened in the late civil war, in regard to the battle of Seven Pines. The Southern troops who bore the brunt of it, have reason to infer from the so-called histories of the war that they were not engaged at all, on the 31st May, 1862! A former Captain of the gallant 12th Mississippi, Robt. E. Park, of Talladega, Alabama, has sent us an article pointing out the gross injustice done to Rodes' brigade by one of these "iron-clad" historians. Pickett's brigade is made to occupy the post of honor. Now this brigade did nobly, and its conduct was especially creditable, as some of its neighbors behaved badly and left it unsupported. But Pickett's brigade was not engaged on the 31st of May, when the real hard fighting was done, and when Casey's entrenchments were taken from him. These works were taken by the brigades of G. B. Anderson, Rodes, Garland, and Rains, composed of nearly one half North Carolina troops, next of Alabamians, next of Georgians, next of Mississippians, and lastly of two Virginia regiments. Casey says that he was attacked by 30,000 men. The at-

tacking force was a little less than 9,000 as shown by the Morning Report still in our possession.—After the works were captured, Anderson's (R. H.) brigade of South Carolinians was sent up to the assistance of the first four brigades, and rendered splendid service. Several other detached regiments were also sent in, but were not actively engaged. There was but little fighting, comparatively, the next day, the 1st June; and Pickett unquestionably bore the brunt of it. But we are inclined to think that his whole *brigade* suffered less than several *regiments* did the day before.—The 6th Alabama, commanded by Col. (afterwards Lt. Gen.) J. B. Gordon lost 333 out of 666 men. A single company which had been thrown out on the flank had all of its men killed or wounded, but four! Gordon said that when he ordered these four to retire, they were loading and firing as coolly as though nothing had happened. Rains was sent to make a flank movement and was but slightly engaged. The other three Brigadiers each lost one-half his men, not by capture or by straggling, but by killing and wounding.—Rodes remained an hour and a half on the field after he had received a most painful wound, from which he never entirely recovered. Anderson lost in a single regiment, (the 4th North Carolina,) 24 officers out of 27! and 462 men out of 520!—an almost unprecedented loss in the annals of war! Garland reported to his Division Commander after the capture of the entrenchments for a place on his staff, saying that his brigade could

do nothing more, but *he* did not wish to be idle. In carrying orders during the remainder of the day, he exposed himself as we have never seen any other man do before or since.

A book, compiled from the sensationals of Army correspondents, would make very pretty reading, if it only had the caption "STORY of the WAR—founded on fact," but when 'tis called HISTORY, 'tis positively nauseating! The Brigadiers that did the fighting are scarcely mentioned, and yet what splendid soldiers they were. In introducing G. B. Anderson to General Lee a few days after, his Division Commander expressed the regret that he was introducing a Colonel and not a Major General!

Our friend A. M. M. of Edenton, N. C., gives us an incident of a cavalry raid.

While Burnside with his "powerful field glass" was calmly looking at his struggling troops attempting vainly to capture the stonewall, at the base of Marye's Hill near Fredericksburg, General Hampton was making a raid around by Quantico and Dumfries. He took many prisoners and army stores, and interfered materially with the anticipations of profits made by certain sutlers in blue. One of these disinterested patriots had not been long enough in "the land of the free and the home of the brave," to acquire perfectly the language spoken by the people of "the best government the world ever saw." The rebel troopers helped themselves to his choice supplies with

a discriminating judgment which proved that they were quite connoisseurs. Whether it was the good taste displayed by them or the sutler's own prudence which influenced him, it cannot be told, but he had no unkind speeches for the jolly fellows, who were helping themselves; but he was profuse in his abuse of the army of union. "Vot for is our army vort? can't keep von tam leetle rebel hoss off mine goots behind de place dey fights. I coms to dis country, vorks hard, makes money plenty, puy mine goots to sell to de soldiers; py tam, one leetle rebel hoss take him all. I go home, I tells mine frow, I vorks mine garden and makes mine krout and let the Grand Army go along mit itself. The leetle rebel hoss come vay back behind, vips him off, take mine cheese and mine crack-er. Vot for is our army vort?"

The sutler had an Irish driver, who, having no interest in the goods, seemed to enjoy the whole thing as something better than "a little joke." He cracked his whip over the place where the horses had been, (they being now on their way to Dixie,) he whistled and he winked his eye, as something particularly interested him. A rebel cavalry man came up, who had feet of the largest size.

Trooper. "How are you, Pat?"

Driver. "Its Mike this time, and not Pat, and Mike's as hearty as a buck."

Trooper. "Have you any boots, Mike?"

Driver. "None for that fut!—Faith but I'm thinking that your fut has outgrewed your body.—Lave me your misure and I'll

try to fet ye the nixt time we come back. Me Boss has sould out so quick this trip, that I'm thinking he'll be after coming soon agin." Here Mike winked pleasantly at his employer, who groaned out, "Vot for is dey vort, py tam."

From the poet-hero, Col. B. H. Jones, of Lewisburg, West Virginia, we get the following incidents:

During the battle of Frazier's Farm, June 30th, '62, while the 60th Virginia Infantry, Col. (afterwards Brigadier General) W. E. Stark commanding—was crossing bayonets with a Federal regiment, private Robt. Christian, Company I, Mercer county, was assailed by four Yankees. He shot one, bayoneted a second, when his brother Joseph, attracted by his cries of "help! help!" ran to his assistance and shot the third, and as the fourth wheeled and ran "Bob" pitched his musket at him and the bayonet entering between his shoulders protruded through his breast bone. He fell and begged piteously to have the weapon extracted, to which "Bob" replied that he was "too tired" just then, but would relieve him when rested. "Bob" was pretty well used up, bayoneted through both arms and a furrow plowed transversely across his breast.

Another incident in this charge of the 60th. Private George Taylor, Company E, Greenbrier county, upwards of sixty years of age, a true patriot, a gallant soldier, and a zealous christian, hearing an exclamation of alarm from his right hand man, told him to "trust in God and go ahead," thereupon

the fellow shouting "Glory to God!" dashed into the thickest of the fight and acquitted himself manfully. One other: Sergeant Bailey, Co. H, Mercer county, who afterwards fell at Cedar Creek, in the thickest of the fight continually exclaimed "Lord save my bleeding country!" Poor George! a better man or a more intrepid soldier never died on a battle field.

For gallant conduct in the battle of Frazier's Farm a beautiful banner with the device of "cross bayonets" was presented to the regiment by order of Gen. Lee. At the battle of Winchester, Sept. 19th, 1864, this flag which had attracted the death-shot to half a dozen gallant color-bearers, was captured by the enemy, though not till color-sergeant Kelly, of Company C, Fayette county, had impaled several Yankees on its spear-head, and finally fallen under the sabre cuts of Sheridan's cavalry. What would I not give for that glorious battle-torn banner to transmit as an heir-loom?

B. H. J.

The next two incidents is furnished by Gen. Jas. H. Lane.

Maj. G. G. H., of — North Carolina, though a post-master, a magistrate, and over the conscript age, would avail himself of none of these excuses to keep out of the army, but voluntarily entered the — North Carolina regiment, as a private; and rendered himself so conspicuous by his gallantry, as to win the respect and admiration of the whole brigade to which he was attached. As an officer, he preferred to fare like his men, and always marched with his knapsack strapped to his should-

ers; and, sometimes, he would carry a frying-pan and a camp-stool. He was blessed with good health, and, though he was in most of the battles fought by the army of Northern Virginia, he never was wounded. During the summer of '64, he was thrown in command of his regiment; and when it was advancing, under fire, on the north side of James river, he rushed in front of it, and extending both hands—sword in right, and frying-pan in left—exclaimed, "I command the — North Carolina regiment—men, follow me." The regiment did noble work that day. Not long afterwards, he took a very active part in that glorious charge made by Cook's, McRae's, and Lane's brigades, all North Carolina Troops, on Hancock's fortified position at Reams' station. He was among the first of his brigade to mount the enemy's works, and finding them filled with troops, he yelled out, "Yankees, if you know what is best for you, you had better make a blue streak towards sunset." The, then, captain had the satisfaction of seeing a long streak of blue coats pass over the works towards sunset as prisoners of war. The old patriot pushed on, and was soon after seen in an ambulance, driving back, in "two twenty style," a pair of horses, which he had captured under fire of the enemy's second line of battle.

While a train of soldiers was at — depot, in North Carolina, a man with a broad grin on his face, was standing to himself, apparently enjoying the pranks of

“General Lee’s boys.” As soon as he was seen by one of these unknown “Confeds,” he yelled out, “I say, Mister, have you sold your dog?” and when told that the animal had not been disposed of, he begged the fellow’s pardon, and said, “I thought you had, as I see you are doing your own grinning.”

J. H. L.

We can, sometimes, relish a “little joke” at our own expense. The following letter deserves a better location than the waste basket of the sanctum:

—, ALABAMA,
April 15th, 1867.

GENTLEMEN: I have received your Circular informing me of my

indebtedness to you of five dollars, as a credit subscriber. I have no money, but I pray that the choicest blessings of Heaven may attend your laudable enterprise. Your ob’t serv’t.

R. N. B.

This, we thought, capital; but but when a similar letter came a few days after from a point in the Old North State, we were reminded of the old saw that a “good joke should not be repeated too often.” It will lose its savor.

However, as we have so many blessings of the same sort due us, we have been encouraged thereby to persevere with the “laudable enterprise.”

THE IDEAL.

How strange a Wizard is that Power we name
The Ideal!; from her haunts of cloud and mist,
Nature herself, a rich Idealist,
Emerges, clothed in robes of sapphire flame;—
She glorifies with golden air the tame,
And dull lagoons, and by her magic kissed,
The dreary desert blooms with amethyst
And purple mirage, whose weird changes claim
The traveler’s wonder!;—from low, trivial things,
This Ariel of the mind evokes fair forms,
And breathes thro’ discord music; angel wings
Seem budding from the shapes of mortal love,
And the wild threatenings of our spiritual storms
Grow peaceful as the mild eyes of a dove.

SKETCH OF GENERAL B. H. HELM.

AMONG the glittering stars that shine forth in the galaxy of Southern Fame, the noble old commonwealth of Kentucky, proudly inscribes upon her time-honored banner some of the brightest. Breckinridge, Buckner, Hanson, Helm, Duke, Morgan, Lewis and Tilghman are names that are written in their country's annals, forming a part of her glory, which can never perish while a page of history remains. Some of these brilliant luminaries have indeed set, but the dark blue firmament is still glowing with their silvery rays, which linger above the horizon to light our gloom.

Conspicuous among the sons of Kentucky, remarkable for heroism, is the subject of this sketch—Ben Harden Helm—who lost his life in the service of his country, at the battle of Chickamauga.—He was an officer of rare ability and great promise. Though he perished at too early an age to fulfill the high expectations that had been formed for him, yet his friends and countrymen can scarcely lament his premature death; he fell while the laurels were still green upon his brow, ere a breath of envy or a word of calumny had stolen a leaf from the chaplet of his fame; and at a period too when the silken folds of the Southern Cross floated to the breeze, as the glorious ensign of a proud people.

Ben Harden Helm was born in Bardstown, Kentucky, on the 2nd

of June, 1832, and was the oldest son of Governor John L. Helm, and Lucinda Harden, a daughter of the late Hon. Ben Harden, one of the most eminent jurists of the State. Young Helm thus inherited a high order of talent from both parents, and was placed at the academy in Elizabethtown, while a child. Here he soon distinguished himself by his aptitude in learning, and before he had reached his sixteenth year, passed through the usual college course of English, Latin, French, and Mathematics. At school he was a general favorite, kind, noble, and impulsive, he was ever the champion of the unfortunate and oppressed, and while never known to engage in a broil on his own account, was the victor in many a school-boy quarrel in defence of his friends.

Having completed his literary course of study, he was appointed a cadet in the Kentucky Military Institute, then under the supervision of Colonel J. P. Allen. In June of the same year, he entered the academy at West Point. During the five years spent in this celebrated institution, young Helm was noted for prompt discharge of duty and proficiency in the various branches of military education. He graduated high in his class in 1851, was appointed lieutenant in the cavalry, and ordered to north-western Texas. At the end of one year's service, he resigned his commission on account of ill health, and re-

turned to Kentucky. Feeling himself incapacitated for the hardships of a soldier's life, our hero, pursuing the inclinations of his mind, determined to select the law as a profession, and accordingly began the study of it in his father's office, graduating with high honors in the Louisville Law School, he entered into partnership with his brother-in-law, H. M. Bruce, who was afterwards a member of the Confederate Congress.

Ben Harden Helm's first entrance into public life was in 1855, when he was elected a member of the representative branch of the Legislature from Harden county. In that body he served with such honor, giving such evidence of his justly discriminating mind, and superior legal attainments, that in the following year he was elected commonwealth's attorney. In the same year, he was married to the beautiful and accomplished Miss Emily Todd, daughter of the late Robert Todd, Esq., of Lexington, Kentucky. At the expiration of his term of office, he removed to Louisville, renewing the practice of his profession, in connection with M. H. Cofer, since colonel of the 6th Kentucky regiment, C. S. A. It was at this period, that Ben H. Helm, made himself, a most enviable character. At the bar always true to the honor of his profession, he was faithful to his client, and the court; to his associates, as well as opposing counsel, he was courteous and obliging. The uprightness and integrity of his character, the clearness of his judgment, and discernment of his mind

impressed every one who knew him, and it was as a professional man that he attained for himself a reputation, equaled only by that afterwards gained in the service of the South, as a soldier.

In 1859, the Kentucky Legislature, at the instigation of General S. B. Buckner, organized its militia of State into a state guard, of which General B—— was made chief inspector, and General Helm the second in command.— To the labors and energy of these two officers, is due the marked superiority of the Kentucky troops of the Confederate army, the grand work of their superior discipline, and efficiency in arms, having been laid in the camps of instruction of the State guard.

At the commencement of the late revolution, President Lincoln—a brother-in-law of General Helm—offered him a high position in the United States Army, but the noble, chivalrous, son of Kentucky, refused to accept honors from the hand that oppressed the people of his sister states.— Such was the purity of his patriotism, that had the crown of an empire been offered him, he would have spurned it for the liberty of his country. His sympathy was with the South, and he resolved, when he took up arms, it should be in her defence. About this period, he visited Washington in company with General Buckner. Shortly after his return, he entered the Confederate Army, and was immediately commissioned colonel of the 1st Kentucky cavalry.— While the Confederates occupied Bowling Green, he rendered valuable service; upon the removal of

the troops from this point, Col. Helm and his band of Kentuckians were ordered to cover the retreat. Being in the rear of Buell at Shiloh, he communicated to General Johnson, Buell's intention of joining Grant, Sunday night, by this valuable information preparing the Confederates for the enemy's approach. In the battle of Sunday, Colonel Helm displayed great valor, in reward for which, he was promoted to the position of Brigadier General. His command consisted of Mississippi troops, and the 4th and 9th Kentucky infantry, the latter then known as the 5th Kentucky.

At the battle of Baton Rouge, General Helm led the advance, having Cobb's battery attached to his command. He sent forward a body of partisan rangers as scouts in the place of regular cavalry. When in about a mile of the town, it being still too dark to discern an object, the horsemen, (not regular troops) became alarmed by a report of the approach of a large body of the enemy, and rushed back pell-mell upon the advancing column of infantry, and artillery, who in turn mistook the panic stricken rangers for the Federal troops, and fired into their midst. A scene of the wildest confusion ensued, the infantry were trampled down by the stumbling artillery horses, the guns were over-turned, the terrified steeds shot down, crushing men in their fall. An ordinary commander would have partaken of the general dismay, and looked to his own security; not so the dauntless young Kentuckian, his clear mind soon

discerned the true cause of the confusion of his brave troops, and riding among them, he endeavored to reassure them of their needless alarm, and convince them by his cheering tones, of the real condition of affairs, but in his efforts to restore order, he became entirely regardless of personal safety, and his horse was shot under him, falling crushed the muscles of his thigh in such a manner as to disable him to a considerable extent for life. At the same time, his Aid and brother-in-law, Alexander Todd, was killed by an unfortunate shot. He was a young man of ability, and undoubted courage. In his untimely fall his country sustained a loss. Captain Todd was the favorite son of a widowed mother, and the second one whose name had been written upon the martyr's scroll in our war for independence.

General Helm was conveyed from the field of carnage to the residence of a planter, where he remained until September, suffering severely from his wounds. Upon reporting for duty, he was placed in charge of the troops about Pollard, Alabama, to watch the approach of the enemy from Pensacola.

About the 1st of January, 1863, he was transferred to the command of the Post at Chattanooga, at that time a position of considerable importance, being immediately in the rear of the lines, and consequently the great depot for the materials of war.

In February, General Helm was placed in command of the famous Kentucky brigade, consisting of the 2nd, 4th, 6th and 9th Ken-

tucky infantry, 41st Alabama, and Cobb's battery. The command was stationed at Manchester, Tennessee, as one of the outposts of the army, and was the favorite brigade of Breckinridge's division.

In May, the entire command was ordered to Jackson, Mississippi, to reinforce Gen. Johnston. In the move upon Big Black, Helm was in the advance. As soon as General Johnston was apprised of the fall of Vicksburg, General Helm was ordered to cover the retreat.

On Sunday the 12th of July, an attack was made upon Helm's line, the heat was intense, the Confederates were exhausted by their long march, and seemingly unfit for the unequal contest, but the dauntless spirits of brave Kentuckians never quailed, and now led by their valiant commander, they repulsed the enemy with a loss of two hundred men, and three stands of colors. On the 16th, Jackson was evacuated at 10 o'clock at night, the Kentucky brigade was again ordered to cover the retreat, for which service they were afterwards handsomely complimented by General Johnston.

In September, Breckenridge's division was ordered to join Bragg, and reached that commander in time to take part in the battle of Chickamauga. Helm's brigade was at once thrown forward into a most important position. On the first day of the engagement, it occupied the extreme left of the army, where a heavy force of the enemy was confronted—the Kentuckians were never closely en-

gaged, being confined to heavy skirmishing, and a terrible artillery duel. At night, they were transferred from the position occupied during the day to the extreme right, and on the memorable Sunday morning just after sun rise, opened the battle. They moved into action beautifully, and were soon upon the enemy's works, but unfortunately General Cleburne, who was on the left, failed from a misconception of orders to advance at the same time to their support. Raked by batteries in front, torn by others on the flank, the gallant Kentuckians advanced nevertheless with the firmness of veterans, and buffeting the iron whirlpool, struggled manfully to maintain their position. As glorious a name as Kentucky has ever borne, as valiantly as she has defended it on so many fields of strife, her sons surpassed themselves in this memorable contest, adding new laurels to their already well known crown, and even now when the sword is sheathed, and the beloved banner furled, no prouder boast can be made than to say "I was a member of the Kentucky brigade."—The withering fire from the enemy's guns made fearful havoc in the ranks of those heroic men, cutting down more than a third of their number—a large portion of whom were officers, among them the gallant Helm, who received a minnie rifle ball in his right side, while pressing the left wing of his brigade hard upon the Federal works. As he fell, all eyes were turned upon the beloved young commander, and those nearest rushed to his assistance.

He was tenderly borne from the field by his sorrow stricken men, to the hospital, where he lingered until midnight, when the heroic spirit fled from its tenement of clay, and winged its flight to the bosom of God.

In appearance, though not strictly speaking handsome, General Helm was prepossessing. In height he measured five feet ten inches, his eyes were a bright blue, and his hair a soft brown; he had a frank, open expression of countenance that bespoke the nobility of his nature, and the warmth and generosity of his heart.

As a soldier he was brave, self-forgetting, unawed by danger, and nerved by disaster; he imparted

his own enthusiasm to all under his command, and infused life and vigor through the ranks. "I knew General Helm well," says a distinguished officer of the Confederate Army, "and I may truly affirm that he was a man of great promise, lofty in the purity of his principles, devoted to the cause he deemed just, his fall was a serious loss to his country."

As a statesman, patriot, and soldier, Kentucky is justly proud of the gallant Helm, and his name will live as long as any one of her stalwart sons shall continue to exist, or her fair daughters can preserve green by grateful tears the dearest, and most brilliant memories of their hearts.

ON PRUNING AND TRAINING OF THE GRAPE.

THE great object to be attained in pruning and training the grape, is to develop to the utmost its fruit bearing qualities, consistent with a due regard to the health of the plant and its future powers of productiveness. If we overtax its energies at any one time, exhaustion ensues, and we lose the time necessary for its recuperation.—We must endeavor to husband its strength, and to concentrate it upon that part which is of most value, viz: the *Fruit*: this being the object in view, we will consider the habit of the vine and its mode of bearing; and thus endeavor to arrive at the best mode of accomplishing this end.

1st. *In all plants their is a due*

equipoise of strength between the roots and the stem. This is the normal condition and must be preserved as nearly as possible, or the health of the plant is impaired. If therefore we prune the branches excessively, the roots are injured. The breathing and digesting apparatus above in the air, is necessary to maintain the healthy action of the roots—the absorbents below in the soil.

This due proportion is generally attained and preserved when a plant is left in its natural state; and there is undoubtedly most vigor and health when the equilibrium is undisturbed.

2d. There are certain advantages however to be derived from prun-

ing, which counterbalance the injuries done to the plant. As, for example, in giving good form and symmetry to ornamental trees—in reducing the size of fruit trees, and giving them such shape as to protect against sun and high winds, and to force the fruit bearing branches into full development; and in the grape, to keep within control, the strong tendency to grow out of reach and bear fruit only at the extremities. This artificial treatment, or domestication, whether in plants or animals, causes an unnatural, and to a certain extent, an unhealthy condition, but it is necessary if we wish to develop certain valuable qualities at the expense of others which are of less importance to us.

3d. Plants have various modes of bearing fruits—some on the growing wood of the present season, as the grape, fig, pomegranate, &c.,—others on the wood of the last, or previous years, as the peach, plum, apple, cherry, &c.

Pruning must therefore be done in accordance with these various habits.

4th. *The grape bears its fruit on the growing wood of the current season, which wood is the growth from a bud formed the previous season.*

By keeping this fact in view, we shall understand the rationale of the different modes of pruning and training; and that however they may be varied to suit the fancy or taste of the vintner, or the exigencies of the case, they are all based on the same principle and may all be reduced to one general plan.

5th. The pruning of the grape should be done in winter—any time from the fall of the leaf to within one month of the shooting forth of new leaves. At this season the plant is in a dormant state; vegetation is checked, and the circulation of the sap is very sluggish. At the first approach of warm weather, the crude sap begins to ascend from the roots, and so copiously, that an incision made in the wood at that time causes profuse “bleeding,” and is very exhausting to the plant. By earlier pruning, the scar has time to become dry and the pores of the small cells are closed, and no “bleeding” ensues.

6th. The buds which are left at the winter pruning (on branches, the growth of the previous season,) shoot forth with vigor in early spring. In a strong, healthy and well matured vine, as these shoots elongate, it will be found that generally the first three joints, (*nodes*) have each a leaf and nothing more. If there is to be fruit, a cluster of buds (*raceme*) is formed opposite the fourth leaf and the two next. There are seldom more than three clusters on one shoot. As the young branches elongate, tendrils take the place of the fruit racemes opposite to the leaves; and this arrangement continues as long as the branch maintains its growth. After the tendrils begin to form, no more fruit may be expected, no matter how vigorous the growth.*

* Except in certain cases where from accident or design, the growing shoot is cut back to a well matured bud.—This bud which contains within its folds, the germ of the future fruit, which normally would have remained inactive until the following season, sometimes has sufficient vitality to shoot out immediately and develop its fruit. This is known as “second crop,” but the quality is never as good as that of the first crop, and the process is exhausting to the vine.

The transformation of the first tendrils into fruit bearing racemes has exhausted the energies of the shoot, and those formed afterwards are merely appendages for holding on to objects of support.

In pruning the vine therefore in winter, we must leave a sufficient quantity of new wood, i. e., wood grown and matured the previous season, in order to have fruit bearing buds.

7th. If we leave the vine unpruned, the health and vigor of the plant, so far as its mere vegetative life is concerned, is certainly benefited, but we lose much of the quantity and quality of the fruit, which alone gives value to the grape. The effect of leaving a vine unpruned, would be to multiply enormously the number of buds, which would become branches the following season.—As these increase in number, they decrease correspondingly in vigor, for the roots can only furnish a limited amount of food. Another effect would be that the vine continues to elongate and grow upwards;—and must find some means of support, or trail upon the ground. In the wild state, nature provides the trees of the forest, but this would be impracticable in the vineyard. We must therefore, at the risk of injuring somewhat the health of the vine, take off a portion of the branches in order to keep it in due proportion and shape; and obtain fruit of better quality.

Hence the necessity of pruning and training; and the various modes practised and recommended to accomplish these ends.

8th. If we bear in mind,

First. The necessity of preserving as nearly as possible the due balance between root and branches;

Second. The benefit to be derived by taking away a portion of the growing buds, and thus concentrating the whole strength of the plant upon the remaining parts, we shall have the best lights to guide us in the process of pruning.

The different modes in practice are based upon these principles, and are all modifications of one and the same system.

9th. Having made these preliminary remarks, let us consider the practice more in detail.

The vine, from its habit, needs some support. It must be secured against the action of high winds, or the tender shoots are snapped off;—it must be raised from the ground, or the fruit rots when in contact with the moist earth;—and the fruit (in our Southern latitude) must be protected by the leaves from the direct rays of the sun, or it becomes sun-burnt, hard and unpalatable.

In vineyard culture, where thousands of vines are to be provided for, it is necessary to adopt that plan which is most practicable.

10th. The most common modes of training are the following:

Single Stakes. These are from five to six feet in height; and are driven firmly into the ground near the vine, to which it is attached by cord or osier willow thongs, either straight or bowed.

The Trellis is made of two or more laths nailed to upright posts at proper distances apart;—or No. 10 wire may be used in place of laths, stretched from one post to the other.

The *Arbor* is only the Trellis more extended to form a covering above.

11th. In *stake culture* there are two modes of pruning:

First. The *renewal system*, where a new cane is trained every year to form the bearing wood of the following season:

At the pruning in winter, one or two canes, (depending on the age and vigor of the vine) the growth of the previous season, must be left;—and also a spur containing one or two buds, from which will grow the wood to form the bearing canes of the next year.

The length of the canes intended to bear fruit, must depend upon the age and strength of the vine;—and also upon the climate, soil and latitude to which it is subjected. It is the general opinion here in the latitude of South Carolina and Georgia, that we must prune less severely than is done further North, and in Europe.

We have a longer growing season and a hotter sun to stimulate the growth and mature the woody structure. Excessive pruning is apt to cause an undue expansion of wood and leaf at the expense of the fruit.

In a healthy and strong vine of sufficient size and age, six to eight buds upon each cane would not be too much, where two are to be used;—or double that number upon a single cane.

It will be found, perhaps, that different varieties will require a modification of this plan—some requiring more, some less. The varieties or descendants of the

summer grape (*Vitis Æstivalis*) viz: Herbemont, Madeira, or Warren, Pauline, Lenoir, Black July and others of this class, are more rampant in growth, need more outlets to their vigorous flow of sap, and can sustain a greater tax upon their roots without exhaustion, than those of the Muscadine family or descendants of *Vitis Labrusca*, viz: Isabella, Catawba, Diana, &c. The latter are often injured by over-bearing (having too much of the bearing wood left in the pruning,) whilst the former, when there are not shoots enough to check the too vigorous growth, expend their strength in long and useless branches.

After pruning in winter, the canes are then bowed or bent and fastened securely to the stake.—The object of bowing is to retain the ascent of the sap, and by distributing it more equally through the cane, to cause all the buds to develop together. The vines when bowed, are also more easily fastened to the stake, suffer less from winds, and give more protection to the fruit from the sun.

Secondly. Another mode of pruning for stake culture is the

Permanent stem system. The commencement is made by leaving one straight, well-developed cane of three or four feet in length, which is fastened upright to the stake. No spur is left at base to form new wood for the next year, but the same stem is retained.—Nearly every bud on this cane will shoot out and form branches the first season. At the pruning, the following winter, a sufficient number of these lateral branches

are retained and cut back, so as to have one, two or three buds on each branch, varying according to the age of the vine, vigor of growth and capacity for bearing. The following season, the same process is repeated, leaving one or more buds on the branches, (wood of the previous year's growth.) The stem, by this system, becomes larger and stronger each year, and at length becomes self-supporting, as in California, or at any rate, is less liable to be thrown about by high winds.

Those who prefer this Permanent, to the Renewal stem system, claim for it the following advantages:

First. The stem becomes annually larger and stronger, and will need less support from the stake and suffer less from winds.

Second. The branches, extending laterally like the spreading limbs of a tree, offer more protection to the fruit from the direct rays of the sun, a very important consideration in our latitude.

Third. There will be a greater tendency in all the buds to develop equally, and to prevent single shoots from gaining undue prominence.

12th. The Trellis is formed of two or more horizontal laths tacked to posts, and at convenient distances apart. It may be used either with the *permanent* or *renewal* stem system. The great advantage of the Trellis is that it gives more room to the branches, and a better support in training. Where building material can be easily procured, this would be preferable to single stakes. A modification of these two forms

may be adopted, by using stakes of uniform height, say about four feet out of ground, and tacking single laths from the top of one stake to another throughout the row.

13th. *The Arbor or Frame* is only an extension of the Trellis, having two sides and a covering, all made of open lath work. This is intended more for ornament about buildings, and for giving the greatest possible expansion to the branches of large and old vines, when planting space is limited.— The pruning here is still on the same general plan, viz: to have always just enough of the new wood, of the previous year, to form fruit bearing branches of the current season.

14th. For the Scuppernong and other varieties of the Bullace grape which require no pruning, except to thin out branches when they are growing too thickly and to remove sickly or decaying shoots, *the Canopy*, (which is only the Arbor without the side laths,) is used. As the vine continues to grow and extend, additions are made, so that in course of time a Canopy may extend over a half acre or more of ground.

15th. Besides these principal kinds of training mentioned above, there are other modifications in use, which the fancy or taste of individuals may suggest.

A favorite mode practiced by some of the oldest vintners in the vicinity of Aiken, S. C., is to use, in addition to the large stakes on which the growing shoots are trained, smaller stakes about two or three feet out of ground placed at a

few feet from the former. In the winter, after pruning, the cane left for bearing wood is first fastened by cord to the large stake near its base, and then bent over at right angles and tied securely to the small stake. If two bearing canes are used they may both be fastened to the one stake, or a second may be used on the opposite side. The advantages claimed for this mode are, that the buds develop more equally than when in an upright position, and the cane is better secured against winds than if left on the large stake.

Trellises made of No. 10 wire have been recommended as more permanent and more ornamental than those of wood. They would be more expensive; but after the first cost, would be durable and permanent.

In books and treatises on the vine, we have many fanciful modes of pruning and training recommended and explained, but they can all be reduced to the few simple forms enumerated above.

The "Thomery System" introduced from France and practiced by Dr. Grant, of Iona, New York, and others, presents a beautiful appearance on paper; and is recommended as giving the greatest abundance of fruit, and of the best quality, when well managed.

Mr. Bright, an English gardner and vintner, of Philadelphia, recommends, in a treatise on the vine, a system of close planting, (two feet apart,)—and that only alternate vines be allowed to fruit each year; and the others to make wood only, and to recuperate their strength for the following season.

This is perhaps more applicable to small vineyards with rich borders, and would be too complicated for extensive plantings.

16th. Nothing has been said of summer pruning, because the most important, is that done in winter. It is the winter pruning which determines the fruitfulness of the vine for the coming season, and which gives shape and general vigor to the plant. But little pruning is necessary after growth commences, and many persons condemn it altogether. If the *Renewal system* is the one in use, it is necessary to encourage one or two leading shoots for next summer's wood; and to do this, all superfluous buds should be rubbed off as they start. It is recommended also to pinch off the growing ends of the fruit-bearing shoots, leaving two or three leaves beyond the last cluster of grapes, in order to arrest the further growth and increase the size and quality of the bunches—care being always used that the fruit is not thereby exposed to the direct rays of the sun.

On the main shoots which are trained upwards to form bearing canes of next year, there are often small lateral branches starting from the axils of the leaves. As these only tend to exhaust the vine without adding to it in any way, it is advisable to cut them off at the 2nd or 3rd leaf of their growth.

In vineyard culture where many thousand vines must receive the same attention and care, that system of pruning and training must be adopted after full experience, which, by its economy, will be

found most practicable. We have much yet to learn in this country before vine-growing can reach the state of perfection it has attained in Europe.

We have a large number of varieties of grape from which to select, and the number is still increasing; all differing more or less in the quality of the fruit, in productiveness, and in wine making qualities; and in some respects requiring different treatment.

We have also a great variety of climate embraced in our widely extended country—of soil and exposure, which have their effect upon the grape for wine making.

All these matters can only be learned by experience and by close observation of their habits.

This is the best school of instruction, for we have there an invaluable Teacher to guide and direct us in our researches.

EDITORIAL.

IT is the privilege of a gifted few to write not merely for their own country and own age, but for all regions and all succeeding generations. The grand epic of "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle" has more readers and more admirers now, than it had three thousand years ago. The site of Troy is unknown. But the nations, who battled for its defence, or its destruction, live in the tale told so long ago. The art of war has changed. Battles are no longer decided by brute force or the individual prowess of a single chieftain. But the story of the ten years' siege and the exploits of Achilles and Hector have lost none of their interest. In fact, until Addison, recognizing the superiority of mind over matter in deciding modern conflicts, described Marlborough as "riding upon the whirlwind and directing the storm," the poets thought it necessary to imitate Homer; and

each of them described his hero, as riding down whole squadrons with his mail-clad horse, or spear- ing whole battalions with his single hand. Addison borrowed his figure, profanely, from the Bible, "the Lord has his way in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of his feet." But notwithstanding the irreverence of the comparison, it was more truthful, in some respects, than the other extravagance, since it assumed that the genius, and not the physical strength, of the modern general, decides the battle. The "powerful field-glass" of Burnside has taken the place of the javelin of Ajax.

How is it then that Homer still fixes the attention of the reading world, spite of this mighty revolution in the conduct of war? spite of the fact that the scene of his drama is unknown, and that the nations, who played their part

on it, have passed off the stage? 'Tis for the same reason that we admire an antique piece of statuary or oil-painting, from the hand of some grand old master. The head-dress, the ornaments, the drapery have all changed. But the figure and the features being representatives of man or woman belong to the present, as well as to the past, and excite our interest and our enthusiasm, just in proportion to their faithfulness. So with the grand epic of Homer. The time, place, implements of war, even the actors themselves are but the drapery of the statue, the frame-work of the portrait.—The passions, the emotions, the thirst for fame, the hunger for revenge, the disinterested love of country, the selfish lust of ambition, the rivalry of the chiefs, the jealousy of the troops—these constitute the picture, and so long as human nature shall remain unchanged, so long will this life-like picture be a study and a wonder.

We are no admirers of Byron. We believe that no one is ever made better by reading him, and perhaps few are so fortunate as to escape becoming tinged, with his base ingratitude towards God and his hateful misanthropy towards man. But he has given some wonderful portraits of human nature, and many graphic descriptions of scenery. John Randolph, who went over a portion of the path of Childe Harold, has testified to the singular fidelity of his landscape painting. Randolph had genuine taste for the beauties of nature, and he was a true judge of poetry. He was ac-

customed to say that "the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone" was the finest descriptive line in any language.

But we imagine that the fame of the poet rests not merely upon his pictures of natural scenery, but also upon his masterly analysis of the dark workings of the depraved human heart. His strength lies mainly in his power of describing the weaknesses, the follies, and the crimes, of corrupt humanity. Some of his pen and ink sketches of individuals are so graphic and so true to nature, that they will be recognized, as faithful likenesses of certain persons and certain classes, until the end of the world. We propose to give a few of these sketches, and will leave our readers to judge to whom they belong.

ALP THE RENEGADE.

"He stood a foe, with all the zeal
Which young and fiery converts feel,
And proved, by many a deed of death,
How firm his heart in *novel* faith.
He stood alone—a renegade
Against the country he betray'd;
He stood alone amidst his band,
Without a trusted heart or hand:
They follow'd him, for he was brave,
And great the spoil he got and gave."

We would suggest that a word beginning with a *k* makes equally as good a rhyme as "brave," and far more truth, in case of the modern renegade.

"And thought upon the glorious dead
Who there in better cause had bled,
He felt how faint and feebly dim
The fame that could accrue to him.
They fell devoted, but undying;
The very gale their names seem'd sigh-
ing:
The waters murmur'd of their name;
The woods were peopled with their
fame;
The silent pillar, lone and gray,
Claim'd kindred with their sacred clay;
Their spirits wrapt the dusky moun-
tain,

Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain ;
The meanest rill, the mightiest river
Roll'd mingling with their fame forever.

Despite of every yoke she bears,
That land is glory's still and theirs !”

Any one will recognize this beautiful picture. 'Tis a portrait of the noble dead, just as true now as when drawn sixty years ago.

Alp did not repent, and his last moments are thus described.

“ Sigh, nor word, nor struggling breath
Heralded his way to death ;
Ere his very thought could pray,
Unanell'd he pass'd away,
Without a hope from mercy's aid,—
To the last a renegade.”

(Siege of Corinth.)

We hope that a timely repentance may save the modern renegade, from so terrible a fate.

MODERN PHILANTHROPISTS.

“ Their breath is agitation, and their life
A storm where on they ride, to sink at last

And yet so nursed and bigoted to strife,
That could their days, surviving *hundreds* past,

Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast
With sorrow and supineness, and so die ;

Even as a flame unfed, which runs to waste

With its own flickering, or a sword laid by

Which eats into itself, or rusts ingloriously.”

(Childe Harold.)

THE PHILANTHROPIST MAKES PEACE.

“ Mark ! where his carnage and his conquests cease !

He makes a solitude and calls it—
peace.”

(Bride of Abydos.)

We are sorry to see that our Northern Democratic exchanges are ridiculing the acquisition of Russian America. In soil, climate and productions, it is a

favoured region. The soil presents an earthy appearance, during the few weeks in which it can be seen, when the covering of snow has been removed. The climate is so healthful that even dyspeptics learn not merely to eat candles and drink blubber oil, but positively to enjoy the repast.—The productions consist in walrus, polar bears, and a large variety of extinct species of fur-bearing animals. The polar bears constitute, to our mind, the great attraction. We have the elephant in Dixie. He was run through the blockade during the war, quite a calling then ; but he has grown to huge proportions since the surrender. Peace has agreed with him, as it has with a large number of young men, who had such distressing coughs from '61 to '65. We have the elephant and we have “ the grand and lofty tumblers,” who can throw the neatest and most admirable somersaults in the shortest conceivable time. All that we need now is a goodly number of polar bears, and we then can start the most successful Circus on the continent. Our “ tumblers” may object to the the polar bears on account of their color, but since the animals are of Northern origin, *that* may reconcile the difficulty ; since they are now professing the tenderest attachment to the section, they once professed to hate. A few months' association of the animals with them will remove the objection on the score of color.—Nothing can remain white with them long.

The Sunday *Mercury*, of Phila-

delphia, speaking of the acquisition of this territory, says:

"Mr. Seward has attempted to imitate the "slaveholders"—Jefferson and Calhoun—in the acquisition of territory, and presents us with an admirable illustration of southern vs. northern statesmanship. Mr. Jefferson annexed the entire western bank of the Mississippi, from its mouth to its source, including even Oregon, and now divided into seven sovereign States, the greatest and most fertile in the Union, and all this for three millions of dollars! Mr. Calhoun annexed Texas, New Mexico, Utah and California, with their countless gold, despite the efforts of Abe Lincoln & Co., though this very gold enabled the said Lincoln & Co., to overrun and devastate the South.

Massachusetts opposed the annexation of Louisiana, and her delegates in Congress declared it sufficient cause to dissolve the Union, and she, of course, opposed the acquisition of Texas and California with equal zeal. With these grand precedents before him, Mr. Seward buys, not annexes, the Russian trading stations on the north-west coast, and gives about twelve millions for them! What value there can be in these trading stations, where the animals are nearly extinct, and British traders have an equal right to hunt there, and their territories lie between, it is difficult to conjecture, unless the North-West Passage is some day made practicable, when, perhaps, they may be used as sites for light-houses.

But this contrast between Jefferson and Seward is more than accidental, and illustrates perfectly the opposing tendencies of southern and northern statesmanship—the former to a rich and glorious civilization southward, and the latter to very nothingness northward."

Owing to our sympathy with the gentleman of the Circus, we do not endorse the regrets expressed above. Besides, when the Democrats come into power again, these "tumblers" will either make a somersault back, or they will desire a more congenial climate than Dixie. In the first case, they will loudly declare that they always knew that "the Radicals would ruin the country and involve it in unspeakable misery." In the second case, we would cordially recommend the salubrity of Russian America,

and would wish them a safe and prosperous journey Northward.

We learn that Col. B. H. Jones, of Lewisburg, West Virginia, is about to bring out a volume of poetry, written by the prisoners of war, on Johnson's Island.—Colonel Jones is, himself, a true poet, and the volume will contain many of his own poems. It will, also, contain poems from General Albert Pike, Colonel W. S. Hawkins, Major McKnight, and many others.

In looking over a recent number of the Savannah (Georgia,) *News*, we were struck with an article so painfully disloyal, that we were, at first, grieved at the want of vigilance in the Commander of District No. III. However, on examining the piece more carefully, we discovered that it was an extract from a speech delivered in September, 1858, in the loyal town of Charleston, and in the loyal State of Illinois. The name appended to it, too, would seem to endorse its loyalty *then*, but we doubt whether it would do so *now*:

"I will say that I am not, nor ever have been, in favor of making voters or jurors of negroes, nor of qualifying them to hold office, nor to inter-marry with white people; and I will say in addition to this, that there is a physical difference between the white and the black race, which, I believe, will forever forbid the two races living together on terms of social and political equality. * * I, as much as any other man, am in favor of having the superior position assigned to the white race."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

We have received a letter from Mississippi, in response to an inquiry, as to the authorship of the phrase, Southern Confederacy.—The writer says that the Hon. H. S. Foote, in a speech at Corinth,

Mississippi, attributed the idea and the expression to Mr. Calhoun. Another correspondent, writing from Tennessee, says that the phrase was first used by W. Gilmore Simms, L.L. D.

Our correspondents are both mistaken, however, in supposing that we meant to give Brownlow credit for originating the term.— We have not been disposed to believe him inventive in anything, save new and strange forms of blasphemy.

In speaking of the flight of the Israelites from Egypt, Mr. Stevens says, "did he, (God) advise them to take no remuneration for their years of labor? No, he understood too well what was due to justice. He commanded the men and women to borrow from their confiding neighbors jewels of silver and jewels of gold and raiments. They obeyed him amply, and spoiled the Egyptians, and went forth full handed. There was no blasphemer then to God's decree of confiscation. This doctrine then, was not 'Satanic.'— He who questions it now, will be a blasphemer, whom God will bring to judgment."

We would be surprised at a Scripture quotation from this gentleman, had we not read how another individual was free in the use of biblical phrases, at the time of the temptation of our Saviour in the wilderness. But why did the gentleman's biblical reading stop at the spoiling of the Egyptians? Why did he not go on, and read how these same jewels of silver and jewels of gold were cast into the fire and trans-

formed into a molten calf, which the besotted freedmen fell down and worshipped? Does he wish the spoiling to go on that he may have a *similar* statue in memoriam?

We have no fears that Mr. Stevens' scheme of spoliation will ever be carried out. We have the highest possible guarantee against it—the honor of the *American soldier*. A pledge was given by the United States Army to their prisoners of war that they should not be disturbed in person or property, so long as they obeyed the laws of the country. *This pledge will be held sacred*. Gen. Grant has shown in the cases of Admiral Semmes and of Generals Hoke and Pickett that he regards the terms of the surrender, as binding upon his conscience and his honor. We would not be guilty of the meanness to suppose that the men, who fought us bravely, would act now in bad faith. The Rev. Mr. Brownlow's "torch and turpentine brigade" is an impossible thing. The "bummers," who might have joined it, have either been hanged before this, or are now shut up in penitentiaries and prisons. He might organize a squad out of the old Yankee-haters and negro-traders of the South (now "loyal Union men from the beginning,") but we would fain believe that it would be but a squad.

At a recent fire in a Female College of our own town, of Charlotte, the most active persons in extinguishing it were United States soldiers. We believe that the same spirit, to save and not destroy, actuates all who have

been *fighting* soldiers. The politicians, who safe in the rear, hounded on the fray, may talk and act as bitterly as they please. The men, who have tested each others' manhood in many a hard struggle, will act fairly, squarely and honorably by each other.— We would be ashamed of our American origin, if we could be-

lieve otherwise. The poor frightened creatures, who, through fear of confiscation, are turning somersaults and stultifying their previous history, do thereby cast a gross insult upon the honor of the soldiers of the Union. We scorn to make such covert insinuations against "our late enemies."

BOOK NOTICES.

1. *Cæsar's Commentaries on the Gallic War, With a Vocabulary and Notes.* By Wm. Bingham, A. M., of the Bingham School, Greensboro', N. C., 1864
2. *A Grammar of the Latin Language, for the use of the Schools, With Exercises and Vocabulary.* By Wm. Bingham, A. M., of the Bingham School, Greensboro', N. C., 1863.

THESE admirable works, modestly offered by their author 'as an auxiliary, however feeble, in establishing Southern literary and intellectual independence,' have long deserved notice at our hands. Much has been said of late upon the importance of providing, as far as possible, our own text-books in the various branches of education. All honor then be to one, who besides his labors in the unsuccessful struggle for our political independence, has made one of the first contributions since the war begun to secure, what still lies in our reach, our independence in matters pertaining to education. It would, however, be very con-

trary to sound principles of free-trade to maintain that we should use inferior books and patronize their authors, simply because they were produced on southern soil. The text-books must be really good and sound, or the education based upon them cannot be so.

We are proud that North Carolina has so early stepped into this unoccupied field, and presented our schools with books so useful and creditable. There is no longer any reason why the schools, in which Cæsar retains his old place in the curriculum (and they must be the vast majority) should have recourse to any of the numerous editions, however excellent, published in the Northern States. Col. Bingham's Cæsar should be the edition for our Southern schools. The same may be said of his Latin Grammar as long as the student requires only an elementary book of that kind.

It is not very easy to give a correct idea of a commentary upon an ancient author, except by an elaborate review and copious ex-

tracts. In this short article we shall endeavor to state what seem to us to be the chief merits of Col. Bingham's *Cæsar*, and shall give a few illustrations, which may induce those who are unacquainted with it to examine it and his *Grammar* also.

One difficulty in using *Cæsar* in a school is that the book is put into a boy's hands very soon after the *Grammar*, and before he can have had any experience in translating. In a well arranged Reader or Delectus, simple and easy sentences may be presented, and all that is difficult can be rejected or postponed till the tyro's mind has been prepared to understand it. But *Cæsar's* commentaries being written for *men* and not as a school-book, like any other classic which can be placed in the hands of a boy, contains scattered here and there, even in the earlier part, many passages involved in construction and obscure in meaning. The first book is one of the hardest of the whole seven. That *crux tironum*, the *oratio obliqua*, occurs near the beginning and continually presents itself to the torment of many a young student.

A commentary upon *Cæsar* then, to be of use, should be copious, at least in the earlier part, and should endeavor to make these difficulties easy. As, however, *Cæsar* is mainly used as a Latin Reader—as a vehicle for parsing and learning to translate—the principle object of the notes should be, it seems to us, to explain the various grammatical constructions and make a boy familiar with them and his Latin Grammar.

After a very careful examina-

tion of Col. Bingham's work, we do not hesitate to say that it is admirably adapted for this purpose. It will be of real use to a boy; it will teach him the difference between Latin and English construction, and will show him *how* to translate, and yet it does not translate the whole lesson for him. The matters necessary to be commented upon are pointed out, and the difficulties, if any, are solved in *short* notes, written in good, clear English. This is really of great importance, and has much influence upon the formation of a boy's English style.— Sometimes we have simply a reference to the grammar, sometimes a happy translation of an idiom, sometimes, again, a hint as to the author's meaning. The difficult geographical questions which might be raised on *Cæsar*, and which one may find elaborately treated in Mr. George Long's edition are set aside as not suitable in a boy's first Latin Author, but he is taught Latin Grammar and how to translate. We will give a few examples:

Book i. chapter 4. *Damnatum poenam sequi oportebat, ut igni cremaretur.*

Many boys would think this translated (as we have heard it) by saying "the law required that the punishment *that he should be burned* with fire should follow him *having been* condemned."

Col. Bingham gives these notes: *Damnatum*, "if he should be condemned;" § 185. 1. The participle agrees with the object of *sequi*, *eum* understood.

Ut igni cremaretur, "of being burned with fire;" a final noun-

sentence in apposition with *pœnam*. *Ne causam diceret*, "from pleading his cause," § 193.

The notes on chapter 14—the first hard chapter, containing a speech reported in *Oratio Obliqua*—are excellent, and we would refer to them as a good specimen, as also to those on chapters 40 and 44 of book first.

In the latter we observe what we consider a mis-translation of the phrase *quid sibi vellet* uttered by Ariovistus. It is not what did Cæsar want with reference to him (Ariovistus) but simply what did Cæsar want, or mean? *sibi* being the *ethical* dative, and of course reflexive. We are aware that Col. Bingham has authority for his rendering, but see Zumpt's Grammar, § 408. Am. Edit.

There is not to be found throughout the whole of the annotations upon the seven books a single note of that long, wordy character which disfigures and obscures the other wise useful editions of Dr. Anthon.

The typographical appearance of the book is a curiosity. It was done in the midst of the war, when the South was blockaded by sea and land, and as it may truly be said, was contending against the whole world. Only the meanest paper *could* be obtained at any price, and the difficulties of printing and binding were such as would have discouraged any but the most determined. When these things are considered, it is remarkable that the printing is as good as it is. We hope we shall soon see the Cæsar in a new edition (a Philadelphia edition of the Grammar has already been published,) and when it goes to the press we

would recommend the marking of the quantities in the excellent vocabulary which completes the volume.

We have no time now to point out the excellent features of the Latin Grammar. It is a very happy combination of a grammar and exercise book; more concise and better than McClintock's very useful "first book" which has been so popular. The rules are clear and short, and to the point. We will illustrate this by comparing a few with the long, wordy, abominable monstrosities called Rules, which many teachers North and South are daily cramming into the minds of poor unfortunates, which they can scarcely understand and which seem framed so as not to be understood. We refer in particular to Andrews' and Stoddard's Latin Grammar. The sixty-fifth edition now lies before us. When another is published (as there soon will be, of course, for there is nothing like a thoroughly bad school-book for going through edition after edition,) we would suggest the following as a better title: "A new and improved method of making Latin Grammar, difficult, obscure, and distasteful." When such works are crammed whole down the throats of little boys, (as they are, for schools in the North boast of teaching it all—large print and fine—360 pages,) it is no wonder that the tender-hearted Ole Bull, when he was over here, was induced to say to an omnibus-driver who wanted to push off a little urchin, "Poor boy! let him have a ride, who knows what his troubles are, *maybe he studies Latin!*"

We open at random and light upon that important rule—the *ablative absolute*. Andrews says ‘A noun and a participle are put in the ablative called *absolute*, to denote the time, cause, means, or *concomitant* of an action or the condition on which it depends.’—Here is no explanation of what ablative absolute means, or when it is used, and the rule is expressed in language which no boy can be expected to understand.

In Col. Bingham’s Grammar it is thus given: ‘A noun and participle whose case depends on no other word are put in the ablative called *absolute* to express the time, cause, condition, or *circumstances* of an action.’ Andrews seems to think that the more words he can heap together in his rule, the clearer it will be to a boy. Thus we have ‘a clause denoting the purpose, object, or result of the preceding proposition.’ Purpose and object are nearly the same; a purpose and result differ widely, and it is very necessary for a boy to distinguish *ut* in these *two* senses. By throwing in the word *object*, a boy is led to think of three distinct things or else of three synonyms. Col. Bingham has ‘Final sentences express a *purpose* or result (the *end* to which an action tends.’) See § 192.

Andrews says (rule 264.5) ‘A relative clause expressing a *purpose*, *aim* or *motive*, and equivalent to *ut* with a personal or demonstrative pronoun, takes the subjunctive. There is another verbose rule for a relative expressing a consequence, and another (for a wonder a short one) for a relative clause expressing a *reason* of what

goes before. Bingham combines all these beautifully in one brief rule. ‘The subjunctive is used in relative sentences; expressing *purpose*, *result*, or *cause* (*qui* = *ut* or *quod* with *demonstrative*.’)

In the same way Bingham’s rules for the genders of the 3rd declension (after Madvig he tells us) are comprised with the exceptions in two small pages of coarse type.

Andrews, by bringing in all the Greek nouns he can get, and, by we know not what perversity of arrangement, manages to spread his over three pages and a half of very fine print.

Here, however, we must stop, and we conclude as we began, by cordially recommending these volumes, and earnestly asking those interested in classical studies to examine them. The works are an honor to the author, a credit to the State of North Carolina, and a valuable service to the South. Col. Bingham well deserves the thanks of all American, but especially all Southern, students.

HALL HARRISON.

PRESIDENT REED OF PENNSYLVANIA. A REPLY TO MR. GEORGE BANCROFT AND OTHERS. Philadelphia: Howard Challen, 1867.

This is a complete refutation by Hon. Wm. B. Reed, of Philadelphia, of certain charges brought against his distinguished ancestor, General Joseph Reed, by General Cadwalader, Mr. Bancroft and others. The hostility on the part of General Cadwalader seems to have had its root in military and political rivalry: on the part of Mr. Bancroft, the bad feeling was probably due to severe animadversions upon the conduct of the New England troops, made by General Reed, when Adjutant General of the army under Washington.

Mr. Reed, the writer, treats General Cadwalader with great courtesy and respect, though fully exposing his incorrect statements. But Doctor Rush and Mr. George Bancroft are handled with unsparing severity. It was quite natural for Dr. Rush, the life-time enemy and slanderer of Washington to transfer some portion of his venom to every member of the military family of the American Commander. One fact is brought out in this book, which we had forgotten, if we ever knew it, namely, that Doctor Rush was the writer of the celebrated anonymous letter of 1778, to Patrick Henry, suggesting the removal of Gen. Washington. This was the beginning of the Gates-Conway conspiracy in which Dr. Rush figured largely. His hatred of Washington followed him beyond the grave. When all that was mortal of the great Virginian was slumbering in the dust, Dr. Rush wrote to Mr. Jefferson, making coarse reflections upon the religious character of the illustrious dead!

Hon. Wm. B. Reed thus comments upon the traducer of General Reed, and of the Father of his country: "It was this writer of anonymous defamation, this vehement partizan, he, who could stand on Washington's fresh grave, and scoff at the great inhabitant below; it was he, who was Gen. Reed's chief assailant in 1782 and 1783, who, in all probability initiated the controversy, and who certainly volunteered to be a chief witness."

The position, which Mr. George Bancroft is made to occupy, is really a pitiable one. He is shown to have aspersed the very officers, who are held in most reverence by the American people, and for the contemptible reason that they did not come from his own section, New England, or had spoken slight-

ingly of New England troops. Thus Greene, whose Southern partialities are well known, is assailed in eleven places in a single volume of this New England Historian. South Carolina gave Greene 10,000 guineas, Georgia gave him lands, and he "left his home in New England and died a Southern man." For the benefit of Harper & Brothers, we would mention that Wayne had a large number of Catholic soldiers, and his eminent services were never questioned. But he unfortunately said, "my heart bleeds for poor Washington. Had he but Southern troops, he would not so often be necessitated to fly before an enemy who, I fear, has lately had but too much reason to hold us cheap." Hence, Wayne comes in for a share of the venom of Mr. George Bancroft. And in like manner, he assails Dickinson, Mercer, Smallwood, Lambert Cadwalader, St. Clair, Mifflin, Armstrong, Moylan and Sullivan,—all except the last, "born South of the Hudson."

Mr. John C. Hamilton is the next person disposed of by Hon. Wm. B. Reed. He will be remembered as the author of a very silly book published some years ago, claiming that Alexander Hamilton composed the orders, dispatches, and addresses of Washington. He is, we believe, the grandson of Gen. Hamilton, and a magnificent demonstration of the fallacy that talents are hereditary.

The attacks upon General Reed by these prejudiced or foolish assailants, can have no effect upon the minds of those, who remember that the General was a member of the military family of the Father of his country during the Revolution, and his trusted friend through life. No eulogy can go beyond this, and no slander can blacken the character of such a man.

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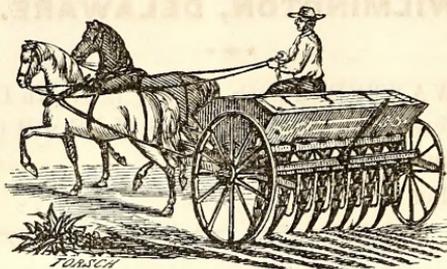
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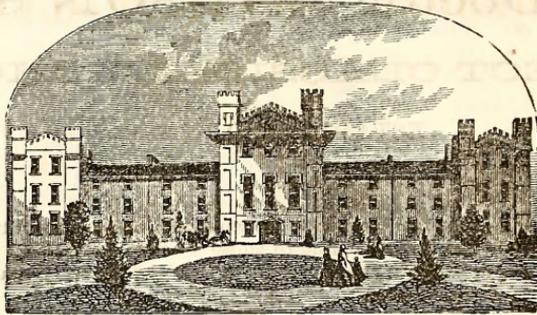
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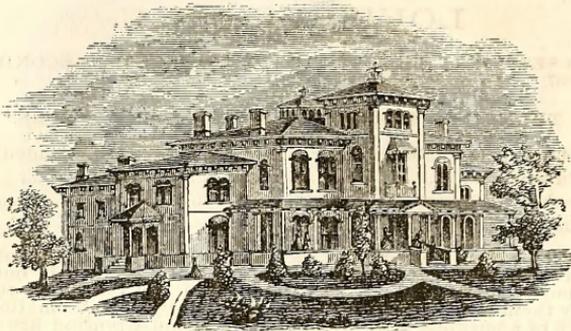
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THE LAND WE LOVE.

NO. III.

JULY, 1867.

VOL. III.

SKETCH OF GENERAL T. R. R. COBB.

IT is impossible in the limits of a magazine article to say all that can, or ought to be said of one of the noble men, whether officer or private, who had a hand in the great struggle through which we have so recently passed. Nor is this the time to write the full history of the whole stupendous matter, or the connection of certain individuals with it.— Many of the facts connected with, and belonging to, this great movement cannot now be told; and so of some of the parts of actors in this gigantic struggle, not “played,” but acted, a solemn tragedy of real life. Yet we may, and ought, from time to time, to put on record, so much as is fit of both actors and tragedy. Especially is it due to those high-hearted ones, call them mistaken if you please, who lived not to see the cloud and darkness of

these latter days, but whose sun went down while it was yet day, amid the glories of well-fought fields, who counted not their lives too dear for a cause in which they saw bound up so much. How insignificant soever such contributions may be, they go to make up the material out of which some coming man, in the far distant future, will write what will then appear not only the most important period in the life of his own land, but, possibly, in that of the world.

Limited then by the space allowed, and by the proprieties of the times, what we shall say of General T. R. R. Cobb, seems wholly insignificant, compared with what we could, and what we are prompted to say—

“Tu vero felix Agricola non vitæ tantum claritate, sed etiam opportunitate mortis.”—

No more is pretended than a rapid outline. A volume would be all too small to present the full-orbed power and beauty of this man, so extraordinary in every duty and relation of life.—To intellect of a very high order, there was added the grace and strength of an honest, frank and fearless heart: with an industry, perseverance, and power of work that no difficulties could appall, or long resist. He was enthusiastically devoted to Law, and never attended "political" assemblies until the gathering troubles of 1860-61. Nevertheless, his principles were long since settled, by study, reading, thought and prayer. A friend of his youth and manhood, says: "the feature of his character which struck every one was, his enormous energy, his capacity for work. Take for example the last year of his professional life, 1860. His practice was enough to task the energy of any one man to the utmost. He was at the same time compiling the Georgia Code, and writing the second volume (never finished) of his great work on *The Law of Slavery*. While thus engaged he lectured daily in the Lumpkin Law School.—He was the controlling trustee and personal director of the Lucy Cobb Institute, and the most active trustee of the University. He was the business man of the Presbyterian church, and the superintendent of its sabbath school; and with it all found time to visit every sick and afflicted family more than any man in Athens. His physical capacity for labor and loss of sleep seemed

miraculous. I once knew him attend court at D, sixteen miles off, when one of his children was sick. He would leave the court at sunset, ride home, sit up all night, and be present at the opening of court again in the morning, to labor all day in his cases. This he kept up for four days and nights in succession, without apparent effect on his powers. His success as a lawyer was almost invariable. There was about him that mysterious magnetic power that carried juries with him in spite of difficulties and opposition. He was liberal in his practice. Resorting to no tricks, he won his cases by main strength. He swept the ample round of his profession, and everywhere, by the oldest and wisest and best of them all was recognized and welcomed as their peer, though so young. Utterly devoid of presumption or arrogance, there was yet about him that imperial self-consciousness of power, which marks out the leader and ruler among men in every assembly."

Another, who knew him from childhood says, "my estimate of him in all the relations of life may seem exaggerated, but I must speak the truth. I never saw his equal. His mind was equal to any subject or occasion. As a lawyer, he never had his equal at the Georgia bar. He would have been a statesman in practice as he was in acquirements, if he had not been restrained by considerations I need not mention, from entering on that career. As a military man, he would have been among the first any country ever produced, if the opportunity for the

development of his powers had been presented. He was wholly inexperienced when he determined to enter the army; but in a few months mastered, with ease, the three branches of the service, cavalry, infantry, and artillery." This may seem "exaggerated," but none who ever saw him handle either will question it. His heart was kind and tender—the slightest touch melted him to tears; yet his resolution was unyielding, and his firmness sometimes seemed almost obstinacy. From his school and college days to the final one of his manhood, he brought to everything he undertook an untiring energy which defied competition and guaranteed success.—No one ever thought of his failing in any aim or object. His maxim through life was never to give up anything once undertaken. In the preparation of his great work on the Law of Slavery, he not only renewed his knowledge of French but studied one or more new languages, which he believed necessary to the accomplishment of his purpose. Upon this subject he gathered every thing written, from the bookstalls and libraries of the world. No book how insignificant soever, relating either to its law or literature, was wanting in the remarkable collection he made for this subject. He had set out to master it and lay the truth before the world; and he spared neither time, labor, nor expense to accomplish it. He was cut down, and left it unfinished.

And yet to know him only in his domestic relations, one would have supposed the happiness and care of his family to be the only

object of his anxious labor.—After his splendid abilities and culture, the secret of these results lay in his wise economy of time. He never spent an idle moment. His power of self-concentrated industry was amazing. Every moment of his waking hours was devoted to work until dark, after which he spent in the bosom of his family. He mastered theories only to reduce them to living practice. None were so unlettered from whom he could not learn something. Crowning all these high endowments, or rather permeating, sanctifying, and giving new life and power to all, was a simple, whole-hearted faith in Christ. He brought to the inquiry of his relation to God, and the claims of the Redeemer, all the resources of an earnest, honest seeker after truth. And when Jesus revealed Himself as wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption, he took Him as all and in all, once and forever. His religion was neither that of cold, hard, logic, the dry conclusion of the intellect, nor the superstition and fanaticism of unreasoning emotion, but the profound and all pervading conviction of the entire man, of the truth as it is in Jesus. To His feet, therefore, he at once brought the whole abundance of his possessions and laid them there with a life-long consecration. Henceforth, in every relation and duty, he was to be first, and always the Christian. He was preëminently a man of prayer, and of faith, the child-like simplicity of which enabled him to lay hold on the exceeding great and precious promises, with an assurance

that scarcely ever knew a shadow. The smallest and the greatest things of life were sanctified by the word of God and prayer.—Untiring in the use of all human instrumentalities, he yet brought every question for final solution to Him who has promised wisdom. Once satisfied there, nothing could shake his soul in its sure repose. His religion was intelligent, impassioned, brave, generous, and pitying. It was religion alive: not gloomy, forbidding, ascetic, but bright, buoyant, attractive. It was with him not a matter of forms and occasions, to be put on to-day and off to-morrow, to be worn as outward garnishment and parade, for its reputed beauty or supposed value. It was the *habit* of the inner-man, informing his whole nature, and glowing in his outward life. The judge on the bench, jurymen and client, the crowded assembly, the courts of the Church, from the lowest to the highest, the casual acquaintance and the solitary one, all gave acknowledgement to the power of the Gospel in him. It was not confined to the sanctity of his own heart and home, but broad, genial and radiant, it illuminated his whole career.—With him religion was courteous, tender, pitiful. None was too lowly for his all embracing charity. A very prominent member of the Georgia bar, his life-long friend and companion says: “Common words cannot express the fervor and zeal of his religious feelings and convictions. Wherever he went he carried it with him. At different courts, after laboring at the bar through the long day, he

would go to a church and lead a prayer-meeting, or exhort the congregation till midnight, if the occasion made it proper. A single instance of his conscientious sense of duty.

During a court at D—— a revival of religion was in progress in the village. He had been as active as usual all day in court; had gone to the church and led the meeting. Coming to his room at 11 o'clock, he met a messenger who had been waiting for him with a request from a dying negro woman, that, ‘she wanted him to come and talk to her about her soul.’ The night was dark, the place a half mile off, both negro messenger and woman, total strangers. He went immediately, stayed for two hours, and returned to get what rest he could for the labors of the next day.” The rich and the poor, the bond and the free were sacred alike in his regard. None ever parted with him unhelped or empty-handed. He caused the widow’s heart to sing for joy, and to-day thousands rise up and call him blessed.

It was impossible for such a man to stand indifferent when the mighty issues of 1860–61 came up. They were not, and never have been, the questions of parties and politics, so-called, the trifling points of a mere electioneering campaign. In common with many others, he thought he saw in it all, the recurrence of one of those great epochs of human history, when men and parties and self-aggrandizement all appear as nothing, and lost, under the overmastering power of those great vital principles, in the revolution

of the ages, now again brought up for trial. Men and parties vanish before these. They are everything. He saw at hand what seemed the final struggle of the two antagonistic powers that had, through so many phases, and for so long, contended in the womb of our system of government.— On the one side, all that is just and right and good, all regulated liberty and self-government; on the other, that fell spirit under whose unhallowed hoof must be trampled down all that the christian patriot and lover of his kind ought to cherish. So he and thousands of us saw it. Infidelity against religion, man against God, wrong against eternal truth and right; the unrighteousness of the unbridled despotism of masses against covenanted and constitutional law. A spirit of evil, radical, agrarian, revolutionary; in the name of God yet godless, of religion, yet irreligious, of right, liberty and law, yet bent on wrong, despotism and license.— In whose vicious and disorganizing march it was to bathe its feet in blood, and scatter fire-brands, arrows and death; before it the destruction that wasteth at noon day, the pestilence that walketh in darkness, the terror by night, and the arrow that flieth by day; behind, the smouldering ruins of homes, families, bibles, churches and states. It is not intended now to re-open the question; but simply to state how it appeared to us. It was submitted to the arbitrament of the sword. And, as often before in human history, the decision is adverse.

personal duty was not the result of passion and prejudice. He was carried to it by no wild wave of tumult. He loved the Union, as we all did, for the grandeur and glory of its past and present. But there are some things men love better than sentiments and memories. When he saw all in peril that had made the pathway of that union glorious, he paused, and from an elevation, hitherto unsoiled and undisturbed by the dust and din of party strife brought to the question the whole wealth of his powers. But first, last, and always, seeking God's guidance: in all seeking to know His will.— With profound and prayerful solemnity, he reached his conclusion, and with all the strength of his nature, and the power of clear faith, he believed the cause to be that of religion, patriotism, home and country—country, not of a part, but the whole. Once decided it was final, and he threw into the controversy all his resources. He kept nothing back. In the halls of council or in the field, he counted no sacrifice of time, toil, or money, too great. He appeared now on a new arena in his State. Known and trusted through its length and breadth as few men ever were, when he thus appeared the effect was electric. His voice was heard from the seaboard to the mountains, and the coward and the traitor shrank abashed, the timid became brave, and the wavering decided. His name was a tower of strength, and he stood before us as a light and guide, stay and hope for all. He was sent by acclamation to the State Convention, and though new to

Gen. Cobb's determination of

the details of statesmanship, was at once recognized as the leader among great leaders. Of course, he was the first among the Georgians chosen to represent his State in the Provisional Congress, that august body, greater than which the world never saw.

How much, and how, and what he did there, we will not now lift the veil to say. Only this, that there, as everywhere, he was *primus inter pares* amid it all, and wielding a power more potent perhaps than any other, he was the same earnest, laborious man, the same humble child-like believer. After a little time, the line of policy seemed so plain, the principles to guide the new government so few and simple that he felt he could do better service as a soldier than a counsellor.—Whether, with other able men, he mistook in this, we will not now discuss—and yet his soul shrank from blood. He writes from Montgomery, “I am sick of all thought of glory. If my Master would only allow me to be an honored instrument in His hands to stay these marauding hosts, and substitute good-will for the hate now engendered, I would feel the crown in another world to be far greater than any glory I could receive from this.”

And again, later: “The dark clouds rise rapidly over us! May the Lord lift the light of his countenance upon us! I must be closer to the scene of conflict.—Duty does not yet point out any change in my present position. I wait, I trust patiently, on God. I am ready to serve either in council or in the field, looking forward

to independence or death. Read the 46th Psalm. God has never yet deserted His people. I can go to the cannon’s mouth with that psalm upon my lips.” And again: “If it were God’s will without ever shedding man’s blood. I have every confidence in the protection of my Father, knowing that if I am wounded or killed He who hath counted the hairs of my head will do all things well.—In thinking of such a contingency, my greatest concern is for my wife and children. May God guard and protect them! We are passing through the fire, but I doubt not this war, terminate as it may, will purify us as a people.”

Once the question of duty decided, he bent every energy to his personal preparation for the field; at the same time calling for volunteers to join him. With no false modesty he sought information from every source. He could learn something from every one. He was always learning, and never forgetting. Not satisfied with general principles and theory, he did not rest until thoroughly acquainted with the minutest details and duties of a soldier’s life, his wants and work. He felt that he could do, to know the doing to be duty was with him its accomplishment. More men answered than he called for. From the centre to the circumference of the great old commonwealth, his voice was heard. It was heard by the student in the halls of learning, and he laid aside his books. It rang through the marts of commerce, and the man of business dropped his pen and ledger. The professional man stopped in

his daily round, and the minister in the pulpit closed his Bible, to re-open it before those of his people, who were with him able to go to the front. By the plowman in the furrow, in the dwellings of the rich and the cottages of the poor, by the children of ease and sons of toil, it was heard by every class and condition. In it they heard the voice of their common mother calling out from the gathering clouds, and a thousand hearts answered back their readiness with him to do and die for the right. His legion was in Virginia by August, '61. It is not our purpose to write the campaign of that glorious old legion; wherein each arm of it made his and their name illustrious evermore. With thousands of others they proved, on many a well-fought field, that the cause for which they suffered and died was not that of self-interest, passion and prejudice. Peace and blessings on their bones! They fell amid the mountains and vallies and plains, the summer and winter, the sunshine and storm of dear old blessed Virginia; from the door of whose dwellings, cottage or hall, none was ever turned away without a blessing.

From the first, Colonel Cobb put forth all his energy for the moral and physical well-being, and the military efficiency of his troops. He loved the humblest man of them all, as one who had gone out for his country, and who had gone out *with him*; and so a sacred trust for whom he was responsible to God, his country, and home. Especially was he concerned for their religious welfare,

to further which, he left no means unemployed. In his military life his religion burned with a stronger, clearer, and steadier light, than ever before. We well remember our first Sabbath service, as we lay near Richmond, before going into the field. Most of the companies, and many of the officers were new to each other. At the close of the sermon, the chaplain called on him to pray.—Many of the hundreds there did not know that their commanding officer was a praying man. And many eyes all unused to tears were filled, as minute after minute he poured from the depths of a full heart, the tender, trembling, strong, soul-speaking words of prayer, hope, and faith, for heaven and native land, for home and dear ones left behind. All at once felt that henceforth there was to be one among and over them, whose great heart was filled with a Saviour's love, and one who would never fail in love and duty to them. Henceforth, immorality and vice hid away from the camp, and all who loved, or wished to love and do the good, felt that in him, they had a bulwark and support. This continued to the end. Ordered to the Peninsula for the winter of 1861-62, he devoted himself with unwearied labor to the good of his command; at the same time attending to his duties in Congress. He brought his men to the highest efficiency by wise and firm discipline, and daily drill.—The result of which they showed on many a well-fought field. The moral and religious improvement of his men lay nearest his heart.

His view was a lofty one. Bad language, drunkenness, and all sin were wholly condemned. He would not allow the meanest mule to be sworn at or cursed.— He regarded his men not as so many parts of a machine for offence and defence, but as immortal men whose souls were to be saved or lost, and whose lives were in daily peril. The whole weight of his personal and official character was thrown upon the side of religion. His time, toil and money were lavishly spent for it. Especially, was he scrupulous as to the sabbath. He never issued an order violative of the holy day but by superior command, and then with the utmost pain. No subordinate ever gave more implicit obedience to his superiors. Yet privately he never failed to bear his testimony against sin. His soul revolted at the sabbath being selected as a day of parade and review, and he never rested until his own command at least was excused from it. Of his first Sabbath parade, in division review, he writes to one far distant, "It is a heaven-daring and God-defying sin. I did not render it any better by being angry to sinfulness. Having to obey I did so, but had a prayer-meeting at night. It may be that I have little idea of military duty, but I firmly believe if we carry out our duty to God, we will be blest."

He allowed nothing but an imperative necessity to interfere with the regular Sabbath and weekly services in his command. He was always present, an humble participant, enjoying the preached word or the social pray-

er-meeting. In the absence of his chaplain, or other minister, he did not hesitate to lead the meeting himself. And none, who ever hung on his eloquent lips, will forget the majestic fervor and pitying tenderness with which he pressed a dying Saviour on his hearers. The Sabbath and its services, prayer and praise, were sweeter than honey to his mouth. His self-examinations, penitential heart-opening and confessions, known only to the one nearest him, revealed his profound humility and self-abasement before God.

He was ever earnest, anxious and active for the good of the cause and the welfare of his men. Their suffering and distress were his. Nothing that personal labor and ample private resources could do was withheld from their relief. He wept over the death of the lowliest in his ranks. He was not only the commander, but the friend and counsellor of each, the friend of all: strict and firm in discipline, tender and pitying, yet immovable.

He hedged himself about with no freezing forms, no unapproachable military dignity. No rude address, or rough rebuff, ever repelled from his presence; or kept the meanest from the quick enjoyment of his all-embracing sympathy and help.

About this time he writes, "I have prayed God to give me courage to carry out His will, and inspire me with right thoughts.— As yet all seems dark, and nothing but a bloody conflict presents itself in the future. But my faith does not falter. I am not ambitious

of fame. I would rather bring every man home with me alive, than wear any earthly honors with their loss. God forgive all the ambition of my past life!—The night grows darker every hour; and we had better know the truth. ‘Is my faith strong?’ Yes! I look upward, and God reigns. The storm rages but the master only sleeps. He will guide us and make his power known. This is the time to try men’s souls, but let duty be our watchword, and whatever be our destiny, the greater our sacrifice, the greater our blessing.”

His command being ordered to North Carolina, he writes from Goldsboro, “God overrules all things and will allow nothing to befall us not approved of by infinite wisdom and love. I feel that I can trust Him not only with my own life but with, what gives me far more concern, the future of my family, should he take me away. Into his hands I commit all. Before His wisdom and love I bow in adoring gratitude.”

Ordered back to the Peninsula on the advance of McClellan, he writes from bivouac near Lee’s Mills, “Great as they are, the physical hardships are small, I suffer more from anxiety. But let us dispel all fears. We know not the future, but God reigns.—Every event will be directed by Him for good. Whatever comes is from the Lord. Let Him do what seemeth Him good.” “The war is assuming a very bloody aspect. My heart sickens at the prospect, but let us meet it like men. There is one ray of hope,

‘God reigns,’ (his favorite phrase.) He knows what is necessary for us. I am sometimes tempted to cry out ‘O Lord! how long?’ But I have seen His wisdom in the past, and my faith strengthens to behold it both in the present and in the future.”

He was with the infantry of his Legion on the defences of Warwick river, and writes immediately after the hotly contested engagement of Dam No. 2. “Yesterday I was in my first battle.—I cannot describe my feelings amid the storm of bullets, but I certainly was never less excited in my life. Nor do I think I ever had my heart more earnestly submissive to God’s will. May He spare us all to meet again; but thanks for the certainty of many mansions in the home above. I was worn out at night, and my mind wandered from earth to the great I Am, and the blessed land where Jesus is gathering His precious ones.” He continued with his little battalion of infantry on the retreat from Yorktown, and until the gathering of our forces around Richmond, for the final struggle with McClellan.

On the alarm of the government, at the expiration of the time of the one year’s men he was appealed to, by those in authority, for counsel. His answer was that Georgians would stay in the field, and as many more as were needed would come, if the proper call were made. Being urged, he with others made the call. The State was ready to send them, and they readier to go. On the faith of this call regiment after regiment, and company after company gathered

and hurried on. Very many with the promise (made by him on the ground of most valid assurance) and expectation of being put under his command; more than enough to raise each battalion of his legion to a brigade, enthusiastic for the cause, and with their chosen leader. But all this was prevented. He was not allowed to them, nor they to him. Why, it is improper now to attempt stating. The reasons may never be known. His deep distress and disappointment was not from defeated "promotion," but the utterly false position he was made to assume toward those answering his call, and, what with him was far more serious, the conviction of incompetency or insincerity on the part of those, who had the management of affairs. But he did not, as a holiday soldier greedy of parade, nor as one who lost sight of his country in his own personal aggrandizement, withdraw in chagrin and disgust. He was ready to serve anywhere.—Infinitely above all personal consideration, did he put that blessed cause for which he had staked everything.

In front of Richmond his cavalry and infantry were permanently brigaded with other troops, and he was virtually without a command; yet he did noble service, first with one, then the other until that bloody drama was over.

It was during his brief absence, that the brigade, in which his infantry commanded by gallant Jeff. Lamar was placed, met with the disaster of Crampton Gap.—This, with other causes, seemed to deepen his piety and patriot-

ism, and when he rejoined them at Winchester, it was with a renewed strength and devotion apparent in every action. Here the General commanding was transferred to another field, and as senior Colonel he took charge of the brigade. It was about this time also that he came prominently under the eye of our great leader. That eye that rarely ever made a mistake soon took the just measure of the man, and gave him thereafter his fullest confidence.

Soon the march was southeastwardly. Few knew, or even dreamed the destination and the issue. The details of a march from Winchester to Fredericksburg, in midwinter, need not be told. The time, labor, exposure, sacrifice and suffering, has not the same been often told in the story of many a Confederate march on half, quarter, many times, no rations? As the division paused at Culpeper Court House, he received, to his great surprise, his commission as Brigadier. From Winchester to Fredericksburg he walked four-fifths of the way, and his staff with him, through snow, rain and mud. While walking, on his horses were seated the sick, foot-sore and worn down.—The humblest man less able was never allowed to do anything that he could take upon himself. Every possible means was used to perfect his brigade. Minute personal inspection of every department, rigid requirement from all subordinates, and, whenever a day allowed, he had company, regimental and brigade drill by himself—this was the method by which his

sleepless vigilance and tireless industry prepared his willing men, not all too soon, for the solemn work so near ahead.

Fredericksburg was reached.— We camped in sight of his mother's home. We rested by the trees under whose shadows his ancestry played. As we lay there, still in earnest and silent preparation for any movement of the enemy, scarce dreaming that Burnside's folly would lead him to attack as he did, by no means the smallest preparation was our religious services, at which our commander was always found unless kept by immediate military duty. Our sabbath worship, our nightly prayer-meetings we held in hearing of the enemy's drums, and with the sound of his tattoo we gathered in our "inquiry meetings," amid the snow and sleet of the bleak and unsheltered hills.— In these sacred meetings, we had no thought or word than the holy Gospel of our Lord; no anger, wrath, enmity. We thought and felt and prayed for country, home, friends and heaven; even for those whose camp-fires reminded us that they were at hand breathing out threatening and slaughter against us.

The battle began. Barksdale had made his magnificent defence. General Cobb was ordered in to relieve. It was a solemn moment. He never believed that he would survive the war. Long since he had made up his mind. And he went forward with the highest of all human courage, that of one who knows the danger, believes in his own fall and, nevertheless, pale and strong, moves on to the

very end of duty, even though it be in the sudden extinction of all the life and light, the bliss and beauty of earth. As the brigade was falling in, we murmured over together portions of the 91st Psalm. He dwelt in the secret place of the most High, and abode under the shadow of the Almighty: covered by His feathers, under His wings did he trust.— His truth was his shield and buckler. He gave the exceeding great and precious promises of that Psalm no limited interpretation of material and temporal protection only, but saw in them that far-reaching and ever-blessed providence that combines and arranges the present and the future, time and eternity, life and death, this world and the next, all things, in one perfect and beneficent whole for them that love Him.

*We were marched from the position we held in the general line. As we entered the town, we met Barksdale's brigade coming out by the stone fence road on which we were formed. They gave us the comforting assurance that we "would see sights at day-break." The preliminary shelling of our lines has been often described, but its sublimity is all but indescribable. A little frame building, about the centre of the line was our head-quarters. Details of his staff were on watch every moment. When he had served his own turn, in common with the others, he refused rest, satisfied that his position would be attacked during the night, or very early next day. About mid-

* Adjutant General Rutherford says.

night, our advanced pickets on the road leading into the town on our left captured a batch of prisoners. General Cobb's skillful examination brought out all they were most anxious to conceal. Orders were instantly given to the whole line to be ready for any emergency, and dispatches sent to Division Head-quarters. During the remainder of the night confused noises indicated the movement of troops. The morning dawned quietly. But the sun had scarcely risen when a tentative artillery fire opened. By 9 o'clock it became very annoying, and moving about disagreeable and dangerous. During the whole time, General Cobb was in the rear of the house above-mentioned.— It fronted on the road, its rear toward the enemy's line, and exposed to the full danger of the fire. This point began to attract the attention of the artillerists on Stafford hills. With his glass the General surveyed the whole of the enemy's front, and soon discovered the rapid movements of troops under cover of the city buildings, and the long black lines descending from the opposite heights. Owing, doubtless, to the peculiar formation of the ground, and the dense fog, all this had hitherto escaped the attention of every one else. Instantly his men were prepared for action, with careful and explicit orders that none should fire before his command. This precaution saved the day, preventing the enemy carrying this key position of the entire line. A very small thing often turns the fate of empires. The 18th Georgia, commanded by the gallant Colonel Ruff, was on our extreme right, next the 24th, reaching up to head-quarters. First on the left was Phillips' legion under Colonel Cook. Braver and better men never drew sword or fired a gun. Their lofty and fearless bearing was perfect through the whole dread onset. About 11 o'clock, a line of battle debouched from cover of the town into the open plain, a quarter of a mile in our immediate front, and in a moment deployed skirmishers, who advanced firing. Under excitement, our men began to return the fire. With that trumpet voice, heard over any field or line, the General ordered, "cease firing," and it was instantly obeyed. The skirmishers advanced to the brow of the elevation in our front, and throwing themselves on the ground, opened a continuous and rapid fire, evidently to draw ours, that the line of battle in their rear might carry our position with the greater ease. Immediately in our rear, and on the ascending heights was the immortal Washington Artillery pouring showers of grape and shell into the daring lines of the enemy. The first regular battle line immediately double-quickened across the open plain to the relief of their skirmishers, and sending volley after volley against our entire front. The history of the world's battles show no more splendid example of heroic attack than our foes then and there exhibited. They came up to their work, time after time, with a persistent and enthusiastic esprit absolutely admirable. As we gazed on their hopeless audacity we

could not help wondering, whence came these men, and why rushing into certain death? We did not then know that they were mostly Irishmen, faultless soldiers everywhere, nor did we then, or now, understand how any one of them could fight against a people contending only for self-government. By birth and blood and breeding, by history and by hope, the Irish are, or ought to be "rebels."

Gen Lee sent word the position must be held. Gen. C's. answer, "it will be to the last." On this charge of the enemy, he again arrested the fire of his men until they were in easy range. The broad front came up, as if on parade in one dense and hurrying mass. They were awaited in hushed and breathless expectancy; when from the foot of Marye's Hill a solitary sound was heard, clear, sonorous, thrilling, reaching every ear and heart along the entire line—the sound of that awful monosyllable which none but those who have heard it in all that it means in utterance can understand, "fire!" and the dashing wave reeled and rolled back in confusion. Hardly had we time to receive the full force of the shock, when a new and stronger line came up as splendidly as if the first had met only victory. Again the General restrained his fire until the range was sure, when from the entire line there poured one hail of death, and the brave men, worthy a better cause, went down like ten pins. Again and again they came forward as well. Walton's artillery from above, and the infantry from below gave each devoted column the same

dread reception. The same eye-witness and actor says, beyond this we will not attempt accurate description. The smoke of battle became so thick, the roar of musketry and artillery so terrific that few orders could be heard at a distance and only little of the enemy seen, it was only receive and return, fire and fight. Whenever the breeze lifted the smoke, in the momentary pause of firing, new masses of blue were seen pouring into the field, and the firing was renewed with redoubled vigor. About this time considerable uneasiness was felt on the left of our line. Minnie balls whistled up the road giving unmistakable evidence of the enemy on that flank. The hissing of the first passing ball fell on the quick ear of the General. He was everywhere, saw, knew everything, with what appeared to us rashness, but which was only a calm and holy purpose, he bore himself. It was that presence, watchfulness and labor that secured the result. By his powerful presence, counsel, and order he was felt at every point of the line. He was expected—he had promised for himself and men, that the position should be held, and no remonstrances of officers and men as to his constant exposure, kept him from the calm and steady observation amid the whirlwind of destructive missiles.

He immediately ordered his Adjutant to the left to move up troops if any could be found, and if not, to concentrate the fire of the artillery on the point. His look will never be forgotten. For a moment it seemed the position would be carried. Calm, pale,

and self-possessed, he quickly gave the order, which neither he nor its bearer believed could be carried through the storm of battle. But the batteries were reached, the order delivered, and in a little while the enemy driven from behind the houses, where, in the smoke and darkness and din, they had found a lodgment. The heroic daring of Adjutant Ruth-erford in carrying this order can be understood only by those who are acquainted with the circum-stances. It excites little surprise among those who know him and his race.

The enemy's firing was now less and less rapid, and as the smoke lifted he could be seen falling back. Still it was not a complete defeat, only a falling back to gain position of some little shelter. The infantry fire now almost ceased, and the enemy opened again with his entire line of batteries, tier on tier from Staf-ford hills and nearer. Just here was the shortest distance between the contending armies. The fire was concentrating against the stone fence, and especially its centre. If it were ever proper to speak of "a hell of shot, shell, and grape" that was the time.—It were vain to attempt saying how many guns were concentra-ted on the position. During all this General C., with words of comfort and courage, walked up and down among his reclining men, who, in vain, urged him to some personal care for himself: many saying, "we do not need this to encourage us"—but he felt it a duty, and he did it. A shell burst at the foot of the

old tree as he was passing. The heroic Cooke, of North Carolina, was badly wounded, and a captain of the 24th Georgia killed. A frag-ment of the same shell struck Gen-eral C. on the thigh, mashing mus-cle and bone, and femoral artery. He was as calm as during the whole engagement, even more so, and gave direction for tying the handkerchief, as if binding up his little finger. To let him remain was certain death, either from want of a surgeon, or from shot of the enemy. To carry him out over the hill was equally danger-ous. The only alternative was the hazardous undertaking of down the line, taking what pro-tection the stone fence afforded in its short line. After passing it, the exposure to sharp-shooters and artillery was complete. The stretcher was repeatedly struck, and several of its bearers shot down. By extraordinary persist-ence he was brought out of the horrible place. But alas! for little purpose. He speedily sank, with no time for last words and farewells. Earnest love and highest skill availed not to keep him. Eldridge did all that high-est surgical genius and skill could, and after him nothing was left to do. And so he died in our arms. So suddenly, and so un-expectedly. We never dreamed of it even after his wound. Dead, dead, dead! We brought him back to the bright land and sun-ny skies he loved so well, and to the people who loved him above all others. As we made our mournful way, the heart of the people was moved. No unmean-ing display or empty pageant

adorned the homeward march of the now forever discharged hero. Incidents of affecting love and sorrow met us everywhere. That good man of Charlotte, without our knowledge, paid the bills of our accidental detention there.—Here and there along the route, little girls and tender maidens brought their tribute of flowers. The heart of his mother State was too deeply moved for display.—In solemn and tearful awe, she followed the bier of her favorite son. He fell in sight of his own mother's birth-place, on the soil of his ancestry; and thence we took him to the home of his boyhood, to the scenes of his lifelong success, to the town of his love, and the hands of his earliest companions. We gave back the splendid remains of this strong, humble, earnest, faithful son, father and husband to the aged arms of her who bore him, to the broken hearts of wife and little ones, dearer to him than all of earth, and to the church and people whom he loved so dearly. They and we laid him away amid the tears of young and old, rich and poor. The widow and orphan, the white and the black cast their little flower on the grave of this great man, great in his goodness; and each and all of the mingled multitude gathered there, felt

they had lost a friend, and our bleeding country one of her noblest and strongest sons, and that too in the hour of a great extremity. Let his life be a mighty utterance to encouragement, especially to young men in these days of toil and darkness, telling them what industry, zeal and faith well kept towards God and man will do.

We close this imperfect sketch with the simple and noble letter of General Lee:

CAMP NEAR FREDERICKSBURG,
DECEMBER 18, 1862.

GENERAL HOWELL COBB:

GENERAL.—I beg leave to express my deep sympathy in your great sorrow. Your noble and gallant brother has met a soldier's death, and God grant that this army and our country may never be called upon again to mourn so great a sacrifice.

Of his merits, his lofty intellect, his accomplishments, his professional fame, and above all his christian character, I need not speak to you who knew him so intimately and well. But as a patriot and soldier, his death has left a deep gap in the army which his military aptitude and skill render it hard to fill. In the battle of Fredericksburg he won an immortal name for himself and his brigade. Hour after hour, he held his position in front of our batteries, while division after division of the enemy was hurled against him. He announced the determination of himself and his men never to leave their post until the enemy was beaten, and with unshaken courage and fortitude he kept his promise.

May God give consolation to his afflicted family, and may the name and fame of the christian statesman and soldier be cherished as a bright example and holy remembrance.

With great esteem,

Your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE.

THE FLIGHT OF ARETHUSA.

'Tis an antique, mythic story
 Of those primal days, when men
 Peopled with ideal beauty
 Every mountain, stream and glen:
 When the world was in its childhood,
 And its credulous delight
 Saw the creatures of its fancy,
 Present to its mortal sight:—

Ere it grasped the grand conception, that the universal whole,
 Moving Nature's myriad pulses, was her Maker's living soul.

Near a bright, Arcadian river,
 Fringed and shadowed to the brink,
 By the snowy-blossom'd alders,
 Stooped a maiden down to drink.
 On the hills her flying footsteps
 Had been fleet as antelope's,
 While her train, the virgin huntress
 Led along the Eléan slopes:

And exhausted with pursuing, she had turned aside to lave
 Burning cheek and flushing forehead, in the cool, translucent wave.

From her panting waist, she lightly
 Let the loosened girdle float,
 And withdrew the golden arrow
 That about her ivory throat
 Held the broider'd peplon gathered,—
 Till the vestment slid and fell
 From her bosom's orb'd whiteness—
 From her shoulder's sloping swell;—

And she blushed to catch the vision which the mirror'd water threw,—
 Ravished with its rapturous beauty,—back upon her startled view.

Hidden half midst velvet mosses,
 One supporting hand gleamed fair,
 Whilst the other freed the braidings
 Of the hyacinthine hair:
 And as from beneath the fillet,
 Floated each voluptuous tress,
 Leaping high, the wooing water
 Caught it in a glad caress:

When she bent above its surface, lithely as the lily dips,
 Every ripple rushed to lavish kisses on her dewy lips.

Arms invisibly entwining,
 Round her swan-like neck were thrown—
 Round her neck whose veinéd opal
 Seemed to mock the Thasian stone.
 But the lovely maiden, quivering
 Like a timid mountain roe,
 When it sees the feather'd arrow
 From Diana's silver bow—

Snatching up her dripping ringlets, from the unseen fingers' play,—
 Sprang with strange, mysterious terror, and with wingéd haste away.

Breathlessly along the valley,—
 Through the tangled myrtle glade,—
 Underneath the clustering citrons,
 And the lime-tree's spicy shade,
 Fled she,—and her footsteps quickened,—
 Skimming like the morning wind,
 As she saw her fond pursuer
 Roll his gathering tide behind.

Then she prayed for aid celestial, and beneath her sandal'd feet,
 Gushed a fountain; and her being passed into its waters sweet.

But she could not thus elude him;
 And within one pearly chain,
 Sought he now to bind their currents,
 That they should not part again.
 When through subterranean sources,
 Oft the Naiad's steps would glide,—
 He, by love's divining essence,
 Evermore was near her side:

Till, through long pursuit, triumphant, under far Sicilia's sun,
 Alpheus and Arethusa met and mingled into one.

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA.

JOHN MILTON.*

ANOTHER flagrant grievance of The Independents, upon estab-
 the king's government had been lishing their Commonwealth, has-
 the illegal denial of *habeas corpus*, tened to signalize their consist-
 and punishment of persons ob- ency, by trying and condemning
 noxious to the government, by to death the Duke of Hamilton,
 tribunals not established by law. Lord Cappel, and two other noble-
 men, before a special commission,
 and without a jury. These ju-

* Continued from page 108.

dicial murders were followed up by the arrest and imprisonment of a number of gentlemen and clergymen, upon political charges, many of whom lay for years in prison without indictment or hearing, and one of whom, Sir John Howell, was only released twelve years after, by the Restoration!*

It was charged justly upon Charles I. that for twelve years, he had governed without Parliaments; thus trampling upon the representative department of the government. The Rump had been acting more than eight years already, without recurring to their constituents for their sanction. When the Long Parliament first met, the House of Commons contained five hundred and six members. When the Commonwealth was declared, it did not contain a hundred: for the largest count reported in their journals, upon divisions of the House, was seventy-seven.†— Having condemned the king for ruling without Parliaments, they were thus attempting to exercise the powers of the national legislature, with six-sevenths of the counties and boroughs unrepresented. They were, however, soon expelled in turn, by their chief accomplice; and he thenceforward governed without a legislature. For, the three Parliaments he assembled were all dispersed by him, before they enacted anything. That summoned in 1654, had most pretension to be called a fair representation of the popular will. But even in its

election all were excluded who had not an estate of £200.st. and all Romanists, and all who had supported the king.* Still, this body, though representing half the nation only, was so far from giving its approval to Cromwell's usurpation, that it refused to proceed to its business until it had inquired into the legal foundations of his power. For this, he dispersed them: upon "the tyrant's plea, necessity," saying that the interests of public order in the country would not permit the questioning of his power. If, by public order, could be properly meant, his own quiet possession of an illegal authority, held at once against the established constitution of the country, and against the will of three-fourths of his fellow-citizens; and if his forcible expulsion from this authority, so violently seized, could be properly called anarchy, he was doubtless correct.

Another complaint urged against Charles I. was, that he had quartered soldiers illegally upon the people, and had employed the military, in some cases, to control civilians. Cromwell placed all Scotland, Ireland, and England itself under martial law, for the last six years of his reign, dividing the latter kingdom into military districts, with a major-general over each. The world has rung with the illegal exactions of money made by Charles upon his subjects, through his ship money, tonnage and poundage, and monopolies. Cromwell, by his simple edict, without a shadow of

* M. Guizot. Vol. i. p. 27.

† M. Guizot. Vol. i. p. 2.

* M. Guizot. Vol. ii. p. 85.

law, levied a tax, to be collected at the point of the bayonet, of one-tenth, *per annum*, of the income of all the royalists who had a hundred pounds a year. But this iniquitous exaction was but as a scourge of whips, when compared with the scorpion lash of the compositions in money exacted for pretended political offences, and the sweeping confiscations of royalists' estates. The Long Parliament, when under the lead of the Presbyterian party, had set the evil example of these fines and compositions. The saintly Independents were apt scholars, and carried the art to the greatest height. Many of the noblest royalist houses were utterly impoverished for the time. The pages of Thurloe, Cromwell's minister, show that scarcely a letter passed between him and the major-generals commanding the districts, which did not detail some job of royalist plunder, the attempt to arrest the person of some 'malignant' in order to compel him, by illegal imprisonment, to disclose his revenues, or the punishment of some unfortunate, for attempting to reserve a pittance for the maintenance for a helpless family from the all-devouring man of confiscation.*—A very little knowledge of human nature suffices to convince us, that the majority of Cromwell's military and civic instruments would not fail to imitate the crimes of their government.—When plunder was thus made respectable by the supreme power, personal avarice was not slow to

seize the license of wholesale theft. Thus the peculations of the persons connected with the government were infinite in number and infamy, and enormous in amount. There is but too much evidence, that the picture given by Sir W. Scott, in the Introduction to Woodstock, of the thefts, oppressions and lies of the *Rota*, is far more of history than romance. Doubtless, the Lord Protector's treasury suffered as much by the light fingers of his friends, as did the pockets of Cavaliers. One notable instance, illustrating the morals of the party, is presented by the fate of the coin and bullion captured by the fleet of Drake, off Cadiz, in the famous Galleons from the West Indies. Thurloe states, that while the rumors as to the amount actually captured, varied exceedingly, it could not have been less than about a million sterling. Of this, only about two hundred and fifty, or three hundred thousand, sterling, ever reached the treasury,* the remainder was stolen by the saints.

The mention of Spain suggests the only remaining fact needed to substantiate our charge: Cromwell's attack upon this power showed that his foreign administration was as unprincipled as his domestic. Having equipped a great fleet under Admiral Penn, and General Venables, he sent it clandestinely to attack the Spanish West Indies, without declaration of war, or demand of redress for supposed grievances, or intimation of his purpose; while the Spanish Court was in peaceful re-

* M. Guizot. Vol. ii. p. 145.

* Thurloe. Correspondence, Nov. 4. 1656.

lations with his government, and the Spanish ambassador quietly residing in London. No purer act of piracy was ever committed by a Buccaneer in the Spanish Main.

It thus appears that the "Extreme Left" of the English Revolution, like that of France, hastened to practise every oppression for which they had assailed the constituted authorities: and that, in more aggravated forms. Their guilt was greatly darker than that of the deposed rulers: because it was more inconsistent. They professed to attack abuses, in the interest of popular right. When they, in turn, violated popular rights, by forcing the government of a factious minority over an unwilling majority, they are condemned out of their own mouths. The established rules had at least possessed the established forms of precedent: the ultraists trampled on those prescriptive forms, and on popular right at once. The *rationalité* of this crime is not difficult to read. The true conception of liberty, upon which all equitable and beneficent government rests, is, that liberty, for the several orders in the state, means *the privilege of each one's doing what he has a moral right to do.*— Its principle is in that noble apophthegm of the Scotch divine, *Rex Lex.* But the liberty intended by the Independents in Church and State, is far different: it is *privilege to do what he pleases.* In the noble words of Milton's sonnet:

"License they mean, when they cry
liberty:
For who loves that, must first be wise
and good."

With the ultraists constitutional right is simply the will of the faction he prefers, when clothed with physical power. Now, this theory of freedom is simply a theory of self-will: and self-will is selfishness; and selfishness is unrighteousness. It may be easily seen from this point of view, that the natural affinities of this school of partizans are with despotism.— Here we have one solution of the historical fact, that their domination always ends in a Cromwell or Napoleon. Another may be found in their radical incompetency for the duties of impartial government, and the obvious tendency of their system of power to anarchy. Not only are their foundation dogmas disorganizing; their method of rule is intrinsically a warfare. They establish the mere will of the dominant faction as supreme law: the consequence is that their government, instead of making itself felt, in the general, as an equitable and impartial protection to the recognized rights of the several orders in the State, is known and felt perpetually as a hostile assault of a part of the citizens, (usually a minor part) on the privileges of another part.— Thus, the very functions of government become a series of aggressions and resistances, a virtual civil war. The passions of moral indignation at conscious wrong, fear, resentment, revenge are perpetually awakened by the acts of the ruling faction, in one and another segment of the community, until the whole becomes a thundercloud, overcharged with electricity, and breaks out again, despite the sternest repression,

into tumult and tempest. Thus, the government of the extreme left, after usurping the revolutionary forces, shows itself powerful and energetic, to depress its domestic rivals, to pull down and destroy, to harass its enemies with excess of miseries, and to aggravate confusions: It is impotent to restore any form of order. It is destined, in its turn, to give place to some other form of power, strong enough to crush down and punish its excesses, and which probably finishes, by establishing some stable order more onerous and less beneficent than the old. That true liberty may be enjoyed, it is as essential that this popular self-will be curbed, as that the individual despot be excluded.—Some practical distribution of political privileges must have been agreed upon, which, although not believed to be perfect, (what is perfect among sinning men?) shall have commended itself to the approbation of the great bulk of the several classes, as, on the whole, fair, and possible, and beneficent. This distribution must have been embodied, in some form, in the sacred enactments of a recognized constitution. And this constitution must be upheld by the virtue and good sense of the people, as supreme ruler and king, [under God] before whose venerated voice, the personal will of legislators and rulers, and the desires of both majorities and minorities, shall alike bow. Then, the exercise of government is felt by the general heart to be, in the main, protective, and not aggressive; it gathers around it the strong ramparts of popular approbation and affection; it is received as the expression of the recognized ethical right, and not as the expression of the caprice or lust of a rival and hostile faction.

(CONCLUDED.)

EXTRACT FROM BLUE LAWS OF CONNECTICUT.

It is also ordered, That when any servants shall run from their masters, or any other inhabitants shall privately go away with suspicions of ill intentions, it shall be lawful for the next magistrate, or the constable and two of the chiefest inhabitants, where no magistrate is, to press men and boats or pinnaces, at the publique charge, to pursue such persons by sea or land, and bring them back, by force of armes.

And whereas many stubborne, refractory and discontented ser-

vants and apprentices, withdraw themselves from their masters services, to improve their time to their owne advantage, for the preventing whereof,

It is ordered, That whatsoever servant or apprentice shall hereafter offend in that kinde, before their covenants or terme of service are expired, shall serve their said masters, as they shall be apprehended or retained, the treble term, or three fold time of their absence in such kinde.—Page 66, *Hartford Edition.*

DRAMATIC SKETCH.

(SCENE—*The Corridor of a Palace.* PERSONS—*A young Knight and his Mentor.* TIME—*the 14th Century.*)

 MENTOR.

" With what a grace she passed us by just now!,
 Her delicate chin half raised, her cordial brow
 A cloudless Heaven of bland benignities!;
 What tempered lustre too in her dove's eyes,
 Just touched to archness by the eyebrow's curve,
 And those quick dimples which the mouth's reserve
 Stir and break up, as sunlit ripples break
 The cool clear calmness of a mountain lake!
 A woman in whom majesty and sweetness
 Blend to such issues of serene completeness,
 That to gaze on her were a prince's boon!;
 The calm of evening, the large pomp of noon,
 Are her's; soft May morns melting into June,
 Hold not such tender languishments as those
 Which steep her in that dew-light of repose,
 That floats a dreamy balm around the full-blown rose:—
 And yet, 'tis not her beauty tho' so bright,
 (Clear moon-fire mixed with sun-flame,) nor the light,
 Transparent charm we feel so exquisite,
 Whereby she's compassed as a wizard star
 By its own life-air! 'tis not one, nor all
 Of these, whereby we're mastered, Sir, and fall
 Slave-like before her: doubtless such things *are*
 Potent as spells—still there's a something fine,
 Subtler than hoar-rime in the faint moonshine,
 More potent yet!,—an undefinéd art,
 'Twere vain to question: your whole being, heart,
 Brain—blood—seem lapsing from you, fired and fused
 In her's—a terrible power, and if abused——
 But by St. Peter! 'tis not safe to talk
 Of yon weird woman! turn now! watch her walk
 'Twixt the tall tiger lilies—there's a free,
 Brave grace in every step,—but still to me,
 It hath—I know not what—of covertness,
 Cunning, and cruel purpose!; can you guess

The picture it brings up?—a lonely rock
 From which a young Bedouin guards his flock,
 In the swart desert:—there's a tawny band,
 A curved and tangled pathway of loose sand,
 Winding above him—; the tranced airs make dim
 His slumberous senses!,—his great brown eyes swim
 In th' mist of dreams, when gliding with mute tread
 Forth from the thorn trees, o'er his nodding head,
 Moves a lithe-bodied panther;—(Lo! how fair
 The beast is, with her moony-spotted hair,
 And her deft desert paces!);—one breath more!
 And you'll behold the spouting of fresh gore,
 Heart-blood that's human!;—can aught save him now?—
 Hist! the sharp crackle of a blasted bough,
 Whence flies a huge hill-eagle, rustling
 O'er the boy's forehead his vast breadths of wing,
 And sweeping as a half-seen shade, 'twould seem,
 Betwixt his startled spirit, and its dream;
 He's roused! espies his danger!, at a bound
 Leaps into safety where the low-set ground
 Is buttressed 'neath two giant crags thereby:—
 (Now hark ye! 'tis no pictured phantasy,
 This scene, my Anslem!, but all's true and clear
 Before me, tho' full many a weary year
 Has waxed and waned since then:—
 My meaning pryth'ee? foolish youth, beware!,
 There's Treachery lurking in the gay parterre,
 As in the hoary desert's silentness—,
 And dreams with danger, death perchance behind,
 May lull young sleepers in the perfumed wind,
 Which hardly lifts the tiniest truant tress
 It toys with coyly, of a woman's hair:—
 Our sternest fates have risen in forms as fair,
 As—let us say for lack of similes,
 As—her's, who bends now with such gracious ease,
 O'er her rich tulip beds!—

Were I the bird,

Wert THOU the shepherd ANSLEM, of my tale,
 (And that thou hast not hearkened, boy, unstirred,
 Is clear, albeit thou need'st not wax so pale),—
 What would true wisdom whisper—now 'tis done,
 My warning, and thy day-dream in the sun—?
 What! why her mandate's plain:;—I hear her say,
 'Young Knight! to horse!, leave the Queen's Court to-day!!' ”

EVENINGS IN PARLIAMENT.

To an American accustomed to read at home the debates in Parliament, as reported in the columns of the *Times*, nothing seems likely to afford him a higher gratification than an evening now and then in the House of Commons, and it occurs to him that, should he ever find himself a sojourner in London during the session, he will frequently stroll down to Westminster, and make himself familiar with the great orators of England from a comfortable seat in the gallery. The traditional glories of St. Stephen's and the recorded eloquence of a long succession of British statesmen have invested the House of Commons with an interest not inferior to that which attaches to the adjoining Abbey. The speeches that have been delivered here constitute a very large part of England's greatness in the past and of that heritage of freedom which belongs to her in the present, and although the ancient rafters that rang with the lofty tones of Fox and Pitt have been replaced by a more richly decorated roof, the *genius loci* has never yet been disturbed, and one enters the gorgeous new Palace of Westminster through that noble hall of William Rufus which Macaulay has hung with the resplendent tapestry of his rhetoric. Certainly, both for its associations and for what is nightly transacted during many months of the year within that stately pile, the Houses of Parliament may well attract the intelligent foreigner,

but there are difficulties in the way of admission that render anything like regular attendance upon the debates altogether impracticable. In theory, the legislation of Great Britain is carried on with open doors, and every subject of the realm may witness it: in point of fact, few deliberative assemblies are so shut out from the general public, and that much-courted person, the British laborer, might almost as well hope to have the range of the Carlton Club House as to get a place in the gallery on a night when any matter of importance is to be discussed.

All along the corridors and passages leading to the outer octagonal vestibule or lobby of the House of Commons are stationed policemen whose business would seem to be to bully the inexperienced chance visitor. From the moment that he passes the great gothic irised window that looks down upon Westminster Hall, he is evidently regarded as a trespasser, who may be called upon to show cause why he shall not be requested to leave the building.— From the policeman point of view each and every individual is a possible pickpocket, and likely, at any moment, to be "given in charge." Let him be as morally and conventionally irreproachable as he may, he shall not escape coming under the policeman's displeasure and rebuke by ignorantly crossing some line of the beautiful pavement, imaginary as equator or ecliptic, where "a space must

be kept hopen for members."— Arrived at the lobby, he must produce or obtain some authority for entering the chamber, or stand aside. The lobby is lofty and spacious; great candelabra or gaseliers shed a blaze of light around; the ceiling is elaborately pannelled in oak; the floor is of porcelain and bears such inscriptions as "Fear God, Honor the Queen," "In the Multitude of Counsellors is Safety," "Where no Counsel is, the People Fall," &c., precepts too precious to be trodden under foot of men, we might suppose; and there are a few benches, where one may linger, if it please him, to see the members pass in and out, but let him not stand idly here, for he will be so moved about hither and yon, backwards and forwards, by the officials, in order that the proper space may be "kept hopen" as we have seen, that he will be in danger of becoming utterly demoralized. In an angle of the lobby, there is a long table or counter for refreshments, where the thirsty or heated M. P. may get his brandy and selzer, or an ice upon occasion, but let the stranger not ask ever so meekly for even so mild a beverage as ginger pop, unless the coast is quite clear, or he will regret his temerity in the neglect or the incivility of the bar-keeper. The "insolence of office" seems to descend from the speaker's secretary to the man who sweeps out the apartments and who ordinarily is eager to make a shilling by showing the Hall. If the visitor cannot get into the House he will consult his self-respect by going out of the lobby. Far better

lounge in the corridor among the statues of Clarendon and Hampden and Falkland, or inspect (under the flattering surveillance of A 356) the frescoes on the walls, see Argyll wrapt in the sweet oblivion of his last sleep on earth, and Montrose maintaining a serene fortitude upon the scaffold.

There are two modes of obtaining admission to the House of Commons. One is by written order of a member for a particular evening stated therein, which admits to the Stranger's Gallery.— The other is by special courtesy of a member, personally introducing his friend, through the civility of the Speaker, to the Speaker's Gallery. Each member may give orders to two persons for the same evening, but as the accommodations of the Stranger's Gallery fall very far short of one-fourth the actual roll of the House itself, it is clear that the order does not ensure its holder a place. To get the order, indeed, upon occasions of great interest is not "as easy as lying." The member is pretty sure to have influential constituents visiting London, who are properly entitled to preference in his Parliamentary attentions. And as the order, whenever obtained, imposes upon the recipient a certain sense of personal obligation, it is something he does not like to ask for too often. As for the Speaker's Gallery, it is taking a great liberty indeed with a member to summon him from his seat in the House into the lobby to get you admitted there, even when nothing very interesting is going on, and when there is to be a de-

bate of great moment the entire space is filled by the Peers, for whose convenience the Gallery was expressly designed, and the stranger, if regularly introduced, has an uneasy consciousness of intrusion. So that, briefly stated, the case stands thus—there is room enough and the stranger may get a place when he does not care for admission, that is to say when the dull routine of ordinary business is all that may be seen and heard, but it is next to impossible to get a place when he most desires it, on those evenings when the greatest minds of the Kingdom are to come into collision, and words are to be spoken which will pass into the political and intellectual history of the times.

All this is so different from the free and easy way in which the free and enlightened citizen of the United States “sloshes around” in the Capitol from Senate Chamber to House of Representatives to see with how little wisdom his country is governed, as naturally to excite in such a free and enlightened citizen something of annoyance. He recollects how readily the English gentleman in Washington finds his way to the very floor of either branch of the National Legislature, and he feels that it is an ungracious return for such hospitalities that he is excluded from the gallery of the House of Commons. Yet it requires little reflection to perceive how absurd it would be to allow unrestricted admission to the privileged seats of the British Parliament, meeting, as this does, in the most populous

city of the modern world; and, on the whole, one is bound to acknowledge that they manage this matter much better in Westminster than in Washington, although it would seem a wiser plan in both places to demand tickets and make the distribution of these tickets part of the daily duty of an assistant Sergeant-at-Arms.

The Stranger's Gallery when, after much struggling, one gets there, is not likely to meet his views of comfort or convenience. There are seats in the gallery for, perhaps, eighty persons. It is immediately above the main entrance to the chamber, which is in shape a parallelogram, while directly opposite at the further end is a small gallery for the reporters, yet beyond, which has places for the ladies who sit behind a gilded wire screen effectually concealing them from public observation. *Place aux dames* is not a parliamentary rule of conduct, it would seem. Whether it is thought that the presence of ladies would prove a distraction to members, and thus impede the legislation of the kingdom, or that properly they have no business with political affairs, they are certainly kept carefully out of sight, and the oratory of the House of Commons owes nothing at all to the inspiration of their smiles.—Reaching along the sides of the chamber from the Stranger's Gallery to the Reporter's Gallery are narrow galleries for members exclusively, though it somewhat passes comprehension why members should desire, during the session of the House, to have a bird's eye view of its deliberations

Here, however, half a dozen or more may generally be seen, with their hats pulled over their brows, lolling at their ease, reading a newspaper or a novel, and seemingly little concerned about the question under discussion.

The occupants of the Stranger's Gallery, however, must not wear their hats, nor loll nor read newspapers, and if detected in any one of these offences will be summarily rebuked by the official in charge, and put upon their good behavior. You have gone down to the House, perhaps, at a very early hour, and a weary interval of unimportant and uninteresting every-day business must elapse between the moment of your arrival and the commencement of the evening's debate.— This interval, it occurs to you, may be pleasantly employed with the perusal of the Pall Mall Gazette, and you innocently take a copy from your pocket, and begin reading, only to be cut short, *in medias res*, by the awful official, who tells you such a thing is strictly prohibited. Then possibly, after a time, you are weary, and wish yourself at the opera or the play, and you seek an easier posture for a furtive slumber, or with certain American predispositions to stretch yourself, you unwarily throw your leg over the bench in front of you or put your foot on the back of the same. But this is "putting your foot into it" indeed:—it is *lese majesté*, at the least. You must not sleep, you must not elevate the leg, you must sit bolt upright, and content yourself with what you can see of the popular branch of the British legislature.

This is not altogether satisfactory. There is no part of the Stranger's Gallery from which more than two-thirds of the floor can be seen, and as there are no diagrams to be had, designating the seats of members, the stranger is thrown altogether upon such chance information of the *personnel* of the House as he can obtain from those immediately around him. Members do not occupy arm chairs and desks as in Washington, and the seats are arranged as benches running around the room in the form of an ellipse, leaving the central space vacant. Below the reporters and facing the entrance sits the speaker, having before him the clerks and secretaries at their desks, on his right hand the ministerial members and on his left the leaders of the opposition. The House is thus divided by the neutral ground (debatable ground, it may be certainly called, since it is so much occupied in the debate) of the centre, the *ins* on the one side and the *outs* on the other. When there is a full House, it looks as if there were hardly benches enough for the members. When the House is thin, the prevailing bright red of the morocco curtains gives a somewhat gay appearance to the lower part of the chamber, and makes a compensation to the eye for the listlessness of the proceedings.

While the members of the two great parties sit uniformly vis-à-vis in this manner, the supporters of the government never sitting on the left of the speaker, nor the adherents of the opposition on his right, it is exceptional that a

member invariably occupies a particular seat. With regard to the cabinet ministers and the leaders of the opposition only can one look for them with certainty in the same place, although by a sort of informal courtesy the privilege of retaining the same position, for convenience of discussion, is extended to the most prominent debaters of the Commons. Members and visitors thus know from what quarter to expect a reply to any damaging assault that may be made upon a party or an individual.

The ordinary routine of business in the House of Commons is commenced about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when the mace is laid upon the table and the speaker takes the chair. A considerable time is spent in the reading of private bills and the presentation of petitions, while the members, singly or by twos and threes, are dropping into the House, each gentleman, as he takes his seat, putting his hat on his head (the hat, in the majority of instances, has been held in the hand until the member reaches his seat) and crossing his legs. The preliminary work of private bills and petitions sometimes extends into the hour of dinner, this being at any point between half past six, and eight, when the British legislator whisks away in a Hansan cab to his club, leaving the country and its varied interests to a bare quorum while he fortifies himself with a bottle of sherry and a joint for the night's discussion. Then follows a rattling and discursive fire of questions at ministers, which is more or less entertaining ac-

ording to the nature of the information sought by the interrogator, the secretaries being compelled to undergo respectively a cross-examination upon matters pertaining to that branch of the public service under their supervision and control. One member would be glad to learn of the Chief Secretary for Ireland whether the painful rumors were true that the Treasurer of the Ballyshannon Lunatic Asylum had run off with the funds of the institution and a female incurable; another seeks to know of the Secretary for the Colonies if the statement in a morning paper be trustworthy that forty-seven negroes have been roasted and eaten with Worcester sauce by the white inhabitants of the island of Jamaica; a third asks the Secretary of War for the exact facts with regard to an alleged deficit in the balance sheet of the Royal Gun Factory at Longrange, and whether there is reason for believing that the missing funds have gone into the Fenian exchequer, and so on, through a long series of inquiries, whether made in entire good faith or for the purpose of bothering Her Majesty's ministers, does not always clearly appear. This ordeal at an end, it is just as likely as not that a country member will move the second reading of some Custom's or Railway Bill or Annuities' Bill, and that thereupon will ensue an interminable and drowsy debate, wearisome to the stranger to that degree that, not being permitted to doze through it or yet to beguile the tedium with contraband Pall Mall Gazetteers, he feels inclined to

fight his way, if need be, out of the new Palace of Westminster and never enter its portals again. The reporters across the house, whose business it is to take down every idle word of this debate, are mercifully relieved every fifteen minutes, else they might become proper subjects for the intervention of the Royal Humane Society, or the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The M. P., bored to the very article of exhaustion, may avert softening of the brain by lounging into the lobby and taking refreshment at the counter of which mention has already been made. As for the Speaker, who must endure it all, there is no constitutional prohibition in the matter of slumber in his case, and like Homer, he sometimes nods. It was on an occasion of this sort that Præd indited his graceful little lullaby, one stanza of which runs after this fashion—

Sleep, Mr. Speaker. Sweet to men
Is the sleep that cometh but now and
then,
Sweet to the weary, sweet to the ill,
Sweet to the children that work in the
mill,
You have more need of repose than
they—
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you
may!

Yes, there are forty winks for the Speaker and there is escape for the member, and respite for the reporter; the stranger alone must suffer and be strong, if, indeed, he would remain until the battle of the giants, and join in the plaudits for the victor.

During such a drowsy debate, however, what a change comes all at once over the house, if by some lucky chance one of the

giants is brought to take part in it! How the absentees rush in from the lobby, how the victims in the Stranger's Gallery revive and bend forward to hear what the giant is saying, how a multitudinous "hear! hear! hear!" runs around the chamber, how the reporters *erectis-auribus* brighten up and nib their pens, how the ladies, (bless the invisible dears, nobody has been thinking of them all this time) fluttering against the gilded wires of their cages like so many captive-birds, strain their white necks, and incline their pretty ears to catch (and, let us hope, comprehend) something of what is going on below them!

When the debate commences on the question of highest importance it continues until two or three o'clock in the morning, and is generally adjourned from night to night, during several weeks.— But from time to time collateral issues, arising out of motions to amend, &c., &c., are presented, upon which the House divides, and something like a test vote as to the strength of the Ministry is obtained. Upon the happening of such divisions, which are sometimes suddenly sprung upon the house, the "whippers-in" of the two great parties are aroused to great activity in getting every possible voter of their side into the House before "going into the lobby." Each party has its regularly appointed and acknowledged "whipper-in," whose special duty it is see that the full strength of the Ministry or the Opposition, as the case may be, is made available. Nor is this duty, in times of high party excitement,

may even in pressing emergencies, so difficult or embarrassing as might be supposed. Throughout the session of Parliament, printed slips of what is going on in both Houses are sent every ten minutes to the Clubs, the Theatres, the Opera, and even, by previous arrangement, to private mansions in the West-end, where dinners or balls of ceremony are going on, and truant M. Ps. are thus informed that the country calls them to the division, from the next redowa with Lady Maud, from the garden scene where Adelina Patti is warbling the pretty love song which M. Gounod puts into the mouth of Marguerite, from the rubber at the Arlington where, Sir Harry sits with all the honors just dealt out to him: love, art, play, all yield to party.—“Going into the lobby” is the equivalent phrase for giving a vote, since the yeas and nays are not called *viva voce* but are counted by tellers, between whom, in the private lobby of the House, the supporters and opponents of the measure pending, pass in two separate files. This manner of taking the vote necessitates a recess and the clearing of the Speaker’s Gallery, but consumes less time, absolutely, than the call of the roll, and as it brings members in personal contact, (members, be it understood, not carrying Colt’s revolvers in their pockets) it is calculated to mitigate the exacerbations of partizan warfare.

And here it may be said that the amenities of debate are rarely lost sight of in the British Parliament. Sharp comment, irony,

invective are often employed, but such language as disgraces every weekly report of the Debates in Congress, never. Even the imputation of bad motives to an adversary is regarded as without the pale of propriety. In all words addressed to an adversary, the individual, M. P. in general, observes his own self-respect and the respect due to the dignity of membership. But gregariously the House of Commons can become, and often does become, as noisy as a cock-pit or a penny-gaff. There are limits to all human endurance, and the country member, whose habit it is “to tease, with obvious comment, and torture by inevitable inference” occasionally finds that he must “dry up.” Nay, there are moments when, if the first orator in the kingdom should come forward, they would not hearken to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely. The first orator in the kingdom knows this perfectly well, and never attempts at such moments to make himself heard. During the debate on the Reform Bill of 1866, I was present one evening when the House had quite made up its mind to divide on an amendment connected with £7 rental, and witnessed the confusion of three or four members who, in succession, vainly endeavored to present their views. The House brayed like donkeys, barked like dogs, crowed like cocks, gabbled like geese—this gabbling like geese is their favorite and most successful performance, and each member possibly considers himself for the moment, *capitolinus anser*—the House

roared like lions, howled like hyenas, until St. Stephen's resounded as resounds the Zoological Gardens at the hour for the feeding of the animals, at last the Solicitor-General rose, and spake in dumb show, for some minutes, as if determined to be heard, but finally went down before the clamor. Such procedure was scarcely parliamentary or constitutional, it was certainly not courteous, but it was effectual.—The House went at once to a division. I found that the Solicitor-General did not have the sympathy of the gallery. "Why didn't the beggar hold his tongue?" said the gentleman on my right.

Such procedure, I believe, is unknown in the House of Lords, which is a body of great decorum, as it should be, in presence of the Throne and the woosack and the bishops in their lawn, but which is also a body of great dullness, except upon special occasions, as when Lord Derby is going to attack a Liberal ministry or defend his own. The attendance on the House of Lords is generally thin; there are seldom more than sixty peers present out of a roster of of nearly five hundred, (Lords temporal and spiritual) and the gallery for visitors, small as it is, rarely overflows. The habitual non-attendance of the large majority of the Peers has excited the attention of thinking men in the conservative ranks, who fear less the upper House, which Mr. Bright so dearly desires to abolish, should thereby lose its due weight in the legislation of the Kingdom, and expedients have been devised to secure the participation of a

greater number in the public business, but their Lordships do not favor these expedients. The reluctance to attend arises out of the fact, that the moment a Peer takes his seat, he is put upon a committee and thus made to go to work, which does not please my Lord. If he has been elevated to the peerage for conspicuous service, he is, perhaps, old and gouty—podagra and the peerage are in inevitable association—and he may be excused for thinking his title a "ticket of leave."—If he is a peer by inheritance, he may consider, as possibly the Duke of Wellington who goes little to the House, that his ancestor did work enough for the family. Your young lord votes it all a bore. On the whole he prefers Paris. Perhaps a grateful country will recognize this preference in some instances, like that of the Duke of Hamilton, as a public benefit.

My attendance upon the debates in Parliament during these consecutive sessions, though not frequent, yet sufficed to make known to me, with few exceptions, the persons and style of speaking of the more prominent members of both bodies. Since the death of Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone is probably the first man in the House of Commons, though his preëminent ability as a statesman might not be conceded by the admirers of Mr. Lowe on the one hand or of Mr. Bright on the other. By common consent he is the most accomplished orator in England, and an honest Tory would doubtless agree with you in thinking that the most remarkable in-

tellectual performance of the year was Mr. Gladstone's Annual Speech on the Budget when Chancellor of the Exchequer. A man of wonderful gifts and of extraordinary application, making his way to the proudest position by the force of his own genius and his own will, Mr. Gladstone yet seems throughout to have been one of those happy mortals—

Those even thread the Fates spin
round and full
Out of their choicest and their whitest wool.

Double-first at Christ Church and Fellow of All Souls', member for the University of Oxford, for more than a quarter of a century in the arena and coming off best in almost every encounter, the scholar, the statesman, the counsellor, the orator, Mr. Gladstone has appeared to achieve greatness less than to have greatness thrust upon him as a favorite of fortune. He was, indeed, defeated for Oxford at last, but his *alma mater* feels none the less proud of him because loyalty to her ancient traditions seemed to demand his rejection, and he went under upon the Reform Bill with the fairest prospect of yet being Premier. As a leader in the House of Commons he was thought somewhat imperious, and, at times, even fretful, and to his want of the faculty of conciliation was attributed by many the conversion of an easy-working Liberal majority to the side of the Opposition. In debate, Mr. Gladstone is earnest and sympathetic, and one knows not whether to refer his power more to the force of his convictions and the cogency of his reasonings than to the charm of his manner

and the music of his voice. His gesticulation did not impress me as graceful beyond that of others, his hands were too constantly employed in the pressure of the palms, as if he were doing up muslin, but as he leads the hearer along through his magnificent amplifications, one becomes so thoroughly under the spell of his oratory that criticism of minor points is forgotten, as when the strain has ceased it is difficult to say exactly wherein lay the fascination. His diction is rich, frequently redundant, and I thought might have been cunningly designed, now and then, to cover up rather than unfold his meaning, and he betrayed a certain fondness, as it seemed to me, for refining and making nice points, which would be less successful before the people than with a highly cultivated audience. In classical and other literary illustration he is equally ready and felicitous, though he trips once in a while in both, as when Mr. Lowe retorted upon him in his citation from Virgil *in re* the Trojan horse (which the *Saturday Review* cleverly said should be called the Trojan *hack*) by continuing the quotation, and when, during the same discussion, he altogether misplaced a stanza of Tennyson. But perhaps the greatest charm of Mr. Gladstone is his entire freedom from vulgar ostentation and from seeking after effects. In his most fervid and glowing passages he seems to be thinking not at all of personal display, and his finest ornaments are rather offered out of his opulence, it would appear, as a tribute to the taste and culture of his hear-

ers, than paraded for empty show.

Mr. Gladstone's great adversary, Mr. Disraeli, it was not my good fortune to hear upon any occasion of interest. He was always to be seen sitting directly in front of Mr. Gladstone, and listening with the most eager attention to that gentleman whenever he occupied the floor. His personal appearance has been so cleverly caricatured for many years in *Punch*, that no one at all familiar with the cartoons of that publication can be at a loss in recognizing him from the gallery. Seated next Mr. Disraeli, on his left hand, the stranger might generally, at the time now spoken of, see the Right Honorable Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, and the two members were often engaged in earnest conversation, but the Truthful and Beautiful Baronet having been transferred to the House of Lords as Baron Lytton, the floor of the Commons has lost one of its greatest notabilities, whom all that visited the gallery wished to see if not to hear.

Among the members of the Opposition, when Mr. Gladstone was Chancellor of the Exchequer no one took a higher position in the debate on the Reform Bill, than Lord Stanley, now a member of Her Majesty's Government. The outward man might be taken as the type of the conventional, thoroughly respectable, well-balanced Englishman. The face is a little heavy, with large hanging cheeks, and an expression of great gravity, which is in lively contrast with the look of his father, the Earl of Derby, the present Prime Minister, and leader of the

Government in the House of Lords, whose fame was early acquired however, as Mr. Stanley in the Commons, where he so long contended with Sheil and O'Connell for the mastery. Lord Derby is the very impersonation of vivacity as of vigor. As you see him from the gallery, moving across the floor with alert step and shaking hands with an acquaintance, or seated opposite Earl Russell and listening from under his hat to some of the platitudes of that noble lord, or yet addressing the House in a strain of elegant raillery or state-ly declamation, he is the same Lord Derby, evidently enough well aware of his own power, reckless of consequences, defiant of enemies, with vitality enough in him yet to make a good fight for the old nobility with the best of them. At first-glance, the stranger, seeing father and son together, would take Lord Derby for the younger man, and surely on the brow of Lord Stanley, in a more marked degree "deliberation sits and public care." The impression made upon the English mind by Lord Stanley's speech on the Reform Bill was, it seemed to me, that he was a stronger thinker and safer counsellor than his father, but wanting his grace, his dash, his eloquence and his command.*

* The story is told of Lord Stanley, that discussing his father's political and intellectual character with a friend and adherent of the latter, he said, "my father would be a very able man, if he knew anything, but he is lamentably ignorant." On the other hand, it is said that, Lord Derby, being asked if he had sent Lord Stanley a copy of his translation of the *Iliad*, replied, "that he should do so as soon as it was published in the form of a Blue Book." A far

Of the rising men of the House of Commons, Lord Cranborne, who was known, at the time of which I write, as Lord Robert Cecil, occupies a conspicuous place. In person, tall but stooping, and wearing a full black beard, with the look of a man in feeble health, Lord Cranborne is decidedly un-English in appearance. Although not more than forty years of age, he is regarded as one of the most efficient members of the present Ministry, and has won his way to power by diligent attention to the science of government. His articles in the *Quarterly Review* have secured a very enviable reputation for him in literary and political circles.—He is a hard student, and his relaxations are not fox-hunting and grouse-shooting, but rambles through the rural districts of England, with a photographic apparatus, returning with the finest bits of English scenery in his port-folio. His course in Parliament has been independent of party ties, though he has acted for the most part with the Conservatives. In debate Lord Cranborne is perfectly at his ease, always thoroughly acquainted with the subject and never rising unless he has something to say.—His style is eminently epigrammatic. From all which it will be

—more probable anecdote of Lord Stanley with reference to his father, belongs to the Library at Knowsley, his lordship's country-seat in Lancashire. A guest in his visits had noticed that whenever a volume had been taken from the shelves, the card of the person taking it was left behind, and seeing very many of Lord Stanley's and very few of Lord Derby's cards he asked the son for an explanation of the fact. "My father," said Lord Stanley, "has now no need of consulting books, he carries their contents in his head."

correctly inferred that he never speaks without being listened to. On the Liberal benches, midway between the entrance and the Speaker's Chair, there sat, ordinarily side by side, two men of wide-spread reputation, differently acquired, who, in equal measure possessed the ear of the House, although the one spoke with ease and brilliancy, and the other with hesitancy and plainness—John Bright and John Stuart Mill. The great master of dialectics is a hard, nervous-looking man, thin, tall, bald, beardless, pale, sharp-featured, eagle-beaked and eagle-eyed. The striking effect of his ample brow is painfully impaired by the disfigurement of a wart or wen. He sits as member for Westminster, and is now earnest in his advocacy of just those political views which he has for years been assailing with all the force of his original and powerful intellect. Probably no other writer in the English language has pointed out with so much clearness the importance of safe-guards against the rule of the lowest classes of society as John Stuart Mill. No one has warned his countrymen more impressively than he, against the evils to be apprehended from the rule of a mere numerical majority. But he now favors an unrestricted suffrage which shall be exercised by men and women alike. As a speaker, Mr. Mill lacks all the qualities which are possessed in such an eminent degree by his friend and brother Liberal, John Bright, except clearness of statement, and directness of purpose. John Bright is a popular orator

of the first class. His person is prepossessing, and his manner uncommonly agreeable. Having long since discarded the attire of the Quaker, he appears always scrupulously well dressed in a suit of black, and closely shaved, except as to a short whisker of the style known as the mutton chop. Bold and outspoken in the avowal of his sentiments; with an exhaustless flow of excellent English, remarkable as being mostly Saxon, the English of the Drapier Letters; with a voice like a trumpet, little varied, indeed, in its notes, but silver-toned and strong; without prettiness or circumlocutions, but going directly to his aim, John Bright is the Tribune of the People, if ever there was one. A higher type of man than Wilkes, he has a greater mastery over the masses than ever that demagogue wielded at the height of his popularity. Unexceptionable in private life, he commands the respect even of his opponents, and though his animadversions directed at the House of Commons from the stump, amounted almost to down-right abuse, he he was uniformly received upon his return with entire courtesy.

His plans of Reform are simple enough. He would abolish Church and State, Game laws, House of Lords, bauble of monarchy, hereditary privilege of every kind, and bring merry England down to a pure democracy after the manner of the United States, which is his model of government and society. Not all at once would he do this, perhaps, and those who act with him in the matter of reform would, many of them, start back afright-

ed at the bare contemplation of such sweeping changes. Lord Macaulay was an ardent Reformer of 1832, and yet could not think Mr. Jefferson a benefactor of mankind because an unrestricted suffrage was the result of his political teachings. Mr. Gladstone, who once saw in Church and State but two aspects of one eternal embodiment of truth, might possibly consent to the severance of religion from the government, but he would doubtless recoil from the destruction of the Peerage and the abrogation of the Crown, and from that ingenious division of social duties and privileges by which the rich are to pay all the taxes and the poor are to have all the power. Such is Mr. Bright's simple plan, and if England shall be brought to adopt it and shall ever be content to drop the substance of liberty for its shadow which she sees reflected across the water from these shores, it will be due in a very great degree to the eloquence of the member for Birmingham.

There is a gentleman on the other side of the House, once himself a Liberal, who does not look ahead of him by the aid of Mr. Bright's lamps. His appearance is so singular that the stranger will be led to ask who he is before hearing him utter a word. He is almost an Albino, with white hair and white projecting eyebrows, a man of ordinary height and undemonstrative demeanor, but peering out at the conduct of affairs with very sharp eyes indeed.— This is Mr. Robert Lowe, whose political views, his opponents charge, were suddenly and com-

pletely turned upside down by the violent usage he once received at the hands of intelligent and incorruptible Britons at the polls, upon which occasion he barely escaped with his life. Mr. Lowe distrusts the capacity of the million for governing the State and sees in Mr. Bright the precursor, at no very long interval, of "the man on horseback." His speeches upon the Reform Bill of 1866 were compact of thought and philosophic insight, and though delivered with less ease and grace than those of Mr. Bright, will very surely endure as among the best specimens of the Parliamentary rhetoric of the age of Victoria.

The comparison is very often instituted by Americans between the oratory in general of the British Parliament, and that of the Federal Congress and the State Legislatures of the United States, and they dwell with no little complacency upon the unquestionable superiority of their own orators over the speakers of England. There can be but little doubt that there is a much larger number of men in every hundred in America who are capable of expressing themselves in public speech with fluency and even correctness than in Great Britain, and that the ordinary discussions of our town councils and railroad boards are conducted with less difficulty to the gentlemen taking part in them than the ordinary discussions of the House of Commons. I have heard a great dignitary of the Church of England, whose written discourses are models of rhetorical elegance, so stammer, and break down, and tie

himself up in tangles of grammatical construction, and so fall over impediments of his own devising, and run into all manner of blind alleys of phraseology leading no whither, in quite hopeless confusion, and this too in a course of lectures (extempore) upon a subject with which he was perfectly familiar, that it was almost the *peine forte et dure* to listen to him; and I have seen an Earl, in brave uniform of Lord Lieutenant of his county with side sword and cocked-hat, in moving the address to Her Majesty in the House of Lords, go through such absurd grimaces in his agonizing for words—"the contortions of the Sibyl without her inspiration"—that a raw member of a third-rate debating society in a free school on the frontier of Iowa would have been ashamed of cutting such a figure as his Lordship. But it may be doubted whether we have any reason to felicitate ourselves upon this unquestionable superiority in public speaking. So far from facilitating, it impedes the business of the country. Solomon tells us twice repeated that in a multitude of counsellors there is safety, but he does not say that there is wisdom or safety in a multitude of speakers. There is far less rubbish spoken in Parliament than in Congress, because, instead of forever talking about the British Lion and the Union Jack as our orators talk about the American Eagle and the glorious Flag, the members address themselves in their blunt way, stammering and bungling somewhat it is true, to

the matter in hand, and manage to transact it.*

No unprejudiced observer will hesitate to admit that, however inferior John Bull may be to Brother Jonathan in the art of public speaking, there is a far higher culture among the members of Parliament than among the members of Congress. The reason is, indeed, not far to seek, and may be found in the disheartening truth that the tendency of our political institutions is undeniably to keep the most thoughtful and accomplished men out of public life. Apart from the fact that public life is distasteful to them, there is the important circumstance that the man who makes politics a trade, rather than a study, and cultivates the arts of the demagogue, rather than the graces of the statesman, will, in the great

majority of cases, prevail against the scholar and thinker at the polls. There is an unquestionable jealousy, on the part of the people, of superior culture. The day of the Legarés and the Riveses, of the Kennedys and the Reeds, of the Everetts and the Winthrops, has passed by, and will not return. If any one doubt the higher culture of the British Parliament, let him consider their contributions to the literature of the age in comparison with what has been done by members of Congress in polite learning. The man who should be restricted in his reading to the books which had been written by our Congressional *literati* would be in a state of quite pitiable intellectual destitution. But the man who should collect the volumes which have been written, or compiled, by members of Parliament, now sitting at Westminster, would get around him a valuable and interesting library. Without recurring to Macaulay and Jeffrey, not long departed, we may cite the voluminous essays of Lord Brougham, the philosophical writings of Mill, the historical and biographical works of Earl Stanhope (Lord Mahon,) the novels of Disraeli and Bulwer, the Homeric Studies, and many other dissertations, of Mr. Gladstone, the elegant Latinities of the latter in association with Lord Lyttleton, the Iliad of Lord Derby, the researches of Layard, the graceful "Letters from High Latitudes" of Lord Dufferin, that wonderful prose poem "Eothen" and the History of the Crimean War, of Kinglake, the compilation of

* Mr. Carlyle, in his admirable Inaugural Address at Edinburgh, upon being installed as Rector of the University there, has something to say that is pertinent to this matter of universal oratory. He says:

"When the 'seven free arts' which the old universities were based on, came to be modified a little, in order to be convenient for the wants of modern society—though perhaps some of them are obsolete enough even yet for some of us,—there arose a feeling that mere vocality, mere culture of speech, if that is what comes out of a man, is not the synonym of wisdom by any means! That a man may be a 'great speaker,' as eloquent as you like, and but little real substance in him.

"Oh, it is a dismal chapter all that if one went into it,—what has been done by rushing after fine speech! I have written down some very fierce things about that, perhaps considerably more emphatic than I could now wish them to be; but they were, and are deeply my conviction. There is very great necessity indeed of getting a little more silent than we are. It seems to me as if the finest nations of the world,—the English and the American, in chief,—were going all off into wind and tongue. But it will appear sufficiently tragical by-and-by, long after I am away out of it."

sacred poetry entitled the *Book of Praise*, by Sir Roundall Palmer, Tom Brown's *School Boy Days* (and its companion volumes) of Thomas Hughes, the poems of Lord Houghton (better known as R. Monckton Milnes,) the numerous books of travel of Lawrence Oliphant, and we might go still further, for the list is not exhausted, and mention has not yet been made of Earl Russell's disquisitions in political philosophy and memoirs of poets and politicians.

To revert for a moment, in bringing these random sketches of *Evenings in Parliament* to a close, to English and American oratory, it is matter of question whether the superiority we have asserted is not rather in measure than in degree, in the general diffusion of the gift than in the surpassing excellence of its particular manifestations, that is to say whether, while twelve Americans caught at random and called out for a public speech at a town meeting, or a political banquet, would acquit themselves far more creditably than a like number of Englishmen, there are to be found at this moment in Congress two men as eloquent as Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright. I greatly doubt it. And I am equally in doubt whether the so often

insisted-upon deterioration in Parliamentary eloquence since the days of Pitt is not more fanciful than true. Something must be allowed, of course, for the change of circumstances, for the utilitarianism of the age, for the vast augmentation of public business admitting far less of mere rhetorical displays, and for the fact that in our day the speeches are taken down just as they fall from the lips of the orators, and in that form presented to the world, without revision, the next morning when the world is eating its breakfast. We have only fragments of some of the finest efforts of Fox and Sheridan, but we cannot be absolutely certain that tradition has not in some degree exaggerated their merits. Had they been faithfully reported, we should undoubtedly possess many noble passages of imperial declamation that have unhappily perished, but it may also be that, taken as a whole, they would fall below what tradition represents them to have been, and we may not hesitate to express the conviction that the volumes of Hansard for the year 1866 will transmit to posterity efforts which, judged even by the standards of past excellence, posterity will regard as worthy of the palmiest day of English eloquence.

MADONNA.

Oh! Mary Mother, though we lay
No adoration on thy shrine,
Nor at thine altars prostrate pray,
Nor deem thee as thy Son, divine.

We offer thee as justly due,
The tenderest reverence lips may breathe,
And benedictions warm and true,
Around thy sainted memory wreath.

The Angel's homage we repeat,
His pæan join in glad accord,
And thee most blest of women greet,
The Virgin Mother of our Lord!

All gentle elements combined
In thee their meed of greatest good;
In thee may mortals fitly find
The type of perfect womanhood.

So pure that seeming sin became
In thee the highest holiness;
So steadfast in thine earnest aim,
So strong in patient lowliness,

So powerful in thy self-control,
That though the future's fearful part
Pierced like a sword thy suffering soul,
Thou heldest it hidden in thy heart,

That many thoughts may be revealed!—
Sweet Mother! well thy children know
The blessedness, thy sorrows sealed,
The rich results that from them flow!

We women find in thee a bond
Of perfect fellowship above;
We feel thy tenderness, the fond
Deep fervor of thy Mother-love.

Through every trouble's varied phase,
Which can to woman's portion fall,
Thy soothing sympathy allays
Our griefs, for thou hast known them all!

When we our highest hopes have laid
 On some dear object of delight,
 Then seen their fair fruition fade
 And wither with a blasting blight,

We think of thee who thought'st to claim
 A regal throne and crowned head
 For thy Beloved, but found'st the shame
 Of Calvary's cruel Cross instead!

And when th' insatiate Conqueror Death
 Our heart's most treasured trust has won,
 We see thee watch with bated breath,
 The awful dying of thy Son!

Oh! Mary Mother, may we trace
 The blessed pathway thou hast trod,
 Till saved by thy Son-Saviour's grace
 We meet thee in the light of God!

MARY ASHBURTON.*

A TALE OF MARYLAND LIFE.

CHAPTER II.

So passed away the morning of my life; in foolish dreamings of impossibilities, that wondering search into the future that youth half delights, half fears to sound, the future floating with its golden rose-clouds, each impossible becoming the possible with its maybes of silver linings, vivified with shapes so indistinct that they melt before becoming visible to the sight, like those sweet shades in the morning sky when it is impossible to tell where one commences or another terminates; before growing dull and grey and

hardened, changing character with the experience of each added year, as life reveals itself and the mystery (no grand mystery after all) unwinds, only to find the future still fleeting before us as it merges and develops itself into eternity—death and immortality, the goal we seldom think of in those sweet, youthful imaginings. Ah! God has so ordained it. He placed us here to live, to fill our little span, and He would not have the young, strong arm rendered nerveless with the impression of life's futility.

I often saw him, the inspirer of my dreams, in one way or another. Once or twice when I was walking

* Continued from page 152.

to school through the woods, I was overtaken by him and his tutor on a scientific ramble in the same direction. On such occasions he always bowed and gallantly insisted upon relieving me of my books, carrying them for me till we reached the school-house door. He would make some gentlemanly remarks by the way, which I answered shyly enough, stealing occasional glances at him from under the border of my long sun-bonnet, then when my destination was reached with another courtly bow he would pass on with his tutor.

Then I saw him on his beautiful pony, presented by his father when his precocious manliness had developed itself into a desire for dangerous pastimes, could see him from my window as he galloped to and from his stately home, made the woods echo with the report of his gun or botanized with his tutor in the neighboring fields. I loved to watch him with the most eager, child-like unconsciousness of harm, as if he had been a beautiful flower, a favorite plant, or those rich, gorgeous sunsets that my young soul drank in with such intoxicating delight.

But, alas! a plant or a sunset is very different from a handsome youth, and the admiration excited by the one differs altogether in its consequences from that produced by the other.

Several times he came with his father to see mine on business, and while the elder gentlemen were conversing, he would walk about the premises, playing with my little brothers, or conversing

with his air of dignified grace with my mother. I, upon such occasions, sat with my eyes downcast upon my work, my face flushing and my heart beating tumultuously if he happened to address a word to me, too shy to give an audible answer. One day I was seated on the bench under the sitting-room window, with the honeysuckle swinging above me and half touching my head as I spun some wool. The noise of the wheel prevented my hearing their approach until they were quite close and I looked up startled upon hearing footsteps to find it was the father and son.

They bowed and the young gentleman took a seat near me while his father walked off with mine to the adjoining field for the exhibition of some cattle. He threw himself with careless ease on the turf and played with our old house dog, all unconscious of the admiring looks I stole at him occasionally.

Our conversation was very limited. I was of course too shy to undertake his entertainment, and he, after addressing me several remarks about the flowers and my present occupation, or such things as he supposed might be interesting to a simple, ignorant country girl, folded his arms while the dog caressed his feet and appeared to be absorbed in the contemplation of the scenery or other subject of meditation. Presently he sprang lightly to his feet as he saw the elder gentlemen approaching, brushing away all familiarity with the dog that was rather importunate in his attentions, as he did so.

"You should have accompanied us, Alfred," remarked his father, "Mr. Ashburton's stock is really worth looking at. I should like to have had your opinion, also, as to some I design purchasing."— Alfred laughed and shook his head.

"It is an old adage, my father," he said, "that two heads are better than one, but I never heard before that three were." He paused and looked beyond at something in the distance for a moment, then added, "especially such a sheepish one as mine is upon such subjects." Indeed he did not look in the least interested in that under discussion, and his opinion could hardly have been of much value.

His father looked at him with smiling pride. "A great farmer, Mr. Ashburton," he said, turning to mine. "That is my future assistant. What do you think of him for the present? is he likely to be a very valuable one, when he avoids such occasions for learning what may be very useful to him hereafter."

"Humph!" said Father dryly, "is that what you intend doing with him, Mr. Chauncey? I tell 'ee what, young gent, you'll have to look sharp before you make a farmer. It requires more eyes than you've got, it appears to me."

I flushed and thrilled with horror and cast a glance involuntarily at the father and son. It was certainly not the answer that the elder Chauncey had anticipated.

He colored and drew himself haughtily back from my plain-spoken old father, changing his

manner at once from an air of friendly condescension to one of proud reserve.

Alfred noted the effect at once, and, with his graceful good nature, came to my father's rescue.

To his father's hurried defence, that "there was time enough, he wanted the young gentleman to see something of the world before he settled"—, he struck in,

"You are right, both of you. Perhaps I make more use of my eyes than you suppose, Mr. Ashburton. Thanks to my father's care I am laying in knowledge now which will not prove useless to me hereafter, as you will see. We can never be rivals," he bowed politely, "as you have the advantage of me in age and experience, but some time under your kind advice I may not disgrace my instructors."

His speech had a peculiarly pleasant effect, and raised him higher (if that could be) in my estimation than ever.

My father's attack had been a very rough, unprovoked one, and particularly unseasonable at his own house; I felt bitterly ashamed of it, and the contrast between his want of refinement and their easy polish was never more strongly defined than at that moment.

Father did not seem conscious of it, and took Alfred's politeness as if it had been his right, while it softened him without his knowing it.

"You will be very welcome to it," he nodded good naturedly, "An old man's advice is sometimes of value, you know."

The visitors bowed and walked off, carrying away with them a

breath of polished refinement that seemed to leave my own surroundings so coarse and flat by contrast.

I felt the roughness of father's manners as a sort of disgrace and a sense of humiliation and inferiority came over me which was very unpleasant, and marred my enjoyment of the sunset that evening considerably. It is a very difficult thing to become etherealized. Though we gaze among the stars, a gnawing uneasiness at the heart *will* drag us down from æreal flights and make us far more alive to a mundane than a celestial existence.

Once, and once only, I went to that proud mansion that was to my childish imagination as a Paradise from which I was debarred entrance forever—always near, yet as distant in reality, as one of the stars I gazed at in the night time.

One afternoon, father came in and said,

"Mary, don't you want a walk?"

"Where, father?" I asked, looking up from my sewing.

"Why, I've got to go up to Chauncey's on business, (my father always called him *Chauncey* behind his back, to my great repugnance, for I knew that he would not, for worlds, have done it to his face) and mother says you may dress yourself, and go with me, if you like. Will you go?"

"Yes, sir, I'd like very much to go," I answered, with quick heart-beats, "It would give me pleasure to walk there with you."

"You queer little witch of a woman! why don't you answer like other people? Fie! about

your pleasure, but go and get ready, for I can't be kept waiting, hark ye."

Repairing to my room in a state of great internal excitement, I found mother almost equally so over my frocks, holding up several for examination as to their suitability on so august an occasion.

Her perplexity, fortunately for me, was put to a speedy termination by father's calling out from below, "make haste;" so I was quickly donned in a blue muslin and straw hat with streamers of the same azure tint.

"You look very nice," said mother, surveying me with apparent satisfaction, "Now hold up your head and be as much of a lady as any of them." If holding up the head constituted the lady, my title to that appellation was certainly but a poor one, for my shy eyes drooped constantly on leaving our own land and treading the great avenue to the shrubberied Paradise.

I could hardly realize my happiness, the felicity of going to his home;—there of seeing him perhaps;—of being their guest for a little while, and though ever so little, an object of their attention for the time. I was only thirteen or fourteen then.

There were strangers just arrived at the grove we were told, and mother was delighted at the opportunity of my seeing and describing them to her on my return, having considerable curiosity of her own to go there herself, which curiosity she had had no chance of gratifying, as of course, she was not expected to

visit there, and she would not go upon any other pretext. So it pleased her well that her daughter, as a child, should have the advantage she could not obtain for herself, of seeing and being in fashionable society—hence her anxiety about my dress, as if it mattered to those proud people what the plain farmer's daughter wore.

With intense, trembling pleasure, I left our own grounds and entered the iron gate that led into the park, advancing with my father through an avenue of oaks and poplars, whose intertwining shadows tessellated the smooth surface of the clean grass below on which our foot-falls were scarcely audible. My eye traveled up the smooth, shapely trunks till they reached the lofty summits clasping their branches together in long rows of arches through which the light fell fitfully on the dark green carpeting.

The place appeared still more elegant to my unsophisticated eyes as I neared it than it had looked from my little garret window. A handsome porch of imposing dimensions, with granite pillars and steps decorated the front. The house itself was of a red brick, mellowed into a deep, rich hue by age and weather, relieved by dark green shutters and stone and stucco work.

On one side was a large green conservatory, beyond which was seen a gate of trellis work supported by a pair of granite pillars, on the summit of each of which was a stone urn from which grew a variety of flowers forming rich bouquets and sending forth vari-

ous little creepers which wound about the stonework and wreathed it fancifully. Through the trellis work I could see the garden with its stately bushes ranged in artistic order. A purple magnolia and a pink myrtle waved to me through the gate, and a blossoming rose tree with its wreaths of pink boughs scattered its elegant burden on the graveled walks. On the other side, a long row of buildings hid the grounds from view and were almost concealed by a grove of lindens which grew close to the house.

My heart beat rapidly as we approached, and I almost wished myself at home rather than encounter that formidable meeting with strangers. How would they meet me? What would they say to me, and would I be able to comport myself properly? I asked myself breathlessly.

Fortunately I was soon relieved, for Mr. Chauncey seeing us approaching his house, came out on the porch to meet us. Though a proud man, he had very affable manners, particularly at home, and his reception of us was that of the thorough-bred gentleman.

"I am most happy to see you, Mr. Ashburton. Your little daughter, I presume. Permit me to take her in and place her under Mrs. Chauncey's charge during her visit."

My father stated the object of his visit, which was to see some famous specimens of agriculture that Mr. Chauncey had lately imported and intended attempting to naturalize on his farm.

"Come this way, Miss, — Mary? is that your name?" said

Mr. Chauncey, leading me in the handsome hall, where a broad stair-case led to the story above, and an open door opposite showed a long piazza around which trees waved in the summer wind. He stepped to one side, and opening a door, I was suddenly in the midst of so brilliant an assembly, my eyes could discern nothing but a mass of gilded cornices, splendid furniture, ladies in floating summer vestments that waved like mists before me, while my ears were saluted by a low, subdued hum, which subsided a very little as those who were near turned to see who it was their host was ushering in just then. "Mrs. Chauncey, here is a young lady that I place under your care for the present. My good neighbor, Mr. Ashburton's daughter." He led me forward as he spoke into the centre of the room, but my drooping eyes and trembling limbs scarcely permitted me to see the looks I felt to be directed towards my poor little self.

A queenly lady, in a purple silk trimmed with rich black lace, with her long curls permitted to fall in front while a high tortoise shell comb confined them partially behind, advanced to receive the little girl thus thrown upon her attention.

Had she been a royal lady and these the denizens of her court, she could not have been more queen-like or I more fluttered at such a presence. But she welcomed me with all the dignified grace and affability of a queen and bent her haughty head with a winning smile as she spoke to me with condescending kindness.

"Come to this seat, my dear," she said, drawing me to an ottoman, "I am very glad your father brought you. I have seen you so often at church that I almost feel as if I knew you, and take quite an interest in the little thing that I have watched from Sunday to Sunday. And you wished to see the place, did you not? It looks very well now that the trees are in foliage and the flowers in bloom. Would you like to see the grounds? If I can only command the attention of my madcap son who is completely run away with our pretty young guest there, I would get him to show you around."

Was Alfred there? I had never raised my eyes till now to ascertain. Now that the beating of my heart quickened at the mention of his name, I looked up rapidly and saw far away in the deep embrasure of a window, with heads bent together, two beautiful figures. One was Alfred's as he bent with boyish grace towards an exquisitely beautiful girl about my own age. His laughing face and light waving hair almost touched hers as she half turned aside in a fit of playful petulance, archly glancing at him over a rose she held in her hand. I was lost in admiration while looking at her; her beauty was captivating. She was not one of those ideal beauties that I had read of in books and peopled my imaginary world with. No written words, though descriptive of features, form and complexion, could convey an idea of her fascinations.

It was not her figure, though that was as slim and graceful as

some delicate plant, it was not the usual attributes of beauty, though she possessed each in perfection—these I have seen since almost, if not quite equalled in others—but there was a nameless something about her that compelled you to love her with a jealous, exclusive love, almost to a painful intensity. To a man her very presence must have been intoxicating. Her eyes were intensely brown, so warm and rich that they looked like painted velvet, but in the centre glittered two radiant pupils that swam in the lustre their arch mischief gave them one moment, the next to melt into your very soul with the mild entreaty of a gazelle. Her eyebrows were very distinctly marked and very much arched in the centre, which gave them their peculiar richness and fascinated your gaze so completely as you watched the play of her brows, the lines appearing to cross one another in their indescribable archness. She was not dark, yet her roses were too brilliant to call her fair. Her color was rich and fluctuating; of that deep, warm tint that one finds in the heart of a rose when the sun has blanched its outer envelope. Her lips were as scarlet as the coral bracelets she wore and they assisted her eyes wonderfully in sustaining their peculiar expression. From the small, beautiful head fell a profusion of rich brown ringlets, very dark in color and heavy in their arrangement. Whatever she might be in the future, the coquette, the practiced worldling, she appeared but a wild, merry girl at present. Yet her manner

indicated her future as she turned coquettishly from him and attempted to place the red rose in her hair. It fell to the floor between them. He stooped and bending gracefully over her, placed the rose where she desired it to rest. Very meekly the soft eyes fell during this act of gallantry, and the lines rested almost straight across her brows, but presently, arching with mischief she raised them to a neighboring mirror, and made them give a most comical protest against his awkwardness in decorating her hair.

“Alf, Alfred,” called his mother softly.

Tossing back her heavy curls the young guest came running over to where we sat, shaking her finger commandingly at Alfred who was about to follow her.

“He can’t come,” she cried, her face glowing as a rose. “I’ve put him in the corner and forbidden his moving for the present.”

“Why have you cornered my son, Adèle?” asked the lady gently, and taking the hand that was held out in playful threatening towards him.

“For sundry misdemeanors, madam, I assure you he deserves punishment, and shall receive it most humbly at my hands.”

“Very well, my dear, but you must put off his punishment for awhile and let him escort this young lady who has never been here before, about the place. Go tell him that his mother wants him.”

Giving a graceful sweep in submission to his mother’s superior authority, a wave of her imperial

hand brought him speedily across the room.

"I don't know what I shall do with you and Adèle to keep you in order," said his mother smiling at him fondly. "Now go and comport yourself properly. Take this young lady under your charge and walk about the grounds till I send for you."

Alfred had taken my little trembling hand in his and spoken to me with gentle kindness, but I felt intuitively that he must have considered my presence at the time as a great bore, drawn off as he was from his devotion to that entrancing young beauty.

"I will do my best, mother, to act the showman, though there isn't much to be seen after all. Will you come, Miss Adèle?"

"No, I think not. While you act beau-general let me remain beside your mother and learn that very desirable good behavior which I need so much. Mr. Alfred, I kiss my hand to you. I am afraid to stay in your company any longer since it spoils my reputation for dignity."

She pouted so prettily as she spoke and gave her head such a provoking, little ill-used, toss that he remained perforce to make peace.

"It is a very great hardship for me to be under the burden of your displeasure, Miss Fleurry, since I was placed under the same condemnation. If I have wronged you, I ask pardon, but in the meantime if you will come with us, I promise to be on the best behavior imaginable. Pledge your word for your suffering son, mamma mine."

"Go, Adèle, you shan't stay with us," bade the lady smilingly, "the presence of your charge, probably, will keep you from being too outrageous."

Adèle had not addressed me a word after the first introduction, but suddenly turning then she said, "come, Miss Asburton, and take a walk."

I arose and timidly took the proffered hand. We walked out through the hall into the piazza, thence over the smooth turf, through the gate of trellis work into the garden.

It was like fairy land to me—those beautiful trees and rare flowers. So lovely with the summer wind sighing among them and rustling their leaves as if the spirit of flowers dwelt among them and murmured admiration at the fair young flower that was as beautiful as those we had brought with us. I looked at nothing so much as at her, so fascinating to me were her bright dark eyes and brilliant cheeks.

I did not know—I was guiltless of intentional wrong—but her beauty gave me pain, rather than pleasure, and I knew not why, but I wished as I looked at her that either she was less charming, or that I was her equal in personal attractions. A numb pain came over me, and I wished that she had not come into my paradise to disturb my dreams and cause me this vague, inward uneasiness. Then came discontent, and I felt myself to be so homely and awkward as I walked beside them, they continuing their graceful jesting.

Alfred spoke to me several times,

but as I answered only in monosyllables, he thought probably that I would feel more at my ease in being permitted to remain silent, so he and Adèle jested and sported, he the willing captive, she the arch child coquette. He was evidently very much in love, for he could scarcely take his eyes from her budding beauty for a moment.

We came to an arbor buried under a heavy mass of creepers.

"Ah! Alfred!" cried Adèle, "will you look at that rose above there? What would I not give for it!"

"Yourself?" he asked playfully putting one hand on the arbor as if about to rise on its framework, and turning his smiling face around to her.

"Myself!" she exclaimed innocently, "I am not mine to give. You know I belong to mamma and papa yet."

"Ah! true! but I'll hold the promise good for the future (vague uneasiness again.) Your obedient, humble servant, mademoiselle."

He sprang lightly up the side of the arbor, leaned over and procured the rose in triumph. Jumping down, he half bent one knee and tendered the flower with an air of graceful submission to his liege lady. It was a lovely white rose with a heavy envelope of waxen petal, just warmed in the centre into a mellow tint as if the sun had kissed it and left a ray to linger there.

"I am so much obliged to you, sir knight, that I am going to give this rose to Miss Ashburton on whom you were in duty bound to bestow it. Remember you have

given me countless flowers already, but have not given her one."

His face flushed deeply as she turned to me with playful petulance and said—

"Take this flower, Miss Ashburton, I have a great many more and don't care for it."

"No, indeed," said I, drawing back, and so wounded that I could with difficulty refrain from a fit of childish tears.

"There, Master Alfred, you see that I am more polite than you, and Miss Ashburton knows it." (The wanton little beauty! she knew her power and was merciless in the use of others as a means for its exhibition.)

"Miss Ashburton must excuse me," cried Alfred with heightened color, "but you said you would give anything for it, while Miss Ashburton expressed no wish of the kind."

"Very proper! how could she when you never offered her a single flower? Miss Ashburton, send him off."

Thus playfully amusing themselves we wandered on about the grounds, while Alfred retrieved his character for politeness by gathering a variety of flowers, some delicate heliotrope and verbenas as a bouquet for me, presenting them very kindly when arranged.

I received it with a simple "thank you," but I have preserved it from that day to this. They lie now scentless and faded in a little box; kept because his hand had touched them, and because of the passing thought that he bestowed on me while arranging them. How foolish it was! I

blushed many a time on seeing to throw them away when their
 them for the feeling that prompted beauty and fragrance were gone.
 me to keep them, yet could not (TO BE CONTINUED.)
 summon moral courage sufficient

CALLISTA.

Out of a darkness deeper far than death,
 Out of a pitiless, pale sorrow piled
 About my heart that stifled back my breath
 And hushed me like a terror-stricken child,
 Callista called me, and I could not stay:
 Callista called me, and I went away.

She called me, and like Ariel, her voice
 Evoked a tempest from my spirit fraught
 With swift, auroral splendors that rejoice
 Around the darkened, Arctic poles of thought:
 She called: my heart flushed gladly up the sky
 Beneath the radiant summer of her eye.

Callista called me, and for four long years
 The spectral beckoning of her white hand
 Led me thro' terror and thro' blood, and tears,
 When war ran riot "in the red, red land,"
 And like a vestal Priestess she became
 Part of the Faith that made her altars flame.

Scorching or freezing on the Picket lines,
 Or bound and guarded in a Felon's cell,
 Or laid at rest beneath the moaning pines,
 Or where the battle's thund'rous surges swell,
 I saw her bright face gleaming everywhere
 Calm as blest dreamings, eloquent as prayer.

Ah, once when fevered of a grievous wound
 Mine eyes had power to pierce the outward rind
 Of gross, material forms which hedge us 'round
 And see the essences therein enshrined;—
 I saw Callista's naked spirit then
 Fairer than women are, nobler than men.

And after Franklin, when the midnight rain
 Washed off the blood-clots from my sleepless eyes,
 While I was sifted thro' the sieves of pain
 Beneath the chill November's murky skies,
 O, radiantly, she came, and bending low
 Set peace, like kisses, on my heart and brow.

On a full score of bloody battle-fields
 'Mid the artillery's volcanic roar,
 I heard the music that a whisper yields,
 A melody that haunts me evermore,
 Callista whispering promises divine
 "After the war, Love, then will I be thine!"

O, Darling, in the Land we Love there are
 Fair throngs of girls; but none of them I knew;
 Homeless, and friendless as an unlit star
 Was I among them; friendless but for you;
 Nor after four years' martyrdom, can I
 Recall one kindly word, or kinder sigh:

And thou art gone, Callista, even thou!
 Sole Love of mine in all those dreary years!
 And thou hast left my weary spirit now
 Like faded smiles adrift in bitter tears!—
 Where dwellest thou, Callista?—I would dwell
 With only thee!—I cannot say, Farewell!

What land's soft breezes toss thy nut-brown hair?
 What vales now blossom 'neath thy calm, dark eye?
 Or dwellest thou on mountains bleak and bare?
 Or did'st thou to the unknown desert hie?—
 O, Beautiful, no home on earth hast thou
 Save this poor heart!—and it is broken now!

Callista, call me wheresoe'er thou art!—
 Pillow my wan cheek on thy virgin breast!
 And let thine eyes distill into my heart
 Strength that is calm, and courage that can rest!—
 A land of slaves is wearisome to me,
 And my heart pines for solitude with thee!

Callista, call me! Beautiful, be mine!—
 And let me feel in heart, and blood, and brain,
 That I am thine, in thought and purpose, thine!
 Alike to me are ocean, Alp, and plain;
 The Land I Love is only where thou art,
 Next to Messiah, nearest to my heart!

HUMORS OF THE MORGAN RAID INTO INDIANA AND OHIO.

(THIRD PAPER.)

A DESERTED VILLAGE.

Two companies of the "Indiana Legion" went down from their respective towns—Jonesville and Plainington—to show Gen. Morgan fight at Vernon. The two towns mentioned were on a line with Vernon: Jonesville was the nearest; therefore the Jonesvillians reached the "seat of war" first. Just outside the captured borough, at a safe distance, they halted and commenced to drill, for their commander, being a wise man, did not deem it altogether expedient to lead a freshly-organized company into battle until they had heard at least something of army tactics.

The spot chosen by the venturesome Jonesvillians, in which to educate themselves for war, was a deep valley, and while they were righting their eyes and lefting their eyes, and wheeling, marching, counter-marching and charging; their friends, the Plainingtonians, appeared on the hill. The Jonesvillians recognized them at once, and with a view to showing off, began to indulge in a series of figures and flourishes so sublime as never yet to have been thought of by any writer of army tactics. But the Plainingtonians were less fortunate in point of recognition. They saw the Jonesvillians and halted; a brief, very brief, consultation was held; a "right-about-face" was ordered, and just as their neighbors began to indulge in one of their grand

charges towards the top of the hill, with an eye single to their splendid reception, they struck off towards Jonesville, *sans* any word of command, or order to march, at the rate, as a musician might say, of three beats in a bar.

This movement on the part of their co-laborers in the "cause of their country" greatly astonished the Jonesvillians, for it never in the least occurred to them, that they, the loyal representatives of the loyal town of Jonesville, could possibly be mistaken for a band of rebels. There was something dreadful in the wind! What that was, it did not take their imaginations long to conjure up. From their advantageous position the Plainington boys had, most likely, seen Morgan and his whole force sweeping on in that direction.—They were then, in all probability, just ready to come over the hill from the direction of Vernon—a moment later and they would be tearing down upon them like a herd of locomotives. With one accord this impression seemed to force itself upon every member of the company, and by common consent they continued their charge straight on after the demoralized Plainingtonians; or rather, they converted it into what those worthies mistook for a most vigorous and malignant pursuit.

Such a race was never seen before, and may never come off again. The Jonesvillians took

new fright at every extra exertion on the part of the Plainingtonians, and so, to use a homely phrase, they kept it up, nip and nip. Finally the distance between Vernon and Jonesville was overcome, and into the latter place dashed the Plainingtonians, calling to the citizens to fly for their lives, as Morgan and his horse-thieves were right at hand. And the citizens flew. Some to their cellars, some to their garrets, and some toward the neighboring woods. In five minutes it was a legitimate bedlam. Men shouted to each other and swore at each other, or some one else; women screamed, children squalled, jacks brayed, and dogs barked—every sound that the little town was qualified to make came pouring forth tributary to the great hub-bub that was coming off with such commendable volume.

Up dashed the Jonesvillians, just as the excitement was highest. The Plainingtonians were completely exhausted, and as it did not occur to them that rebels were only flesh and blood, and therefore liable to get in the same condition, they concluded it was folly to longer continue the flight. So when their friends appeared, they threw down their arms and prepared to surrender unconditionally.

“We surrender!” cried the commander of the Plainingtonians, as the other company swept up towards them. “Never!” responded the Jonesville man, “never think of surrendering as long as you can fight. We are going to make a stand here, and

protect our homes, or die by them. Back us up, my good neighbors—by our united efforts we can check the hordes of treason, and hold them till reinforcements come to our aid. The goodly town of Jonesville must not be thus tamely surrendered up without an effort to save her.”

A new light broke in upon the Plainingtonians, and straightway their courage arose far above zero. Seizing their arms, they swore that the surrender of Jonesville, or of anything, or any one else, was the last thing they could ever think of. “You interrupted me,” said their commander; “I did not mean that we were willing to surrender—here is what I was going to say, ‘we surrender? We lay down our arms? Never, while there is a sinew at command, or a country that calls for our services!’”

The commanders were now each highly pleased with the other. A few words, however, sufficed to show pretty clearly just how matters stood, and what all this great race had been about, yet neither was willing to acknowledge the error; so they made out that Morgan was coming, sure enough, and that they had double-quickened, not because they were afraid of him, but because they wanted to get to Jonesville ahead of him in order that they might defend the town. So they went out and formed in line of battle on the Vernon side of the place, and, in the language of the poet,

—“Waited and waited
Until did prevail
The opinion that Knids had
Abandoned the trail,”

Or, in other words, waited till night came on and a runner came with it, bringing a mess of astonishing intelligence to the frightened citizens of the "deserted village," to the effect that General Morgan had quitted Vernon, was marching, not towards Jonesville, but directly away from it.

It is a matter of wonder to some how it was that with the immense force they called out, the Federals did not prove more annoying to General Morgan in the course of his raid. The conduct of the two companies mentioned above may serve as a partial explanation. There were men enough constantly at hand to have swallowed the Confederates without salt, as the saying is, but like the Jonesvillians, they were generally only a little distance away, engaged in drilling, or something else. I recollect a little affair that came off just after the army got into Ohio. If not strictly humorous, it goes to further substantiate what I have been saying with reference to the keep-off propensities that were so fully developed in the "Legions;" and also to show that when accidentally wrung in they were decidedly

SHARP SHOOTERS.

Sergeant Gilcrease, of the 10th Kentucky, had taken a small squad of men and struck out from the main army for the purpose of picking up a few fresh horses. They came to a place where too pretty good sized farms joined each other, with their buildings so located as to be but a short distance apart.

On their riding up to one of the farm houses the proprietor came out and received them with a very prominent show of friendship.— He had no horses just at hand, but he might put them in the way to find plenty—anyhow, he was friendly to the cause of the South, and therefore would be too happy to do anything he could for them.

While they were sitting on their horses listening to the old fellow's bludge, a gun was fired, over about the other house, and the ball was heard to pass rather unpleasantly near the little band. Sergeant Gilcrease asked the old gentleman what it meant. He told them there was a boy out in an orchard of the other farm shooting birds—nothing more.

This explanation did not fully satisfy Sergeant Gilcrease, so he told his men to remain and see what they could do with the old farmer, while he galloped over and took a look at matters and things about the other house.

There was a long lane running past the house; the end of it nearest to where the Confederates were, was fenced up, and had a large gate. Sergeant Gilcrease opened the gate, and as he passed through, it swung shut again of its own accord. All went well enough, and nothing looked at all suspicious until he was within a few paces of the house, when, to his amazement, out of it, and from around it, poured at least a full company of Federal State Guards, all of whom commenced firing upon him as rapidly as possible.

To retreat was not practicable, for the gate was closed and it

would not do to stop for the purpose of opening it; to dash right past the house, and down the lane was the only direction in which lay the slightest hope of escape. It was a hazardous undertaking but he undertook it, and strange as it may seem, ran the gauntlet without either himself or horse receiving a scratch, although there must have been considerably over a hundred shots fired at him.

Whether this company was

drilling at the farm house, or not, I never learned—one thing I know, they were not making very strenuous efforts to find General Morgan; and another thing Sergt. Gilcrease knows, they would have made a very desirable band of sharp shooters—for an enemy.—He says in no instance during the raid was he so completely disgusted with the Northern "Legions" as in this—firing one hundred fair shots at short range, and not one scratching him.

"TELL ME YE WINDS."

Tell me ye gentle winds where have you been
 Whispering to flowers in yon mossy glen?
 Wooing them gently with kisses as sweet
 As the fragrance ye lovingly linger to greet
 Calling the blush to the beautiful rose
 Or scattering the dew, that its petals enclose
 Sighing the while to the lily so fair?
 Who trustingly listens, sweet flowret beware.

Tarry ye night winds, stay with me stay,
 And tell me where you've been wandering to-day,
 Have you been where the azure sky smiles the day long?
 To the sweet land of poesy, music and song,
 Where the breath of the magnolia floats on the breeze?
 And the Zephyrs sigh gently, amid orange trees,
 Where the shimmering rays of the stars mildly beam,
 As tender and soft, as the young Poet's dream.

Tell me ye whispering winds, where have you been
 Listening to lovers, their secrets to win?
 Lulling the violet sweetly to rest?
 Or rocking the bird in his leafy tree-nest?
 Filling the white sail of some tiny boat?
 Or echoing softly, the blithe bugle's note?
 Or kissing the wavelets, as pure and as bright
 As the moonbeams that rest on its bosom at night?

Perchance you've been sleeping in some rocky cave
Where no sound greets the ear, save the flash of the wave
Or the scream of the gull, as she rides on the gale,
And mingles her cry, with the blast's dreary wail
Or sporting with echo, in some lonely dell
Where the sweet woodland quire, their melody swell
Come, tell me, thou truant, and I will not chide.
Then the Zephyr, in musical accents replied

I have kissed the soft cheek of the babe in its sleep,
And watched the fond mother, her loved vigils keep
As she pillowed the beautiful head on her breast,
And ever anon the fair ringlets caressed
Or tenderly sang in a low plaintive tone
To the darling, whose heart beats so near to her own
Or fervently prayed, for the guidance of Heaven
To fulfill the sweet trust, that her Father had given.

I have sighed with the maiden, in whose lovely eyes
Lay mirror'd the depths of the summer's blue skies
Whose tresses of gold hid a bosom of snow,
Where truest and warmest of impulses glow,
Whose rich mantling blush gave a silent reply,
To loved words breathed, as low, as her own gentle sigh,
When so fondly they stood 'neath the moon's holy light
And dreamed of a future, so calm and so bright.

With the prisoner I have been in his dark lonely cell
Where the deep monotones of the ocean's sad swell,
Blend strangely with the tramp of the sentinel's tread,
And awaken sweet memories of hopes that are fled,
Ah! where is the loved one? she is waiting e'en now
With the bridal-wreath resting upon her pure brow,
But her silvery laugh shall be changed to a sigh
And tear-drops shall quench the love light in her eye.

I have entered yon cot, where the clematis vine
Round the old rustic porch, its lithe tendrils entwine
And breathed through the lattice, the sweetest perfume
From dew-laden flowers, to the sufferer's room
And tenderly parted from off the flush'd brow,
The locks where the soft silvery threads mingle now,
For I knew that the spirit would soon be at rest
On the bosom of God, in the realms of the blest.

And then the sweet voice of the Zephyr was still,
 And I heard not a sound, save the murmuring rill
 As it gurgled along, o'er its pebbles of snow
 And I thought, ah! could life, like that peaceful stream flow
 Pure and calm, 'till its waters should blend with the sea
 And be merged in the ocean of eternity,
 Whose waves gently break on the calm peaceful shore
 Where the weary find rest when life troubles are o'er.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING*

LOVE'S SHADOW.

THE old nurse ran as quickly as her trembling limbs would allow, and seizing a small toilet glass, which lay on the great rosewood bureau, placed it in the outstretched hand of the physician.

He rubbed his coat-sleeve hastily across it, and then holding it over the pale lips of the motionless girl before him, he fastened his eyes upon it with a fixedness which strained their dilated pupils until great drops gathered in them and half blinded him.

"Look in the glass, Mrs. Eston," he said, in a voice he tried hard to make steady, "my eyes fail me."

With an intensity of suppressed emotion no words can describe, she bent down and gazed into the polished surface of the mirror which gleamed in unsullied mockery.

A second of breathless suspense and then Dr. Mason, who had wiped his eyes, pointed silently to a tiny haze, which began to blur with a scarcely distinguishable

vapor, the portion of the mirror immediately over Camille's mouth. It grew larger and still larger until a heavy moisture condensed upon the glass; then with a long, gasping sigh, the half freed spirit fluttered back to its frail prison, and with a strange shudder in all her delicate limbs, Camille came back to life.

To life, if it be life to lie in the illness of body and utter mental prostration, which for weary days and nights clung to her like a garment. Tenderly was she nursed by Mrs. Esten and her husband, who had returned at that lady's urgent summons, while their labor of love was shared by Mrs. Preston, who found in Camille's long and dangerous illness an ample scope for the exercise of the nursing, which Charley saucily declared was her Grand-mother's speciality.

But despite the care and attention of physician and friends, the girl recovered her strength so slowly that for a long time it was a matter of doubt if it would ever come back.

* Continued from page 117.

The depths of her spiritual nature had been broken up by a mighty convulsion, whose effects would outlast her physical life, and it required God's own hand to bring order out of the mental chaos, which encompassed her.

So soon as Dr. Mason gave permission, she held a long and serious conversation with her uncle and aunt, pouring out her very heart to them, with the freedom of a child.

As the story of her solitary and unappreciated life and childhood to which were given no teachings of self-denial, nor restraints of christian duty, her relatives fervently thanked God that the poor little stray lamb had been brought to the fold before neglect had so hardened her nature as to place it beyond hope of improvement.

Mr. Esten wrote a full account of Camille's condition to Mademoiselle La Fronde, and announced his determination to retain the guardianship of his niece until such time as her husband should return and she be willing to place herself under his care and protection.

Mam'selle's reply was characteristic; she descanted on the glory and honor of the La Fronde family, each of which she declared to have been imperiled by Camille's rash and unaccountable conduct. She professed herself unable to conceive how her cousin, after having attained the height of her desires, should wilfully throw her happiness away, and she expressed her opinion of such suicidal action in very plain terms.

She readily acceded, so far as she was concerned, to Camille's

remaining with her uncle, but insisted that her nephew was the proper person to decide the subject, and requested that it be at once referred to him.

In reply to a question of the present whereabouts of Mr. La Fronde, she stated that, not having heard from him since the morning of his marriage, she concluded he had pursued his journey to Paris, and gave his address in that city.

Addressing some advisory remarks of a soundly, practical, nature to Camille, she assured her that the only effect produced by her giddy and childish conduct was a regret that the marriage had been so precipitate, and a sorrow that Loui had not deferred it until she had reached the years of discretion. This desirable state, the old lady asserted, would be attained in the most direct manner by constant association with her paragon of a husband, and implicit obedience to his slightest wish.

The effect of this letter on Camille was such as to retard her recovery to such a degree that her feeble strength diminished so rapidly that Mr. Esten, seeing her life depended on the removal of the suspense which had become intolerable, wrote to Mr. La Fronde, and requested a reply at his earliest convenience.

Camille counted the days which must elapse before a reply to that letter could be received, and then, bouyed up by some hope, she would not name even to herself, she rallied all her energies and concentrated them in one determined effort to get well. And

she succeeded ; under the influence of the powerful will she brought to bear upon her shattered health, a power like that which swayed the dry bones in the Prophet's vision, exerted effects almost as miraculous.

This wonderful action of the ethereal essence of our being upon the material portion of our humanity, a fact which the wisest of us cannot explain, yet, which is patent to all, is one of the profoundest of the mighty mysteries by which we are encompassed, as well as one of the most conclusive proofs of our originally divine origin.

Camille exerted it to the utmost, and by slow, yet sure degrees, advanced steadily to health and strength. She was ably seconded so far as material aid went, by the members of the household at Broad-fields, as well as Mrs. Preston, who became so tenderly attached to her quiet patient, that the colonel declared Camille was a formidable rival to Charley in the affections of her grand-mother, and considered himself in duty-bound to bestow upon that young lady an increased amount of devotion.

After all, however, the most effectual, and certainly the pleasantest provocative to health was Dr. Mason's cheery prescription of a dose of Miss Charley Preston, to be taken *quan. suf.* in daily portions.

Under the exhilarating influence of this charming addition to the Pharmacopeia, and buoyed up by her untold hopes, Camille, who had grown strangely old before her youth, developed into a crea-

ture differing as essentially from her former self as a plant pining in the gloom and cold of a subterranean apartment, does to itself when removed to the warmth of God's blessed sun-shine.

The points of contrast between the two girls were so great that their result was a perfection of harmony, which blended their differences into a delightful union, and produced a friendship which was the source of infinite enjoyment and mutual advantage.

During the weary days of Camille's convalescence, when weak as an infant, she would be dressed by the hands of her adoring nurse and laid, a structure of delicate bones with waxen skin stretched over them, among the pillows of her easy chair, Charley came as punctually as the days themselves, to give her suffering friend what she laughingly called her "Mason's Bitters." No tonic ever composed of ingredients brayed in a mortar, could equal the effect produced on the timid, reticent Camille, by Charley's fresh, young nature, so childlike in experience and feeling, so quaintly wise in thought and views of life, and so bold and fearless in manner of expressing them. No one could retain coldness, or reserve in familiar intercourse with one so pure and gay-hearted, and under her sunny teachings Camille commenced to grow as bright and joyful as herself.

"Take your dose at one gulph, Camille," she said, bursting into the bed-room of the latter one snowy morning much earlier than the usual time of her visit, "I've

scarcely time to look at you, and had to run away to be here at all."

"What is the matter?" said Camille, through whose long black locks wonderfully unaffected by her illness, her nurse was passing an ivory comb.

"Matter? Why Frank is coming, and if it were the Prince of Wales, aunt Eliza couldn't consider the visit of greater importance! She has written a regular State Paper to Grandpa, announcing the fact, and sent Grandma a document recording Frank's virtues and wisdom, ending with her prophetic consciousness that such a paragon is "destined to an early tomb." Grandma, who thinks aunt Liza an oracle, preached me a sermon from the text Frank, and when she got to the end of the letter she cried and Mammy groaned to such an extent that I couldn't help laughing, and so fell into deep disgrace.

Grandpa was out, and the Professor busy, so in my despair I bribed uncle Jack with some of Grandpa's most cherished tobacco, to drive me over without any one but ourselves knowing it."

"Well take off your hat, and stay all day and night," said Mrs. Esten who entered, key-basket on arm, from her round of house-keeping duties.

"No ma'am, thank you, I am obliged to go back and meet Frank, for aunt Liza would never forgive me if I in any way slighted her beloved. I declare, I do wonder she is not afraid to make such an idol as she does of Frank! I really believe she thinks the sun rises for no other reason than to look at Frank Lee, and that gravitation

was established for the especial purpose of keeping him on his feet!—mighty pretty feet they are, too!"

"Does Frank, as you call him, deserve all this devotion?" asked the amused Camille.

"Frank is a very nice fellow," said Miss Charley, meditatively, as she rubbed her delicate nose with her left fore-finger, "very nice, indeed; spoiled, and rather too lazy and fond of ease and luxury, but very handsome and stylish, and well-bred, of course. He will never set the James, or any other river, on fire, but he is brave, high-minded, generous, and the very soul of honor."

"I am very glad you think so highly of him, my dear, if the report that you and he are to be married one of these days, be true," said Mrs. Esten.

"But I DO'NT think highly of him in that way!" said the girl, with a glowing face! In that light I do not like him a bit! As my cousin I love him dearly; as my ——— Oh! Mrs. Esten I couldn't!—we have been together ever since we were babies just like brother and sister. We never were separated till he went to College, and when we were little things —."

Here Miss Charley's eloquent speech was stopped by a vision which rose before her of two tiny forms, which, encased in Canton flannel would kneel at opposite sides of their grand-mother's knees to say their evening prayers.

"I don't wish to marry any one," she continued, after a slight pause, "for I am too happy at

home, but I shall never marry Frank!

Grand-ma and aunt Liza will "rear" (as uncle Jack says) when they know this, and I shall have a scene to go through, and will be considered a monster of insensibility, but I think I can survive it! If the Professor isn't too busy with his books, I reckon he'll help me, and I know Grand-pa will, and he is the best knight ever owned by a damsel in distress! I already feel symptoms of incipient persecution—do'nt I look like a martyr, Camille?"

"Well, not exactly!" said Camille, looking in the lovely face turned towards her. "But when the stake is prepared you must bring yourself and your troubles to us, and you know you will receive the heartiest welcome and the truest sympathy!"

"Poor thing," said Mrs. Esten laughingly; "her's is a pitiable case! She is requested to marry an elegant young gentleman, the handsomest man in the county, and one of the richest in the State,—she has indeed good cause for sorrow!"

"I shall marry a *man*, not his looks, or his bank-book!" was the saucy reply, and giving a kiss to each of the ladies, this light-hearted damsel, in distress, ran down to the carriage and was driven carefully home by uncle Jack.

Repairing to her room, she remained there in unusual seclusion until the ringing of the dinner bell called her below, and Mandy announced, "Mass Frank had come."

The family at Southside, the

seat of the Prestons', were seated around the table which was supplied in the style which has made Virginia breakfasts world renowned, on the glorious next morning, when, although the snow lay soft and white on the ground, the sky and sun were beaming as if in Spring.

The colonel had been descanting in the heated manner which invariably attended his disquisitions on political matters, on the Leader in the last issue of the New York *Herald*, and other signs of the times, while the Professor had followed his arguments and philippics somewhat wearily, yet with the gentle deference to the wishes of others which was one of his distinguishing traits, making, now and then however, a random reply, which showed a mind greatly preoccupied with some subject, other than the one under discussion.

"Grand-ma" said Miss Charley's clear voice as the Professor placed his empty cup upon the waiter of uncle Jack, whose whim it was to stand at meals behind his master's chair, and who, in token of his high regard for the Professor deigned to include him in his dignified ministrations, and who with a grave bow, now presented his cup to his stately mistress, "Grand-ma, please don't give the Professor any more coffee; he has had three cups already, and he has very important work before him to-day."

"My dear," said the dignified hostess, "it is extremely rude to observe the amount that persons eat, and still ruder to impose restrictions upon them."

"I know it, Grandma, but I can't consent that shall be sacrificed to politeness nor—a cup of coffee," she added, pouting her pretty lips, as she gave a saucy nod to the Professor's chair.

"Immortality?—Coffee?" said the puzzled lady, "What do you mean, child?"

"Just this, ma'am; the Professor has brought the history of Hector up to his parting with his wife, and what with his troubles in treating of hers, and his difficulties in describing the baby Astynax (I KNOW he has set him down as "an obese infant with ox eyes and windily distended cheeks") here a warning finger was shaken at the maligned author—"he will have his hands and head fuller than may be agreeable, so the clearer the latter is kept the better for all parties concerned—uncle Jack, bring back the cup!"

"I am much obliged to you, Miss Charley, for your reminder, and shall do my very best to show not only my regard for the descendants of Priam, but also my gratitude to you."

"What pleasure can you find, Professor, in digging away at those old Greek roots?" said Frank. "I have such a keen sense of the many injuries they did me in the way of keeping me in, when I ought to have been fishing, or hunting, that I am only too glad to cut the whole concern. What was Hector that you and Charley (who used to cry regularly every time we read his death) should make such a fuss about him? If he had had the

slightest knowledge of military tactics, Troy might be standing still! Yet Charley holds him up to me as a model!—model indeed! What did he do?"

"He didn't talk with his mouth full of buckwheat cakes!" said Miss. Preston, turning scarlet at this attack on her beloved hero. "As to your being like him—there's small chance of that!" and the piquant nose of the speaker went up in the air at an expressive angle.

"I do not wish to be like him, particularly, if I am to be dragged seven times round Richmond!" was the rejoinder in a somewhat surly tone, for the young gentleman resented the curt manner of his pretty cousin. "Though there's as small chance of that as of my resembling the immortal Trojan! I say, Grandpa, there's a flight of the imagination for you! Fancy Richmond the capital of a warlike kingdom and the bone of contention between contending armies! Why if an army of seven hundred were to attack her, so far from resisting ten years, she wouldn't show so much as a seven days' fight!"

"I do wish, Frank," said Mrs. Preston, "that you would not speak in that disrespectful manner of Richmond, the capital of your State, and dear to every Virginia heart for that and for all her departed glories! It hurts my feelings—I would almost as soon think of speaking against my mother as of attacking Virginia!" and the lady's figure was drawn up with more than its usual erectness.

"Abuse Richmond!—my dear-

est Grandma, I assure you I never dreamed of doing such a thing! I love every stone in her dear old hilly streets, and I'd fight for her to the very death; but don't you see how ridiculous my fancy about her is? Richmond, the quietest of worn out cities, to become the capital of a great nation, besieged by a hostile host, and the turning point by the possession of which a great war would be terminated!—There, Grandma, give me a cup of coffee to wash away the picture; not being destined to immortality, I presume no one will interfere in my behalf!"

"I certainly shall not!" said Miss Charley, with chilling dignity, as she rose and left the breakfast room.

Frank followed in a short time, and after an ineffectual search through her favorite haunts, found her in the library.

She was standing at the window of a recess, which could be shut off from the rest of the room by a heavy curtain, and was known as "Charley's corner," and she looked so provokingly pretty that her cousin, taking advantage of his relationship, came softly behind her, and throwing his arms round her plump shoulders, ordered her to give the countersign, or yield herself his prisoner.

"The countersign is, 'behave yourself'—and, Frank, let me go at once!" she said in a tone he did not dare disobey; so removing his hands, he stood by her side.

"Charley" he said, attempting to take her hand, which was firmly planted in the depths of her apron pocket, "You act very strangely—you treat me like a

perfect stranger. Why would'nt you kiss me last night, when I came?"

"Because I did'nt want to!"

"Very satisfactory reason I declare, but a piece with the rest of your conduct! Charley, something's the matter with you—I never did see any one so changed! Before I went away and when I was here last, you were the dearest, sweetest little thing in the world—did everything I wanted—treated me as kindly as a sister, and were just as fond of me.—What has changed you, Charley?"

"I have reached the years of discretion, and learned to think!" was the reply given with all the superb dignity of seventeen years.

"Years of fiddlestick!—as to knowing how to think, I can't remember the time when you did'nt know how to do that, and to exercise a will of your own!"

But, Charley, say, are you not going to give me the kiss?—I do want it so much!"

"I'll give you something you want a great deal more, Frank!"

"What is it?—Oh! Charlie you are the greatest girl in the whole world! What is it?"

"An apple-turnover—mammy made at least a peck yesterday for you."

"I did not come to Southside to be insulted—I shall leave this afternoon!" said indignant manhood, drawing itself stiffly up.

"Insulted!—Good gracious, Frank, who is changed now?—You know you used to love eating better than anything on earth and apple-turnovers better than any other kind of eating; how was I to know that your affections

had altered, or been *turned-over* to some new object?"

"My affections have not altered, but are now as they have always been, Charley, and you know it!"

"Well then, let me get you the turn-over."

"Now, Charley, you can't get off in that way. You know my affections are fastened on you, and the object of my life is to make you my wife—Oh! Charley, I do love you so much!—My very soul is on fire ——." "Then the sooner you put it out the better, Frank! Not however, that it will do you any hurt, for to my certain knowledge, it has been on fire in the same way, exactly, six times! You know you made me your confidant in each of your love affairs, and I entered them day and date, in my journal."

"But, Charley, my dearest cousin, that was't real love—it was all make-believe, and compared to what I feel for you is like day-break to twelve o'clock! Oh! Charley, you are so pretty—indeed you are, and your figure is perfection. I never did love any girl as I do you!—I could do any thing in the world for you!—For you can exclaim in the words of the Greek Poet ——"

"Stop, Frank, you'll get out of your depth if you touch poetry or the Greeks! You say you'll do anything for me; well now, be the dear, good, sensible fellow you used to be before you got this notion that you love me, in your head."

"Notion that I love you!—Cruel, unfeeling girl, I not only love you; but I adore you! Oh!

Charley, return that love—you do, I know you do, if you would only confess it. Why will you not confess it and put us both out of our misery? By George, she's laughing at me!—Charley, you are enough to drive me mad!" and the young gentleman stamped his foot in a manner which must be confessed, was rather boyish.

Miss Charley bit her red lips and tried to turn down their dimpled corners to a becoming degree of gravity, and stood plaiting the strings of her silk apron, while her cousin made an effort to swallow his wrath, and then continued in a formal tone:

"Miss Preston, I am at present nineteen years of age and may be presumed to have reached man's estate. I have the honor to make you an offer of my heart and hand. May I request that you take the subject under your serious consideration, and return me an answer at your earliest convenience?"

Mr. Lee pronounced this speech in a manner of such dignified solemnity that it reached the verge of the ludicrous, and then folding his arms over his swelling chest, and throwing back his handsome head, stood the impersonation of impatient importance.

Charley walked round in front of him and stood for a second gazing up at him with a face dimpling all over with mirthful mischief. Then raising her little hands, she gently grasped the downy tuft on each cheek, to whose cultivation the young gentleman devoted the greater part

of his existence, and looking up head to one side in a peculiarly into his eyes with the archest ex- bird-like manner:

expression, said in the sweetest “Frank, let’s drop it!”

voice as she turned her bright (TO BE CONTINUED.)

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, FIFTY YEARS AGO.

THE LADIES.

AMONG so many elegant women it is hard to choose of whom first to speak. Perhaps age, should have the priority, and I will give a slight sketch of one who had many other claims to that distinction. Mrs. John Mayo, the mother of Mrs. General Wingfield Scott.

She must have been nearly 70, still, a fine looking woman, talked fluently, and well, and was called a woman of talent. She went to all places of amusement with her daughter, and at parties generally found some gentleman who would spend the evening with her over the chess or back-gammon board, though I have often seen her enjoying a sober game of whist.— Although both were silent games, she found opportunity to say a good many good things. The parties at her house (the Hermitage about a mile from town) were *real entertainments*. Music, readings, wit, humor,—she, and her accomplished daughter knowing so well how to bring out the agreeableness of their guests, that each one contributed to the amusement of the whole, and all went away satisfied with themselves. Mrs. Mayo lived to a

great age, and retained her love for society to the last. I remember her coming to the hotel in Richmond to see me, when she was upwards of 80—cheerful, talkative, and pleasant as ever.

Mrs. Judge Nicholas was one of the most elegant women I ever saw. Not beautiful, but with a grace and charm of manner, more attractive than beauty; cheerful, refined, dignified, she presided over her entertainments so as to make all happy, while she was herself, apparently, the unconscious “observed of all observers.”

Near to Judge Nicholas’ modest house, was the newly erected and splendid mansion of Mr. Wickham—everything about it was on a scale of magnificence then new to Richmond. Mrs. Wickham was very beautiful—dressed in “gold and pearl, and costly array”—everything about her was magnificent—she was polite and lady-like—and a fine musician. Always willing to gratify her company, with her performance on the piano. The guest, did not seem to enjoy themselves in her dining-rooms, as in others less brilliant. Everything

was *too fine*, she was the great lady, of a great establishment, and kept herself at a great distance from the great multitude, therefore, when they went there, they were too much petrified to be at ease. I have heard that when Mrs. Wickham's daughter grew up, there was more sociability and not so much form.

Of all the houses in Richmond, Mr. Wirt's was the most agreeable to me. He then lived in a white wooden house on Grace street. It was taken down several years ago, and a large brick house built on the site. Mrs. Wirt was a little grave, but so kind, refined and easy in manner, that she was no restraint on the young people who were reveling in the wit, humor, and gaiety of Mr. Wirt. It was delightful to see a man, who the applause of listening senates could command, give himself with perfect abandon to the amusement of a parcel of silly young girls. Mrs. Wirt was a splendid performer on the piano, and her music was the charm of the evening at her house. The company was select—the size of rooms preventing large assemblies—the conversation, if not literary, a little less frivolous than in larger companies. Both host and hostess, were so highly cultivated, as naturally to give it a higher tone. Mrs. Judge Cabell, the sister of Mrs. Wirt, added another charm to the attractions of her house. I have already spoken of her matured beauty, grace and urbanity.

Mrs. Peyton Randolph was another of those lovely women who flourished at that time. Her

early romance, as the lady-love of the celebrated John Randolph, of Boanoke, may have given her some *éclat*—but the madonna beauty of her face, and refined urbanity of manner, would have been admired under any circumstances. There were many others who, perhaps, ought to be mentioned, who contributed to the splendid society of that day.

The young ladies must have a separate chapter. First, the peerless Maria Mayo—afterwards Mrs. General Scott—head, heart, form, and features were of the first order. Sensible, witty, accomplished, cultivated—where was her equal? None aspired to it. Old and young, male and female looked upon her as a nonpareil. Withal she was so perfectly amiable that envy itself was disarmed.—Scores of lovers bowed at her shrine, and when rejected as lovers became friends. It was some two or three years after the period I have been writing of, that General Scott came to renew his addresses to Miss Mayo—his first love. Staying, at the time, in the house of a friend and confidant, I became so familiarly acquainted with him as to know the progress of the affair, and I think I never knew a man more deeply *in love*, and strange as it may seem to some who have known their after history, I believe the attachment continued to his death. The last time I saw him (in '59,) he spoke of her with the greatest affection, and regretted that her *health* had kept her so much abroad, while his duties detained him at home. It is the fashion now in the South to abuse General Scott, but may

I not speak of him as a young man—the hero of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane. That he was a good officer, a brave and gallant man no one will deny; but I speak of him as he was in private, amiable, affectionate, a true and constant friend. His manners were affable, his conversation fluent and full of classical allusions, without pedantry. Thus I ever found him in our little social circle, where the vanity which so many exaggerated had no display, and where the good qualities of his head and heart were appreciated by true friends. Much as I regret he was not with us, I cannot blame him for what must have caused him a struggle.

I would like to describe many of the young ladies who were my companions—but I can scarcely individualize where there were so many lovely and accomplished. Perhaps I ought not to omit the accomplished daughters of that gallant old hero, of Stony Point, Major Gibbern, whose house was the seat of hospitality, enlivened by the harp, and piano, of his daughters, nor the neighboring splendid mansion of Mr. Marx, on the corner of Fifth and Cary street. His was also a lovely family, highly educated, and his eldest daughter, just out in company, was an oriental beauty, a brunette, with soft almond-shaped eyes, glancing through the long silken lashes, and the sweetest expression of countenance. I have heard she had lately become a Christian, as well as some of her sisters. In the fashionable circle in which I spent this gay winter, there was very little outward

show of religion. We went to the Capitol every Sunday where Mr. Buchanan, Episcopal, and Mr. Blair, Presbyterian, alternately held service. They both were excellent men and good preachers—but did not make the distinction between the Church and the world that we now do. I have seen them stand and look on the merry dance, apparently enjoying it as much as the young folks.

The monumental church was not finished, and the church afterwards built for Mr. Blair, on Seventh street, not thought of. I suppose there was a pastor on Church Hill, but that was unknown ground at that time to the fashionables of Shockoe. The general tone of society, in Richmond, was highly moral. If there was vice she was ashamed to show her face, and the tongue of scandal was not tolerated. I don't remember ever to have heard an unbecoming word or allusion.—The constant presence of elderly ladies and gentlemen in high position naturally put a wholesome restraint, on the exuberance of youthful spirits. The loud-laugh was considered ungraceful and slang words abominable.

The young ladies of the present day may be skeptical as to the education of their grand-mothers, but I can assure them that I never hear finer music, or more literary conversation than beguiled my youthful evenings. I make no invidious comparisons with modern times—but I must confess, I have sometimes, of late years been startled by a burst of laughter from a pretty young girl, and

somewhat pained by hearing a group of wild girls and clever young men talking in tones better suited to a mill, than a drawing-room. I have given my impressions of my first winter in Richmond, succeeding years ripened many of the acquaintances then made into life-long friendships and as I turn over the leaves of the volumes of memory, I will make such extracts as I think may be interesting to others—though it is difficult to select, where all is of interest to me.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT, DISTRICT NO. 1, UNDERWOOD J.

Virginia! how sad is thy case,
 How degraded thy judgments impartial,
 When Underwood sits in the place
 That once was adorned by a MARSHALL,
 We say it with reason that Fate
 Was cruel, if not undiscerning,
 To give Knavery, Pedantry, Hate,
 For Goodness and Wisdom and Learning.

They tell us that Justice is blind,
 And thus we may safely determine
 How Underwood e'er was assigned
 To wear her immaculate ermine;
 His peer you'll not find in your track,
 Though you travel from Maine to Missouri,
 Whose villainous heart is as black
 As the faces of five of his jury.

Foul spectre of Jeffreys, avaunt!
 Apparition of Impey, be quiet!
 When Underwood comes with his cant
 To investigate murder and riot;
 Yet if you will not be denied,
 But insist you are birds of a feather,
 Take your places at once by his side
 And all three sit *in banco* together.

THE HAVERSACK.

WHATEVER good qualities the Southern soldiers possessed at the beginning of the war, a fondness for work was not among them.—The order to intrench never failed to elicit a growl of discontent. It was not long, however, until the discovery was made that “a pile of red *yeath* (earth) was a good thing,” as the old tar-heel expressed it, when a minnié struck the embankment just before him. For a time, “spades were trumps,” until the newspapers began to pour into camp with the indignant comments of *fighting* Editors upon such a mode of warfare: “West Point science,” “pick and shovel Generals,” “Joe. Johnston strategy,” &c., &c. Then for a brief period, these criticisms chimed in with natural indolence, and the “boys in grey,” in the last days of '61 and the first days of '62, had as great an aversion to labor as “the gentlemen in black” have in this blessed year, 1867, of liberty, harmony and reconstruction. It was not long, however, until the soldiers discovered that the aforesaid *fighting* Editors did not set the example of “bravely charging breast-works with the bare bosoms of freemen.” They began to suspect that there was a little, a very little humbug about these gallant flourishes, and the pick, shovel and spade rose in market value. Another difficulty was not long in springing up and proved a more powerful auxiliary to laziness. After the works had been painfully constructed at much

expense of sweat, grumbling, and it may be, something a little more emphatic, the boys would be marched off abandoning the fruits of their labor, or they would have to fight behind the earth pile of some fellows even lazier than themselves. So it came to be a common saying with them, “we are willing to dig, if you'll let us *fight behind our own dirt.*”

E. R. F., of Gainesville, Alabama, tells us of a rather remarkable application of this notable phrase. One day when the boys were bitterly grumbling about a change in their position, which had thrown them behind “the dirt” of other troops, a very hard looking specimen of rebeldom passed along, who was more sooty, more greasy, more begrimed and more dirty than even the lazy crowd of malcontents. Corporal Dial, 5th Ala. battalion, cried out, “here's a fellow, who ought to be satisfied, he fights behind his own dirt! No ball can ever get through that pile on his face!” After that every dirty-faced fellow was said to fight behind his own dirt.

What a happy political illustration is here! How many are now “fighting behind their own dirt!” Have a little patience: they will soon eat it all up. They are good at that sort of thing!

Our kind friend F. O. Seth, Esq., of Shreveport, La., furnishes us with a hard story on a conscript officer. Capt. H —, a well-known conscript officer,

had a great horror of forcing a genteel, well-dressed youth to volunteer to fight the battles of liberty, and when some of his under-strappers had caught one of these valiant defenders of home and fireside (literally,) the captain was fain to find some excuse to let the young hopeful go. One day, an unusually nice youngster was brought in by the "local meelish." The captain, instead of complimenting the gallant captors on their handsome feat of arms, looked daggers at them, and took the pretty youth into his employ, and his confidence, as a sort of A. D. C. about his headquarters. For some time, things went on smoothly and smilingly between the loving pair, when it became necessary for the captain to render an account of his stewardship and give up all his pets to the camp of instruction. That he might not be lacking in due honor and respect to his young protégé, the captain took him in his own buggy and drove him over in handsome style to the depot aforesaid. The captain not being personally known there, took the precaution to take with him his official papers, setting forth his rank, dignity and authority. He drove up to the hotel looming up in solitary grandeur near the camp, and ordered a room and a good supper for himself and his charming young friend. The Maine liquor-law had been excluded from that benighted region, by the rigors of the Federal blockade, and the two friends had a jolly night of it.

Waking up the next morning with an uncomfortable feeling in

the head and a dryness in the throat, which seemed to call for ice-water, or some cooling mixture, the captain opened the door to get some fresh air. Much to his disgust, he found a sergeant and a file of men ready to escort him down to camp, as "the conscript whom Captain H—— had turned over to the camp of instruction!" Exclamations, explanations and protests were all in vain, and off he was taken to the camp.

Young hopeful having a stronger head than the captain, had resisted more stoutly the attacks of "bald-face," and when his chief went under, he rose up, seized the captain's pocket-book, official papers, horse and buggy, and driving over to camp, he produced his authority, and called for a guard to bring over a "drunken conscript." It was some days before the "little joke" could be understood and the little mistake could be rectified. Our young hero, in the meanwhile, had gone on his way rejoicing, and the captain's horse and buggy traveled in company with him.

From Nashville, Tennessee, we get an account of a brave Kentucky boy, the son of Capt. Geo. C. Bain, Signal Officer in the Army of Tennessee. Capt. Bain was in the corps to which the writer of this belonged, and he is not surprised that the son of such a man should act nobly.—The boy, 11 years of age, had begged his mother to make him a rebel flag. She did so, and the little fellow hoisted it on a very high tree just over the school-house, presided over by a North-

ern school-mistress. She ordered him to take down "that emblem of treason;" he answered, "I can't do so, my poor father is away off, fighting under that flag. 'Tis my flag!" The "school-marm" sends for a bundle of switches and orders him peremptorily to climb up and bring down "the nasty thing." The boy hesitates, but at length mounts the tree and carries the flag to the topmost limb where a squirrel would almost fear to climb, and there securely fastens it, with the boyish exclamation, "there now, get it, if you can!" He dodged mistress and rods on his descent from the tree and hastened home to his mother, who cordially embraced her son. Mrs. B. was, however, subjected to a good deal of persecution, and finally ordered out of the State.

This incident drew forth a stirring poem from J. R. Barrick, Esq., which was published in the *Memphis Appeal*. We have only space for two verses:

"My father fights beneath that flag
A soldier true and brave—
He bears its staff—he bids its folds
In proud defiance wave!
Unto its faith my mother, too,
With woman's love adheres;
To every Christian virtue true,
She kneels in silent tears—
Her prayers, in pure devotion, given
To God, our Country, and to Heaven.

Then I will scorn so base a deed;
And palsied be the hand
That would disgrace that honored flag
In this my native land!
Cursed be the tyrant's slavish power
That would compel my youth,
In this, its dark, ill-omened hour,
So falsely prove to truth;
I would—than such an act be mine—
A martyr to the cause resign."

A former Surgeon of the C. S.

A. sends from Woodlawn, S. C., an account of the troubles of a brother Surgeon on the retreat from Dalton:

Surgeon——had a chest disease, which rendered it inconvenient for him to carry a haversack with even the light weight of rations, which fell due to a rebel officer of his grade. So he substituted a little basket to be carried in the hand, and lest it should become a target for the sharp-shooters, he carefully covered it up with a newspaper and placed a copy of Chisholm's Surgery on top. Believing that he had effectually concealed his basket, he ventured boldly to pass the 24th Alabama, resting by the road side. But the keen eyes, of a little fellow not more than sixteen, penetrated the disguise, and a sharp treble voice sung out: "bread and butter, here goes the school-master with his spellin'-book and his dinner in his basket. Clare the way thar for the master!" This opened the fire, and the balls flew thick from every side. The good doctor quickened his pace and was beginning to think himself beyond range and fairly out of danger, when he encountered a tall, gawky, red-haired rebel lying in the road, who raised himself on his elbow and said in a very plaintive tone, "Mister, is you got any cakes to sell in that are basket? I'm powerful hongry." T. J. M.

Capt. Robt. E. Park, formerly of the 12th Alabama, gives some incidents connected with his regiment:

G. P. W. was a member of company F., of the 12th, and one of the very best soldiers in it, who

shirked neither duty nor danger. In the battle of Seven Pines he received a painful, but not dangerous wound. Most men under the circumstances would have gone to the hospital, but he preferred to remain in camp with his regiment. This, however, he regretted when he learned that men, who had gone to the hospitals in Richmond with slighter wounds than his, had been rewarded with furloughs. He then made a formal application for a furlough, but his being in camp was against him, and he was refused. Some time after, he was accidentally wounded in camp and again tried unsuccessfully for a furlough.

Having heard a great deal of General Lee's accessibility and generosity, he determined to see what could be done by a personal appeal. After several fruitless attempts to get an interview, he finally accomplished his object and told his story to the General in person. "I went," said he, "into the old General's room and he spoke to me very politely and asked what he could do for me. I told him that I had been wounded at Seven Pines and had missed my furlough when others not so badly hurt had been allowed to go home: that now I was wounded again, accidentally it was true, but that I might as well be at home till I got well: that I had never shirked duty in my life, and that my Captain and all my company would certify to it."

General Lee. "You say that you have never shirked any duty and received no furlough for your first wound?"

Soldier. (Hopefully.) "Yes,

sir, I have always been at my post, and no one can accuse me of dodging."

General. "Very glad to hear so good an account of you. We need the influence of your example. We can't spare you. You can retire!"

R. F., of company F., of the same regiment, was not quite so good a soldier, and our noble old Colonel, R. T. Jones, had little use for a man, who would not toe the mark squarely in all his duties, and would omit no occasion to give such an one a quiet "left," if he thought the fellow worthy of so much notice.

On the change of base by Joe. Johnston from Manassas to Yorktown, when the brigade had been placed in the cars to go to Richmond, R. F. applied to the Colonel to go across the country with the wagon train. The Colonel looked at him very steadily and then in a deliberate, meditative sort of manner, said, "I'll need all my men who are worth a button long before the wagon train can reach Yorktown. *You* may go across the country with the wagons."

The oft told drummer tale comes to us from a Georgia source:

A very large citizen with enormous abdominal protuberance was standing by the road side watching the march of Joe. Johnston's men, when he was suddenly surrounded by a crowd joyfully exclaiming, "we've found him! we've found him!"—The captain of the company tried to get his men back

in the road, and demanded what they had found. The reply astonished the fat man. "Oh! captain, we've found the man who swallowed our bass drum!"

Irish wit is never at fault.— From Newbern, Virginia, we get an illustration of Pat's readiness to get out of a scrape, though he is proverbial for the ease with which he can slide into one.

While General John B. Floyd was encamped on Cotton Hill, in Fayette county, Virginia, in the fall of 1861, very stringent orders were given against the firing off guns without special permission. The enemy were in close proximity, and the firing might lead to a false alarm, or it might produce indifference to such sounds and permit a surprise on the part of the enemy. The rain fell for weeks in almost continuous torrents, the roads became almost impassable, supplies could not be procured, and we were forced to live on grated corn. In this time of trouble, Pat M — was placed one night on picket. He got thoroughly drenched of course and what fretted him almost as much, he got his gun also full of water. Feeling the importance of having his gun in good order for a fight, Pat determined to fire it off on the sly and then clean it out thoroughly. He accordingly went out of camp to a very suitable place, as he supposed, and fired it off, when to his horror, he saw General Floyd riding up, in the rain storm.

General. "What do you mean by firing your gun? Don't you know that it's against orders?"

Pat. "And it's against orders is it, yer honor, far a mon to clane out a dirty gun?"

General. "Yes, you scamp, and you knew it. I've a mind to put you in the guard house on bread and water for a week."

Pat. "Thank ye kindly, Gine-ral, for the bread. It's meself that's been wanting the same this mony a long day. But, Gine-ral, you needn't mind the wather, I've got my ration of that regularly every day, and night too, for the likes of that, for this two months past."

General Floyd was too much amused to haul Pat up for his disobedience of orders.

The next anecdote comes to us from the same Chaplain, to whom we were indebted in our last number:

In Taylor's Louisiana brigade during the campaign of 1862 there was a negro, body servant of one of the officers, who plumed himself on not being afraid to go near the lines during an engagement. At Winchester, he followed very closely that gallant brigade as it dashed through the town, and was thus enabled to secure a large share of the plunder left behind by "Mr. Quarter-master Banks."

After the battle was over, he excited the envy of the other negroes of the brigade, by exhibiting his spoils and recounting the story of how he had obtained them. They all agreed to place themselves under his orders and follow him at the next battle that they might reap a like reward.

Accordingly, when Taylor's brigade advanced at "Cross

Keys" the negroes of the brigade, some forty in number, formed a line in the rear, under the leadership of our sable hero. Pretty soon the shells began to fall unpleasantly near, there was a rolling of eyes, a dodging of heads, and a dropping out of line, and back to the rear by some. Their leader, mounted on his master's horse, rallied them, however, and by dint of persuasion, induced most of them to move forward.— At last it got too hot for his nerves, his bright visions of plunder vanished, and raising himself in his stirrups he gave, in stentorian voice, the significant order: "White folks and brave men to the front—niggers and cowards to the rear, double-quick, march." It is needless to add that the latter part of the order was promptly obeyed—our hero leading in fine style.

J. W. J.

From an ex-confederate now in New York, we get the next incident:

In a recent number of *The Land We Love*, you mentioned the brave act of our Sergeant Luria, which gained him the proud title of "The pride of his comrades, the bravest of the brave." While reading it another incident of the same fight was brought to my mind.

Sergeant Freeman and private Godwin were standing together talking quite earnestly, when a 32 pound solid shot fell between them. Freeman, whose gun was being loaded, and had already received its cartridge, stooped down and picking up the shot, exclaimed, "We'll send it back, boys,

with the compliments of the 'Light Guards,'" and then immediately put it in the gun, and back it went followed with "three cheers for Freeman."

That was the first shot that struck the vessel, the "Monticello," and it is more than probable that it killed the first man who was shot in battle during the war, as the first killed was on that ship, that day, May 19, 1861, and but three or four shots struck the vessel.

The casualties were Confederates killed, none, wounded, none. Federals killed, 10, wounded 6.

G. P. S.

From Baltimore, Maryland, we get an anecdote of the 1st Maryland cavalry:

In the summer of '63, just after the disaster at Gettysburg, this regiment was encamped on the "Pughtown road," just below Winchester, Virginia. A portion of company E, had been sent out on picket towards Martinsburg. After "relief" from duty, as rations were rather scarce, three or four of them started out for something with which to "relieve" the inner-man. They were stopped, however, by the infantry pickets, who had orders to pass no one without the written permission of an officer at least of the grade of Major-general, or by such an officer giving the order in person. While the boys were sorely perplexed at this unexpected difficulty, they saw Gen. A. P. Hill riding along alone.— P — immediately galloped up to him and explained "the situation," which was as embarrassing

to them, as another "situation" has been since. He said that he was very sorry, but that he could do nothing for them, not in his corps, must apply to Gen. Stuart. But at length, seeming to pity the unfortunates, he said, "I'll tell you what to do, flank them."—P— touched his cap, thanked the general, and then, dashing up to the guard, said, "all right, the general says pass us." The guard not having heard the conversation, let them pass. "Well," said General H—, "that's the coolest and boldest flank-movement I ever saw." C. S. M.

From Captain W. N. N. of Millwood, Va., we get another eavalry anecdote:

On Hood's retreat from Nashville, a broken down infantry man dropped out of ranks, hoping that he might get a lift from some merciful trooper in the rear guard. As the eavalry began to pass, he made known his wants, but got the same reply from each and every one, "have but one horse and he don't earry double."—One benevolent "man on horse-back" stopped, however, and kindly asked the weary man what was the matter, "most gone up the spout," said foot-soldier, "I'm broke down walking, and want some fellow to give me a lift."

Trooper. "Does it tire you to walk?"

Infantry. (V e r y pitifully,) "Yes, I'm 'm-o-s-t gone up. It breaks me down to walk."

Trooper. "Well, then, give me five dollars and I'll teach you how to *pace*!"

The broke-down man recovered his wind sufficiently to pursue trooper at 2-40 speed.

Our next anecdote is of a gallant Missouriian:

During the latter part of the siege of Vicksburg, the soldiers were almost hourly looking for Gen. Joe Johnston, with an army of relief, and frequently the boys would ascend to some high point of observation, and cry out that Johnston was in sight. Well, on the 25th of June, that part of the works occupied by the 6th regiment Missouri infantry, was undermined and blown up by the enemy, and among the other sufferers, was Lieut. Wm. Prather, of that command. He was blown very high, indeed, and notwithstanding he was so badly injured as to necessitate the amputation of one of his legs, his first words were "*boys I saw Johnston.*"

P. F. W.

It has been the glorious privilege of rebel soldiers not merely to be witty themselves, but to be the cause of wit in others. The following piece of fun, which they have been the means of developing, is really inimitable:

WHEREAS, "No legal State government or adequate protection for life or property now exist in the rebel States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, Florida, Texas, and Arkansas; and whereas, it is necessary that peace and good order should be enforced in said States until loyal and republican State governments can be legally established."

PEACH CULTURE.

FRUIT culture is destined to be a profitable branch of industry at the South. Unavoidable neglect, and want of a market during the war; and since its close, the inability of many to cultivate their orchards properly, have tended to check its progress, but the profits for many years previous, gave encouragement to those who were engaged in it, and holds out promise to others who may be disposed to embark in the business.

Cotton planting must gradually recede Westwardly and find its most profitable culture in the rich bottom lands of the Mississippi Valley. The Atlantic States cannot compete in such a race, and must turn their attention more to farming and the nicer operations of husbandry.

In consequence of the thorough revolution in our labor-system, and the necessity of seeking other modes of profitable investment, and diversifying our agricultural operations, the subject of fruit raising for market assumes an important place among our industrial resources.

Our southern latitude and forward seasons give us monopoly of the northern market a month or six weeks before the large orchards of Delaware and Jersey, and this advantage is retained through the season as the different kinds of fruit come into bearing. Those who expect to go largely into fruit culture must seek a northern market. The local demand in the towns and ci-

ties of the South is not sufficient to take up large quantities of fruit, and even near the larger cities, the neighborhood supply would interfere with extensive sales.

In determining the kind of fruit best adapted to market, we must consider the *cost* of, *facility* of, and *time* occupied in, *transportation*. In the Northern States where population is dense and communication frequent and rapid from one point to another, all kinds of fruits and vegetables are raised and transported to distant markets profitably. Here at the South, where communication is less frequent, and the distance of transportation greater, the small and perishable fruits cannot stand the long time on their journey, nor the frequent handling necessary on the route. These must be confined to the home market. Peaches, apples and grapes have been found best adapted to this trade, and will bear transportation well. Previous to the war, there were large peach orchards situated at favorable points on the railroads and rivers which yielded handsome profits to their owners. Immense quantities of fruit were shipped from Norfolk, Wilmington, Savannah and Charleston; and always found ready sales in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Baltimore. The same thing can be done again; and when the situation is favorable and the management judicious, peach culture is perhaps the most profitable of all agricultural operations, not

even excepting cotton at the present rates.

As there are many who now are seeing the necessity of changing their culture from cotton to some other lucrative employment, and are seeking information on this subject, we propose to devote a paper to *Peach culture*.

LOCATION OF AN ORCHARD.

The first point to be determined is the locality. Is the soil adapted to the Peach? Is the climate (reasonable exemption from late spring frosts) suitable? Are there facilities for reaching a market?—These favorable conditions coinciding, the business may be considered profitable.

1. *Soil and Situation.* Almost any soil, not too stiff nor wet, and on the other extreme, too light and barren, will suit the peach. Too rich or damp a soil is apt to produce disease and rot in the fruit—too poor a soil is deficient in nourishment, and the fruit, though healthy and highly colored, is wanting in size and flavor. The best soil is a moderately fertile, light friable loam with porous subsoil, well drained either naturally or artificially. Freshly cleared lands are better than old fields, and an old peach orchard must be avoided.

2. *Climatal condition.* This, one of the most important considerations, is often overlooked. It is not every place even in the same neighborhood, that has equally favorable situations for an orchard. The chief danger to the crop is the late spring frosts which we so often have at the south. The peach is one of the earliest trees

to bloom, feeling the first approach of warm weather. The fruit in our latitude (middle region of South Carolina) is formed by the end of March; and we are liable to cold snaps until the middle of April. The object therefore is to select such a situation as will be least affected by frosts. The whole crop of a season, worth many thousand dollars, may be killed in one place and escape in another a few miles off, merely from difference of situation. This occurs frequently in the vicinity of Aiken where there are many extensive orchards, and *has occurred* this very season, when places not two miles apart have been differently affected.

The highest ridge lands which slope off gently to the valleys are the safest; flat lands and valleys should be avoided. The cause of this is dependant upon well known meteorological laws. At night, or as soon as the sun's rays are withdrawn, the earth begins to cool by radiation if there is a clear sky. The air in contact with the ground cools first, and this cool air being heaviest, descends to the valleys, and displaces the warmer air, which ascends gradually to supply its place. The low grounds thus become cold much sooner than the hill tops; and as this displacement is going on all night (if the sky is clear and there is no wind)—this rolling down of the cooled air from the higher grounds into the lower, and the ascent of the warmer currents to take its place, the difference in temperature by morning is very marked. Every one observant of these facts has often seen the effects of

killing frosts in the valleys up to a definite line around the margins; and all above that line, safe and unharmed. In parts of our mountain region, this effect is so well marked that there are belts of land on the mountain sides known to escape year after year, whilst situations above and below are liable to frosts. The warm air of the valleys heated by the sun during the day, has risen to that point and acts as a protection.

As the danger of frost arises from the cooling of the earth by radiation, and this only takes place on a clear night, if we can produce artificially any obstacle to free radiation, and thus arrest the cooling of the surface, we accomplish the object as well as clouds would do it for us. Some persons have used these means, by building fires with damp wood or straw, so as to produce dense volumes of smoke. If there is no wind, and the temperature is not too low, it answers the purpose well, and a small expense incurred in this way, may save thousands of dollars.

In large orchards, it should always be done. Preparation is made by depositing at certain distances apart (say about fifty yards) through the orchard, collections of kindling wood, straw, rotten wood, or any kind of material that will give out a large volume of smoke. This is all fired about midnight, and if there is no wind, a dense canopy of smoke will be formed over the orchard. If there is a high wind, there will be no necessity for this protection.

3. *Facilities for reaching a mar-*

ket. In estimating the probable profits of an orchard, facility of reaching a market is an important consideration. The *cost* of transportation, the *time* occupied, and the *changes* from one mode to another, requiring frequent handling of the packages, must all be calculated. The free-stone peach, if picked as soon as it attains full size and color, even though hard and unripe, will continue to become mellow, and can be kept for at least a week, and at the end of that time, be ripe and sound.—Water transportation is preferable to railroads; and the less handling the packages have, the better. When opportunities for the Northern market are not oftener than once a week, then a home market must be used for the fruit that becomes over-ripe in the interval. In selecting a situation for an orchard, all these considerations must be attended to.

SELECTION OF TREES.

Young trees are always to be preferred, one year old from the bud. In planting largely of peaches for a market, it is necessary to have budded trees, so as to have all the trees of each kind together that ripen at the same time. As our object is to have the earliest fruit in the market, we select the best early varieties, and plant largely of them. Hale's early, Tillotson's early, Amelia, and Crawford's early, ripening in the order in which they are named, are the favorite kinds. Then follow, Alberge, Large Early York, Crawford's late, Pays, &c. This succession which comprise most of the best varieties known, will last until about the beginning of

August, at which time the Jersey and Delaware orchards come into market. Other varieties can be got from the nursery-men which continue through the season, but as a matter of profit, the Southern orchardist had better lay out his whole stock in the early varieties. After the Northern orchards come into market, prices fall very materially.

In determining the relative proportions of each kind to be planted, due regard must be had to the facilities for sending them off to market, and for gathering, packing and hauling. If opportunities for sending to market occur as often as two or three times per week, and extra pickers can be hired for the time, then a large proportion of the earliest of the above-named should be planted, as the earliest fruit commands the highest price. In an orchard of, say 4,000 trees, the following proportions may be recommended, Hale's early, 1,000, Tillotson's early, 1,000, Amelia, 500, Crawford's early, 500, Crawford's late, 500, Pays, 500. For orchards of greater or less size, the proportion may vary somewhat, but under any circumstances, if the greatest profit is to be considered, as large a proportion of the earliest kinds should be planted as possible.—Fifteen or twenty pickers will go through 1,000 trees in the course of eight or ten hours, so that they may be gathered in time for packing and hauling.

The nursery catalogues have a large number of choice varieties, from which to select, all of which are good fruit. But in making the selection of fruit for a distant

market, the free-stone varieties are to be preferred, as they can be picked whilst hard and firm—and become ripe in the course of a few days. The cling-stone does not ripen after being picked from the tree. The varieties mentioned above, with the relative proportion of each, are the kinds usually planted in the large orchards about Aiken, S. C., which for many years previous to the war, sent large quantities of peaches and of very fine quality to the Northern market.

PLANTING OF THE ORCHARD.

The ground should be thoroughly broken up by the plough, (deeper the better,) and then checked off by single furrows, twenty feet square. This distance between the trees will allow of the orchard being cultivated in some useful crop, and thus insure better cultivation to the trees. At the intersection of these rows the trees are to be set. The holes should be opened at least four or five feet wide and eighteen (18) inches deep. Care must be used not to set the tree too deep. This is often a cause of injury, from which they sometimes never recover. They should be planted no deeper than they originally stood when growing;—and a slight mound may be drawn up around the stem to keep them firm until the roots strike, and afterwards removed. In opening the holes, throw all the richer surface earth on one side and the poorer subsoil on the other. If the hole is too deep, fill in with some of the surface soil, taking care to have it well pulverized;—

on this the tree is placed, with the roots carefully spread out, having previously removed any broken or bruised portions. Then bring in the rest of the surface soil about the roots, using a special care to pack the earth in closely around and under the small roots; then fill up with the subsoil.— This plan gives the roots the benefit of the good soil, and the poor subsoil covering the surface, is clear of weeds and grass. If the soil is light a moderate share of some well decomposed compost, mineral manure or guano should be applied in the hole just around the roots. This gives the young trees a good start, and a firm hold in the ground before the equinoctial gales.

Previous to planting, the young trees should be cut back to about eighteen inches or two feet from the base. They are received from the nursery with the full growth of the previous season, from the budding which was inserted two years before, a few inches above ground. There is no risk, therefore, in cutting back, of destroying the wood of the variety with which it is budded. Trim off side branches and leave a bare twig with its undeveloped buds.— The terminal buds always shoot out most strongly and some three or four must be retained and encouraged, (the lower ones being rubbed off) to form the head of the tree. This should be carefully attended to, as on the disposition and arrangement of these first shoots will depend the shape of the tree, a very important matter. In our long and hot summers, it is necessary that the

trunk be protected from the direct rays of the sun, otherwise the tree is invariably injured, the southern or southwestern side dying, and inducing decay in time through the tree. Encouraging these branches at about one or two feet above ground gives the tree a good shape and affords this protection. If the soil is sufficiently good (but not otherwise) crops of cotton, potatoes, peas and corn may be planted between the rows for several years, but small grain must be avoided, or, at any rate, not allowed to run to seed. It is essential to the health and vigor of the peach that the ground should be kept free of grass and weeds and ploughed once or twice during the growing season. As a matter of economy therefore, it is advisable to plant a crop of some kind in the orchard, manuring just so much as to keep up the fertility, without making it extremely rich.

In the following winter the trees must be pruned by cutting back the leading shoots to two or three buds on each, and removing all others. Three, or at most, four main branches are quite enough to form the head. The peach worm must also be destroyed.— This will be found at the base of the tree, just under the surface, and their presence can generally be known by gummy exudation which appears on the surface around the tree. By scraping away the earth from the base and using a pointed knife or a piece of stiff wire, the borer is easily caught. As the egg is always deposited on the bark at or near the surface, many persons adopt the plan of

tilling the trees in early spring, and in the fall drawing the earth away, thus exposing and destroying the worm. Petroleum is now recommended as a powerful vermifuge, and it is probable that some mixture impregnated with coal tar, petroleum or kerosine in such proportion as not to injure the tree, may prove efficacious. Pruning of the trees and destroying the borer is an annual winter work in the orchard. Until the trees come into bearing, which should be in the third or fourth year after planting, the pruning must be severe, cutting back at least $\frac{3}{4}$ or $\frac{1}{2}$ of the new wood, and after they begin to bear fruit, they will still need the knife annually to reduce the amount of wood and keep them in shape.—In a large orchard, the trees must be kept so low as to be easy of access to the upper branches. All vigorous upright shoots which are likely to grow too high, should be cut down, and lateral branches encouraged. After the trees come regularly into bearing, the pruning is then done to prevent overbearing and to keep the trees in shape. The fruit is borne on the small branches, and when these are luxuriant, one-third or one-half the growth may be taken off, thus reducing the quality and giving larger and better flavored fruit. Avoid as much as possible the tendency to divide into forks. This is a frequent cause of splitting down when the tree is well loaded.

If an orchard is so situated as to be exposed to high winds, which in summer prevail mostly from the southwest, it is a good pre-

caution, in setting out the young trees, to give them a slight inclination towards the southwest.

GATHERING AND PACKING THE FRUIT.

In planting out the trees, of course all of one variety are placed together in one body for the convenience of gathering. It is advisable so to arrange the orchard, as to have each kind next adjoining the others, in the order in which they ripen, so that the pickers, after finishing one set, are near to the others.

The harvesting of course will depend upon the facilities for getting them off. If there was a daily communication between our seaports and Northern cities, it would be all the better; but this is seldom the case. More frequently it is once or twice only in the week that opportunities offer. When such is the case, extra work must be done to get off the large quantity that ripen in the interval. Most generally extra labor can be hired for the occasion. Before the war, we had steamers once, and sometimes twice a week from Charleston to New York. The day before the sailing of the steamer, the peaches were picked, boxed and sent down by night train on the railroad to the city, ready for shipment in the morning. The voyage was about three days, so they reached New York on the fourth or fifth day after picking. If care was used in handling the boxes on the way, they were generally in sound condition, and ripe enough for use.

As many hands must be employed as will gather all the fruit

in time to be packed and hauled to the cars. As soon as the buckets are filled, they are taken up to the packing house, and then assorted;—the firmest peaches packed separately for the distant market, the fully ripe for some nearer market.

Boxes and baskets are both used for transportation. The former are prepared for a distance as they contain more, and are less apt to be injured. Those used in the Aiken orchards are usually made of the following dimensions, viz: two feet long, eighteen inches wide, and eight inches deep, with a partition in the middle to divide the contents. The two ends and centre piece are eighteen inches long, eight inches wide, and three-fourths of an inch thick—the bottom boards, two feet long, nine inches wide, and one-half inch thick. The two sides and top are covered with open slat work (the slats one-half inch thick) to allow ventilation. A box of these dimensions will hold $1\frac{1}{2}$ bushels, can be easily handled, and pack together conveniently for transportation.—They must be well filled, and the fruit pressed down firmly by the top covering, to prevent bruising and shaking. The ordinary sized peach basket, which can be got in any quantity from the manufacturers for twenty to twenty-five cents each, holds about three pecks.

PROFITS OF THE ORCHARD.

A peach orchard favorably situated, and with transportation facilities to Northern markets, offers one of the most profitable

investments in the whole range of agricultural operations. If the land is moderately fertile, and the trees are planted sufficiently far apart, other crops may be raised to advantage in the orchard, so that during those years when the fruit crop fails, there is no loss in cultivating the trees. When good crops are made, the profits are enormous.

I will give some data, drawn from our experience in the Aiken orchards, by which the costs and profits of this business may be estimated.

Young trees, one year old from the bud, (which is the proper age for planting) costs in the Jersey and Delaware nurseries about \$100 to \$125 per 1000—those at the South, somewhat more. Many persons prefer giving an extra price for Southern raised trees under the belief that they are hardier and better adapted to our climate. Our opinion, here, is that the Northern trees are perfectly healthy and as a general rule, do as well as any others.—The trees can generally be delivered at a cost of about \$150 to \$200 per 1000, all expenses included. The cost of labor in preparing the ground and planting the trees will vary in different places, and can be estimated by each one to his own satisfaction.

In the third year, the orchard will begin to yield some profit, and as they increase in size, the profits increase. A full grown tree will yield from a half to one or two bushels, according to size and vigor. In a good orchard an average of about one bushel may be expected. The first peaches

in market command from \$12 to \$15 per box, gradually falling to \$7 or \$8 per box until August when the Northern peaches are ripe. The average price through the season, allowing for losses of all kinds, and deducting expenses, may be set down at \$5 per box.—An orchard of four thousand trees whose first cost is about \$800, will, in five or six years, be in a condition to yield a profit of \$10,000 per annum!

The most serious obstacle we encounter, is the occasional loss of the crop, either partial or total, from frosts in the spring. This danger, as stated above, should be considered, in determining the location of an orchard. There are certain portions of the country more or less exempt from this risk, whether from the configuration of the surface, the influence of sea breezes, or other constant causes. The safest guide is the experience of persons who have long resided in particular localities and have observed the effects of the seasons.

The following statement, taken from a record of the seasons in the vicinity of Aiken, is given:

1853. Peach crop abundant.
1854. Peach crop killed by frost.
1855. Peaches killed by frost April the 8th.

1856. Peach crop abundant.
1857. Peach crop killed April 7th.
1858. Peach crop abundant.
1859. Peach crop partially destroyed by frost of April 6th.
1860. Peach crop full.
1861. Peach crop partially killed by frost of March 18th.
1862. Peach crop abundant.
1863. Peach crop partially injured by frost of April 4th.
1864. Peach crop killed by frost March 22nd.
1865. Peach crop abundant.
1866. Peach crop partially killed.
1867. Peach crop partially killed by frost March 29th.

It will be seen by the above statement, that in fifteen years there were four total failures of the crop—six full and five partial crops. The different orchards suffered more or less according to location, those most favorably situated having some fruit, even in those years noted as total failures.

When exemption from this danger can be ascertained, or a reasonable exemption expected, and the facility for transportation good, and the soil suitable, the business of raising peaches for market may be undertaken with confidence of success and profit, if the management is judicious.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the depression still prevailing in commercial circles, our publishers are generally doing well. The number of new books printed this season is not so large as the spring usually ushers into the presence of the reading public, but considering the financial stringency that has prevailed since last summer, the publishing houses have little if any reason to complain.

It is gratifying to note indications of a wholesome change in the literary tastes of the people. For several years past the book markets of the North have been flooded with small volumes of sensational trash, usually of a military flavor; but the demand for them is gradually declining, and there is a prospect that it will be very considerably diminished before another year passes away. Many worse than worthless books are still published, but these libels on literature no longer possess the strong attraction for the masses that such works had during the war period. Books of standard merit and permanent value are steadily growing in favor, and there is some ground for a hope that the American people will soon cease to waste time and money on works which can have no other effect than to pervert their taste and corrupt their morals.

A reprint of the ninth and tenth volumes of Froude's History of England, just issued from the press of Chas. Scribner & Co., is perhaps one of the best publica-

tions of the season. These volumes bring the American up to the English edition. They contain some passages to which many readers will object, as inspired by prejudice or bigotry, but the history promises, nevertheless, to have a large sale in the United States. The Memoirs of Madame Recamier, the famous French beauty and intimate of most of the celebrated soldiers and statesmen of Europe in the beginning of the nineteenth century, is another foreign book that is selling well. The book itself possesses sufficient interest to secure for it a large share of public favor, but its sale has been assisted considerably by the indiscriminate puffing it has received in the press. The curiosity of the readers of poetry is a good deal excited by the announcement that Swinborne has another volume in press. Some advance sheets have been received here, but I have not seen any of them. Swinborne's last volume, the second published by him, was very severely handled by most of the critics, and it certainly deserved all the denunciation it received.—The author is undoubtedly a man of genius, and it is a pity that he does not make better use of his gifts.

It is now nearly thirty years since the literary world first learned that Longfellow was engaged on a translation of Dante's *Divina Comedia*. The task is at length finished, and we are promised the first volume during this

month. The work will be complete in three volumes, and the publisher anticipates an unusually large sale for it. The last volume will appear soon. All three will be printed on paper made expressly for them, and will prove one of the handsomest sets ever issued from an American press.—A long and somewhat prosy narrative poem entitled “The Votary” was issued a couple of weeks ago from Carleton’s press, but though announced with great flourish, it has not yet made its way into public favor. Mr. Doolady’s press has given us two ambitious volumes of poetry by a Mr. Osborne. They embrace four poems which are presented to the public as tragedies and comedies. That they contain considerable poetic merit is generally admitted, but there is too much poetry already in the market for these to obtain much popularity. A translation of “Frithiof’s Saga,” by Rev. W. L. Blackley, M. A., and edited by Bayard Taylor, is among the latest announcements. The volume consists of twenty-four ballads, from one of which the following verse is taken as a specimen of Swedish poetry:

Spring-time cometh; wild birds twitter,
woods grow leafy, sunshine beams,
Dancing, singing, down to ocean speed
the liberated streams;
Out from its bud the glowing rose peeps
forth like blush on Freya’s cheek;
And joy of life, and mirth, and hope,
within the heart of man awake.

There have been several Southern books published in New York since the war, and nearly all have sold well. Miss Evans’ “St. Elmo,” and John Esten Cooke’s “Surry of Eagle’s Nest,” have brought most money to the pub-

lishers. “St. Elmo” is still selling nearly as well as when the first volume appeared, and Carleton thinks the editions will ultimately run up to fifty. In speaking of successful Southern books, it would not be just to overlook Craven’s “Prison Life of Jefferson Davis,” which has really been the most successful book of that class ever published in New York. Among the later publications are “Mosby and his Men,” and “The Cruise of the Shenandoah,” two books for which a great popularity was anticipated. The expectations of the publisher have not, however, been realized. “Mosby and his Men” is not generally considered reliable, and the author of the “Cruise of the Shenandoah” indulges in some reflections on Captain Waddell which have not helped the book. “The McDonalds,” a story of Sherman’s march, has just been published by Mr. Mullaly, of the *Metropolitan Record*. This book is cheap and well-written, and promises to have a large sale.—The first edition was all ordered before it left the hands of the binders. Mr. Mullaly is one of the most enterprising of our young newspaper men, and I am glad to say he is attaining a merited success.

The resuscitation of Putnam’s Magazine has been proposed, but it is not likely to be carried out. We need a better magazine than any now published in the North. *The Atlantic Monthly* is simply a receptacle for Boston ideas, and *Harper’s* is hardly fit for decent people to read. There is a good field for a new magazine of the right sort, but our publishers seem to lack courage to embark in enterprises of that kind.

EDITORIAL.

SOME of our friends have asked us for an expression of opinion upon the political issues of the day. There is a double mistake in this inquiry. First, ours is not a political periodical. Second, we are living in District No. 2, and we fully appreciate the significance of the correspondence between a rebel governor, so-called, and the hero, who "never saw the face of his foe," (or "only the backs of his enemy," which is it?) Our interpretation of that remarkable correspondence is, that while freedom of press and speech is very handsomely guaranteed to all, who will favor the Sherman bill, there is a shadow of doubt as to whether so patient a hearing will be accorded to the other side. Now our secret proclivities are towards the Brigadier. We decidedly prefer him *out* of the Union to such a man as Tennessee has got *in* the Union.—The experiment in Tennessee has not developed latent reconstructionism in our bosom, as rapidly, as did the battle of Gettysburg develop latent Unionism in the breasts of some old secessionists we wot of. In other words, we would rather trust a soldier of the government, who has fought for flag and country, according to his convictions of duty, than one of our own renegades, whose only guiding principle has been his own supposed self-interest. The Districts, which can elect consistent Union men of honesty and intelligence—sincere lovers of

country—ought unquestionably to go forward and do so. But where the selfish and renegade element is too powerful for the honest, honorable, and consistent; then the Brigadier ought to be clung to with hooks of steel. While the Districts are under the immediate control of the government, there is no danger of confiscation. The faith of the American soldiery is pledged against it, and by a fair implication, the government has become a party to that pledge, by accepting the terms of surrender. When the Districts lapse back into States, the pledge is removed, and they are allowed to regulate their own affairs. Then is the time when the real danger begins; when confiscation, oppression and murder are to be feared. Poor Tennessee understands all about this thing.

But we are told that there is no danger of getting so bad a man as Brownlow in any of the Districts. We are not so sure of that. History tells us of men, who were fully as wicked. Marat, Robespierre and Judas Iscariot were just as depraved as he, not so vulgar and blasphemous, it is true, but of no better heart. The world is no purer now than then, and we fear that in each of the five Districts, there are just as atrocious wretches, as the vulgar tyrant of Tennessee.

The selfish man is always to be distrusted. He will sacrifice country, friends, the wife of his bosom, the children of his own

flesh and blood, anybody and everything for self-advancement and self-aggrandizement. Hence, if we abandon the Brigadier for the renegade, who, from selfish motives, has stultified his whole previous career, we have made a miserable exchange.

Finally, in answer to the inquiry as to our position, we would say that, while this is an age of wonderful revolutions in sentiments and opinions, we were born at the South and of the white race and have decided to share the fortunes of our color and section.

General T. L. Clingman calls our attention to what he claims to be an error in General Beauregard's Report of the Battle of Drury's Bluff, published for the first time in our May number.—General C. states that the retirement of the two regiments of his brigade was in consequence of the withdrawal of Corse's brigade. Just the reverse statement is made by General Beauregard. We know nothing of the facts in the case, but we are sure that General B. will be glad to see any unintentional error corrected. The matter therefore is submitted to his consideration.

The enterprising publisher of the *Renaissance Louisianaise* is issuing a French translation of Pollard's Lost Cause. The rendering is excellent, the typography beautiful, and the illustrations superb. One of the illustrations is a splendid photogram of Lee and his Generals. We have seen nothing equal to it; the likenesses are life-like, and the execution splendid. The book has also fine

steel-plate engravings of Mr. Davis, Generals Lee, Johnston, Beauregard and others.

The Publishers have done their part more creditably than anything of the kind has hitherto been done at the South. They deserve great success for their energy.

A gentleman writes to us from Alabama that our Magazine would have a larger circulation in his State, if it was printed at the South; since people are disposed now to encourage home industry. The man who would buy a ready-made coat at the North, will object to buying a book or pamphlet, printed there. What is the difference in principle? Does not the home tailor deserve as much encouragement as the home printer? However, we would inform our friend that we do our own printing in the good and loyal town of Charlotte, and get our paper and covers from our next door neighbor, Lincolnton. We never thought of printing in the North, but the failure of the contracting party here, to fulfill the contract, compelled us to get the first four numbers printed by Gray & Green, of New York, until we could get our own establishment in operation.

We are living here in a working country. Messrs. Wiswall & Tiddy, who furnish us with paper, get large orders from the Publishing Houses of New York and Philadelphia. This paper is also bought in those cities by Southern publishers, and makes thus two trips over the same road.

Our town has shipped more

cotton in the last two years, than either Columbia or Charleston.— One of the largest, and probably the very best, woolen factory in the South, is located here. It is well-known that, during the war, the North Carolina troops were better clad than any in the Confederacy. They wore the Rock Island cloth of our townsmen, Young & Wriston. Since the war, improved machinery and appliances have been introduced into this factory, until its fabrics are of the best and most substantial character. Our town, soon to be the centre of three great railways, with five branches, has in addition a large trade by ordinary roads, and sometimes two hundred wagons are seen in our streets. We are being reconstructed on the true basis, the white man taking the lead in work. With such surroundings about us, we assure our Alabama friend that we feel the necessity of doing our own work too, and it is all done just here and nowhere else.

A Virginia lady writes to us to know "at what time our 'late enemies' became late." What a question to propound to a loyal Editor in District No. 2! But we can answer it. We would rather be the destroyed than the destroyers. We would rather belong to the desolated section than to the desolating section. We would rather belong to the country, whose sins have been preached against for thirty years than belong to the people, who furnished pulpits and preachers. Christ himself has told us that there is

more hope of publicans and sinners than of self-righteous pharisees. We have never heard of a single Southern church being desecrated by sermons against the sins of other people. What else has been the theme of the Beechers and the Cheevers for the last quarter of a century?

The South, then, so far from feeling the rancor and bitterness of defeat, should feel that she stands on high moral vantage-ground and that she can afford to be generous and magnanimous, forget past differences and extend the friendly greeting to good men of every creed and every section.— Greeley has nobly said that no great, enduring party can be based upon the wrath and hatred engendered by war. He might have added that no nation and no individual can afford to cherish revengeful feeling of any kind. It dwarfs the intellect as well as sears the conscience and hardens the heart. It belittles the nation by depriving it of grand, generous and expansive ideas. It makes the man narrow-minded, bigoted and intolerant. When we have reached that point demanded alike by christianity and sound philosophy, then all enemies become "late;" and so our fair friend's question is answered.

And there never has been a time in the history of the world when there was greater need of a combination of the good, the honorable, and the true of all ages, sexes and conditions against the fell spirit of agrarianism, and infidelity that threatens to subvert the very foundations of society, and overthrow all that is venerable, respectable, and of good report.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE McDONALDS', OR ASHES OF SOUTHERN HOMES. A TALE OF SHERMAN'S MARCH. BY WM. HENRY PECK, OF GEORGIA. Metropolitan Record Office, New York, 1867:

The author has occupied a Chair, at different times, in several of the best Colleges of the South. His literary taste and skill as a writer were well known in Dixie before the war. His contributions, since, to the *Old Guard* and the *Metropolitan Record*, have given him a national reputation. We regard the present volume as one of his happiest efforts. While it only claims to be a novel—it is really a more valuable contribution to history than the pleasing little story of Major Nichols.* The Professor preserves the unities in his romance, the Major is utterly regardless of consistency. Thus on the very page (119) which speaks of Sherman's belief that extermination must take place with a certain class at the South, he tells us "little children cling to the General's knees and nestle in his arms with intuitive faith and affection." Trusting little things! they could not but confide in the man, who had burned the paternal mansion, the barns and smoke-houses, and left them nothing to eat, but the offal of the camps! On page 131, we have from the Major these lines, "the well-known sight of columns of black smoke meets our gaze again; this

time houses are burning and South Carolina has commenced to pay an instalment, long overdue, on her debt to justice and humanity. *With the help of God, we will have principal and interest before we leave her borders.*" Page 139, "wide spreading columns of smoke continue to rise wherever our army goes. *Building material is likely to be in great demand in this State for some time to come.*" What a jocular fellow the Major is! Page 140, "where out footsteps pass, fire, ashes and desolation follow in the path." But immediately after all this exultation over the burning in South Carolina, he denies that Columbia was destroyed by order! Yet, after finishing his "story," the gallant Major comes back with intense gusto to the destruction in South Carolina by the man whom little children had such an intuitive faith in! Page 278, "on every side, the head, centre and rear of our column might be traced by columns of smoke by day, and the glares of fires by night." But they did not burn Columbia, of course not! Not a single painted house was spared from the torch in all Beaufort district and few in Barnwell, on the line of march. But Hampton burned Columbia. It is scarcely possible that the men, who had been so merciful in other parts of South Carolina, would become ruthless when they reached the Capital! It is too absurd. And then the Major tells us how they

* The Story of the Great March, by Brevet Maj. George Ward Nichols.

found some sixty or eighty starving negroes at Howell Cobb's plantation, where Sherman's army got large supplies of corn, bacon, and sorghum molasses.—The negroes, although left to themselves, had been too honest to touch any of these things and preferred, good conscientious creatures, to starve instead!

Professor Peck has given us a more consistent story than Major Nichols, though he does not describe as many horrors and atrocities as the latter. The Georgian evidently relates the revolting incidents with horror and disgust. With the Major, it is a labor of love to tell of the deeds of the bummers, and depict the awful scenes of that desolating march.

The principal character in the McDonalds' is Seth Cashmore, a Massachusetts saint, first changed into a Southern speculator then into a "persecuted Union man." We thought, at first, that the learned Professor had undertaken too much in this combination of Beelzebub, Mammon and Moloch; but Mr. Seth Cashmore "fills the bill" to perfection.

In plundering the upper story of a house in Columbia, which he had himself fired below, Mr. Seth Cashmore finds some difficulty in getting down, and gets a fore-taste of the other country:

To descend was impossible.—He leaned over the hall balustrade and gazed downward. Nothing met his straining sight except rushing, roaring, mounting fire, from whose red tongues rolled upward a suffocating smoke, hot and stifling as the breath of devils.

He must go up. There was a

small step-ladder, leading to a trap-door which opened upon the roof, and he sprang to that with the activity of wildest terror. He reached the roof, and filled his parched lungs with deep draughts of the night wind. He thought he was safe, with nothing before him but the simple feat of clambering from that roof to the next, the one on his left, for that on his right was already in flames.

It was no easy matter to climb along that sharp roof-top with a broken arm, and faint from loss of blood. But he could do it, must do it, and reach the eaves of the adjoining house. There was no time for delay, for already the flames from which he had fled, were darting angrily through the sky-light, as if looking for him, hunting him down, hungry to devour him.

He moved on, slowly and painfully, his shattered arm swinging in torture at his side. He raved and cursed; he shouted for help; shouted an incoherent prayer; then blasphemed; hoped, despaired, died a thousand deaths in struggling to save one miserable, pernicious life. But still he moved on, the roof growing hot beneath his wide-stretched limbs and unwieldy body, while puffs of smoke began to shoot from among the warping shingles. He writhed on, half choked by the dense masses of smoke now and then borne down upon him by the wind. From his lofty perch he had a rare view of the burning capital. As far as his eye could reach, north, east, south, and west, on every side, rose the red and glaring ministers of Federal vengeance. He could hear the shouts of those who vainly tried to check the advance of those fire-warriors of Shermanic conquest; the cheers of those who fed the flames; the yells of a wild, half-mad, infuriated soldiery, waging sharp war under the dread banner of "re-

relentless devastation!" He heard the shrill screams of terrified women, and sharper shrieks of homeless children, none the less shrill, sharp, and heart-rending because they rose from the lips of "rebels;" for God gave even "rebels" hearts to bleed and souls to despair—a fact of which no note was taken in that order for "relentless devastation!"—a fact ignored by Stevens, Butler, and other gentle-hearted beings whom courtesy calls human.

Seth Cashmore had a rare view of blazing Columbia, and no doubt, under other circumstances he might have rubbed his greasy palms, rolled his exultant eyes, and licked his lips with all the infernal gusto of a Lloyd Garrison, reveling in a dream of universal negro insurrection and abolition destruction. But as it was, he saw nothing to admire, except the decreasing distance between himself and the next roof.

He had almost reached it, had shouted with joy, as he extended his unwounded arm to clutch the eaves, when, as if by magic, all that roof sank done—sank so suddenly, that his hand remained out-stretched, grasping at the empty air—sank down with a great puff, almost a roar, and then a volcano seemed to rush straight up from where it had been.

"Better be dashed to pieces than be burned to death!" groaned the miserable wretch, as he recoiled from the dreadful heat which swept upward like a sirocco from the hottest pit of the infernal.

So sudden, so intense had been that breath of fire, that his hair and beard were crisped to his blistered scalp and skin, and unable to endure the horrible torture, he toppled over sidewise, hoping to roll from the roof and be dashed to instant death upon the pavement far below.

But fate, as if resolved to give the wretch a foretaste of the doom he so richly merited, thrust a spike in his garments as he rolled from the eaves, and thus suspended him in mid-air.

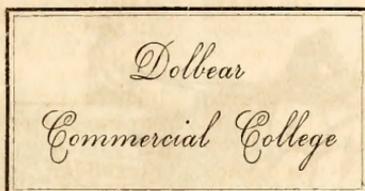
He was seen by those below, writhing and twisting like a worm on a hook. A mass of smoke shut him from view, the walls of the blazing house fell suddenly inward, and that was the last ever known of Mr. Seth Cashmore.

His bones and flesh went to swell that great heap of the ashes of Southern homes which he had been a very demon in aiding to make, and doubtless his soul fled to its appointed place.

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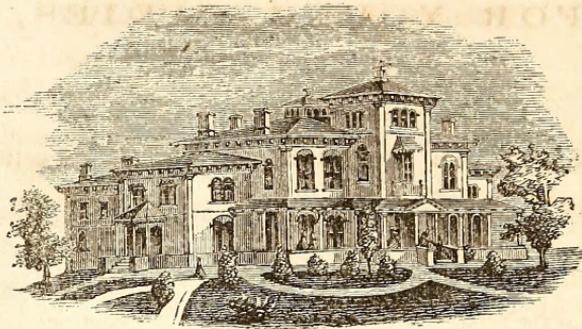
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THE LAND WE LOVE.

NO. IV.

AUGUST, 1867.

VOL. III.

THE 2ND MISSOURI CAVALRY.

THE great civil war of 1861-5 developed much character, and held prominently forth many examples of the most exalted patriotism. These examples are recognized in the names made famous, on the one, or the other side—in the Semmeses, Pelhams, and Morgans—in the McClellans, Buels, and Grants. But this merited fame did not, or should not, cluster alone around the brow of the great individual man. There were organized bodies of men, as such, which appropriated to themselves, by the acknowledgement of all intelligent observers, by their own sacrifices and achievements, a distinction, alike honorable and enduring. Yea, even the individual private, with nought before him but hardship and danger, often signalized himself, so rarely and so highly above his fellows, that it becomes the duty of the historian to point him out, and honor him wherever his

conduct can be authenticated.— Oh, that the obscure heroes of the Confederate army, could one by one, be singled out, and receive that meed of praise due to such disinterested service. He who is living has, it is true, the sweetest recompence known to erring humanity—that of duty performed. But the dead—

“Yes, Honor decks the turf that wraps their clay.”

With the monumental name is associated the same glorious inward peace. It has, therefore, a double portion.

We would do injustice to none of the participants in the mighty contest waged for Confederate Independence with such terrible earnestness, yet we can but think many minds will concur with us when we say that those men of Kentucky, Missouri and Maryland, who, at the commencement of the revolution abandoned home and its unspeakable joys, proper-

ty, kindred, and all their hallowed associations, and turned their backs sorrowfully, but firmly, upon all usually held dear by man, and threw themselves body and soul into the army of the South to battle unto death for principle, have a higher claim for sympathy and homage than any others.— With them it was an immediate, wholesale, absolute and perfect sacrifice. All was yielded, with a sigh it is true; its bitterness tempered only by the convictions of duty. They left their own homes and household gods behind them, subject to all the painful discipline of war, to fight for and around the homes and household gods of others. Who cannot bless and honor such men?

Among those who so freely threw themselves into this deadly breach in 1861, was the 2nd Missouri regiment of cavalry, commanded by Col. Robert McCulloch. We purpose, as a matter of interest to thousands of readers, as well as merited justice to this gallant body of men, to give something of its history.

It was one of the oldest organizations in the service. The men mostly composing it enlisted in June, 1861, obeying the rallying call of Sterling Price, when he found the solemn faith of the Price-Harney treaty was broken by President Lincoln, and military coercion was proclaimed as the basis and charter of his administration. As an organization it served with fidelity in the Missouri State Guard, until that was about to be dissolved, when the larger part of it entered regularly for the war, into the service of

the Confederate States. When Major General Price, after the battle of Elkhorn, or Pea Ridge, was ordered across the Mississippi river, this regiment went with him to Corinth. From that time forward, it was in continuous service, always in the field, in the States of Alabama, Mississippi and Tennessee, until the surrender by Lieut. General Taylor.— None bore itself on each and every battle field with more conspicuous gallantry. Its maximum number in the Cis-Mississippi department was 871 men. It surrendered 191 men—some 60 others surrendering with it, properly belonging to other Missouri and Arkansas commands. It participated with unusual credit in more than 90 battles and skirmishes. We shall mention only the most important. All the battles of Gen. Price, Oak Hills, or Wilson's Creek, and Lexington particularly, bear testimony to both dash and rocky firmness. On the famous retreat from Springfield in February, 1862, it was greatly honored by having the post of danger, and well did it sustain itself. Its action at Pea Ridge will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it—a feat seldom attempted and seldom successful when attempted. On the afternoon of the 7th March 1862, Curtis and Seigle had prepared for a grand charge against Price's advancing army, the watchful McCulloch anticipated just such a movement, and fearing no order would reach him in time (anticipated an order from Gen. Price, which had been sent but did not reach him at the moment) dis-

mounted his men to receive the charge, and seeing an opportunity to inflict serious damage on the defiant enemy, he charged with a yell on the charging column four times his number. So unexpected and gallant was the movement that the Federals recoiled and were soon in undisguised flight. This conduct received from Price and Van Dorn the largest praise. It was the talk of the army.— Gen. Price said it constituted the best heroism of the day, and in general orders and in person returned thanks to McCulloch for his keen perception, and prompt action, without waiting for orders.

At the capture of Courtland, Ala., July 25, 1862, this regiment led the way; at the fight at Middleburg, Tenn., Aug 30, 1862, it fought hand to hand with pistol and sabre. It had the small number of 192 men present, and was opposed by 400 of the 2nd Illinois cavalry—one of the fiercest commands in the Federal army, and two regiments of near 1000 infantry. It was ambushed, and had 27 men dismounted the first fire, yet with Spartan coolness, it moved neither to the right nor left, seeing that desperate charging valor was all that could save it.— It routed the infantry, strange and incredible as it may seem, crossed the railroad in single file, and drove off the 2nd Illinois cavalry, formed ready to receive it about 100 yards from the road.— Here it was that Col. McCulloch shot Lt. Col. Hogg, and knocked another man from his horse with his empty pistol. He and Lieut. Thomas Turner were beset by six

men, the two above named and four others, and by superior marksmanship killed them all, without receiving dangerous injury themselves.

At Vandorn's capture of Holly Springs, Dec. 20, 1862, it was selected as usual, but in its full force, to lead the way. It captured the pickets, took possession of the depot, and occupied the public square, taking and holding several hundred prisoners. At the battle of Cold Water, April 19, 1863, it held 1,700 men at bay the entire day, preventing them from crossing. It bore such a leading part in the Okalona and West Point fights, February, 1864, where Forrest won one of his greatest victories, that special notice was given to it and Col. McCulloch by the commanding General.

At Fort Pillow it was placed in the post of honor, and right well did it sustain its reputation.— When Forrest determined on his grand *coup de main*, in order to draw A. J. Smith from Oxford with his 20,000 men, by his dashing assault on Memphis, this regiment was part of the 2000 who accompanied him. It led the way and did the heaviest fighting, losing 23 men out of the 39 lost by the whole command in the capture of the place.

All who are conversant with military operations in Mississippi, Alabama and Tennessee, will recollect Farmington, Booneville and Baldwin, Medan, Denmark, Iuka, Corinth, Lagrange, Abbeville, Looxahooma, Cochran's Cross Roads, Senatobia 1st and 2nd, Quinn's Mills, Grenada, Sa-

lem, Collierville 1st and 2nd, Wyatt, Moscow, Harrisburg, (the fights 13th, 14th, 15th July around Tupelo) and all the many engagements about Oxford with A. J. Smith—besides Robert's Ferry, Davidson's Creek and Pascagoula. In all of these, this command sustained the highest character—it was called "a crack regiment." It is undeniably true that it has been a Stonewall regiment—for when an enthusiastic onset, or a mountain steadiness has been desired by the commanding General, the 2nd Missouri has been called for. It is folly to say men love fighting, however brave they may be, but this regiment was always fullest on the eve of, or during an engagement, and all its absentees, or skulkers, were during the interim—a fact which became proverbial in the brigade. It will be an honor for any soldier through life, to say he was a fighting member of the Stonewall brigade; that he was one of those who fought at Wagner's; that he was one of Maury's division which stormed and took Corinth. There are a number of such Old Guards, and Tenth Legions, and in the cavalry the 2nd Missouri will ever stand as one of the truest in the hour which tried men's souls.

A vast majority of the rank and file, were men, who entered the army at the beginning of the war, and fought through it, without shrinking, or without regret for what they had done. They were among those, who fired the last shot, and clung to the last hope of the Confederacy, with a deep and abiding sincerity. When that hope faded into nothing, when the cause was lost, and lost for ever, and the Federal army pronounced the victor, it yielded cheerfully, and with the same inalienable faith to the surrender and its terms. Not one among them but will move on unfaltering in that faith, in the path of true citizenship,—and for this their unsullied military record is the best security.

There were two McCullochs—Lieut. Col. Robert A. McCulloch, and the colonel of the regiment—one was light complexioned and fair haired, and went under the *sobriquet* of "White Bob"—the other, the colonel himself, was dark skinned, sun-browned, and black haired—he went under the *sobriquet* of "Black Bob." The lieutenant colonel was possessed of much of the same sturdiness of character with his cousin, but taciturn and retiring—rarely speaking, except when an emergency of opinion or action demanded it—when he was clear, decided and strong—he commanded the regiment. General Chalmers, in an official paper sent to Richmond, pronounced him the bravest man of his rank in the division.

Major Wm. H. Cozens was a good man and fighter—but a poor commander. When he went into battle, he acted as though he had no duty to perform, but that of fighting—he carried his own gun, and used it with his men. In the Davidson raid, near Mobile, in December 1864, he was commanding the regiment, and with his usual tactics went into the fight—it became a *meleé*—his shots were all gone, his sabre was broken,

and with his fist he knocked his opposing lieutenant down, and brought him, a prisoner, into camp. He was one of Dr. Johnson's "good haters."

Captain George B. Harper was in the service from June 1861, to the day of the surrender. He loved his company, and it loved him. He never would leave it for any office, or any inducement—declining the lieutenant colonelcy, with characteristic modesty, saying, he believed he could make a good captain, and might overstock himself with greater command—the only mistake he made during the war. A model captain he was—never absent during all the war, from his company a single day, except when wounded by a sabre cut in the head; and was present with it, in every battle and every skirmish. His name was a synonym for system and energy and courtesy and courage.

Captain J. R. Champion, was a cavalry officer after the Murat style. With a form of the most approved proportions, and a swordsman, with few superiors, he sat a horse like an Arab, and was the impersonation of a model partisan. He fell at the head of his company, after killing his man with his sabre, August 30, 1862. His company finally fell into the hands of Capt. Josias Tippet, and Lieut. W. G. Blakey—who bore honorable names throughout the war.

Captain S. G. Kitchen was a brave officer, but resigned early in 1862 to go to the Trans-Mississippi Department, where he

earned reputation as the commander of a cavalry brigade.

Captain R. F. Lanning was a man of rare ability and fine education—a Northern man with Southern principles—the spotless sincerity of which he handsomely illustrated to the satisfaction of the army, by his valor on the field, and his attention to business in camp. Lieutenants Z. D. Jennings, J. J. Eubank, C. M. Satherlin, and E. Y. Shields, each deserve special mention.

Jennings was famous throughout the brigade, as a scout, or with a detachment, where great hazards were to be met. He was especially adapted to the branch of service to which he belonged. He never returned to camp without much information, with horses, equipments and prisoners.

Eubank was a man of like material. With 40 men, he attacked a wagon train, at Memphis, guarded by 150 infantry and 75 cavalry. So spirited and dashing was the assault, that he routed them, capturing the train, bringing away 60 mules, with a loss of 2 men. This was one of many such exploits.

Satherlin was a brave Christian soldier, and could be relied on for any duty whatever.

Shields (formerly editor of the *St. Joseph, Mo., West*,) was mentally greatly above mediocrity.—His courage was known and acknowledged everywhere—his whole soul was filled with the cause of his country. He was once wounded in the leg, and fell gallantly on the bloody field of Harrisburg, deeply lamented by Chalmers whole division.

Whenever the fire was the hottest, and the ground most fiercely contested, there Lieut. Thomas Turner was to be found—and as loved, as courageous. At Middleburg he received three wounds, two with a sabre, one from a ball, and his horse had five bullet holes through him. At Harrisburg, he was so severely wounded as to force his retirement from the service.

Captain P. M. Lavery was almost always on detached, or inspecting duty, his lieutenant, J. J. Peake, was never absent from his post, and for soldiery qualities won the good opinion of all.

Lieutenant George Oglesby was a glorious and gallant fellow. He knew no such word as fail—and his brief career successfully illustrated his motto. He fell at Corinth, leading his company in that deadly breach—a six-pound shell tearing away his right arm and shoulder.

Lucius J. Gaines was as noble a man as went from Missouri to battle and die for cherished convictions. Deeply religious—he wore that humble, conscientious piety everywhere—fought in the Missouri State Guard, as a captain, and was badly wounded at Carthage. As a private he entered the Confederate army, and remained there, until the President, for meritorious conduct, made him a lieutenant, and assigned him to duty with Colonel McCulloch, as A. A. General of his brigade. He was shot through the head at Moscow, Tennessee—he fell as a loved brother to this regimental household.

The two Chandlers, John and

James, were good soldiers and brave men. They both entered the army at the tap of the drum in 1861, and upheld the honor of their professions manfully to the last hour. With them may be classed Lieut. Charles Quarles, adjutant of the regiment.

This command was specially favored in its quarter-master and surgeon—Capt. N. L. Adams and Dr. F. R. Dunett. They were faithful, temperate and honest.

This regiment had a Roll of Honor, not in written memoranda or record, but in the hearts and knowledge of both officers and men. The names of these privates were Samuel Fines, R. T. Shanklin, John Shanklin, J. T. Ellis, Richard Eubank, (killed,) Robert Brazles, M. Hawkins, E. J. Keith, B. Snider, Gill Wilson, Sam. Gale, Charles Summers, B. Nawlin, S. Massie, P. McMahan, P. Craggin, Austin Jones, P. Lannar, Charles Mitchell, A. B. Smallwood, Henry T. Gilliam, men who can never be forgotten by the admirers of true game and devotion to country. We mention these as the most meritorious we remember—it is impossible to give the names of all such in a gallant and noted command like the 2nd Missouri cavalry, where it was a strange exception to find weak material. *But there is a roll we will give.* By the regimental records, we find these names, Capt. David Reed, Co. C., Capt. J. R. Henson, Co. F., Lt. J. D. Lychlyter, Co. D., Lt. J. T. Hails, Co. E., Lt. W. R. Henson, Co. F., Lt. G. L. Long, Co. H., are marked "*Deserted.*" The entry will tell its own story. We

have been neglectful in its proper place above to mention Capt Thos. A. Bottom, one of the bravest of the whole command—a man who all looked to for an emergency, calling for discretion and dash, and beset by unusual difficulties.

Lieut. George C. Brand entered the army as a private in Co. G., in August, 1861. At the beginning of the war he was at college in Virginia, but the martial patriotism of that glorious soil, so infectious to the true son of the South, controlled him. But 17 years of age, he left college, went home, and immediately to Price's army. Capt. Harper tells the writer he made an excellent soldier, was as gallant as any in the service—especially so at Van Dorn's capture of Holly Springs. In May, 1863, he was captured with a letter on his person announcing his appointment by the President to a lieutenantancy in the regular army. He ran the gauntlet of all the prisons—Alton, Johnson's Island, Point Lookout, Morris' Island, Fort Pulaski and Hilton Head. At Morris' Island, with 4 to 600 other officers, he was placed under the fire of the Confederate batteries for weeks. At Hilton Head, he was one of those unfortunate ones retaliated upon by the Federal government. The rations issued them were small and damaged—a few ounces of condemned meal, or worm-eaten crackers, with pickles were given them each day. The only animal food they had, was the worms from the biscuit—but these they say gave an oily and vinous flavor to their homely fare, in their then starved condition.—

For forty days this lasted. Very many died—and only 18 of the whole number, were able to walk, on their release. He himself was paralyzed from the hips downward, and from the severe effects of this he has scarcely recovered yet—being released only after all the surrenders were entered into.— Money sent him by his mother, in a bank draft, by some of the officials was appropriated—his name being forged—the bank, after the war closed, acknowledging the forgery, and returning the money. Oath after oath was offered Lieut. Brand as the only cost of freedom—but such freedom was not one of the desires of a true Confederate soldier.

Of Colonel Robert McCulloch, to those who knew him—it were needless to speak. He raised and organized his regiment—was its father, and never was absent from it a day, with a single exception, during the war, unless wounded. He obtained a leave of absence of sixty days, but transacting his business in thirty days, preferred returning to the field of duty, to spending the time in idle frolicking. How unlike even some of the best officers of the service.— The writer has known him long and well, before the war, as a plain, blunt farmer, of the straightest sect, of hard common sense.— He was born in Albemarle county, Virginia, in 1820. He entered the army under the first call of Gov. Jackson of Missouri, was elected captain of the company, and on the organization of the regiment was made Lieut. Colonel. On the death of Colonel Brown late in the summer of 1861, he be-

came its Colonel, and commanded all the cavalry in the 3rd division of the Missouri State Guard. In October, 1862, he was placed in command of a brigade, of which his own regiment formed a part, by Brigadier General W. H. Jackson then commanding the cavalry in the department of Mississippi, and in command of a brigade he remained until March, 1865. He rendered during all this time as important service as any man in the department, excepting only and always the matchless Forrest. At this time it became necessary to form a brigade for a newly appointed yet worthy Brigadier General—but one who had not performed one-twentieth part of his service. His command was merged into others, and he left alone with the 2nd Missouri, as its Colonel, which he had not commanded in person since Oct., 1862. General Forrest, having used his utmost influence unavailingly, to secure a promotion, he declared was doubly earned, would not place him under any other officer but himself, and sent him with his regiment to North Mississippi and West Tennessee on the lines as chief of scouts, where he remained until notified of the surrender. He was twice wounded, once at Okalona, the second time at Town Fork, in the last day's fight with A. J. Smith at Harrisburg—a most dangerous wound—which disqualified him for duty 60 days.

We have said he was plain, outspoken and honest. This does not cover the ground. He was essentially a true man—with all parties, under all circumstances,

and everywhere. Deceit, subterfuge, in no sense, was ever used by him, in anything. He cherished truth as the guiding star of virtuous life.

“What he says you may believe, and pawn your soul upon it.” With a rough exterior, an unprepossessing person, hard, even forbidding features, the roughness of the bear, as Goldsmith said of Dr. Johnson, was all in the skin—the interior man, came from Nature's rarest mould, unadorned by art, it was truth, honor, gentleness, courage, force. The conscientiousness and duty of Stonewall Jackson were nursed by a heart as tender as woman's.—Without the graces of high culture, and movement in the most polished circles, he had that perception of propriety, which stamped him as Nature's unadorned gentleman. It were invidious to make comparisons—but in this sense, take him, all in all, he was the noblest specimen of the true man and the true gentleman, it has ever been our good fortune to meet—just such a man as grows natively from the soil of old Virginia. It has been said, that the selfishness of the army and the card table will develop more rapidly and surely his special qualities, and prove the man, than any other passages in the way of life. The Col. might be tried by all and every standard, and would never be found wanting, and never could be, it would be foreign to his constitution. As a quartermaster, or commissary, his accounts would have tallied with Government, a perfect correspondence with debit and credit.

Or else he would have been behind in actual supplies, by virtue of donations to the poor and illy rationed. Such was the man.

As a soldier, he united skill in command, with great nerve and a genuine military caution—never slumbering, bordering on excess of vigilance, and with a practical judgment seldom denounced by results. His mind was clear and vigorous—his reasoning was sound, and with good perception of the motives and action of men—his deductions were searching and intelligent. He was a practical thinker. Yet he was slower than most men of his powers to reach conclusions—but when reached, as stubborn as the hills. He was defective in system—and for this he has been denounced unjustly for a want of, or neglect of, discipline.

It may then be asked, where was this man's imperfection?—We answer in his comparatively limited field, being rarely with full discretion, but acting under orders, except as named, he had none. It is true he did not have that dash, so peculiar to Forrest, Stuart and Ashby, and which was the wonder of armies, but he approached it so nearly, that the military critic barely discovers the intermediate space between him and them.

He has been charged with looseness and want of discipline. We reply from a knowledge of all the Western cavalry, his was equal to that of any other brigade. The discipline of the Western cavalry, doubtless, never bore a favorable comparison with Stuart's or Hampton's—and the cavalry dis-

cipline of the whole army, fell far short of the average discipline of the infantry. The different arms of the service themselves, give the reason for this—the one has opportunity for striking large and frequent, the other comparatively none. Forrest stood in the Western cavalry like some giant oak, beneath whose shade no herbage grew—but near at hand were trees of lesser, but most respectable proportions. Among these McCulloch was one of the largest, if not the very largest.

It was the desire of Missouri, yea, and of that Mississippi, for which he had fought so long and so well, that he should wear the wreath due to such prodigal merit. No officer in the Confederate army, had stronger and more persistent recommendations for his promotion. Price and Van Dorn, Polk and Lee, Maury and Chalmers, endorsed pointedly by Forrest, and all urged by the united Missouri and Mississippi delegations in Congress asked it for him; not once, not twice—but many, many times. His brigade composed of six regiments, with one dissenting voice amongst its officers, repeated the same recommendation several times. Yet President Davis never favored the request—and so it passed on.—He saw junior and less meritorious officers preferred to him, yet all without a murmur. Honest Iago with all his refined villainy, was possessed of great worldly wisdom, and uttered many truths of the human heart, we see exemplified in every-day life. The qualified application, which the intelligent

reader will make of the following,
we cannot—must not omit:

You shall mark
Many a duteous, knee-crooking knave,
Who doting on his own obsequious
bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his mas-
ter's ass,
For nought but provender; and when
he is old, cashiered:
Whip me such honest knaves. Others
there are,
Who trimmed in forms and visages of
duty
Keep yet their hearts attending on
themselves;
And throwing but shows of service on
their Lords
Do well thrive by them; and when they
have lined their coats,
Do themselves homage;—

Honor to whom honor is due.
Although this gallant veteran
received no more than a colonel's
commission, he may remember
with honest pride, that his own
Missourians recognize his worth—
while Alabama and Tennessee
chime in. Old Mississippi holds
his name high as the highest for
pure nobility of character, and
her struggling and raid-ridden
sons and daughters, as long as
Time shall last, will pay homage
to the name and fame of "*old Bob
McCulloch.*"

EGOMET IPSE.

Drop the curtain, clear the stage,
Let the footlights fade away;—
I have turned another page
Of life's dismal farce to-day.

Played my part and played it well,—
Laughed and sported, smiled and sung,
Little could the audience tell
How my spirit's depths were wrung.

Little did they deem the smile
Beaming with such natural art,
Wrapped its radiance all the while
Round a bruised and bleeding heart.

As the phosphorescent glare
Gilding grave-yards with its glow,
Draws its form and coloring rare
From the ghastly things below.

Like a queen, in purple pride
Reigned I on my mimic throne;
Now I cast my robes aside,
And the woman stands alone.

Here I quit my weary task—
 Close the shutter—bar the door—
 Dash aside the painted mask—
 Toss the tinsel to the floor.

Ceased the need for acting now—
 No one by to note nor care—
 I may bare my burning brow,
 All alone in my despair.

All alone?—nay I forget
 And unconscious falsehood trace,
 For the awful Egomel
 Stands beside me face to face!

Ever present, fearful thing,
 Thou art monarch!—I obey;
 Queen I am, but thou art king,
 I submit me to thy sway.

Bend thy fleshless eyes on mine;
 Fancy not that I will cower!—
 Something makes me half divine
 With its superhuman power!

I will stretch my spirit's chain,
 Freed from every muffling wrap,
 Though the tension creak and strain
 Till the fragile life chords snap.

I will soar beyond control
 Through the paths by angels trod,
 I will bare my woman's soul
 Naked as before its God.

As before its God? Ah! no—
 Let its secrets sleep in trust,
 Till the body lying low,
 Crumbles with its kindred dust.

Oh! these thoughts, that seethe and surge!—
 Oh! this frantic, fierce desire!
 I would pierce heaven's utmost verge
 And abstract supernal fire!

Every human soul they cry,
 Bears God's image clear and plain—

Can a creature such as I,
Kindred with Jehovah claim?

I whose dim, uncertain sense
Scarce knows moral day from night,
Partner of Omnipotence!
Portion of Eternal Light!

Maker! make my knowledge more,
Or my cravings somewhat less;—
Give me from Thy boundless store
Nothingness or rich excess!

Clear these burning doubts for me—
Shrive me that those doubts arise—
Father! if a part of Thee,
Raise me to my native skies!

Dawn upon my darkened state—
Bid the mists of error fade—
Let my soul assimilate
To the Source whence it was made!

Deem my questions not too bold—
Answer to these questions give,
I would like Thy Saint of old,
See Thee face to face, yet live!

What is Right and what is Wrong?
What is Virtue?—what is Sin?
We like flies that crawl along
On a sleeping infant's skin,

With our feeble fancies touch
But the outward forms of things
Nor with wandering thought so much
As approach their hidden springs.

I would sound their fathoms deep,—
I would to their centres go;
Though with knowledge sorrows creep,
Though with wisdom wrestles woe!

Is the earth indeed so round
Men must in one circle pace?
Shall the spirit never bound
Upwards to its destined place?

Must the soul be swathed and cramped
 In a narrow mould of clay,
 Till its heaven-born instincts damped,
 Melt in nothingness away?

Must men, monkey-like, be led
 By each other, this their creed:
 "Let the strongest be the head!—
 Let the largest take the lead?"

If a mortal pining moan
 For soul-satisfying bread,
 And receive a flinty stone
 From the cheating world, instead,

Wilt THOU hold him all accurst,
 If he fling it down in wrath,
 And with frantic footsteps burst
 Into wisdom's secret path?

Does a sin in knowledge lurk?
 Must one never dare to look
 Lest men impious hold his work,
 In creation's sealed book?

Reverently I lift its seals—
 Shrinkingly my shoes remove—
 Lo! the glowing page reveals
 But Thine image and Thy love!

By the light that love evolves,
 All earth's glimmering haze grows bright;
 Error into truth resolves—
 Faith is changed to perfect sight!

FANNY DOWNING.

TWELVE MONTHS IN SPAIN*

WE are on the Guadalquiver. gone, and fair, proud Seville is
 At the distance of many miles the lost to our view forever. And
 Cathedral still looms hugely and now what of the Guadalquiver?
 darkly against the clear sky.— A great historic river certainly,
 That huge, dark bulk is fading whose waters have borne the
 from our sight. At last, it is weight of mightiest armaments,

* Continued from June No. page 135. and sufficiently sung by poets, "as

crowned with flowers and olives, and girdled with beauteous nymphs, wafting its liquid crystal to the West in a placid amorous eurrent." Very prettily sung, indeed, but very untruthfully.—About the size of our Yadkin, the Guadalquiver is yet far behind our Yadkin in natural beauty of scenery. Whatever it may have been in Roman and Moorish times, when the hand of taste and industry made every acre of the Peninsula bloom as the rose; it now sluggishly winds its weary way through a dead-level, cheerless region, almost untenanted, and wholly given over to dreary marshes, whence arise the rank vapors of disease and pestilence.

We debouch from the river, with its dismal swamps, into the open sea. Turning eastward, and aided by the serene, transparent air, our eyes soon sweep around a shore-line of thirty miles, enclosing a magnificent bay. A dim swan-like speck trembles in the distance over the green-tinted waters. That speck enlarges, and separates, and takes distinct outline. It is Cadiz! How graciously she grows and grows upon us, sending up tower and terrace and dome in cluster after cluster, till, forgetting that it is we who are motion, we fancy we see some great procession advancing and widening towards us. As she rises gloriously from the midst of the sea and fronts the falling sun, her ivory palaces bathed in the subdued light of parting day, surely there never was a more delightful vision—surely there never was a more enchanting approach to an earthly city! In exactly

five and a half hours from Seville, we east anelior: and, after the usual annoyances at the custom-house, we find good quarters at a hotel, which commands a full view of the bay, and where the full music of the waves is ceaseless.

CADIZ.

Situated on a ham-shaped peninsula which is connected with the main-land by an isthmus only a few feet wide, Cadiz is as beautiful within as it looks from without. The streets are deeply shaded, well-paved and scrupulously clean. The houses, many of them palacious in size and structure, are as white as snow. The seeming absence of any background in history is striking and reminds one of our new-born cities in America. The aspect of youth and freshness makes it hard to realize that you are in the oldest city of Europe—older by nearly four hundred years than Rome—older by an hundred years than Solomon and all his glory. It is allowed, I believe, that Cadiz, the chief city of Southern Spain, where the Tyrian Phœnicians established their dominion, was the far-famed Tarshish, to which the ships of Solomon traded. The deliverance of this Phœnician colony from the bondage of the mother city of Tyre, whose down-fall is distinctly foretold, kindled the prophetic ken of Isaiah and Ezekiel.

Cadiz was also to the ancients the end of the world—the utmost limit of known land towards the setting sun:

"Omnibus in Terris, quæ sunt a Gadi-
bus usque
Auroram et Gangem."—

But there is no evidence, that meets the eye, of this amazing antiquity. There is no decay, no ruins, nothing to project the mind backward over the centuries.— Even the Cathedrals—for Cadiz has two of them—are neither venerable nor imposing. The buildings are generally flat on the roofs, which are laid out in garden-like style and embellished with flowers and shrubbery; where, too, the family usually takes its evening meal, instead of in the court, as elsewhere in Spain. Many of the residences have also on the top a *miradore* or watch-tower, built, it is said, by the merchants of Cadiz as a lookout for their home-returning argosies. For you must know, that the discovery of America replenished this fair city with all precious and pleasant riches from the New World, even as of old when the rapt ear of Ezekiel heard her ships singing in the markets of Tyre. But all this fret and fever of trade is over. The *miradore*, useful now only to smoke in or enjoy the evening breeze, looks out upon a sea unweaved save by its own wild waves' play. Commerce languishes. The export of Sherry wine, which was formerly an immense business, is rapidly passing to the rival town of Port St. Mary. The principal employment of the inhabitants seemed to be angling—an occupation suited to the indolent, patient habits of the Andalusian. The bay affords the most delicate varieties of fish, which are caught wholly with the hook. These untiring fishermen in their little boats, at their lazy toil all the day long, give quite a

lively aspect to the bay—almost the only scene of activity which the city presents. Of the fine arts, or of any other sort of arts (except the art of walking) Cadiz offers scarcely anything at all noteworthy. I visited a large manufactory of mantillas, where they showed me all qualities of that article of Spanish dress, ranging in price from \$2 to \$400. These figures sound expensively to our ears, and they are so doubtless; still the most expensive mantilla is cheaper in the long run than our inconstant fashions for a head-gear. It is the universal, national, unchanging costume; and falling like a cascade, from a head of luxuriant hair and gathering in graceful folds about a form of faultless mould, it puts the most exquisite touch to womanly beauty and proportion. One could almost devoutly wish that our Southern women (if they must imitate) would adopt some imitation of it.

I have mentioned walking. I should do Cadiz wrong were I to let this item pass, by way of parenthesis. With us, a fine carriage in a man or woman, either, is really a very rare thing. Of gaits we have no end. We have a wriggling gait—a waddling gait—a grenadier gait. We have a gait too much on the toe—a gait too much on the heel—a gait (as Horace has it) *alterno pede terram quatere*—we have a gait that knocks up the dress and kicks up a dust—we have a stalk, a stride and a strut. Now the Spanish walk is famous, and, among Spaniards, the ladies of Cadiz hold undisputed preëminence in this art—with

them become so natural as to be no art at all. It is a swimming, floating passage over the ground, which they hardly seem to touch—at once gentle and elastic—without jerk or drag or tramp—regular, composed, majestic, the dignity of Juno, queen of gods, with the grace of Venus, queen of love. I cannot hope to be credited in this matter, as I was myself faithless till I saw and believed. I can, however, appeal to a concurring testimony that comes from all directions, and from an era as far back as letters carry us. We meet with occasional instances of a superb carriage among the better-born and better-bred women of all nations, especially among ourselves here at the South. The marvel is that at Cadiz it characterizes all classes and ranks. How to account for it, is submitted as a puzzle to those who have a turn for such speculations. I am myself not able to do better by the question than to quote the authority of the aristocratic old lady in David Copperfield, who always accounted for every personal excellence on the score of *blood*.—“There’s blood in that nose,” says the old lady; and we say there’s blood in the Cadiz walk, which the Romans marked and celebrated in tale and song long ago; unhappily associated in their minds, as in ours, with something else in Cadiz blood:

“Forsitan expectes, ut Gaditana canoro
Incipiat prurire choro.”

To conclude of Cadiz: it is a place, where, amid overhanging gardens and orange-embowered alamedas, fair women walk in beauty and feeble men may dream away

life in a soft orientalism—but no earnest traveler need stay there a week.

XEREZ.

“A boat, a boat to cross the ferry,
For we’ll go over and be merry,
And laugh, and quaff, and drink good
sherry.”

Crossing the Bay of Cadiz in a steamer to Port St. Mary, a ride of two hours brings us to Xerez, where I spent a day or two—a venerably picturesque city, amid its vine-clad hills, with Moorish towers and Moorish walls still standing—chiefly famous, however, as the seat of the manufacture of sherry* wine; on which account it well merits a visit. The district, some ten or twelve miles square, of which Xerez is the centre, is alone in Spain and, I believe, in the world, for the growth of the peculiar grape that makes this wine. Go but a mile or so beyond these narrow limits, and at once the grape deteriorates. It requires a certain chalky loam, which does not crack under the action of the sun. The vineyards are usually on the gentle slopes, avoiding the rich, heavy soil of the valleys. The older the vine the better the grape, though the less the yield. This small district which enjoys now, as it has done from the remotest times, a natural and lucrative monopoly, produces annually well-nigh four

* Our word *Sherry* comes, according to philologists, from X-e-r-e-z, on this wise: They say we cannot easily manage the Spanish guttural X: So we change it into *ch*, making *Cherez*—hence *Sherris*—*Sherry*. This transition is not quite so learned or natural as that by which the ubiquitous family name of *Smith* is eruditely derived from *Smintheus*, one of the surnames of Apollo, thus: *Smintheus*—*Sminthus*—*Sminthe*—*Sminth*—*Smith*.

millions gallons of wine (to be exact, 3,896,000 the year I was there) of which one million is of the best quality—worth at the cellar a dollar a bottle. The lower grades range from 50 cts to 75 cts a bottle. To this prime cost add insurance, freight, tariff, commission and profit, and you can judge whether the stuff sold in our shops for sherry at \$2,00 a bottle comes from Xerez.

The *Bodegas* or wine-stores are wonders—enormous structures built of stone above ground, deliciously shady and cool, the glare and heat of that warm climate being carefully excluded. They contain from 4 to 5,000 casks, ranged in regular order according to age, from the vintage of last year, pale, watery, acid, to the light-brown, dry, oily wine of half a century. There is everything here of course to suit the vinous taste. And, as you will be shown round with that courteous attention which distinguishes the wine-merchants of Xerez, you must have a care! The warning is needful. You will be expected to pay some honor to every age—all and singular; and if you mean to get through without Falstaff's quart of sack and without Falstaff's excellent wit, you must begin with a sip, or begin not at all. Remember, moreover, that they proceed here on the housewifely principle of comparison—of going from good to best; and you should not vitiate your taste or reason before eighty, for you will have to bow before even that age—the very nectar of the gods. You may be curious to understand somewhat of

the manufacture of this sweet poison. The process is long, tedious, complex and scientific. Vinous fermentation is familiar learning (as the lawyers say.) But vinous fermentation will not make sherry wine. The *Capataz* or head-man, who goes round with us through the *bodega*, will tell us, that it is a life-time and almost daily business for him to pass from cask to cask, subtracting from this, adding to that, here a little and there a little, till he brings each, by this exact commixture, to the just standard. It is easy to see that this method, besides a special talent, requires many years to bring the wine to maturity—many more years than it takes with us to make a preacher or a politician. The basis is the juice of the Xerez grape—none other will do, but the correcting and improving of one variety by another is indispensable. Especially must the older wines, say from forty years and upwards, which are never on sale, be employed to impart body and flavor to the younger. The thing, said a Frenchman who was of our company, (and Frenchmen will philosophize, well or ill), reminded him of education, where you dash the crudeness of youth with the rich soberness of age. And when it is all done, what is it? A drink which Spaniards never drink—which, indeed, they know less of than our own best tables; just as (if we too may philosophize) the maturest wisdom often makes glad more hearts in distant times or in foreign countries than it does at home, or among its own contemporaries.—These hurried facts I deem

enough of Xerez and Sherry Wine, though the city has much of interest besides. On our way back to Port St. Mary, we saw the laborers in the vineyards, and we observed, that occasionally they all stopped work and smoked a cigarette. They informed us

that this respite, once an hour, to take a smoke, was a universal law of labor in the district; wherein both sides found an advantage.— I commend this regulation to our labor reformers, as a desirable substitute for the eight-hour system.

THE GARDEN OF THE TUILERIES—BEFORE THE EXPOSITION.

PERHAPS the name of no spot is more familiar to the world, (for who has not read French history) than that just written. Though comparatively few on our American continent have seen it, yet the subject may be sufficiently interesting to many to induce them to listen to a slight résumé of its history, and by using the eyes of another, to regard what they may never look on with their own.— The garden is probably a third of a mile long, and a sixth of a mile across; the larger portion is filled with trees of giant stature, beneath whose shade the Parisien world saunters; the children amuse themselves under the surveillance of their parents or nurses, and the Blouses pass their Sunday holiday in a game of ball. Broad walks traverse its extent, and fountains, statues, and shrubbery occupy the vacant spaces. At one end is the Place de la Concorde, the most beautiful of all its charming kind, and leading from it the Champs Elysées; at the other is the Palace itself; to the right, looking towards the Tuileries, is the Seine, and beyond, old Paris; along the

left, runs the pretty and busy Rue de Rivoli, stretching as far as the eye can reach, and losing itself in the distance.

Having thus placed our object, let us seek its origin and trace its progress to the present hour.

The grove and walks of the Tuileries were originally, that is to say in 1566, only cultivated lands. 1730 saw it a spot dedicated to pleasure, blooming with flowers, abounding in shady alleys, and containing a menagerie, a theatre, a labyrinth and even a dwelling, that of Mlle. de Guise. About this period, Louis XIII gave a portion of the garden to one Renard on condition that he should fill it with exotics and rare plants; but he also erected a café which was much resorted to by the nobility. By order of Louis XIII also, several little houses were built for the accommodation of his favorites, and those who have entered them speak of them as enchanted spots. During the space of a hundred years, however, the garden has undergone material changes, and café and houses have all alike disappeared. Up

to the epoch at which the court took up its residence at Versailles, the garden had only been open to the King and his privileged attendants, but when once the gates swung back to the public, it was daily filled with crowds. To quote from the words of a writer of the reign of Louis XIV will perhaps give a better idea of the place than might otherwise be formed: "In this delightful spot," says our author, "we chat, we joke, we talk business, news, war, love; we discuss, we criticise, each one diverts himself at his neighbor's expense, and in this species of employment everybody is amused."

At every revolution, emeute, or change that has moved the fickle Parisiens, during each transition of France, from Empire to Kingdom, from Kingdom to Republic, and from Republic back again to Empire, the garden of the Tuileries has always been the scene of bloody and historic deeds, and many a time have its alleys been sprinkled with blood, and sanded with powder. About the year 1692, or a little later, when the famine spread over the city, a humiliation was in store for the noble garden. Instead of the carpets of verdure, which covered its terraces, vulgar beds of potatoes were substituted; this, however, did not last very long, and in place of the plebeian potatoe vines, there were planted afterward lines of beautiful orange trees. In 1815, this same spot became the rendezvous of those who remained faithful to the memory of the Emperor, whose badge was a bouquet of violets placed very prominently at the button hole.

More than one little anecdote is told of the place, and as a sample we give the following:

The poet Piron, having become old, was wont to pass much of his time in the garden of the Tuileries. Here he had often noticed a poor blind man begging alms of the passers by, but receiving little attention. For the supplicatory verse written on the plate hanging from his neck, being of his own composition, was not such as to attract regard, except to excite a smile at its faulty grammar, and pretension to poesy. It being suggested by his friends, the man asked Piron to write something for him, to which the great poet replied, "De bon coeur! cher confrère; Je vais essayer," and after two or three turns in his walk seated himself, and upon his knee penciled the following fruit of his inspiration—

Chrétien, au nom du Tout Puissant,
Faites moi l'aumône en passant;
Le malheureux qui la demande
Ne verra point qui la fera!
Mais Dieu, qui voit tout, le verra;
Je le prierai qu'il vous la rende.

On the 10th of October, 1794, the body of Jean Jacques Rousseau, disinterred from Ermenonville, was temporarily placed in one of the basins of the garden, and the next day transferred to the Pantheon. The scene is well depicted by a French lady, whose work lies before me and I translate her words.

"It was one of those soft evenings of Autumn, that carries the soul back to the past, and gathers up the fragments of memory with which the recollections of other days are filled, when the funeral car, followed by an immense con-

course of young men, entered the limits, with a solemn slowness.— The air was balmy; a wooing breeze, perfumed with the odors of flowers, gently fanned the last leaves on the trees, the mournful remnants of the dead summer.— Suddenly, the sound of a simple and melodious music was breathed forth from the bosom of the wood, adding poetical souvenirs to this ceremony already so touching; for each one of the airs executed was a reproduction of the compositions of the illustrious deceased. When the coffin, covered with blue velvet, spangled with stars of gold was placed on the stage where a thousand torches glittered, the notes of that plaintive romance, *Dans ma cabane obscure*, arose on the breeze and tears dropped from every eye.”

The Restoration did nothing towards beautifying the grounds, more than to add a few statues to what were already there. Louis Philippe had a private garden, railed off, next to the palace, and separated it from the rest by a dry moat, whose sides were covered with green turf. To this separate portion, His Majesty, Napoleon III has added very considerably.

In concluding this narrative and description, I have only to add that statues from the hands of the finest masters occupy the garden at very frequent intervals; and two very large circular basins of water, from which fountains throw up their transparent drops into the air, one of them to the height of sixty or seventy feet, go

to make up the pleasing tout ensemble.

Having viewed it now, as it were like spectators, let us enter and take our parts as actors (if not ornaments) in this wide and favorite resort. The time is evening, and the sun is fast sinking into the western horizon.— We will go in from the Rue de Rivoli, through one of the gates of the private garden next to the palace. We have passed the sentinel at the gate, one of the grenadiers de la Garde Impériale, and are fairly standing in these kingly gardens. How beautiful the grass is here! Soft it looks, and downy as velvet. Never have I seen grass so fine, so smooth, and so pretty as in this royal spot. And does Nature, too, bow to Sovereignty? is her regal head lowered at the command of princes, and does the proud mistress of laws man can only declare, but not explain or equal, she by whose rules worlds, suns, and systems revolve in their immeasurable orbits, directs the fiery comet in his swift, erratic course over spaces of which figures can take no account, which geometry is powerless to measure, and at whose dark depths the penetrating eye of the telescope is blind, she at whose command a universe moves, does this proud old dame don her most attractive robes in the presence of royalty, and does she too, like a skillful courtier, use her most enticing arts, and bend the pliant knee in abject servitude that she may win the smiles of power, and catch its approving glance? Truly it would seem so, for go to the country, and there

among the peasants, the plebeians, her every-day dress is good enough; her most stony, jaded features are exposed every-where, and it is only by toiling, assiduous attention that she can be induced to give back some of her bounty, and deign to relax her hard visage in good-natured wrinkles.

It is indeed beautiful here.—The trees are greener, the flowers sweeter, and possess more color than elsewhere. Taking a little curved walk, we are led around among the trees, by a stone bench at the side of a fountain that casts its waters up with a pleasant clatter. Looking towards the West, we see the setting sun, red and round, and against it are painted the little twigs and leaves of an evergreen just in front of us, which is still fresh and pleasing. The statue of some ancient deity half seen through the closing branches, completes the leafy horizon.

Coming out of this tree-embowered spot, we pass on through the gates of the private garden, into that of the people. A long vista is before us. First the whole extent of the garden itself, with its grove of great trees, spotted here and there with bright colored leaves, or with gaunt, black arms stretching out, then the Egyptian obelisk on the Place de la Concorde, covered with old hieroglyphics commemorative of the great deeds of the warrior king, Sesostris. Little did the great Sesostris dream of this when he returned to Egypt, the conqueror of all Asia as far as the Ganges, the master of all the neighboring

nations, having carried his arms on the Red Sea, and the Indian Ocean, and now come back to illustrate his reign by the works of peace, and by the labor of his captives in building the Colosses, rebuilding the Rammeséum at Thebes, and erecting the obelisks of Luxor. Little did he imagine that the finest of the obelisks, bearing his name and deeds inscribed in unbroken characters, would embellish such a city as Paris so many hundred years after he was dead, and passed away from the minds of all but the historian. Beyond still stretches the long length of the Champs-Élysées, surmounted by the magnificent Arc of Triumph at its head.

Truly Paris is the centre of the world, and the garden of the Tuileries may well be called the centre of Paris. Here in these walks, are gathered the four quarters of the globe, and here are seen the representatives of each distinct people in their peculiar dress, and with their different manners. The tall Englishman, with his side whiskers and umbrella, figures largely. 'Tis said, and I believe truly, that an Englishman never travels without his umbrella and his wife. The American adapting himself to new scenes and foreign surroundings with the utmost nonchalance, is not wanting. The dark-skinned Egyptian, the smooth-faced, and long black haired Chinaman in his loose flowing clothes; the Russian, the broad-faced German, the Persian wearing his high-pointed cap of fur, and ample robe; the Algerine Turco in his picturesque, and gaily trimmed uniform,—all are

there, and all combine to make a picture that is not seen, perhaps, in any other spot on the earth.

As I stand here in these Imperial gardens, I seem to see the world in its past and present gathered around; the advanced arts and sciences and wealth of to-day, reducing life almost to a luxurious indolence, and those hardy, stoic forms of other times and classic ages, their marble bodies a good portrayal of the flinty heart within, as they hold themselves sternly on their pedestals, and seem frowning at the degeneracy of their unworthy progeny. Those beautiful rose-tinted handfuls of cloud that the red sun, just set, has colored with his expiring rays, are like the paradise of holiness and innocence, replete with forms of beauty ignorant of pain, knowing only the pleasure, the world first saw, that man's new born eyes first awakened to. Then as I look further down towards the opposite horizon, the light leaves them more and more, the lines of pink and gold are wanting, and where heaven ceases, and earth commences, all is dark and shadowy, indistinct and gloomy, from the night mists that have already begun to rise, covering everything with their pall, and inducing a shiver of cold discomfort, just as man's prospects darkened and grew black when Sin drove him first from his Eden, then gathered thicker and heavier over his thoughts and habits, and filled his atmosphere with demons instead of angels.

Then those shapes of stone, I see all around, seem starting into life, and breathing as when the

world echoed with their deeds.— Here stands the Imperial Cæsar, whose brow is as kingly as though the earth were again bowing to his decree, and the nations trembling before the advance of his invincible legions. The great Cæsar! unconscious that the dagger of him he considered his best friend, his bosom companion, should yet slay him. And now as I look his countenance seems changed into an expression of pain and anguish, and as his erect form seems tottering, and his mantle being gathered up around him, I almost can catch the single phrase of reproach and sorrow—“*Tu quoque, fili mi!*”

A little distance off stands the dying Philemone drawing out the broken spear that has pierced his thigh, but allowing no emotion to appear on his stoical features.— Alexander on one knee holds up his bucklered arm, to receive some enemy's blow, while the short sword in the other hand seems already on its way to avenge the stroke. Unfortunate foe, knowest thou not that he you aim at is invulnerable against any blade?— Knowest thou not you fight with the world's future master, who after conquering all will yet be overcome by the red cup of wine in his own hand, mourning that there were not other worlds to vanquish? The man who prevailed over cities and peoples, yet could not restrain his own passions!

Again, on this side stands Spartacus, the gladiator; his eye, how watchful and restless, as in the amphitheatre he saw the fierce, starved lion bounding on him, or

kept at bay his enemies chosen from Rome's hardest captives. Look! his eye kindles and sparkles, and he seems living over again that night in the Coliseum whose morrow saw him and his companions a free and dreaded band on the mountain's side. He is speaking; can you not hear his words of fire?—"Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call him chief who for twelve long years has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast, and never yet lowered his arm. If there be three among you who dare to meet me let them stand forth. And yet I was not always thus." How soft and mournful his fierce voice has grown, and with what, at first, melancholy pathos he tells the tale of his childhood and love, a simple shepherd boy upon the Thracian hills; then to what fury he rouses as the story of his wrongs and sufferings is told, the burning of his home, the murder of his father and mother; and then how his eyes sparkle, and with what eloquence he calls his comrades to arms. "Hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted food, and to-morrow he will glut his appetite upon you. If ye be beasts, then stand here like fat oxen waiting for the slaughter. If ye be men, follow me, strike down yon guard, gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work as did your sires at old Thermopylæ!" Is he still there? Yes the statue, but the spirit that warmed it is leading his companion gladiators from hated Rome into the free air of Heaven.

A little beyond is the unhappy Laocoön, and his two sons, writh-

ing in agony beneath the entwining embraces, and being devoured by the two serpents sent to aid false auguries against the devoted Troy.

As all these forms seem warm with life, I turn and see the gray massive walls of the palace itself, appearing in the twilight that is gathering about me, like some old feudal castle of the Middle Ages; as though it were defended by some brutal, unprincipled knight like Front-de-Bœuf, held prisoners some Ivanhoe and Jewish Rebecca, and awaited the assault of a Cœur-de-Lion.

Another turn shows me the great Paris all around, with its spires and monuments, palaces and fountains, just beginning to twinkle with the lights of evening, that beam out from the darkness like the new-found hopes of future happiness amidst the shadows of death; and I realize that all these things are of the past, and that the great Present with its steam engine and telegraph, its perfection of fine arts and sciences, though it owes all these to the labors and conflicts of that same Past, yet looks back upon it with feelings of mingled curiosity, disdain and pity.

Now as I glance down the long sides of the Champs Elysées, over which dusky night is already spreading her mantle, it seems to me like the misty future, stretching out ahead vague and uncertain, and the great Arch at its head looming up indistinct in the distance, like the end we know is before us, the limit which we know must be reached, yet cannot tell how distant, nor when to expect it.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING*

CHAPTER VII.

SOWING THE WIND.

“DIABLE!” The word was an undeniably objectionable one, yet considering the circumstances under which its speaker was placed, perhaps it is not impossible that Charity might have consented to let fall a fold of her mantle over it, and thus conceal it from the eyes of the Recording Angel.

The speaker was Loui La Fronde, and the naughty word, which broke irrepressibly from his lips, was occasioned by the complete consternation, which possessed him, when drawing aside the bed curtains of the state room on the steamer, with the certainty of seeing upon the lace-trimmed pillow, which they shaded, the sleeping face of his girlish bride, he found nothing but the snowy surface of that pillow spread blankly before him.

His first impulse was to tear off the covering of the tiny bed and then with impetuous eagerness, to remove the mattress itself, with the insane idea that the truant might be hidden beneath. Preposterous as he knew such a hope to be, he was terrified when its futility was made manifest, and with the sickening feeling of an indefinable, yet horrible dread, he sprang to the narrow window and wrenching open its shutter, looked wildly out over the waste of waters which encompassed him. As far as his eye could reach, the billowy waves swept around him,

surging in great undulating masses of greenish limpidity as they rushed forward, like seemingly sentient creatures, eternally in pursuit of their prey, continually baffled in its acquisition, yet forever returning to the unsuccessful endeavor.

And in the sparkling depths of each foam-crested wave which broke beneath him, Loui saw a pair of little white hands clasped as he had last beheld them, while two great black eyes gazed up into his with a look in which despair was mingled with a love of inexpressible intensity.

Mr. La Fronde was a strong man and one who, in general, was entirely unaffected by any event, which did not involve his individual and personal suffering, but for once he was completely roused out of the placidity of his epicurean isolation, and for a while all selfishness of feeling was merged in the horror, which overwhelmed him as he stood gazing with awe-struck eyes over the tumultuous expanse of heaving waters.

At last, he turned from the window with the half formed intention of announcing the absence of his wife and seeking her through the steamer, but weakened by the agitation of his feelings, his strength failed him, and grasping the curtains in order to steady himself, he sat down on the side of the bed until the sudden faintness should have passed.

As he held the delicate dimity in his hand, he became sensible that some foreign substance was

* Continued from page 238.

crushed in its folds, and examining them, he found a tiny note pinned to the curtain and directed to himself. Tearing it open, he read:

“ You will never see me again. You do not love me, and I do not care to live. Forgive me for having, though unconsciously, forced you into a marriage which has made you miserable. I shall never trouble you any more.— Please be happy and forget

CAMILLE.”

All doubt as to the fate of the unhappy girl was now merged into a certainty, and Loui sank heavily down on the pillow, oppressed with an agony of feeling for which language has no name.

How long he lay there he did not know, for while his body was shocked into a state of passive inaction, his mind was oblivious of all things except a series of phantasmagoric pictures, in which one slight figure wrestling with the hungry waves was ever predominant.

The day had darkened into night before he was able to rouse himself sufficiently to totter through the brilliantly lighted saloon of the steamer, and seeking the captain in his private apartment, disclose to him the disappearance of his wife, and the horrible certainty which her note had established. Announcing his intention of leaving the steamer so soon as she should reach Nassau, he enjoined a profound secrecy upon the captain, who very willingly promised compliance with the injunction as he would thereby shield his vessel from a notoriety, which might

prove prejudicial to his interests. Having thus secured all the relief that action could procure, Loui returned to his solitary state room and locking himself within it, paced its narrow confines with the frantic strides of an imprisoned animal.

No wild tiger from the jungles of Hindostan could compare in rage and fierceness with the spirit which was now tearing him, as he gnashed his teeth in all the maddening consciousness of his utter impotency. Up to this hour, Loui La Fronde had been, as it were, his own Divinity, and the laws of nature and society, so far from placing barriers against the execution of his wishes, had seemed to go hand in hand to carry them into effect. With him wishes became achievements, desires were merged into possession, and to will was to accomplish. Now he was the subject of an influence which was to himself as the yawning ocean beneath him to a tiny straw engulfed in its mighty depths, and he writhed and struggled in its powerful grasp with a resistance which was the very defiance of despair.

To this passionate vindication of his rights succeeded a still sorer sorrow, less for the loss of the childlike creature who had loved him as he instinctively felt he would never be loved again, as from a feeling of wounded pride at having been compelled to resign her just as he had discovered that she might be made conducive to his happiness. As is usual in all cases when the unappreciated blessing, or neglected opportunity is forever lost, imagination im-

bued her with radiant hues, while fancy fondly adorned her with a thousand charms, and Loui, recalling the delicacy, refinement and pearl-like purity of his wife, once his possessions, and now lost forever, groaned in anguish as, hiding his face in his hands, the hot tears burst from his eyes at the thought of so much sweetness floating, an unresisting prey to the myriad forms of marine life, which teem in the bounding waters of the Gulf of Mexico.

The time dragged on, how, he neither knew nor cared, and he was alone in his sorrow. The captain, faithful to his promise, gave no hint of the truth and no one else knew it. In the bustle and confusion incident to the departure of so large a vessel, passengers may come or go unnoticed, so even the inquisitiveness of the bare-boned believer in the supremacy of the black race, failed to ferret out any but the meager information that the gentleman in question, had come on "La Pucelle" accompanied by a young lady, who was not with him now.

Compassionating his loneliness, for it is the nature of the hybrid species to which she belonged, to love ever to hunt in couples, and may be, influenced the least bit in the world, by his handsome young face, more attractive than ever in the marble-like pallor which had settled on its proud features, she made several unmistakable efforts to remove the one and ingratiate herself with the possessor of the other. She was met, however, with such determined opposition that even her effrontery

was affected and she desisted, baffled, but still desiring.

Loui was in a fame of mind which brooked no interference.—The catastrophe whose full horror was upon him, had shocked his moral nature to such a degree, that all its youthful lightness and frivolity were forever dispelled. It had made him a man in the graver views of life and the deeper insight into his own heart, which it had given him, but here its beneficial effects stopped.

The rock had been struck asunder by its Maker's hand, but so soon as that hand was removed the separated portions had reunited, with their former tenacity ten fold increased, and it now stood in stolid solidity, forgetful that the same power which smote could crush into infinitesimal atoms.

"My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways."

Oh! magnificent words well worthy their divine speaker!—Man in such a case placed predominant to his fellow-man, would have exhausted himself in efforts to force the erring mortal to compliance. Olympian Jove would have overwhelmed the offender against his majesty with the thunderbolts of his vengeance.—GOD, the long-suffering and ever-merciful, looks down with a smile of ineffable compassion on the creature He has made, remembers the weakness of its humanity, and with a father's tenderness, subjects it to such influences as shall result in the assimilation of its spiritual portion to its original and almighty source!

The steamer had touched at Nassau, discharged such freight as was to be delivered there and then sped onward on her ocean way. Loui, who shrank with insurmountable aversion from a return to his former gay life in Paris, involving as it must necessarily do, disclosures, which he had no desire to make, had put into execution his plan of stopping at Nassau, and now stood on the wharf looking with an indescribable bitterness of feeling, at the rapidly disappearing vessel.

Plans of action for the future were darting through his mind with the rapidity and ceaseless motion of the sea birds, which the French with their happy faculty of etheralizing the material, call "lost souls," hundreds of which hovered over the wake of the departing ship. But like them, all within him was wild unrest, and the only settled thought which possessed him was a determination never to touch the fortune of his unhappy wife, now by the terms which it had been left to her, doubly his, but from which he shudderingly turned as from the price of blood. In order to execute this determination, exertion must necessarily be made, but as Loui had in his possession more than sufficient for all present wants, he with the carelessness of the nation from which he sprang, let the future take care of itself, and in the mean time vegetated through an inane existence under the tropic skies of the insignificant island which afforded him a temporary home. Its slight charm of novelty soon wore off, and the almost inconceivable dull-

ness of the place conjoined with the oppressive attentions of the peripatetic pilgrim, whose offices of love to the blacks of Nassau were not greeted with that exuberant and remunerative response so ardently desired, and who in consequence was more than willing to transfer them to a representative of the Caucassian race, decided him in the determination to leave the Island and his tormentor by the first American bound vessel which might touch at the former.

To what part of America, that vessel might be destined, was a matter of utter indifference. The first violence of his grief had subsided into a sluggish calm, whose predominant feeling was a sort of oriental fatalism. He would not resist his fate, neither would he advance it, but rested quiescent, as a feather incumbent on the air, and almost as careless as to what particular spot the winds of destiny might waft him.

Destiny, as Mr. La Fronde termed the mysterious workings of that tremendous but unseen power, which holds the threads of all humanity and guides the shuttle of life through them in accordance with a vast plan which has for its object not the temporal happiness but the spiritual welfare of those within its grasp, decided the matter by bringing to the Island a California steamer, whose supply of water had become alarmingly diminished. She was bound to New York, and engaging his passage, Loui went on board, and with the renewed remembrance of the beginning of his previous ill-starred voyage full upon him, saw the shores of Nas-

sau grow fainter and fainter and finally disappear in the encircling mists of the ever restless Atlantic.

Walking moodily through the long saloon of the "Golden Star" the evening succeeding the day on which he became her passenger, Loui's attention was arrested by the discourse of two gentlemen, who, in comparing the relative merits of the famous Statesmen of their respected States, Massachusetts and Kentucky, had allowed their personal feelings to become involved, and as neither could succeed in impressing his antagonist with his peculiar views, the discussion threatened to degenerate into a dispute.

"I tell you, Sir," exclaimed irate Cape Cod, "I tell you, sir, God never made a greater man than Daniel Webster! Why, the mould in which He made him, was so much larger than that used for ordinary men, that He threw it aside afterwards as useless!"

"May be so" replied Kentucky coolly, "but He had made Clay first, and the reason of Webster's greatness arises from the fact that he was formed out of the material left from Clay."

"Not so, sir! not so!" shouted the indignant upholder of Plymouth Rock. "And even if it were, your idol was, after all, nothing but Clay!"

"Exactly" was the reply, "only having created him Clay, God breathed into his nostrils an extra supply of breath and he became a living soul!"

An insulting reply was rising to the lips of the infuriated down Easter, when the matter was happily adjusted by Loui, who, im-

pelled by a feeling entirely new to him, and which he did not attempt to resist, interposed at this point of the conversation.

"Gentlemen" he said, bowing with his inimitable grace of manner, "permit me to ask, if you do not think it would be well to recall the constant amity of the illustrious gentlemen, you mention, and imitate it? Each a sun in his own sphere, neither invaded the orbit of the other, but shone, and will ever shine, with a light which shall flood their names and their common country with an eternal lustre!"

"You are right, sir," said the Kentuckian heartily. "I disclaim all intention of depreciating Mr. Webster, though I must confess I stand with regard to him and Henry Clay, as Brutus professed to feel in relation to Cæsar and Rome; and do love the latter 'more.' You have shown your skill in carrying out a favorite measure of my favorite—Compromise! I shall be happy to make your acquaintance. I am John J. Franklin, of Lexington, Kentucky," and he held out his hand with a frank and cordial warmth.

The acquaintance thus singularly begun, ripened into a friendship as the close companionship necessitated by the confined limits of the steamer gave the two men a better insight into each other's character and peculiarities than weeks of ordinary intercourse would have afforded, and by the time they arrived at New York Mr. Franklin and Loui not only felt as if they had known each other for years, but had arranged a plan by which their new found

friendship might be strengthened and perpetuated.

In the course of the numerous conversations they had held, the subjects of prospects and intentions were naturally introduced. Finding that his young companion had no definite plans with regard to future action, Mr. Franklin, with the impulsiveness, natural nobility and largeness of heart, which have been the acknowledged characteristics of Kentuckians from the days of Daniel Boone to the present time, made a proposition and insisted upon his adopting it. This was that Mr. La Fronde should accompany him to his home at Lexington, become a member of his household and perform the duties of his private secretary, a post which he laughingly assured him was no sinecure owing to his extensive legal practice. In fact, the circumstance of his present companionship with Mr. La Fronde grew out of the extent of that practice, he having been called by the exigencies of a highly important case in which he was retained to Panama, from which place he was returning when the great hand, before mentioned, crossed him through Loui's path and wove the woof of their present life together. Loui hesitated, put in a demurrer as to his ability to fill the post properly, and upon its being overruled by his impetuous companion, yielded to his wishes without further opposition.

Stopping for a few days in the vast conglomeration of noise, dirt, ease, elegance, misery, wealth and wickedness, which makes up the mighty city of New York, the

travelers proceeded on their Southward way, and after a short and uneventful journey, reached the handsome and substantial home of Mr. Franklin.

They found it deserted, with the exception of the house servants, whose enthusiastic welcome of their master was a good proof of the estimation in which they held him, as Mrs. Franklin had gone with her only child, Mary, to pass the period of her husband's absence in the interior of Mississippi, in the hope that a change of air might prove beneficial to the exceedingly delicate health of the young girl, the last of many children and regarded by her parents with an affection, which bordered on idolatry. Mr. Franklin installed Loui in his new home and then left him to join his wife and daughter and escort them to Lexington.

Loui's first act was to write to Mademoiselle and inform her of his present position, and intention to retain it. He had determined to give her a detailed account of the unhappy circumstances subsequent to his departure from Belle Espérance, but the torrent of miserable feeling which swept over him as he began the narration of the scenes of suffering through which he had passed, over-powered him, and hastily, though somewhat incoherently, summing up the reasons which had induced his action, he ended his letter with these words. "The unhappy girl has left me forever, and the only approximation to happiness which remains for me is to try and forget that I ever saw

her. If you love me, never let her name be mentioned again."

He sealed his letter and then devoted himself to the sad task of removing the name of his wife from the trunk, which contained her ward-robe and substituting that of his aunt to whom he designed sending it. Impelled by that strange species of irresistible fascination which prompts us to approach what we know will affect us unpleasantly, he loosened the straps of the trunk, and taking its key, which had been placed by the fingers of Fifine on the ring, which contained his own, applied it to the lock, and lifted up the top. Never before in the course of his young life, had he been possessed by such mingled emotions as these which now came over him, and whatever the future might hold in reserve, never again could he know a feeling so keenly touching in freshness and plaintive pathos. There lay all the pretty accessories of her girlish toilette in the tasteful order in which she had arranged them, so unconscious of the hands which were to remove them. There was a little scarlet mantle which he remembered she had worn when he first saw her, and there in exquisite neatness were the fine linen, delicate lace and rich embroideries, which would be needed even on her sea voyage, and which Mam'selle had procured from New Orleans in order that the bride of Belle Espérance might be attired as became her station. In one corner was her prayer-book with a mark at the Marriage Service, made by a handful of withered leaves, which he recognized as

some of a bunch he had trimmed from a favorite shrub. Half hidden under a pile of sweetly scented handkerchiefs lay a little book, on which was inscribed in French "My journal since I saw Loui," and he lifted it with a strange mixture of tenderness and awe. As he held it up, a miniature fell from it and picking it up, he uttered an exclamation of absolute delight at the beautiful face it represented. It was of a child at the age when to all the rounded and dimpled loveliness of infancy is added the brilliancy and expression which come with the development of mental perceptions and advancement of the ideal faculties. The face radiant with vivid coloring, was encircled with heavy jet black curls, which fell below the the breast on which a snow-white dove was resting, clasped there by the scarcely less white hands of its little mistress, and starry eyes of remarkable size gazed up at the beholder with an expression, he remembered but too well. On a slip of paper fastened around the picture was traced in a delicate hand, "My likeness when I was five years old—I wish I could look so again, so that I might be more worthy of Loui." He bent down and kissed the lovely face beneath him and then attaching the miniature to his watch chain, he laid it on his bosom. Replacing the slip in the leaves of the journal, he locked it in his private desk, and refastening the trunk had it dispatched to his aunt. In due time his letter reached its destination, but the steamer on which the trunk was placed having experienced the tender mercies of a snag

in the Mississippi, it and its contents were deposited on the bottom of that mighty and muddy stream. The twinkling eyes of Mademoiselle La Fronde lost much of their accustomed brightness owing to the moisture which dimmed them, as she read the strangely sad letter of her beloved and so evidently suffering nephew. It never entered her mind to question the propriety of his conduct, nor comment on the motives which induced him to prefer the position of a private secretary in Lexington, to a re-union with his wife and the congenial life in Paris, which her fortune, which was to come into her possession on her marriage, would permit. Loui's will was her law, and his adoption of a plan at once invested it in her estimation with dignity and propriety. So she received the expression of his wishes with the single determination to carry them into effect, exculpating him from even the shadow of a fault, and, as is natural with her sex, laid a double share of blame upon Camille, whose course she now viewed in a stern light, in that it has been cause of rendering Loui unhappy. She communicated this feeling very plainly to her cousin in a decidedly sui-generis letter, which she closed by quoting, without any previous preparation, the concluding sentence of Loui's letter.

Then fortifying herself with the reflection that suffering is an inseparable adjunct of greatness, the good lady deduced a cause for increased family pride from the very unhappiness of her nephew, and devoted herself with in-

creased assiduity to the study of the *Chronicles of La Fronde*, endeavoring to find in their veracious records a case analogous to that of Loui.

The letter was received at Broad-fields on the evening of a day so balmy that, Camille, tempted by its spring-like softness, had walked beyond her accustomed limits. Finding that she had drawn rather too freely on her slender stock of strength, she stopped to rest in the pretty rustic chapel which her uncle, in conjunction with Col. Preston, had built for the benefit of their respective plantations, the services being conducted alternately by the minister of the neighboring parish and Mr. Esten, who had been duly qualified as lay reader.

The young girl was deeply imbued with the influences of the time and place, and seating herself on the low step which surrounded the chancel, she rested her head against its railing, while memory recalled the old church at Belle Espérance and the morning of her marriage. The retrospect was not unpleasant now, for time had soothed the unhappiness she had then felt, until it had lost half its proportions and she was supported by a hope which, though unacknowledged even to her own heart, had the strength of a settled conviction and formed the motive power of her young life. This was the belief that Loui's coldness of manner and words, which had wounded her so cruelly, were all assumed, and that in reality he loved her with the devotion, she had attributed to him, when she consented to become his

wife. This thought had been unconsciously strengthened as she learned more of her own capacities for pleasing, and saw in the love which she inspired in all with whom she was associated, a sweet proof of her power to charm even her fastidious husband, who she felt would forgive her rash desertion of him, now that her uncle had informed him of the girlish and romantic motives, which had prompted it.

Impressed by this soothing thought, she rested in a state of dreamy repose; then a sudden thought seemed to strike her like an inspiration, and yielding to its impulse, she knelt at the chancel rail, and clasping her little hands, poured out her very soul in an impassioned prayer, that God would make her husband love her, render her worthy of his love, and give her the joy of his presence again.

As she knelt there with her silky hair falling in rich masses over her neck, her soft lips parted as the tide of petition surged through them, her cheeks flushed in the earnestness of her appeal, and her shining eyes intently fastened on the Cross suspended over the Altar, the original of the picture, which lay on Loui's breast was reproduced with redoubled beauty.

At this moment she heard her name called, and turning around, saw one of the house servants who

had been dispatched by her aunt with a letter, which, as she rightly conjectured, contained the long hoped for tidings of Loui. With a cry of joy Camille seized the letter and then telling the boy to return to the house, she tore open her treasure with hands that trembled in the excess of her agitation. She read rapidly and with a blank amazement, which prevented her senses from taking in the real meaning of the words, until she reached the last sentence.— then a wild consciousness shot through her heart, and with strained and dilating eyes she went over it again, slowly repeating aloud the cruel words in which her husband renounced her forever. Then as the full weight of her misery came upon her, the poor child pressed her hands wearily upon her breast, which a few moments before had bounded with the sweet hopes which rocked her heart to a happy rest, and said in the tone of one who meekly accepts an overpowering sorrow: "It is all over now! My dream of earthly happiness is gone, henceforth I devote myself to Thy service—Oh! Father, make me fit to serve Thee!"

Then kneeling again at the chancel rail she laid her pure young head upon it, and breathed a prayer, which like the fragrance diffused by the crushed spice, rose richer and sweeter in that it came from a broken heart.

UNDERTOW.

A SONNET.

It is a gift for which to render praise,
 Ceaseless and fervent, that our troubled hearts
 Can hide the harrowing grief that chafes and smarts,
 And shut themselves from all intrusive gaze.
 Oft when the murmur of the world grows low,
 And the felt silence broods, serene and still,—
 The inward ear is listening to the flow
 Of eddying memories, that flood and fill
 The soul with tumult. Then—how blest to wear,
 To eyes that yield no sympathizing look,
 A face of tidal quiet, that shall bear
 No hint of undercurrents! Who could brook
 That even our nearest, dearest, best should know
 The secret springs of many an hour of woe!

RAMBLES IN YORKSHIRE.

It is a quaint old city, indeed, and Scots and the recapture of the town from them, fourteen centuries ago, by those highly respectable old buffers, Hengist and Horsa, who came at a very early period to bother the natives in the use of the aspirates, but York was a town of no little importance, we are told, before Agricola made it his residence in the numerically insignificant year of 78, and if we leave the daylight of history for the twilight of fable we shall learn from the monks that it was founded by a great-grandson of Æneas who lived in the time of David. All the historical associations of York the stranger will find carefully and conveniently set down for him in Mr. Black's very excel-

lent "Picturesque Guide to Yorkshire," fresh from the perusal of which he will start out upon his rambles through the town with such a jumble of miscellaneous personages in his memory, in the most admired chronological disorder, that it would hardly surprise him in his confusion of dates to encounter some of them in the flesh within the next hundred yards. Here a Roman Emperor died and here an English King was married; over these stones galloped many a group of knights-in-armor, in the day when warriors themselves were "iron-clads;" here rumbled the cumbrous artillery of King and Parliament, and dashed Dick Turpin on his memorable ride; and along these pavements passed gentle Jeanie Deans on her journey to London, and that remarkable man Eugene Aram on his way to the Castle, with "gyves upon his wrists." One cannot help thinking of them all, just after reading, as in duty bound, Mr. Black's account of York, and is not quite brought back from the past until he narrowly escapes being run over, not by a Roman chariot but by a hotel omnibus, or, turning a corner, comes in collision with a policeman instead of a Plantagenet.

The mixture of old and new in York is odd enough. The town of to-day is pleasingly provincial in its out-of-door life, and has a population of fifty thousand inhabitants, who are usefully employed in making beer, gloves, combs, leather, paper-hangings, lollipops, iron-casting and glass-ware. There is a very beautiful new bridge but a short distance

above a fine old bridge across the little river Ouse, which flows through the city, and there are smart shops with plate-glass windows, full of pretty things from London, in close juxtaposition to the crumbling walls of old churches of the middle ages, and the extensive buildings of the railway station have risen upon the ruins of ancient abbeys and hospitals. The antiquities of York tell of these periods of departed grandeur. The castle refers to the palmy days of Courts and Parliaments, the monastic remains suggest the former sacerdotal supremacy of the place, and the Roman memorials speak of the high civilization which translated from the banks of the Tiber, made York in the earlier portion of the Christian era the most considerable city of Western Europe.

The antiquarian, and the conscientious sight-seer who honestly follows his guide-book in York, will bless the Yorkshire Philosophical Society for this, that through the agency of that praiseworthy and valuable institution they are enabled, for the moderate expenditure of a shilling (any week day but Saturday, when the fee is only a penny) to see collected together in one place, the Roman curiosities and the monastic ruins, besides many objects of interest in geology and natural history. The Society some years ago obtained from government a grant of what was left of St. Mary's Abbey and the greater part of its site, which has been laid off in beautiful gardens, wherein the Society has erected a Museum for the safe-keeping

and exhibition of its collections. The Abbey must have been a pile of great extent and of exquisite beauty from the fragments that remain, little bits of rich doorways, here and there a pillar or a column, and eight windows, the tracery of which in stone, is exceedingly delicate. The Hospitium, an old building of wood and stone, formerly belonging to the Monastery and used for the entertainment of such visitors as were not admitted to the principal apartments of the religious establishment, contains a very large number of the Roman relics, consisting of many curious objects in bronze, gold, silver and marble. Here is a sarcophagus in which one of the "Victorious Sixth Legion" was buried, rest his soul! How we should like to know something of the life of this man! Was he a man "set under authority, having under him soldiers," like the centurion, or was he a centurion's servant, in the same social rank with him on whom the miracle of healing was wrought? Did he wear this ring that we see in the case close by, did he drink from this amphora which time has spared, and what drank he? Was it Falernian, or the Bass's Pale of the period? What manner of habitation had he? Was York then as Pompeii having for the floors of its dwellings such pavements in mosaic as these which have been dug up after eighteen centuries of concealment under ground? These ornaments of gold, did they belong to *placens uxor*? Was she of the island, and did she at all resemble the lady whom Mr. Mil-

lais has painted, in his picture of the Departure of the Romans from Britain, on the beach at Dover fondly clasping her husband at the moment of parting with him for ever? It is a curious field of speculation, this Roman occupation of Britain: it is strange that possessing so many relics that bespeak a high civilization for the time, we should know so little about it—that leaving a great wall to tell of their conquest the Romans should have left no history to hand down its *res gestæ*; and it is stranger still, that having enjoyed such a civilization, or been brought in contact with it, during several hundred years, the ancient Britons should have relapsed into the most hideous barbarism.

In the Museum of the Philosophical Society there was a large collection of fossils and of the bones of extinct British quadrupeds, from which it would appear that the British lion is not a myth after all, but that he once roamed the forests of the island and was king thereof, and that before his reign the great leading family of Britain was the Saurian family, though the Irish, we may suppose, might set up their claim with some show of justice to the original Jethy O'Saurus; but as I did not come to York to study fossils, and as I have found Museums to be pretty much the same sort of thing, in my ignorance, everywhere, (like the "swell" who was eloquently rebuked by Mr. Ruskin for saying that one mountain was to him just like another mountain) I did not take the proper degree of interest in the museum,

and was glad to escape into the grounds, where was to be seen a much prettier sight in sunshine and turf, green and gold, "a Gothic ruin and a Grecian house," and maidens and children in happy groups around.

Luncheon comes opportunely after sight-seeing, and on the day of my visit to St. Mary's Abbey, I went directly from the grounds to the old hostelry of the Black Swan where our little party partook of the hams and the beer of York, both famous in the north of England. Upon the front of the building there is the sculptured similitude of the Black Swan with extended wings as it has remained unruffled for more than a century, while great modern hotels were building at the Station and elsewhere, and the interior of the establishment has the look as having undergone no change since, let us say, the settlement of the Hanoverian succession. In the smoking room there hangs over the great fire place the veritable card of the arrivals and departures of the stage coaches running to and from all parts of England, in the olden time, the card setting forth in brief for the information of the guests of the Black Swan the towns through which the coaches passed—the Bradshaw of our ancestors with the advantage over our own guide of simplicity and intelligibility—and in the court yard is a drinking trough for horses over which is inscribed this distich—

"Whoever washes *their* hands in here
Must sixpence pay or a pint of beer."

The Black Swan was of old the head-quarters of the coaches, and

this court-yard, now so silent and deserted with only a single stable boy shuffling about it, was gay enough then with the guards in their red coats and noisy enough with the blare of their horns, as the rattling Swiftsure and the brilliant Tally-Ho, with polished panels and burnished mountings, passed through the gates. Were I a guest of the Black Swan I am sure I should wake in the morning fancying that I heard the preliminary toot of departure from below, and get up in haste lest I should be left by the coachman.

As on the Continent it has been said, as a bit of continental "proverbial philosophy," that all roads lead to Rome, so in York it may be said that all the streets lead to the Cathedral. Walk in whatever quarter you may, so that you do not get into the country, and if you will but walk far enough you will surely come out upon the Minster. This magnificent structure is not only the most important and interesting feature of the city, but the finest of all the ecclesiastical Gothic edifices of England, and worthy to be named even with the great temples of Antwerp and Strasburg, of Burgos and Milan. The American should by all means endeavor to see York Minster before going to the Continent, because coming freshly from the grandest triumphs of the Gothic architecture, York Minster may impress him with a sense of disappointment from its being inferior to these in size, and he may pass it by with a very cursory examination of its beauties. More than this, after a tour of some months through France, Germany,

Italy, Spain, one becomes weary of cathedrals, of flying buttresses and gargoyles and stained windows and bosses and mullions. There is a limit to one's enjoyment of architecture as to one's appetite for partridges, and the capacity for minsters may be exhausted before he reaches York. In no other way can I account for the fact that when I first saw York Minster, now more than twelve years ago, rapidly returning from the Continent to America, I was stupidly insensible to its marvellous grace and grandeur. It was a chill November day, and the air was filled with descending snowflakes, and the interior was dark, and I came away thinking the merits of the structure had been very greatly exaggerated. With this impression in my memory, it was with something like awe-struck astonishment that I stood again in front of the edifice and gazed upon its beautiful lines. It was another and the same, one could not all forget it and yet there seemed to have come over it a wondrous glory that it had not before. The difference of sunshine and snow-storm did not explain the change, nor yet the fact that meanwhile the effect of the cathedral has been much enhanced by the removal of many old buildings which formerly blocked up the approach to the west front.— It is to be hoped that the work of demolition will go on until an open space can be secured on all sides of the great fabric, so that the full majesty of its design may break upon the beholder from whatever point he may view it.

The dimensions of a building,

given in figures, rarely serve to afford one who has not seen it, any adequate idea of its effect, yet when it is stated that York Minster is 524½ feet in length and 250 feet in breadth across the transept, the reader will see that it is, indeed, vast, and, if he be not familiar with immense structures, he will have some difficulty in conceiving of such magnitude in architecture. Internally, the sense of beauty is overwhelmingly excited by the cathedral; the harmony of its several parts, the mellow light that streams through the painted windows, the far receding perspective of the vaulted roof, the subdued tint of the stone, the certain nameless air of the whole interior so gratify the taste and captivate the imagination that the beholder has no thought of measurement at all. That the great window of the east end is 76 feet high and 32 feet wide is of no moment whatever. He does not think of size, he only exclaims "how beautiful!" And the beauty grows upon the visitor more and more. Familiarity does not engender indifference, it only deepens the impression that has first been made. Hugh Miller tells us that, when he visited York Minster, while he felt the poetry of the edifice, the sentiment of reverence was so little excited in him by it, that he failed to remove his hat until somewhat rudely commanded to do so by one of the officials, and he attributes the fact to his Presbyterian education. I confess I cannot understand this. Awe-struck admiration is very nearly akin to reverence. Protestant as I am, I can never forget

the feeling of reverence that overcame me when I first entered St. Peter's at Rome, and though I made many visits to York Minster during a sojourn of two weeks in its neighborhood, I never passed into the nave without being hushed into silence, without a thankful, I might say devotional recognition of the beautiful around and above me, nor indeed, without feeling that a sort of perpetual worship was going on there to the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

One of these visits I made in the company and under the guidance of a clergyman of the Church of England, educated at Rugby under Dr. Arnold and at Oxford, who had once been a Canon of the Cathedral, a gentleman deeply imbued with all learning, who loved every part of the great edifice, to whom there was a sermon in every stone and a psalm in every quatrefoil. There could not have been a more delightful cicerone. We went through every portion of the pile and its adjuncts, from the crypt to the Chapter House, and saw the drinking horn of Ulphus and the crozier of silver that belonged, I believe, to Archbishop Scroop, and all of interest and antiquity that was contained in the whole ecclesiastical structure, not forgetting the library from which my companion borrowed some ponderous volumes. Together we surveyed the exterior from every possible point of view, but found the most effective *coup d'œil* from the west just at the entrance of the Roman Catholic Church of St. Wilfrid, a florid building which has been recently erected, and was opened by Cardinal Wiseman,

in 1864. The zealous Romanist may be well supposed never to enter this noble edifice without casting a look of bitter regret at the great temple across the way, as he reflects that it was so long under the domination of the Pope. An old man, a Roman Catholic, was pointed out to me in the Cathedral, sitting on a bench in the great nave, who, for many years past, has spent several hours of every day in the Minster which he confidently believes he will yet live to see given back to the Church of Rome. In view of the immense strides that have been made in the direction of the Papacy by an increasing party of the Anglican Church, within the last quarter of a century, the old man's faith may not appear to some so unreasonable after all, and if he should ever see morning service performed in the Minster after the manner of St. Alban's, Holborn, he might fancy the long-looked for hour of reinstatement had come at last and sing his *nunc dimittis* with rapture.

My companion related to me with a great deal of sensibility the melancholy story of the two disastrous fires, occurring within a period of eleven years, by which the Minster was so cruelly injured. The first of these was the work of an incendiary and happened in 1829. A lunatic named Martin, who had concealed himself behind a tomb, after evening service set fire to the choir, and despite all efforts to extinguish the flames, this portion of the building, with its exquisite carvings in oak, was entirely destroyed. The second fire of 1840 my companion well re-

membered. He spoke of the thoroughness and success of the restoration with a very natural pride as a good Churchman and as a lover of art. The recurrence of such a disaster after so short an interval has caused the authorities to adopt great precautions against a third fire in which the whole fabric might be laid in ruins.—Should such a calamity occur York Minster would probably not be reconstructed upon its present scale of magnitude and magnificence. The age of building Cathedrals has passed away.

An hour's ride by rail from York will transport the traveler to a town offering the liveliest contrast in appearance to the archi-episcopal city.

It is the fashionable season we will suppose.

Arriving with two or three hundred other passengers at a smart, bright, bustling station he will be speedily whisked in a fly through streets filled with well-dressed people, lounging about, and small four wheel open carriages, drawn by one horse, on the back of which sits a juvenile postillion in red jacket, much too small for him, and enormous jack-boots in which he seems lost—and presently he (the traveler not the postillion) will begin to ascend some very steep hills, over a smoothly paved road-way, between lines of tall, well-built houses and along the margin of pretty little squares, having reached the summit of which hills, he will find himself on a noble terrace, looking sharply down for several hundred feet upon a collection of rather mean buildings in a narrow valley

spanned by a fine bridge, and across the valley a bold rocky promontory crowned by a ruinous old castle, and all around, far away to the northern and eastern horizon, the everlasting sea.—This is Scarborough.

Scarborough is known as the "Queen of English Watering Places," and has long enjoyed its popularity, but has also had its periods of decadence. In the old time of "The Road," when the great world traveled in their own conveyances, any number of dukes, marquises and earls went annually to Scarborough with their families, in the lumbering old chariots then in vogue. This was full half a century before the gentry of Virginia and Carolina were accustomed to journey four-in-hand to Balston and Saratoga, and in the days when Sheridan, recasting the comedy of Vanbrugh, supposes Lord Foppington to carry on his intrigues there, and when it divided with Bath, under the reign of Beau Nash, the favor of the aristocracy. At a later day, as we know, the "finest gentleman in Europe" built the Pavilion on the Channel and brought Brighton into fashion, and later still the young British nobleman betrayed a decided preference for the German Spas, where the restoration of his health was greatly facilitated, or the ennui of the summer months was more pleasantly beguiled, by the twirl of the roulette and the vicissitudes of rouge-et-noir. If Scarborough dwindled for a time, during the Prince Regent's career, the very cause which filled Baden and Ems with English mi-

lors, viz: the universal extension of the railway, has restored its prosperity. The company is not the same, but it is larger. Scarborough is now the great resort of the easy middle classes and of Messrs. Hoi Polloi and others—who can reach it by rail from any part of the island in a day, while it still enjoys the patronage of a sufficient number of the nobility to give the *bel air* to its promenades and to glorify the gazette with the lustre of lordly names.

There were six or eight thousand visitors at Scarborough, at the time of my visit, distributed among the various hotels and living in apartments, some spending the entire season but the great majority coming and going as at all watering places. There was no hotel as large as the Ocean House at Newport or that of the Sweet Springs in Virginia, and there was a marked gradation in their various positions in the scale of fashion. The Crown and the Queen's seemed to look down on all the rest, even the Prince of Wales', and quite scorned the Princess Royal, where I was lodged, a clean, airy, comfortable establishment which literally looked down from a perch of two hundred feet on the town and all that it contained. There were guests at our house who were only too glad to attend the hops and balls at the greater houses and came back with pleasant gossip, given at table d'hôte, of the illustrious people they saw there, but the illustrious people never returned the compliment by illustrating the modest little dances of the Princess Royal. It was noticeable,

too, that constant migrations were going on from our house to the greater houses upon vacancies being presented therein, so that the Princess Royal seemed to serve simply as a lodging house in ordinary to these more fashionable resorts, where Scarborough pleasure-seekers passed a sort of probationary residence before entering upon the full enjoyment of the season.

The routine of life of Scarborough is much the same with that of all sea-side retreats the world over, with that of Schevening, Biarritz, Newport, Pass Christian—who does not know it? or if there are in it some features peculiar to England, where have John Leech's sketches not reached? It is a life of billiards, bathing, flirtations, fatiguing excursions into the regions round-about, futile piscatorial efforts in boats on the bay in which the sun peels the skin from one's nose, music of military band, morning lounge to the newsman's for the London journals, hops as already suggested, etc., etc. It may be varied, as in all sea-port towns, by plunging into all manner of tarry little alleys and fishy by-lanes which lead down to the water where the hardy British mariner abides in his sailor's boarding house, or, as at other watering places, by attendance upon the concert of Mad'lle. Squallini, prima donna from ever so many Royal and Imperial opera-houses, the circus, the performance on the flying trapeze, and so on, for those accommodating servants of the public, the showmen and the acrobats and

the prime donne, always come to the Court of Fashion and of Pleasure wherever it may be held. Also come hither the fashionable venders of elegant inutilities, opening branches of their London shops, and modistes, and coiffeurs, Jobbins from Regent street and Madame Velours of Baker street, Portman square, W. and Eglantine, of whom Titmarsh wrote—likewise benevolent chiropodists, who have removed without pain the corns of His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, and pared the unions of the Duke of Cambridge to the unspeakable satisfaction of that eminent personage, and quack doctors innumerable, who, shrewdly calculating on the credulity of their fellow-men, have repaired to a health-giving atmosphere on the sea to cure all bodily ailments with the Wonderful Elixir of Hygeia and the Medicated Mead of Madagascar. As for the photographer, he is the Inevitable. The number of galleries in Scarborough is so great that one might suppose there was a municipal regulation that every visitor should have himself photographed on pain of not being permitted to bathe.

The daily excitement, gaiety, fashion, gossip of Scarborough culminate in the afternoon upon the Esplanade and along the Spa. The Esplanade is a commanding terrace flanked by fine buildings 300 feet above the sea, and precipitously overlooking the Spa, which is an extended promenade upon the very margin of the ocean, having, on one side, some very noble music halls of stone, erected after designs of Sir Joseph

Paxton, and on the other a solid quay or sea-wall of masonry. An open space contiguous to the music halls, is provided with seats and benches, and a handsome pavilion for the band which plays every afternoon for the entertainment of the public, the public having paid its sixpence for admission at the Spa gates. The Esplanade is directly reached from the Spa by flights of stone steps ascending the cliff for half the elevation, and terrace walks for the remainder. There is probably not a more delightful spot in all England than this, for the beauty and variety of the grounds, the elegance of the buildings, and the lookout upon the sea. The Spa derives its name from the medicinal springs that bubble up there, for Scarborough combines the advantages of sea-bathing and chalybeate waters. Of the latter Mr. Black (after giving a chemical analysis of them) somewhat naively says that they may be drunk with impunity by persons in good health, but that invalids should not venture to imbibe them except under the advice of a physician. But invalids and robust people alike may drink in to the full the invigorating sea air which blows freshly from the German Ocean, and feel the better for it. And there is no point so agreeable for such inspiration as a bench on the quay when the sea wall is throwing back the waves of the advancing tide.—When the tide is out at Scarborough the sands are bare for nearly a third of a mile, when it comes in, it is with a dash and a bound, breaking grandly against

the stone-work of the quay, and now and then leaping over the wall, as it does at the moment of which I write, sprinkling with a few drops of salt-water the moire antique of the blue-eyed young lady who has been sitting this half-hour in the same spot, looking out intently in the direction of Norway, and thinking of Heaven knows what, as the band plays the waltz from Faust, and the idle promenaders pass by.

If you are not one of Sterne's "splenetic travelers," and if you are quite alone, as I was, it will while away an hour not unpleasantly, perhaps not unprofitably, to sit and observe the careless crowd and study the phases of character it presents. You will have no difficulty in recognizing the young couple on their wedding tour, nor the youthful lovers who are making of this promenade along the Spa a part of the walk to wedlock, not yet the matron who has come to Scarborough with ulterior design for Sarah Jane, who arrayed in her best gown and follows at a little distance with an officer, whether of Her Majesty's service or not, you find it difficult to determine. Here come a couple you have seen before, the mayor and mayoress of Huggermugger that traveled in the same compartment of the railway carriage with you yesterday from York. The mayoress has been purchasing some bracelets of Whitby jet, and she displays them on her white wrists as she moves slowly past with an air of absolute conviction that everybody who is not looking at her is lost in admiration of that great

man her husband. Here is a couple in deep black, mother and daughter, handsome women both, and with that *je ne sais quoi* of refinement that satisfies you they are people worth knowing, and makes you reflect that such privilege can never be yours on this earth. They are not of the pleasure-seekers evidently, but have left a home which is, perhaps, sad enough now, and, if you could find out where they are lodged, are living in some retired apartment looking seaward, their only glimpse of the gay world being what they see of it on this afternoon stroll. Around you upon the benches are seated representatives of many countries, classes and professions. The young man in the black suit of full dress, with long hair and pendant watch-seals, who is reading the Guide-Book, has withdrawn himself for a time from the jurisdiction of the best government the world ever saw, to do Europe. The gentleman in varnished boots and braided coat is a Frenchman, who has journeyed so far north to compare an English sea-bathing place with Trouville or Dieppe. There is a plethoric gentleman, absorbed in the money article of this morning's *Times*, received half an hour ago by rail, who is always discontented away from his counting-house and who would be unhappy in Paradise without the "leading journal of Christendom." Near him is a coach-maker of the metropolis who had rather be in his carriage shop in Long Acre, and has yielded a reluctant obedience to wife and daughters in bringing them from Mornington Road to

Scarborough. The tall, thin gentleman in black coat of formal cut and spectacles, is probably a curate who is making a study of the scene around him for his next sermon. And there is a lawyer, a leader of circuit, with a jaded, weary look upon his face of sharpness and intelligence, who needs the sea-air and amusement badly enough, but does not readily fall into the way of the watering-place, and would like to move the court for a rule against the band to show cause why they shouldn't play some old English tunes instead of all this absurd opera music that he knows nothing about.

You will meet also on the Spa at Scarborough, when the weather is fine, as you will meet at places of fashionable resort, all over England, but never out of that country, the fossil of the last century, the antiquated beau, the senior of Major Pendennis, the man who was a *laudator temporis acti* even in the generation which preceded us, the Undying One, the genuine "oldest inhabitant." He is himself and there is none other like him. You come to know at a glance the tightly-buttoned surtout, the eye-glass, the umbrella, the frizzly wig, the bell-crowned hat, the heavy gloves, the whole environment of the decayed gentleman. Poor old fellow, he has outlived his fortune, his friends, his tastes, his emotions, his sins, his tailor, why lingers he so long superfluous on the stage? You may have seen the ancient dandy—the Light of Other Days, of the White Sulphur Springs; you may remember—the arbiter

of the old Knickerbocker elegancies that used to dawdle about the City Hotel, of New York, before that respectable pile of red-brick fell in the very beginning of the era of brown-stone; you may have encountered long ago on sunshiny days on the common at New Haven, the "Last Leaf" of Holmes' most affecting little poem, with

—his old three-cornered hat
And his breeches and all that—

but the English nonogenarian, centenarian we may say, is antediluvian, preadamite to all these. He seems impecunious, poor man, and nobody appears to know him, though possibly he might tell stories, that one would like to hear, about the fellows of *his* set. He has heard Tom Moore sing his Irish Melodies, very likely, nay he may have heard rollicking Captain Morris troll out those clever, but somewhat exceptionable songs that enlivened the symposia of a by-gone age. I shall never know. I find him at Mr. Theackston's news rooms, when I go there at noon, looking through his eye-glass over the papers and the newest books, *a quoi faire?* There is nothing that can interest him. They do not write poetry now, they do not make coats any more, as they did in Byron's and Brummell's day, the world has all gone to the bad and there is no hope for it.

There are other walks besides the Spa at Scarborough, and the stranger that is not afraid of climbing, will find the hill on which stands the castle, a pleasant ramble, and Oliver's Mount, be-

hind the Princess Royal Hotel, a most admirable point for a panoramic view, and still from whatever spot you enjoy the prospect, it is the boundless, unchangeable, yet ever changing sea, the bright, broad, gleaming, many-dimpled sea, which enchants you. I think the sea is much sublimer viewed from the English, than from the American shores. One sees more of it from the tops of beetling cliffs than from the low sandy strips of coast line, and then the element of extreme peril mingles a deeper sentiment of awe with the admiration it excites. As we stand looking far away along the margin of this German Ocean, the eye rests on headlands only that rear themselves directly from the waves which dash against their bases, and the whole shore is yearly strewn with the wrecks of commerce. Yonder is a lofty rock some miles off, Flamborough Head, whose beacon many a mariner has seen for the last thing on earth as he was whelmed beneath the wave, and you may go up and down the coast and not a port or hamlet where Mr. Kingsley's little ballad of the fishers might not be claimed for its own. There is a publication of the Admiralty or the Board of Trade, I know not which, entitled the Wreck Chart of Great Britain—it is one of the "annuals" but quite different from the Christmas books—which is a startling thing to look at indeed. On it, the spots where ships have gone on the rocks and become a total loss, or foundered, during the year are indicated by little black disks, while smaller disasters are marked with crosses and other signs, and all along this Northern coast you will see on the Chart a black dotted line of human sorrow, which runs, to be sure, in a nearly unbroken course quite around the island. You will find the mournful statistics of the loss of human life to reach beyond one thousand every year, sometimes it reaches fifteen hundred, and not a moon waxes and wanes but some ship goes down. All this calamity, too, is compressed within geographical limits so narrow that it cannot fail to impress itself upon the mind.—The particular disaster may be forgotten but the general and continuing distress is remembered, and the sea that washes England is inevitably associated with the idea of supreme danger beyond that of any other part of the globe. I say that this ever-present sense of danger does, in some degree, enhance the sublimity of the ocean view, or heighten its effect upon the beholder; certainly the sea exerts in its calmer moods, a greater fascination by reason of this element of peril, as the beauty of ferocious animals wins us more than that of docile ones. O the treacherous, faithless sea! How beautiful, how peaceful, how loving, it seems now, in halcyon rest, with the gleams flying over it, and a dozen sail here and there, upon its bosom, and the landward wave beating so gently against the beach that it just kisses the pebbles and then glides off again, and anon you shall see it terrible in its wrath, hurling itself in great masses against the rocks and prevailing even over

these, in the unequal conflict of six thousand years!

As Yorkshire possesses the noblest cathedral, so it can boast the finest ruin in all England, that of Fountain's Abbey. To reach this one stops at the little town (or rather city, for, though containing not more than 7000 inhabitants, it has a cathedral and palace of a Bishop) of Ripon, which the reader will take notice is pronounced as if spelt with a duplicate p—Rippon. A short walk or drive from this place leads to Studley Park, the seat of Earl de Grey and Ripon, within whose extensive grounds the ruin is situated. A broad avenue, a mile in length, edged with stately trees, stretches in a straight line from the outer gateway to that portion of the grounds, where the visitor turns off to get to the Abbey, and here will be found porter's lodge and visitors' book, with peremptory payment of a shilling and optional inscription of one's name, and here the visitor gives himself in charge to one of the vassals of Earl de Grey, and with other victims is conducted off to see the ruins by "the long way, the middle way, or the short way," as he may prefer. It has often been the subject of complaint with foreigners, that the English nobleman makes the public pay the expense of keeping up his park, in the shilling entrance fee to great show places, ruins and the like. Something may, indeed, be said on both sides the question, as that the ownership of such a ruin as Fountain's Abbey involves the employment of many servants as a police for the protection of

the property and the preservation and good order of the grounds, and as this is done in the interest of the traveling public, it is but fair the traveling public should bear the charge. Without giving an opinion upon the matter, I cannot help saying here that, guides in general being nuisances, the guide at Studley Park was the most intolerable bore I ever met with. He may not have been a depraved nor yet a malignant person, and his countenance did not indicate a nature either of utter depravity or fiendish malignity, and I think that I have wholly forgiven him, but forget him I cannot, and somebody will, one of these days, recover heavy damages from Earl de Grey in an action of false imprisonment based upon the conduct of that man towards the pilgrims to Fountain's Abbey. Having passed into the grounds, you must not leave him, you must not interrupt his narrative, you must not look except as he instructs you, you are no more permitted to wander at your own sweet will than is the little river Skell which flows through a glade naturally picturesque, and beautified by some magnificent elms and beeches, but which is so forced into stiff cascades and spread out into stagnant lakes of regular geometrical shapes bordered with hammered stone that one would be glad to escape from this prim formalism of landscape gardening into a Carolina swamp or a Georgia pine barren. All manner of questionable ornaments are scattered through the grounds such as the Temple of Fame and the Temple of Piety, both of which look

uncommonly like ice-cream boxes at Cremorne, and the guide at last conducts you circuitously around a hill to Anne Boleyn's seat, where, having placed you under an arbor he suddenly throws open the opposite doors revealing the grand old wreck of the Abbey in the distance, seen as in a picture frame or in a tableau at the Princess' Theatre. From this you descend directly to the ruins where you may profit by the extent of the surface, and the friendly walls, to get a few moments to yourself for a quiet observation of the majestic pile.

The monastery originally covered a space of ten or twelve acres, we are told, but the ruins are embraced within an area of two acres. There are beautiful cloisters and a magnificent tower, quite perfect, which the stone masons were at work upon while Columbus was tossing about on the Atlantic looking for his new world, (the tower bears the date of 1494) and a great east window, the tracery all gone, but the arch still lifting itself sixty feet above the pavement, and there are monumental slabs of abbots and bishops with Latin inscriptions nearly effaced, and over all is written, "Vanitas vanitatum," over the tombs and the tower, over nave and transept, vanity of vanities! so perishes the work of man's hands, and all of mere material greatness he may attempt. There are three old yew trees in the corner yonder, twelve hundred years old, Mr. Black says, and the guide repeats the story, and these yew trees have seen the Abbey rise and flourish and pass

away, for Nature builds better than man, yet the yew trees will die out, too, and then one recalls the old lines about the cloud-capt towers and gorgeous palaces and the great globe itself, and retraces his steps musingly, along "the short way" this time, to smile at the gimcrack Temple of Fame that wants a new coat of paint very badly, and to moralize in his own manner on the emptiness of human ambition.

The vast extent of Fountain's Abbey and the beauty of the spot, and the grandeur of the ruins all considered, it seems strange that so little is known of it by Americans who have not visited Yorkshire, and we may discover the reason in the fact that the old walls which the ivy has over-run have never been festooned with the verses of a Scott or a Wordsworth, such as have long ago consecrated Melrose and Tintern in the affections of all lovers of English poetry.

It was the poetic association chiefly that led me out of my way in the extreme North of Yorkshire, to visit Rokeby, the seat of Sir Walter's friend, Mr. Morritt, and the scene of Sir Walter's poem of that name. Rokeby is three miles from Barnard Castle, a small village in the County of Durham, which is here divided from Yorkshire by the brawling river Tees, and the walk on the Yorkshire side leads past the ruins of Athelstane Abbey, a small bit of Gothic work that was fine in its day, to the "Morritt Arms" a roadside inn where the guide awaits the traveler on Thursday's and Saturday's. The

little river Greta flows through the estate and joins the Tees at a point not far from the mansion. The spot is exceedingly rugged and picturesque. The Greta has been left to find its own way to the meeting of the waters and to babble its own music in its course. No tricks have been played with Nature as at Studley, there is no Temple of Piety or of Fame, but in place of it an old summer house, and a table therein, at which Sir Walter used to sit and write, both summer house and table the worse for the knives of tourists, the same who have carried off the original nails of the house of Shakspeare's nativity, and had them made into miniature horse-shoes for the watch-chain. What a pleasant thing to have come upon Sir Walter in his favorite haunt, and to have heard him read some of those ringing octo-syllabics of his, while the ink was still wet upon the paper! They have had their day, those medieval chivalric stories told in lines of eight syllables, and had been forgotten mostly, save the ballads and certain descriptive passages, had not the wizard struck out the novels and thus given the poems another lease of fame and popularity. Few peo-

ple read Scott's Poems—the whole of them—now; the complete set is still published in one volume as a gift book, but young people do not talk now in hall and bower of the heroines, nor sing the songs which Sir John Stevenson set to music, and the old tiresome reflection *fuius* comes again, as I leave Rokeby and cross Greta Bridge. But what strain is this which I seem to hear?

O Brignall banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen.

There are Greta woods and not far off are Brignall banks, but as I recall the lines, I recall also a time dim and distant, and a home in Virginia, and an old piano forte that was often struck to them, and even now gives out the music of them, which comes to me, over ever so many years and over miles of ocean, faint but clear like the horns of Elfland. In that time, dim and distant, I thought Greta woods and Brignall banks were fairy land. And now I wave them an adieu, stepping from Athelstane Bridge into Durham again, and bless Sir Walter's memory, and say that of all our poets no one has written such songs as his.

SONNET.

"Ah! then I know Queen Mab hath been with you,
She is the Fairies' midwife!"

Romeo and Juliet.

Blessings upon the tricky Fay whose wand
Waved in deft circles o'er my slumbering brain,
Hath straight evoked a fair and stately train
Of Fancies trooping from her wizard-land;
I am a Poet, laurel-crowned and grand,
With Nations hearkening to my Tragic strain,
Deep thunder set to music! its refrain
Caught from the Muse who guided Shakspear's hand:
Wealth on the steps of Honor like a slave
Obsequious waits; my palace splendors shine
Full Eastward, drinking sunrise! Earth and wave
Have dowered me richly; ha! this life of mine
Is a god's life,—whose lordly currents have
A tranced realm where all things seem divine!

MARY ASHBURTON.*

A TALE OF MARYLAND LIFE.

The grounds were very elegantly arranged. There were squares and circles and every imaginable geometrical figure, marked by divisions of box, within which grew the rarest and most beautiful flowers, sometimes circling around an evergreen of deep, rich foliage, shooting up in a pyramidal spire while its trunk was embedded in a little circle of fuchias or verbenas.

While they led their humble little visitor about thus, Alfred invariably pointing out to me what he considered worthy of notice with the manner of a true

gentleman, a servant with a long white apron, holding a silver waiter under his arm, appeared before us.

"Ladies and Mr. Alfred, will you please walk in to some refreshments, mistress says?"

"There," said Adèle demurely, "I thought she would not trust you long, Alfred."

"My mother knows that I am in very dangerous company," he replied, bowing his smiling face, "no wonder she fears for her son."

"Tra-la-la," cried Adèle, floating from us with a waltzing movement, that seemed to raise me and my bewildered senses into

* Continued from page 231.

air, then resuming her place with the same fairy-like motion, she walked soberly beside us to the house.

Alfred led the way into the dining-room where a refreshment table was set out, and where the guests were already assembled.

"Come in, my dears," said Mrs. Chauncey from the head of the table. "Alfred, my love, give little Miss Ashburton a seat.—Come here, Adèle."

My father had returned to the house with Mr. Chauncey and been invited in with the company, occupying a seat opposite mine.

The table, to my unsophisticated eyes, was exquisite in its arrangement—the elegance of its silver and china was such as I had never witnessed before. The pride of my poor mother's heart—her set of red and blue—how coarse and gaudy it seemed in comparison, and even her best albata coffee pot, with its accompanying cream jug and sugar dish, dwindled into immediate insignificance in my eyes.

There were summer fruits of every kind. A watermelon of immense proportions, cool and green, and presenting presently its rosy pulp, in which the long rows of black seed glistened as a Chinaman's teeth, cantelopes, whose golden network figured a rind of pale sea color, luscious figs, the seedy contents of which were bursting out upon their purple covering, clusters of grapes from which the winy liquid would gush forth in its rich fulness; peaches whose blushing cheeks reposed luxuriously among their green leaves; scarlet cherries that

might have stolen their richness from Adèle's lips; nectarines and apricots of the most luscious description. The fruit was arranged in silver baskets of frosted network, and served on plates of gilt and penciled china—so fine as to be almost transparent.

I was just opposite father, and oh! I longed that the fates had separated us at that moment, for he tucked the crimson napkin under his waistcoat, put his knife into his mouth as he was wont to do at home, and kept me in an agony of dread that he would cut his delicate plate in two as he stuck the knife boldly down into his melon, regardless of the silver fork that would have assisted him much more in the discussion of his fruit. It was not independence that inspired the guest to keep up home customs at the table of his English host; mortifying to relate, it was simply ignorance. My poor father knew no better and was unaware of the furtive smiles cast in his direction by some of his elegant neighbors. I could not be sufficiently thankful that he did not seize the slice of melon by each end and bury his toil-marked and sun-browned visage into its luscious pulp—the sweetest way he always declared, of enjoying a melon. A sensation of shame also came over me as he tilted his chair up in conversation with Mr. Chauncey and screwed his boots around their delicate legs. Once he made a movement to pick his teeth.

My heart stood still. What would Alfred, what would they all think of him!—but I breathed a sigh of intense relief, when,

after feeling about in his pockets for his tooth-pick, that faithful servitor was discovered to be missing in its place, and the hand was withdrawn, so I escaped an infliction that was ever a cause of annoyance and disgust to me, and under the circumstances, I should have felt to be an irretrievable disgrace.

The time came then for us to go. On rising from the table father said, "Well, daughter, it's time we were home. I suppose you've enjoyed yourself to the utmost, looking round here. It's what she loves, ma'am," he said, turning to Mrs. Chauncey, "she's so fond of moping about and looking at this thing and that, that I thought it would do her good to bring her out a little."

"You were right, sir," replied the affably haughty Mrs. Chauncey, "You must bring her again sometime."

"Well, then, say good bye, daughter," he alarmed me by the grip he gave Mrs. Chauncey's little hand, "and come along."

My timidly proffered hand was clasped by the delicate fingers, and the invitation to repeat my visit was renewed with a slight condescending inclination of the long curls about the queenly head. Adèle turned her arch, mischievous eyes for a moment to say good evening, then directed them again towards Alfred who had removed his devoted gaze from her long enough to come forward and bid me adieu politely, becoming presently as much absorbed as ever with his youthful inamorata.

I left with a most intense desire to remain. Painful as the

sight was to me, I could have staid with them forever and watched their beautiful play, so sportive at present, so significant in its meaning for the future, and unconsciously the idea of leaving them to their childish love-making, while I was nothing to either, made me miserable. Hitherto, I had dreamed of him alone, undisturbed by present unhappiness, thoughtless of what the future might bring. Now another had broken my golden web, had made turbid the sweet, peaceful waters of quiet dreaming, and though he had never been to me but as a star, a star now of the same orbit glimmered beside him. Child! child!—I can now shake my maturer head at myself—why was your life clouded at so early an age? Why, when the young girls of your age were playing with other children, were you the victim of unrequited love, suffering under the tortures of a jealousy that you did not know by name, yet stinging your young life with a poison that years could never remove?

Did books and poetry and retirement do this? Better then that you had danced with the rustics, joined their quilting parties and kissing matches, then married some coarse young farmer whose blunt expressions and lack of manners you revolted so from in your superior taste and cultivation.

"Well, my girl, what thought you of your visit?" asked father's broad voice as we walked along on our homeward way, I in a fit of silent musing.

"I liked it very much, father," I replied, timidly. "They were very kind to me."

“Why don't you say something then, instead of moping along in this way? I've been waiting for you to talk some, but it seems you're not inclined to make yourself agreeable to me.”

The tears filled my eyes, for I was in that sensitive mood when the slightest harshness jars, and the contrast between the beautiful home and gentle manners of those I had just left was so strikingly presented, and so painfully felt with the roughness and want of refinement in my own connections.

My father was in one of his most unpleasant moods; just roused enough from his habitual humor to show his coarseness, the effect of excitement upon one who is unrefined both by nature and social position. At that moment his tone to me was almost unbearable. I could scarcely command the respect, with which I had always conducted myself towards my parents sufficiently to answer him.

“I am sorry, sir,” I replied, driving back the tears that threatened to choke my utterance, “to seem so stupid; but you know I don't often go from home and I suppose I was thinking of what I saw there.”

He was disarmed and said presently in a softer tone,

“Well! well, daughter, you're about right, and it's all natural I suppose. Only you had the dreariest look in the world on your little face when I spoke, and I wanted to know what the matter was. I wonder if Phil's drove them cows home. There's some strange ones in that field. Shoo! shoo! shoo!”

He ran after them and left me

to walk the remainder of the way by myself, which I was glad enough to do in my taciturn mood.

The sun was sinking as I walked up the lane between the peach and cherry trees now bending under a load of ripe fruit, and shot forth his hot rays angrily as he sank down, nestling between the tall chimneys and the cupola at the grove as if to say tauntingly, “I can stay here as long as I please, can shine upon him, make the flowers grow for him, the grass a rich carpeting for his feet and do him a thousand offices of good. You are nothing to him, can never come near him again.”

Tinkling, tinkling came the cows, reminding me of my evening duties—not always to milk them, for that I did not do except upon a scarcity of work people—but of seeing to the dairy.

Mother was at the door of the dairy house when I reached home. Something seemed to have displeased her, for she was scolding one of the servants vociferously and did not turn to speak to me at first.

“Well, Mary,” she said, after giving a parting admonition to the girl, “you've got back in time, though I thought you might have walked faster up the lane just now. This lazy wench had taken herself off to do nothing. I found her asleep under the lilac hedge in the garden, instead of gathering the sage as I told her.”

“I'll just change my dress, mother, and will come to you in a moment.”

“Make haste, then, for I want you.”

As I took off my little finery I

had a hearty cry most unseasonably. But my mother's humor had put the finishing touch to my discomfort, this being one of those occasions in life in which the contrast between habitual associations which a momentary glimpse of a something better has caused you to become dissatisfied with, and that which has made you feel thus strikes you with peculiar force.—When consolation and sympathy at home would heal the wound given from without, how frequently do we meet with thoughtless fault-finding from those, who do not understand the cause of the low spirits which they attribute to moodiness or ill-humor.

These are some of life's minor trials;—minor in one sense only, for I consider the little daily vexations, like the continual dropping of water, or the pebble in the shoe, to make the greatest sum of human misery after all.—For the great, we may prepare ourselves by summoning all our strength, and calling upon divine aid for victory, as in a great open battle where foe expects to meet foe, and the parties stand boldly arrayed against one another; but the little outwork of skirmishing, sudden surprising when reposing in fancied security, small and unimportant as at first they may seem;—these may lead on to the great conflict, at last, and to our unexpected discomfiture. So drop by drop, pebble by pebble, come the petty vexations of daily life, those that imperceptibly undermine the temper, bring gradual wrinkles on the once smiling, unsullied brow, impart an habitual querulence to the voice that for-

merly rang clear with unruffled sweetness of temper. What a difference between one, of whom we say that she has had a great trouble and come out self-conqueror, and a scolding house-keeper. The former so placid, with a heavenly peace resting on her countenance, a consciousness that the fight has been fought, the victory won, imparting a calm that may be forever undisturbed; the latter fretful, peevish, making herself and every one about her miserable at the slightest thing that discomposes her; forever finding fault with her servants, her husband, her children, or any one whom she has in her power to provoke into as ill an humor as she indulges in herself,—what a contrast! and which is most to be pitied? Yet that scolding housewife in her young, innocent days may have been as capable of becoming a martyr as the other.—Ah! it is the continual dropping that weareth away the stone.—Little by little the habit forms till it becomes "second nature," and we are no longer conscious of its inroads upon our happiness and usefulness, of the detriment our disagreeable manner does to the character of those whom we would influence for good, while we imagine ourselves to be the victims of the negligence and faults of others. Only as we conquer in the *hourly* strife, and return the gentle word and the soothing tone for querulousness and fault-finding, are we fit for heaven; and come forth refined and purified from the fire of constant temptation at last.

I had a headache and wished to

retire early that evening, but when I told mother so, she said in a disappointed tone,

"Why I thought you'd tell me now about your visit. I've hurried over my work to have a quiet time before we go to bed. What in the world has given you the headache! I'm afraid they were not kind and polite to you, or something."

Upon that I rallied, told her what she wished to know, answered innumerable questions and tried to satisfy her curiosity. She let me go before that, however, considerably remembering my headache. Afterwards, when I was lying on the floor by my window, with a pillow under my head, she came in with a cup of one of her famous medicinal mixtures, for she was considered quite a doctor in the neighborhood.

"Here, drink this right down; it will do you good." I did as she commanded, though the draught was a bitter one, and put my head on the pillow again with a, "Thank you, mother. I know it will do me good. Your mixtures always do."

"You had better come away from there," she said, "that night air 's not good for you."

"It was so warm, mother, that I liked to lie here to feel it."

"You'd be safer in bed to my thinking. That walk in the sun has made you sick, I'm afraid."

"Oh! no! I'll be better to-morrow. It was the excitement that I'm not accustomed to—not the walk in the sun."

"Well, then, you must go out

oftener. Did they ask you to go there again?"

"Asking was'nt much, mother. You know they are very proud, and I could'nt presume upon one business visit to go there again."

In her inmost soul I believe my mother had hoped that my chance visit might bring about an acquaintance between me and the family at the Grove. She was not ambitious for herself—that is, in this one respect which was quite beyond the range of possibilities, but for me what might she not hope! In her eyes I was a prodigy of learning, for had not Miss Brewster pronounced me the smartest girl in school, and had I not borne off the palm from a class of fourteen? Consequently, what might not these early triumphs forebode? and why might not her Mary be in the first society,—that is, the most wealthy, added my mother with dignity, for she was respectable enough already, had an honest farmer for her father, and as for money,—why he was able to leave her quite a pretty sum when he died, enough to set her up in the world as genteel as any man's daughter might wish to be. It was not often that my mother talked in this ambitious strain; though she felt very much the distinction between herself and her haughty neighbors, and their "proud airs" were a never-ending source of grievance and unfavorable comment to her.

I looked towards the Grove and saw that the moon-beams were flooding the landscape in silvery waves, sprinkling the foliage and lighting up the dark mass with

occasional brilliancy ; revealing also, one or two white figures that flitted among the trees in the park, away from the music stealing over to me on the summer air, and the lights dancing in the windows opposite mine.

I looked till I became very unhappy and discontented. I wished so much to be with them. I thought of my own home; of my father and mother, sleeping the deep sleep that follows and rewards active industry ; of the noisy little brothers whose never-ending rents with the equally endless making, and baking filled the sum of every day's monotonous employments—I was going to say, enjoyments—but here I paused midway in my discontented murmurings. God made you, I said to myself, He placed you where He thought fit, and gave you the work He intended for you. Therefore it is wrong to murmur. And as for enjoyment—with an eye ever ready to seize upon the beautiful, He afforded you ample means for its gratification. You have the flowers, the beautiful, sloping meadows, the gorgeous sun-sets and sun-rises, the nights as lovely as this. Has His creature's enjoyment been uncared for? Then, if a thought of poor mother's harsh voice, when she scolded the maids for negligence in their work, so different from Mrs. Chauncey's low, silvery tones, just flitted across my brain, I tried to banish it and to dwell upon the tenderness and care that had brought her to my room at that hour to relieve me from suffering. Could the most delicate refinement have done more?

The shadow that was hovering around me, and threatening to poison my happiness, passed away as I knelt at my sill and prayed our Lord to make me a good child to my father and mother, to enable me to keep from wishing that I was beautiful and lofty as Adèle,—but to be thankful for what He had given me, and above all to forgive me that wicked feeling of—I did not know how to word it—wishing that all good would not come to Adèle, that she was not as beautiful, or as happy, or as charming as she was; that Alfred might see she had some disagreeable fault and take a dislike to her.

Then I slept the sleep of youth and innocence, the head-ache passed away; in the morning I was up with the lark and about my wonted occupations. I did not feel inclined to read, as I usually did after making the preparations for breakfast, and the morning, though beautiful as the preceding one, had not the same charms for me. I even neglected to look out a sentence in Thompson's "Summer" that would express what I could not say myself and give me food for thought during the day. Though with the elasticity of youth, much of the uneasy and undefined discontent has passed away, enough yet remained to make me pensive and averse to my usual employments.

I saw Adèle once more—at church, with the other aristocratic company, grandly filling two or three of the front pews. She had on a jaunty hat of some straw lacework, turned up with bouquets of little rose-buds and with

long floating streamers, while her slender waist and white drapery were tied with a sash of the same color. She excited quite a sensation in the congregation; her extreme beauty making her the theme of admiration for weeks after. The gnawing pain came back at the sight of her, and of Alfred's devotion. For the moment I almost hated her for being so beautiful, then frightened at my wickedness, I joined in the prayers earnestly and became myself again.

I was near Mrs. Chauncey as she swept down the aisle, looking like some bird of rare plumage with the white feathers waving on her bonnet, and the trail of her gossamer dress ruffling with the breeze she excited in the draught from the chancel window. Instinctively, I stepped aside and stood out of her way, for with intuitive discernment I did not wish to court her recognition.— Had I presumed upon our slight acquaintance, I am sure she would have passed me without the slightest acknowledgment of my presence, or, if compelled to speak, would have done it so slightly as to have left it preferable not to be noticed at all, but as I showed myself unpresuming, and perhaps as she thought, humble, to reward my modesty she turned her head a little and said affably,

“Why, little Miss Mary, is that you? How are you to-day?” She did not wait to hear my murmured reply, but passed on with a brilliant galaxy in her train, a dozen attendant esquires springing forward for the honorable pleas-

ure of handing them into their respective carriages.

Adèle also passed directly by me, but did not notice my presence at all, being too much engrossed with Alfred who was talking animatedly to her and of course did not see me.

Mother was quite disappointed that they did not notice me more. “It was just like such people giving themselves airs to those as good as themselves.” Thus will the advocates of democracy ever rail at the aristocratic party, while they burn for admission into their midst; the fox that declared the grapes to be sour is not yet dead, long as it has been since old Æsop's time.

The days rolled by. We heard of parties, charades and picnics at the Grove. Once they told us of tableaux and that Adèle was Cinderella and Alfred her prince. I had read of tableaux and longed with all the earnestness of poor Cinderella herself to see them.— All the children of their aristocratic acquaintance had been sought for and picked out to personate some character on the occasion. But I, alas! was not aristocratic, and was therefore not deemed worthy of an invitation.

Oh! if I were only great, I sighed to myself as I saw the long train of carriages sweeping up the Grove lane, while my fingers traveled busily over the rents and darns the children's climbing propensities gave me constant employment about, then I would search out those who had not much pleasure at home, and give them the enjoyment that the proud seem to design for one another only. How

much more pleasure it would give me to see a poor child's face light up with joy than to keep it for those only, who have so many opportunities they do not care for one such enjoyment. Adèle, Cinderella! how exquisite she must look in the fairy costume. And Alfred, the prince. Nothing could make him more royal looking. How he will adore her, so bewitching in her faultless beauty.

A keen pang it gave me, and my numbed fingers almost ceased from their—at present—irksome employment; I hadn't the heart to pursue my daily work when others were enjoying so much pleasure and so near me.

Later in the evening as we were sitting before the door enjoying the soft evening breeze, father with his pipe and arm-chair and mother near, at rest for a wonder, one of the Grove servants excited our surprise at his approach and many surmises as to his object in coming.

"Mrs. Chauncey's compliments," he commenced, making a low bow, "and says won't you please let Miss Mary come and be—and be—"

"What?" asked father, knocking the ashes from his pipe.

"I can't think of the name, sir," replied the boy, confused, "but they're got ever so many people standin' up thar for people to look at 'em as if they was pictures, I dunno what ye call 'em."

"I know what he means, father," I said, my heart beating with excitement, "he's talking about the tableaux. I suppose they haven't enough for some

character and want me to fill it out."

"Pretty late to ask you," remarked father, "but 'better late than never,' I suppose. Are you going?"

"Go! to be sure she will," replied mother, without giving me time to answer, and bustling about with her usual alacrity.—

"It is'n't often you have such an opportunity, Mary, and you must take advantage of it."

I steadily refused to go, however, in spite of their urgent entreaties, for intuitive pride prevented my accepting an invitation tended at so late a date, and given solely that I might be used as a convenience. How I longed to go too! When the servant had gone with my refusal, I could almost have called him back and told him that I would go; but I never ceased to be thankful afterwards that my judgment had decided in favor of my own self-respect, and that I had proved myself no foot-ball for the great.

It was singular too, that I had firmness enough to act as I did, young as I was, and with my great admiration for Alfred Chauncey; besides I was naturally very pliable.

I wondered very much what they would say, if it would be that I was very unobliging, or cross, or what. The simple truth was however, that they did not think of me at all, and immediately sent for another neighbor's daughter, who proved more accommodating and filled the required part, I believe, to their satisfaction.

The summer passed away. The

Grove guests left the next week; But it soon died away, that un-
at least some of them did, and pleasant topic, and was but sel-
among them were Adèle and her dom alluded to; time, that anti-
friends. dote to all trouble, great and

My mother's gossips made small, healed the wound over with
themselves quite busy over Alfred a cicatrice, though the scar re-
and his affairs. He was dead in mained. I could not bear to hear
love, they said, and it would cer- their names mentioned together,
tainly be a match. The parents and breathed a sigh of intense re-
seemed to think so, and to agree lief when one was named without
to it perfectly. My poor little the other. The beautiful young
heart stood still, then gave some coquette had ruthlessly broken in
terrific beats against my bosom, upon my dreams, had melted my
as if it would rend it in twain, castle in the air, introduced her-
and I suffered agonies of quiet self like a cruel enchantress in the
jealousy while they were speaking. midst of its happy little valleys of
Still I listened eagerly with a pleasure, monopolizing the prince,
painful curiosity in the subject, and dissipating the fairy web that
that would be gratified even while my fancy had woven.
I dreaded its introduction.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Sing, Boys! sing! While the starry wing
Of the night is lifted o'er us;
Gentle and low, let the measure flow
Deepened and full, to the chorus!
A song we raise to the buried days
That were beaming with brightness only;
Ere the light that fled with our loved and dead
Left us so darkened and lonely..

Let the hair grow white! Let the failing sight
Await but a clouded morrow!
We keep the faith that we pledged to Death,
And the troth that we plighted sorrow!
There are flowers that bloom by the narrow tomb
Of the gentle, the true and tender,
And they are *all* that our prayers recall
Or the sepulchre can surrender.

Are there forms as fair as we buried there?
 Are there lips with such fragrance laden?
 Are there sounds as sweet as the bounding feet
 That are white 'mid the lilies of Aidenn?
 It *may* be so! but they bring no glow
 To hearts that are haunted ever
 By the shadow that lies on the shrouded eyes,
 And the lips that are sealed forever.

Bid Death remove from the brows we love
 The damps of his darkened river!
 Let Heaven restore on its shining shore
 The Lost whom we love forever!
Their light alone on our pathway thrown,
Their star, to our darkness given,
 Shall lend its fires to the trembling wires,
 That are linked to our hearts and Heaven.

STRAWBERRY CULTURE.

STRAWBERRIES possess the great advantage of being our earliest fruit in the spring, and of never being destroyed by frost, as the tree fruits, peaches, apples, &c., so frequently are. Fragrant and delicious also they are even beyond the rich produce of the tropics, and yielding a quick return for the labor bestowed on them, often bearing, if properly transplanted, a fair crop the first season. "We have repeatedly obtained ripe berries seven weeks from the day the plants were set out," says J. J. Thomas, whose *American Fruit Culturist* is one of the best books on the subject extant. "The second year, if the bed is kept clean, the product will be abundant. Wilson's Albany will safely yield any year a bushel from a square rod, or about two quarts a day for half a month."— This is a great advantage to persons who are settling new places, and desire fruit immediately.— Any good cultivation will produce fine strawberries, if you have a proper admixture of staminate and pistillate plants. The staminate plants will, if not prevented, crowd out the pistillate plants, and thus render a bed once productive almost barren. The remedy for this is to place the staminates in a bed to themselves alongside of the pistillates, and as the staminates also bear well, when the proportions are duly preserved, we have in this way no barren plants. The proportion of staminates to pistillates should be about one to eight, and they should not

be farther apart than thirty feet. What are called Hermaphrodites will answer the same purpose as the staminate, and Wilson's Albany being of this class, will impregnate all the finer varieties of pistillates. One of the most noted varieties for size, flavor and productiveness is the Jucunda.—“Its flowers are perfect and fruitful to an enormous extent. I, last year, counted trusses that had ninety per cent of perfect fruit upon them in proportion to the flowers. A most remarkable point of value in this variety is the great number of extra large berries. I saw great quantities, ten to twelve berries of which filled a pint. These, you must remember, were not merely a few selected ones for the exhibition tables, but there were bushels of them sold every day in market, which brought one dollar per quart.—This is equal to four or five cents each and may be considered rather profitable.”

GEORGE M. BEELER,

Sec'y. Indiana Hort. So'y.

These high prices for extra fine fruit cannot be expected, however, except in the large cities, where a wealthy class of *bon vivants* pay almost any price for luxuries.—Still strawberries are a very profitable crop, wherever a market is found. “A well managed plot of ten by twenty feet ought to yield from thirty to fifty quarts of berries. We have raised in a plot fourteen by nineteen, seventy eight quarts of Hovey's seedling, one of our oldest, yet one of our best and most productive kinds.”—Ed. Ger. Telegraph.

At this rate an acre would yield, counting thirty-two quarts to the bushel, over 360 bushels of fruit, which even at the low price of 10 cents per quart would amount to \$1,152. Say however your acre would yield only half that quantity, you would still count on \$576 which is a very handsome return. Hovey's seedling is a pistillate. Triomphe de Gand is one of the most valuable varieties, a staminate or Hermaphrodite.—At a meeting of the Ocean county Fruit Grower's Club (New Jersey) Mr. W. S. Jackson stated that when he was selling the Wilson in New York at 25 or 30 cts per quart, the Triomphe de Gand realized 75 cents per quart. The Wilson, however, will bear transportation better than the Triomphe. Mr. J. also stated that his ordinary yield was 75 to 80 bushels to the acre, (a greatly inferior product to that of the editor quoted above) and that ashes was his best fertilizer. He covered his beds with pine “needles” (leaves) in spring before blooming, but this necessary work would be much better done in fall or winter. The Superintendent of the Experimental garden in Washington city makes a short but valuable report on strawberries (1864) and their culture. He classifies them, according to their flavor and productiveness, making the No. 6 the standard of excellence. It will be seen that of the whole number mentioned, the Jucunda and Wilson's Albany are the most productive. The Triomphe de Gand is also shown to be very

valuable, being only one number from the highest, both in quality and quantity. The three finest in flavor, it will be noticed are the Carolina Superb, the Oscar and River's Seedling Eliza, but the two former are both poor producers, while the latter is very productive, being rated 5, which is equal to the Triomphe de Gand.

The following notes have been taken of those that have fruited here in sufficient quantities and under conditions to warrant an opinion. Taking the figure 6 as a standard of excellence, we place them relatively thus:

Name of Variety.	Quality.	Quantity.	Name of Variety.	Quality.	Quantity.
Burr's New Pine.....	5	4	McAvoy's Superior.....	4	4
Cutter's Seedling.....	3	4	May Queen.....	4	4
Carolina Superb.....	6	1	Oscar.....	6	2
Duc de Brabant.....	5	4	Pineapple.....	5	2
Downer's Prolific.....	3	5	River's Seedling Eliza.....	6	5
Excellente.....	6	2	Reine Hortense.....	4	4
Fillmore.....	4	4	Stirling Castle Pine.....	5	3
Golden Seeded.....	5	4	Sir C. Napier.....	5	3
Great Austin.....	4	4	Triomphe de Gand.....	5	5
Hooker.....	6	3	Trollope's Victoria.....	4	4
Jenny Lind.....	4	4	Vicomtesse de Thury.....	5	4
Jucunda.....	4	6	Wilson's Albany.....	3	6
Lady Finger.....	4	5	Wizard of the North.....	3	4
La Tour de Mauborg.....	5	4			

"In comparing these results, it be kept in view that no fruit varies so materially, both in flavor and productiveness in different soils and climates, as the strawberry. Even in the same soil and locality the yearly result will not always be the same. The quantity will be influenced by the state of the weather when the plants are in flower, and the flavor of the fruit is almost as sensitive to wet as a barometer. In all cases, the crop will be increased by slight covering during winter, thus saving the earliest-formed buds, which otherwise are liable to be destroyed by frosts.

"Again: injury often results from disturbing the roots at improper periods. It is particularly hurtful to dig or plough between the plants in spring before the

crop is matured. In some soils, if properly prepared previous to planting, nothing will be required, in the way of cultivation, except keeping clear of weeds for two or three years. Soils that are somewhat tenacious, frequently become consolidated if trampled on while wet during the gathering of the crop. In this case, it should be loosened up with fork or cultivator as soon as possible after the fruit is past, and kept clean and friable during the season. The roots that support the flower buds are formed during the end of summer and fall, and any injury they receive will correspondingly injure the crop. It is now well known that good crops of fruit cannot be had if the runners are not removed during summer."

In the Fruit Growers' Society, of Western New York, the following discussion took place:

"P. Barry said he would cultivate in rows two and a half feet by one foot, and keep off the runners until after bearing. Runners generally destroy the bed—they should be removed every second or third year. The ground should always be well trenched and manured.

"H. E. Hooker would plant two and a half by three feet for an amateur, in very rich deep soil, and keep off the runners. He finds it difficult to get an extra price for extra large berries in the Rochester market. For marketing, he would plant four or five feet apart and cultivate with a cultivator, let the rows grow in mass about one foot wide. This he thought was the cheapest way to produce them.

"C. L. Hoag, said Dr. Ward, of Newark, thought that the poorer the ground the better the fruit. He had a bed on poor ground which produced admirably—some which he planted near an old hot-bed did not yield well. He spades under all the present year's crop, using this year's runners for the next year's crop.

"Doolittle, of Oaks Corners, Ontario county, said the best berries which he ever saw raised were grown on ground which had been scraped off a foot deep. The part scraped had been carried a few rods and the whole planted with strawberries. The part which had two surface soils produced very inferior fruit, while the part scraped yielded abundantly.

"C. L. Hoag said one of the best strawberry cultivators grew his fruit upon very poor land and with perfect success."

I do not entirely agree with the two last gentlemen—I think strawberries require good soil,—at least it must be deep and mellow, and instead of removing the runners every third or fourth year, as suggested by Mr. Barry, I would never allow a single runner to strike root in the bearing beds, but keep them all cut off with a light, sharp hoe. For propagating, of course, the runners must be allowed to grow, and probably, for field culture, Mr. Hooker's plan is a good one.

The *Prairie Farmer* describes the mode of cultivation North-west to be, to plant the rows four feet apart and let the runners all strike root, and after the picking season is over, to run a plow between the rows, *cut down the weeds with a scythe* and mulch. In this way the produce is said to be enormous, realizing in some instances, over \$1,500 per acre.

An excellent compost for the strawberry is said to be 60 bushels of leaf mould from the woods, 20 bushels leached ashes, 5 bushels of lime and 3 or 4 quarts of salt, for an acre.

Any one, who wishes to acquaint himself with the different varieties of strawberries, with their staminate and pistillate character, should procure a strawberry catalogue from Wm. R. Prince, Flushing, New York.—Plants can be obtained of any nursery, North or South.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF EMINENT MEN—EXTRACTS FROM
MY DIARY, 1834.

WASHINGTON CITY,

MAY, 1834.

While in the Senate chamber it occurred to me what a fine subject for a picture it would make. The Chamber is itself beautiful, and the arrangement, and different groups of members striking. The likenesses of some of the prominent men should be carefully preserved.

Mr. Calhoun's face and angular figure bringing to mind those stern Cameronians who were so ready to die for their principles—his eyes blazing with genius, and as if his soul looked out of them.

His colleague, Mr. Preston, with his high-born look, and his countenance not so dark and stern—but filled with a richer and softer expression of genius, though at the same time, looking as if he too would grapple with death for his principles—from generous impulse and noble pride—Mr. Calhoun would die for nullification *con amore*.

Then Mr. Webster's dark and, at times, ferocious face—his forehead like a tower above the lower part of his face, which is singularly weak, compared with the upper; his mouth expressing want of courage, which is said to be the fault of his character.

Mr. Clay is assuredly not handsome—but there is a certain reckless, good-natured look about his face, that, in some degree redeems it. As one of our great men, his

likeness should be transmitted to posterity.

Mr. Van Buren, with his bald head and everlasting smile would be conspicuous in the Speaker's chair.

MR. CALHOUN.

MAY 9TH.—Last night Mr. Calhoun was giving us some details of his early life and onward course, which, as they bring us to a nearer acquaintance with a great man, are curious and interesting.

We were speaking of the little pet of our mess, when he said the smartness of children was no sign of what they would be in after life—"I believe," said he, "that the temper of a person's mind undergoes a great change after twelve"—"I was an extremely silent and grave child, so that I acquired the nick-name of Judge—I was not as quick in learning as one or two of my brothers—my temper without being very quick, was very strong when excited. My head being unusually large, one of the epithets to vex me was, 'you swell-head.' When I was about twelve, my brother-in-law, Dr. Waddle, a teacher in Abbeville, took me to his house, and after the death of my sister, kept me with him. Of course, I was much alone, and for the want of something to do, fell to reading. There happened to be a circulating library hard by—my eyes fell upon the names of Alexander and Socrates. I was attracted to

them, because one of my school-mates who had a reading mother, had told me most miraculous tales about them. Once got to work, I almost killed myself reading. In the course of six weeks, I read Rollin (12 volumes,) Charles 12th, Charles 5th. Locke on the Human Understanding, having somewhere heard of some one having read it at 15, I resolved to do the same at 13—and several other works.—My eyes became so sore, I could not bear the light—yet, by darkening the room, persisted in reading. My mother hearing of my lamentable condition, that I was a skeleton, that my ears, like the poor starved sand-hill tacksies, were bloodless, and might be seen through, sent for me and put me to the plough. From that time till I was eighteen, I never thought of a book—regained my health and, contrary to the habits of my childhood, turned with avidity to all sorts of sports. About that time, a friend who was going out squirrel hunting with me, said, my relatives were very much dissatisfied with my course, that I ought to get an education, and prepare myself for something in the world. At first, I disregarded what he said—but by the time I reached home, I began to think better of it.

“After consultation with my mother, I set off next day to—(I have forgotten the place.) On reaching there I was advised, by way of preparation, to take lessons in some of the branches from a private tutor. He was an amazing good creature, and gave me a great reputation. The truth was, he knew but little, and I soon

found I had to teach him. I therefore did not attempt arithmetic with him, but went into the country to review it by myself, all I knew about it was from an Irish teacher, when I was 13.

“On the day appointed for examining me, I joined a tolerably large class. Some problem in trigonometry was given us, and upon my getting the result I turned to the professor and told him so, he asked me how, and said all was right. As I was a stranger, this accident excited attention. For my own part, I felt nothing but surprise for I was sure any fellow in the class was my superior in knowledge, so scanty did I think mine. The next day the same thing occurred and the next a problem was given of that kind, where each result but adduces another. I went on getting three or four—by this time my ambition was fired to get out ‘*first.*’ I therefore said, ‘I have not got the result, but I can give you the *principle* by which it can be obtained, as thus and so on, by approximation.’ The students thought I must be perfectly acquainted with mathematics, and that approximation was some profound word. From that period till thirty, I read more than I have ever done since.”

I asked him if he had ever read novels. “No. When I was thirteen, dipping so deeply in the circulating library, I had with all the novels picked out the historical parts, and skipped the mere narrative, neither was I fond of poetry, as I advanced in years, I liked it better, and talked enthusiastically about Homer.”—

He said he is still slow in acquiring knowledge, till he gets at the *principle*; when he has a place to rest his foot on, then all is smooth. He said Mr. Burke expresses this feeling well when he said, there was an *uneasiness* about him till he could understand the subject.

FEBRUARY, 1835.—Last night Mr. Calhoun conversed with me upon Fate, fore-knowledge, &c., and said, so firmly convinced was he that all things are progressive in this life, tending to some ultimate good for the whole that he profoundly acquiesces in whatsoever happens to him individually—that though he be crushed, all matters are right, because so ordered.

This he says in a philosophic, not a Christian sense. However, he acquiesces better in theory than in practice. He is sadly chafed at the position he now holds as a public man.

He remarked to me that all men were subject to censure and slander, and that *he* had not escaped, "but," (and his eyes blazed with almost preternatural lustre) "the worst they had said of him was that he was ambitious, and true, he was ambitious—ambitious of being know to posterity as one who fore-saw the evils this government was falling into, and saw the remedy too. That much as they might *say* it, none would *believe* he was aiming at the Presidency. Suddenly turning to Mr. L—, a Virginian, he mourned over Virginia as having utterly fallen from her high estate; he said her instructions to her Senators to expunge, had sealed her infamy, that the very name of Virginia would be odious." To all

of which Mr. L— lent a polite attention—attributing it in part to party feeling, in Virginia, and rather by inuendo, than word, supposing that perhaps Mr. Calhoun might view matters through highly excited party feeling.

JUNE 1ST.—Mr. Calhoun amused us to-night by relating an adventure that happened to him when a young man.

Old Mr. S—, a baptist preacher, invited him to a large baptist meeting, when to his surprise, he was as an honored guest asked up into the pulpit, feeling very awkward he insisted on Mr. S— going with him. There they sat listening very gravely to the arguments on Church Government, when there arose the question, whether a man might marry his wife's sister. Some one of the members said it involved a legal question, and that as there was a distinguished member of the Bar present, they would be glad of his opinion. So they called on Mr. Calhoun, who rose and said the law had laid down no rules on the subject, but followed what was laid down in the Bible. Pretty soon he took occasion to leave and and rode home, lest some other knotty point should be submitted to him.

JUNE 2ND.—Two strange looking men came in to see Mr. Calhoun. I left him entertaining them by extracting information from them. Mr. Calhoun learns more than any one I know, by conversation. He has the knack of getting something from every one he talks with, partly resulting from his kind feeling, which leads him to induce people to talk on subjects they best know and like.

THE ELOQUENCE OF RUINS.

High on a desert, desolated plain
 In the far Orient, a stately band
 Of giant columns rise. Above the sleep
 Of devastated cities, mouldering,
 Yet haughtily they stand; grim sentinels
 Calling the watches of a vanished race,
 And, guarding still from Ruin's felt-shod tread
 The mutilated chronicles of Eld.

Heavy with melodies all vast and vague,
 Lifts up a solemn voice where Ages lie
 Entombed with empires, in the crumbled pride
 Of old Byzantium. Dark Egypt's lore
 Lies in her catacombs; her histories
 In fallen temples; while her Pyramids
 Like ponderous old tomes upon the sands,
 Teem with the hidden records of the Past.
 Amid their gloomy mysteries, the Sphinx
 A gaunt-eyed oracle, essays to speak,
 And the weird whisper of her stony lip
 Sounds o'er the tumult of the rushing years.

Greece! how her shattered domes reverberate
 The thunders of a thousand gods, that dwelt
 On Ida and Olympus! Porticoes
 That droop above their portals, like to brows
 Of meditative marble over eyes
 Dim with the haze of revery, still speak
 Of ancient Sages; and her pillars tell
 Of Heroes who have sought the Lethean wave,
 And shores of Asphodel. Then, rising where
 The yellow Tiber flows, some stately shaft,
 Like a proud Roman noble in the halls
 Of the great Forum, stands—the orator
 Of nations gone to dust. The obelisk,
 Girt with resistance, gladiator-like,
 From his arena challenges a host
 Of stealthy-footed centuries!

The lone

Dark circle of the Druid, with its stones
 Rugged and nameless, hath a monotone

Wild as the runes of Sagas at the shrine
 Of Thor and Odin. Slow and silently
 The pallid moonlight creeps along the walls
 In the old abbey shadow. Timidly
 It creepeth up, to list the tales they tell
 Of Beauty and of Valor, laid to sleep
 In the low, vaulted chancel. Ivy-crowned,
 And crumbling to decay, how loftily
 Rise the old castle towers! Its corridors
 Resound with elfin echoes as the bell,
 Wind-rocked upon its turret, sends a knell
 From cornice to cavazion. The owl,
 A dim-eyed warder, watches in his tower;
 And zephyr, like a wandering troubadour
 Sports on the ruined battlement, and sings
 To broken bastion, shattered oriel,
 And fallen architrave.

The western wild
 Spreads out before us, and her voice of might
 Shakes the old wilderness. Alone it swells,
 Where tropic bloom, and gray corrosion strive
 To crush the deep and restless mutterings
 Of hoary-headed ages. Dim and strange,
 The priest, the vestal, and the dark Cazique,
 Rise on the Teocallis; and below
 Flit the swart shadows of the nameless tribes
 That peopled Iximaya. Ruins all—
 Yet mighty in their magic eloquence!

Oh! "Land we Love!" oh! Mother, with the dust
 And ashes on thy robe and regal brow—
 Deeper, and wilder, more melodious far,
 The voice of melancholy, wailing o'er
 Thy desolated homesteads! *That* awakes
 Its echo in the memory; it brings—
 (Alas! that it should be but memory!)
 The carol of the robin—and the hum
 Of the returning bee,—the winds at eve,
 And the low, bell-like tinkle of the brook
 That rippled round the garden. Then we see
 The great elm-shadow, with the threshold stone
 That garnered up the sunshine; and the vine
 That crept around the colonnade, and bloomed,
 Close-clinging as a love unchangeable.

We dream of gay boy-brothers, sleeping now
 'Neath grasses rank on lonely battle-fields—
 And seem to feel perchance, the blesséd light
 Of our sweet mother's smile—the holy breath
 Of a good father's benison. We think
 Of the white marbles where their hearts are laid
 Down to a dreamless slumbering;—ah! *then*
 Rush the thick blinding tears—and we can see
 No more!

THE HAVERSACK.

WE have been frequently asked whether, "Aunt Abby, the Irrepressible" was a real character, and whether there were many more "sich" in the Old North State. The indomitable fighting qualities of our North Carolina soldiers proved that they came from the right kind of mothers—women of energy, pluck and endurance. Aunt Abby's character has not been over-drawn. She lives in her own proper person, as we trust that she will live in the history of her State.

The following additional incidents, in her career, have been furnished the Haversack:

From among a number of anecdotes respecting "Aunt Abby, the Irrepressible," which have been sent me since she appeared in the *Land we Love*, there are two that are worthy of the Haversack, and, as they came too late to be embodied in the sketch of her, I send them for that depository of good things.

The first is quite equal to that related by Sir Walter Scott in his "Tales of a Grand-father, of

Black Agnes, the celebrated Countess of March; who, when defending her castle of Dunbar against the English Earl of Salisbury, used to show herself with her maids on the battlements after an assault, and proceed to wipe away the dust raised by the falling of the stones cast by his military engines, as though he could do her castle no harm, which a clean towel could not wipe away.

When General Lee had his army entrenched at the Wilderness, Aunt Abby made one of her usual trips to it, and was present at a sharp attack, in which the Confederate troops were driven by sharp-shooters from a portion of the entrenchments, which it was important to defend. While the officers were attempting to rally the men, Aunt Abby, with a hop, skip and jump, mounted the works and went dancing along in full view of the enemy, calling out, "Hand me up a broom, boys; and the ole woman will sweep the bullets out'en your way if its them you are affear'd on." Those

who have heard a Confederate battle-yell, can imagine the shout with which those works were remanned, but I cannot describe it.

The second I give in the words of the young officer who related it:

I had just put on my new uniform, as a Major in the Confederate army for the first time, and about the largest man in Richmond, in my own estimation; the observed of all observers, I was standing at the fashionable promenade hour at the Spotswood Hotel, in company with half a dozen officers, when I heard some one shout out, "Lord bless my soul! if thar aint Henry M —," and before I could turn round, Aunt Abby was clasping me round the neck, and in a loud tone relating her troubles with "a good for nothing cheat of an Irishman who wants to charge me ten dollars, honey, jest to take me five miles to the camp." Disengaging myself as I best could, I told her I would go off and get a hack for her, if she would just step into the hotel a moment, and turning round the corner, I was out of sight as quickly as possible; hacks were not hard to find, and in a few moments I had one, and asking the fare to the camp, was told ten dollars; taking nine dollars and a half out, I handed it to the driver, who received it and my directions with a grin, and returned to Aunt Abby, whom I found where I had left her. "Now Aunt Abby," I said, to her as I put her into the carriage, "this man has promised to take you to

the camp and bring you back for fifty cents, and don't you pay him a cent more." "No child, that I won't, you are a good boy, Henry M——, and your old Aunt Abby ain't gwine to forget you in a hurry." So saying, she turned on the driver, and having received his assurance that he would only charge her fifty cents, for the ten miles, and her's "that ef he darred to ask eny more, she'd give him a piece of her mind," she drove off happy, and I saw her no more during my stay in Richmond.

A lady sends us from Gainesville, Va., an anecdote of one of the juveniles:

Under the orders of the general, who never saw the face of his foe, the whole country passed over by his troops was given up to pillage. Seigle's corps was encamped around our premises, and most faithfully did they carry out the orders of their distinguished chief, who "knew nothing of lines of retreat." Hogs, sheep, calves, ducks, chickens—every living thing was seized by the Dutchmen "for de use of de gran Oonion Army." The stealing of the chickens was a special grief to my little brother; and as we had been Union people ourselves, he could not understand how Union soldiers could act in that way.—As he saw the pitiless Dutchmen wringing off the neck of his favorites, he said to me, "Sister, didn't we use to be Union folks." I replied, "yes we did." "Well, sister, when we was Union folks, did us steal chickens too!"

S. M. M.

We judge that a great deal of latent Unionism was developed in the bosom of that Virginia boy. It may, be, however, that he was inspired with the same feeling, which a cheerless picket excited in Tom H——. He returned in the worst possible humor from a cold, rainy, miserable tour of duty, and grumbled to his captain, "why don't these Yankees go home and attend to their own business, and let us do the same? But if they won't do that, I wish that every one of them was in the bottomless pit." "Ah, Tom," said his captain, "that would only afford you temporary relief from their presence!"

The gallant captain expressed precisely our opinion of the Military Bill. It may give us temporary relief from the presence of the military, but to plunge us into the great pit of Mongrel abominations. We prefer the military to the pit!

From Fulton, Missouri, we get the next two anecdotes:

The Missouri Confederates have always been remarkable for their love of fun, frolic or fight. They had to leave home at the commencement of the war with little or no preparation. Their *wardrobes* were very scantily supplied and formed a strong, striking contrast with the voluminous, comfortable ones of their fellow-soldiers who could receive such things *direct from home*. All the Missouri soldier got, he captured from the enemy or drew from the *bomb-proof* quarter-masters, and the amount received from the latter source was limited. They

bore their lot cheerfully, however, and even ridiculed the supply of their friends who were more fortunate—especially in the Trans-Mississippi Department. They would, when a well-dressed soldier came along, with a large roll on his back, deliberately and solemnly *take up a collection*, tender it to him, and politely request him "to take his ORGAN off his back and give them a tune, alleging that they wanted to see the *monkey dance*."

One evening, after a hard fought battle, the soldiers of battery A, (Captain Collins') Shelby's brigade, were discussing the "nerve" of the members of the battery, some remarks damaging to the reputation of one of the "boys of the sponge" were made. The gallant fellow, feeling outraged thereby, took up an eighteen pound shell and *deliberately rolled it into the blazing heap of pine logs*, remarking coolly as he took his seat, that they would "soon see who were in the biggest hurry to get to heaven." L. W. M.

Milwood, Va., is responsible for the following:

"The Haversack" is a good institution. In it, and only in it, can the minor anecdotes and drolleries of the war be preserved.

Permit me to empale a few waifs before they are lost, as my contribution to that principle expressed by the couplet.

"A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the best of men."

In the beginning of the war, General, then Colonel Jackson, sent the — regiment of Virginia infantry to watch the ferry at

Williamsport, Maryland. Our instructions were very strict, as to all our duties. One night, I was officer of the day, when an Irishman of the command was on duty. The honored name of Beauregard was the countersign, and as it was new, then, many of the sentinels "got it wrong."

In the course of the night, I sent Lieutenant ——, officer of the guard, to inspect the posts. After examining and correcting several of the sentinels, he came to Pat, who, very promptly sung out, "Halt." "What for?" said the lieutenant. "Give me the countersign" said Pat. "Give you the countersign" answered the lieutenant. "You must give it to me." "Well then" says Pat, "sure and ain't it *Bullyrags?*" As may be supposed, Pat assumed the name of *Bullyrags* from that day.

One of the amusements of the Yankees about here, was forcing our people, who could not get away, to take the oath. One excellent family had rendered themselves obnoxious by being too kind to our men, so our *interesting* and *gallant* commandant, Milroy, determined they should take the oath. The old people knew of it, however, in time to escape to Dixie; but left in charge a daughter, whom they did not suppose would be molested. In a few days, a valiant captain with his band appeared at the house and was informed by the young lady that her parents had left. This heroic officer did not intend to be balked in that way; so he said very gracefully to Miss ——,

"then you shall take the oath." "What is that" asked she, affecting great simplicity. "The oath madam, the *oath*, you have got to take it." "Explain to me what that means, I don't understand you." I mean, madam, that you have got to swear, and the sooner you do it the better for you."

"Well," said she, affecting an air of extreme simplicity; "I never did cuss in my life, but if I must, I must. I think Milroy's men are the d—dest set of rascals I ever heard of."

Speaking of Winchester, reminds me of a circumstance that occurred there during Banks' precipitate flight before Gen. Jackson. One of the Dutch soldiers had become acquainted with a young woman of the place. As he was making "2.40" on the Martinsburg grade, without blanket, knapsack, hat, haversack, or gun; his young acquaintance seeing him, said, "Why, what is the matter? where are you going? where are your hat and shoes?" His hurried rejoinder was, "never mind, you makes hurry and gits some supper ready for Shackson, dat's all."

I am not preserving the unities of time and place in going back to the first of the war to give this remarkable instance of a soldier's sensitiveness for *honor*. It was so far back in the beginning of things, that Colonel Jackson had not yet taken charge at Harper's Ferry. We were looking daily for whole car loads of Yankees down the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, to drive us out of the key to

the valley (I suppose it would be better called the key hole,) several times we had been alarmed by that dreadful sound, the long roll, and the men knew it well.

On the night in question, we were all sleeping quietly in our quarters, when the sickening alarm broke upon

“The startled ear of night.”

I was up in a moment and among my men in time to see one of them, a sort of company quarter-master, shaking another violently, to arouse him. “Get up, Dan, get up; the Yankees are come, don’t you hear the long roll? *get up.*” Dan awoke to the full horror of the scene and instinctively clutched his stomach. “Oh, John” said he, “I’m so sick, I’m almost dead, I can’t go John.” “Well, hand me your gun, man, and I’ll take your place.” “Here it is, John” said our hero, “but *don’t you disgrace that gun.*”

A fitting pendant to this early one, is this, that is said to have happened after the catastrophe at Appomattox Court House, it is known that the Yankees mixed very freely with our men after the surrender, and affected to feel very kindly towards them. One particularly dejected poor fellow, was engaged in conversation by a Yankee, so far as to be a patient listener, while the loyal defender talked. “Never mind,” said the Yankee, “It will all come right. We are going to run uncle Bob for President.” “He ain’t no uncle of *yourn*” groaned out our poor Confed.

W. M. N.

An old reb. now in Chillicothe, Ohio, gives the next two anecdotes:

When Averill made his raid on the Virginia & Tennessee Railroad, and captured the town of Salem, the Augusta county regiment of “Home Guards” were called out, and ordered to Shenandoah Mountain; and while there they experienced some of the most severe weather of the season, finding out what the regular volunteers had sometimes to undergo. The regiment being composed of old men and young boys, could not stand the exposure like regulars, and they were greatly rejoiced when they were ordered to return to their homes. It was sleeting, raining, snowing, hailing, freezing and blowing as they passed Buffalo Gap on their way to Staunton, and they all felt that they had “seen the elephant,” and seemed perfectly satisfied with their experience of soldiering. They there met Gen. Early’s infantry, who were lying along the road, not minding the disagreeable weather, and making all manner of fun over the “Home Guard” as they passed by them. One old gentleman about six feet three inches tall, and wearing a high crown beaver, came jogging along on a very large and tall horse, when one of the infantry jumped up from a fence corner and said; “I say, Mister, what kind of weather have you up there? We are having an awful sleet down here.”

The braggarts among the soldiers were generally the greatest cowards in a battle; however,

there were some exceptions.— Private Daniel Murphy, of "Co. E, 25th Virginia infantry" was all the time boasting of what he could, and would do, and he was set down by his comrades as a coward, until they saw him well tried, when they found, he was one of the bravest of the brave.— He fought well in every engagement he was in, and eventually lost his life in the battle of "Cross Keys."

In the battle of "Alleghany Summit" the enemy, for a short time, held possession of a portion of our camp and kept themselves protected behind the flies attached to the tents. Murphy seeing one of them uncovered, and within range, fired, killing him instantly, and in the charge which immediately followed, ran up to the dead man, and in searching his haversack for something to eat, found something "to drink" in the shape of a flask of French brandy, and crying out "here is to you boys," took a hearty draught of the fluid, and then hid the bottle, and pressed on after the retreating "Yanks." After the battle some of the boys asked him why he hid the bottle and he replied, "*Oh I was afraid I might get struck and get the bottle broken.*"

One of the same company noted for his coolness, failed to get his breakfast on the day of the battle of "Rich Mountain," and during the fight, let his appetite get the upper-hand of his duty, and sitting down behind a tree, gnawed away at a piece of beef, and after satisfying his hunger, jumped up and commenced firing again.

M. C. H.

New Orleans, Louisiana, furnishes the next two anecdotes:

During the period that General Johnston's army was in winter-quarters, at Dalton, the misconduct of the men was sometimes punished by the pillory. One one occasion, as our corps (Hardee's) was marching out to a sham-battle which was the order of the day, in passing along we saw an unfortunate paying the penalty of some misdemeanor. Every soldier in the corps had something to say to him. Some of these remarks were very amusing to the hearers. One overgrown Texan cried out, "Come out of that Ticket Office." Another, "No use, *Mister*, no use, you can't *git* through that hole," &c.

A friend tells the following: When the 18th Mississippi volunteers were in camp on Bull Run, just before the first battle of Manassas, there was a volunteer Aid of General ——, who affected a great deal of dignity, and a great contempt for the common (I should say, *uncommon*) soldiers. His pompous manner soon drew upon him the jeers of the 18th.— Whenever he rode by the regiment, the men would gather about the color line and cry out, "here he comes boys! That's him! I tell you I *know* its Gen. Beauregard. Can't you tell him by the way he rides. Just look at him," &c. The gallant volunteer Aid bore it for a few days, but afterward, upon the first cry of "here's General Beauregard," he would plunge his spurs into his horse and pass the command at a full run.

S. B. N.

A lady in Louisville, Kentucky, sends us an anecdote of a young relative in Va:

While our hearts are lifted in thankfulness at the release of our noble and beloved captive, I am sure a little incident, showing how he is enshrined in the hearts of even the children of the South, will not be uninteresting to any Southerner:

Lawrence A. a glorious little reb of five years old, who lives in Smithfield, Isle of Wight, Virginia, has, with his little sister, ever since the capture of Mr. Davis, prayed for his release.— Their good old black *mammy* hearing their prayers. When the news of Mr. Davis' release came, "Mammy Retta" said, "Lawrence, your Ma says they have turned Mr. Davis out of jail."

His face brightened and he exclaimed, "Has they, Mammy, sho nuff?" she replied, "your Pa says so." Then said he in the most, positive, confident tone, "See now what prayers will do, I knowed if me and little sis kept asking God to turn him loose, he'd do it, and we prayed *real hard*, didn't we, Mammy?" F. S. C.

At the beginning of the war, Mr. Lincoln's proclamation to disperse, caused a good deal of amusement in the Southern ranks. Many, like Bill Arp, (who then first attracted attention) tried to disperse, but couldn't. However, the Federal artillery frequently effected that which the Proclamation could not. An officer, reproaching a squad thus scattered by a singing shell in one of the early battles of the war, received

this characteristic excuse from a son of "the gem of the *say*."—"Faith, Leftenant, we was jist dispersin' accorthin to Misther Lincoln's Proclamation!"

Panola, Mississippi, sends us the following:

I will give you some incidents for your "war-bag," as the old Georgia lady called the "haversack."

My first is suggested by the story of the blubbering junior, in your March number.

In the preliminary operations in the woods before Port Hudson, the detachment of troops to which my section was attached became engaged with a greatly superior force of Yankees and "*just did*" repulse them several times; our ammunition being exhausted, we went back to the works for more. As we returned, soon after, to the fort, I noticed a bright-looking lad, apparently about 14 years old, going towards the rear, weeping as if his heart would break.— "What ails you?" said I, "wounded?"—no response, only an increased crying and sobbing. On a repetition of my question, however, he answered, blubbering explosively, "No-o-o, I *run*."— Without physical courage to stand fire, he *had moral courage enough to regret his deficiency*.

At Fort Delaware, about the time of the inauguration of the new President, much anxiety was manifested as to his probable course, especially as to the terms on which prisoners would be released.

One morning, as I was walking in that memorable plaza, I saw an

earnest-looking wight intent on a newspaper, and fast becoming the centre of a listening crowd, which I, at once, joined. "What's the news? what's the news?" was asked by all at once. "Well," said the reader, deliberately, "Old Andy has declared himself at last, and it's right hard on you cavalry fellows." "Why?" asked more than one of the interested: "He says," was the reply, "that the cavalry are to be treated just like the other prisoners of war, whatever damage they may have done the rebel cause, because they have sympathized with the rebellion from the first."

At Johnson's Island, it was no unfrequent sight to see spectators regaling their eyes on the rare man-show afforded by a view of the pen. Few of them left with any favorable impression of the politeness of the prisoners, for all the camp phrases of disrespectful salutation were re-coined for their benefit.

On one occasion, the Mayor of Sandusky was on the fence complacently surveying the pleasant spectacle, and thinking, doubtless, how much better off we were than the Yankee prisoners in the South, when he received more than one invitation to "come out of that hat," as well as other earnest solicitations from the crowd. He was somewhat displeased, when for his consolation, some fellow shouted, "Say, Mister, don't mind them boys, they're always hollerin' at some d—n fool or other." His Honor departed.

J. P. C.

From St. Louis, Missouri, the next incidents have been sent us:

In those days—the days of dreamy grandeur and delusion, there were many tokens of the over-weening pride of States, and, withal, of local prejudices. On General Beauregard's retreat from Corinth, a farmer of Tennessee removed his well-rope while the troops were passing, and a few days later, a Mississippi exempt appeared on the line of march and offered at public vendue, a bag of Confederate biscuits at the mild rate of one dollar and twenty cents per dozen.

In causes, thus insignificant, originated between the soldiers of Tennessee and Mississippi a deep and bitter feud, which prevailed until some rough rounds in the mill of war taught all how to regard a trusty comrade. At Murfreesboro the feeling, though not all gone, was waning, as will be seen.

Two consolidated regiments of Chalmers' (Mississippi,) brigade left their rifle-pits and went gallantly at a battery in the Cedars. A heavily superior force of the enemy lay *perdu* behind the guns, among boulders and croppings of the ledges. A brief but sad slaughter ensued. Recognizing it a *dead fall*, the general ordered the line back—each man for himself.

While the survivors were reforming at their ditch, A. P. Stewart's (Tennessee,) brigade swept up, and over the low rampart in grand soldiery style, arms dressed, colors on a line and coming forward with files as unbroken as the shadow of a pine. It was a spectacle to thrill a soldier's nerves. The rallying line caught

the inspiration and cheered tumultuously. One hard-featured Yal-labushian jumped upon the earth-work, and swinging his greasy hat amid a hiss of bullets, sang out in tones that surged down to the second color-bearer, "Go in *my* Tennessee! Massip. has tried 'em and caught ——; Go in, and you may have *all the glory!*"

Right there was given a forcible manifestation of the wonderful mobility of Confederate soldiers, on the field. Within the short space of five minutes, the writer saw those Mississippians lose *one-third* in a brief, unequal, contest, come out pell mell, without order or arrangement reform under a close, sweeping fire, and return to the assault, in a furious onslaught, with order as perfect as two ranks ever moved in.

Further illustrative of State prejudice was an incident occurring in Virginia, just after the completion of Grant's sublime gymnastic evolutions from the Wilderness to the opposite side of Richmond. No true lover of the land could wish to appeal to the weak side of feelings long ago mellowed down to uniform love and confidence, so the name of the State involved shall not transpire.

The A. N. V. was in bivouac, snatching a few days rest after the hard work since the Rapidan. A heavy rain had just begun to fall, and the men under Longstreet, at least, had resorted to the various soldiery expedients for shelter. Dick M. a lieutenant of artillery, and his *confrère*, had piled brush, spread down one blanket

and stretched another roof-wise, making for themselves a dry couch; where they reclined philosophizing on the beauties of a soldier's life, when a lank specimen of Confederate chivalry, charmed with their little arrangement, bent down with this pathetic appeal.

"Misters, can't you scrouge room for one more in thar?"

Richard surveyed the diffident stranger briefly, then followed an illustrious example, by questioning in return.

"You are from —— ain't you?"

"Why, yes! how did you know *that?*"

"Because you are such a *cussed* fool!"

It has ever been a rule with wits to reserve their happiest hits to the last. As the humble chronicle of the good things of the rebel soldiery, the "Haversack" has at the very bottom of the bag, the daintiest tit-bit of all.

An old comrade in arms, a magnificent soldier, a true man, a genial, whole-souled fellow, full of fun and frolic, who could laugh as heartily amidst the roar of artillery, as at the camp-fire, has got off, at New Orleans, the best joke of the season. It deserves to be embalmed in the Haversack. We can imagine our friend's hearty laugh at his own splendid witticism. We hope, that all the Southern soldiery will enjoy it as much as we have:

"The military bill, and amendments, are peace offerings. We should accept them as such, and place ourselves upon them as the starting point from which to meet future political issues as they arise."

CAVALRY SCOUTS—SHADBOURNE.

MR. EDITOR: Amongst the very many claims your Magazine has upon the favor of the South, none has appeared to me greater than the strict impartiality which has uniformly marked its conduct.—Its pages have always been open to record deeds of heroism, whether they were performed by the gallant officers of our armies, or by the humble privates. This recognition of the brave soldier, whatever may have been the position he held, makes "*The Land we Love*" a favorite with all classes, amongst those who tried to do their duty during the war, which seems now drawing to a close. Emboldened by this kindness on your part, I venture to record a few of the performances of men, whose courage, devotion and skill, though known only in their immediate commands, contributed greatly to the success of our arms. I refer to the regular scouts of our service, and I shall confine my narrative to those with whom I served, not because their exploits deserve higher praise than those of others, but solely because I want to give you only such facts as came under my personal observation, and for the entire truth of which I can vouch. The men whose deeds will form the subject of this communication belonged to the cavalry corps of the Army Northern Virginia, and most of them were regularly detailed for the especial duty of scouting, within the lines of the enemy. Of course, it would

occupy too much of your space, to give an account, either of all these gallant men, or of even a small portion of their services. So I shall only give you one or two instances of scout-life, at present, but if these prove agreeable to your readers, I can promise them more of the same sort.

Captain Jno. Esten Cooke, in his last book, "*Wearing of the Grey*"—a most interesting and captivating work—has given a chapter to this same subject. He gives various gallant deeds and hair-breadth escapes as occurring to one of those brave men, whom I recognize well, though his name is not mentioned, but he omits *one* exploit which was among the most remarkable of his career.—In supplying this omission, I shall preserve the incognito of S— as Captain Cooke has not given his name. The occasion, to which allusion is here made, took place when Meade had his army camped near Culpeper Court House, and the object was to endeavor to ascertain the position, numbers, &c., &c., of the Federal troops. S— undertook to accomplish this object and he adopted a plan worthy of his boldness and address. Disguising himself as a *country woman*, he procured a small cart, which he loaded with poultry, vegetables, &c., and he drove boldly into the Yankee lines, where he made application for a pass. This he obtained; he then sold his stock and after

spending *three days at Meade's head-quarters*—it is to be hoped without scandal to that worthy—he left his friends in blue, bringing in to General Stuart all the information desired. This anecdote forms the only exception to the statement made by me previously. That only such as came under my personal observation would be given. This occurred before S — was associated with us, as he was after Gen. Stuart's death; but I have every reason to believe that the affair happened just as has been described.

Selecting special scouts and particular incidents from the whole number, as I propose to do, I beg now to introduce to your readers, Sergeant Shadbourne, of the Jeff Davis Legion, whose exploits would of themselves form a volume. Shadbourne was detailed as a scout by Gen. Hampton, and he was constantly engaged on this duty until the end of the war. He was a young man of very prepossessing appearance, tall, active and resolute. Ordinarily, he appeared to be only a handsome young fellow, with large, soft, mild eyes: but as soon as a fight began, he became transformed instantly into the dashing cavalry-man; his whole soul seemed to be in the battle, and his black eye blazed like fire.— Armed with at least two pistols, and often three, he would dash against the enemy, firing with a rapidity and precision not surpassed by even Mosby, who was "very handy with his pistol."— But in all the excitement of a battle, Shadbourne was perfectly cool, ready for any emergency, or

to avail himself of any advantage. On occasions of this sort he proved that he possessed qualities, which only needed a wider field for their exercise, to make him a leader.— As illustrative of this I shall give, first, an account of one of his performances which was witnessed by myself. If you remember, Wilson and Kautz with a large force made a raid against the South-Side & Danville Railroad. At Staunton river-bridge they repulsed and returned to join were Grant near Petersburg. Near Stony Creek they were met by our cavalry and defeated with loss. Retreating towards Reams' Station they were met by Fitz Lee and Mahone, when their rout became complete and final. Kautz pushed down to cross the Halifax road, so that he could get into his lines, while Wilson fled towards the Nottoway river. Shadbourne was sent by General Hampton just after the fight at Ream's station to find where the enemy were.— Taking five men with him, he moved up a county road leading from Halifax to the Stage road.— On this, he had not proceeded far, when he met the advance guard of Kautz's retreating column.— He at once ordered them to surrender, when they began to deploy. Without a moment's hesitation, he gave orders in a loud voice for "two regiments to be brought up; one on the right, the other on the left." As soon as this order was given, the Yankees said they would surrender.— Placing one man on one side of the road and occupying the other, Shadbourne directed the Yankees to advance and drop their arms.

While doing this, the main column of the enemy came in sight, and seeing the condition of their advance guard, they charged to release them. But Shadbourne was too quick for them. He put his prisoners in motion, guarded by three men on each flank, made them gallop, then "form fours" and all swept down towards our command. As soon as his prisoners were closed up and *charging from their own men*, he dispatched a man to inform General Hampton to "look out, for the Yankees were charging down the road he was on." The general immediately took a few men back and soon met Shadbourne, who had brought off safely *seventy-three prisoners*, the whole advance squadron of Kautz's command, and this too in full sight of the enemy! For this feat, Shadbourne was highly complimented by his commanding officer, and he was recommended for promotion on the ground of his "extraordinary skill and gallantry" shown by him, in his conduct of this affair.

It would make my communication too long, to attempt to give you even a bare recital of the stirring incidents in the career of this brave soldier, but I will adduce one or two more adventures before I recall some of the other gallant "boys in grey" who belonged to Hampton's scouts. If you think such reminiscences worthy of a place in your journal, I can give sketches of many men whose services, unrecorded and scarcely known as they are, were not only full of stirring adventure, but were of vital importance to our army. For the present, I

shall confine myself to Shadbourne.

On one occasion, he was betrayed by a negro, while sleeping in the lines of the enemy and was captured. While his captors were taking him off, he requested them to let him look for his hat, which had dropped. In the pretended search for this, he got near a wood, when dashing through the surrounding enemy, he made into it, followed by a volley from the whole party and a vigorous pursuit, which proved fruitless.

Subsequently, he, with another brave scout, young Swan, of the 1st North Carolina cavalry, was captured in Fredericksburg. *They were hand-cuffed* and sent by water to the guard-boat near Fortress Monroe, with the constant assurances from their humane captors that they would be surely hung. Not liking this prospect, they managed to slip their hand-cuffs, dropped over-board, swam to a small boat anchored near, and after several hours hard rowing, reached the shore of the James river. Here they found a small party of our men on signal duty, and Shadbourne also ascertained that a company of negro cavalry was in the habit of patrolling a certain road every day.— Getting the signal party to join them, our two scouts formed an ambush for the Yankees, attacked them and *killed nineteen*, besides their commanding officer. This affair gave arms and horses to Shadbourne and his scouts, so getting his men together he brought them to Gen. Hampton, in North Carolina, where he served until the surrender of General

Johnston: Killing and capturing which reached the Army of Yankees to the close, with a most Northern Virginia, as to Federal laudable perseverance and most movements, came through him. untiring energy. Such are a very Should you desire to hear something of his associates, I may, at few of the incidents in the career of this gallant young soldier.— some future time, give you sketches of some of them.

Brave, skillful, devoted, he was unsurpassed in his line of duty and much of the information

EDITORIAL.

OUR Methodist brethren have an excellent rule of putting new converts on probation awhile, to test the sincerity of their professions, or at least, the soundness of their reform. Experience has shown that not unfrequently those, who shouted the loudest and groaned the deepest, gave out utterances of "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals."

We would recommend this admirable plan to our colored brethren, in their dealings with their new-found friends. When a former slave-owner, distinguished for his cruelty to his slaves, or an old negro-trader approaches you with his new-born zeal for your rights and his "great heart of humanity" keenly sensitive about your wrongs, it would be well for you to imitate the caution of the sect above alluded to. You may (like them) call the penitent, "brother," and give him the fraternal kiss, but watch him awhile till the fear of confiscation, or the hope of office shall have passed off. The man, with such a past record as this, who can approach

you with honeyed words of endearment, has certainly *brass* enough about him to excite the painful suspicion that he belongs to the "tinkling cymbal" class. He will bear watching! Treat him with as much kindness as though he were flesh of your flesh, and bone of your bone, and wool of your wool, but don't admit him into full communion until he has passed a satisfactory probation.

We learn from our highly esteemed and valued contemporary, the Raleigh (N. C.) *Sentinel*, that when General O. O. Howard visited our capital, shortly after the surrender, the late President of the negro Convention entertained the General with awful accounts of the depravity of the negro character, their thieving, lying and outrageous depredations in the Pedee country. The philanthropic General O. O. H. uttered many an oh! as he listened to the tale of horror.

We do not know, of course, what changed the opinions so suddenly of the eloquent speaker,

nor what inspired him so promptly with his tenderness for those, he had so lately denounced as thieves and liars. Nor do we know when his Staff of old negro-traders, who waited on him at the Convention, began first to mourn over their former career and to feel the most touching sympathy with the oppressed race. But we think that both the President of the Convention and his Staff would be the better of a little probationary trial, before they are admitted into entire *fellowship* with their sable brethren.

The recent book of Mr. Hinton Rowan Helper—the “Impending Crisis” man—demonstrates abundantly the ultimate design of the philanthropists. The old and the new lovers of the negro wish his extermination, and they will compass sea and land to accomplish their atrocious designs. The coarse, indecent style of the present book shows that Mr. H. did not write the other, which bore his name. But at any rate, he is responsible for it, and probably no other agency was more powerful in bringing on the abolition war. Mr. H., we believe, did not take a very active part in the war, he helped to inaugurate. We have yet to hear of a single prominent abolitionist, who went to the place, where shot and shell flew. They left all that sort of thing to their deluded victims.—It is really melancholy to think how this man and his party, of pretended friends of the negro, have stirred up undying sectional hatred and poured out the blood of other men like water; and now when one wicked end has been

accomplished, they are ready to start out on another crusade of mischief and ruin.

Mr. Helper is for banishing every one tainted in the remotest degree with African blood from these, free, glorious and happy United States, and if Providence design the extinction of the whole colored race, he good, pious Christian is resigned to the decree! But let the philanthropist speak for himself:

“Full and formal notice to the negroes—every one of them, including all mulattoes, the quadroons, the octoroons; and all the other non-whites, that, after the 4th of July, 1876, their presence would be no longer required or tolerated north of the northern boundary of Mexico; and assist them, to a limited extent, to get somewhere (it would matter very little where) south of that south-moving boundary.”

“We should so far yield to the evident designs and purposes of Providence, as to be both willing and anxious to see the negroes, like the Indians and all other effete and dingy-hued races, *gradually exterminated from the face of the whole earth.*”

“On the premises of no respectable white person; in the mansion of no honorable private citizen; in no lawfully convened public assembly; in no rationally moral or religious society; in no decently kept hotel; in no restaurant worthy of the patronage of white people; in no reputable store or shop; in no place whatever where any occupant or visitor is of Caucasian blood—should the loathsome presence of any negro or negroes ever be tolerated.”

The “Impending Crisis” was written by some Radical, was endorsed and paid for by the party,

and sent thousands and tens of thousands to perish in the field, while writer and endorsers staid at home to fan the fires of hate.

The low, coarse, scurrilous language used, in regard to the negro, by Mr. H. is worthy of his party, but too indecent for this Magazine. It is sufficient to say that the old, infidel doctrine, of the diversity of the origin of the human race, is advanced, though the Bible everywhere teaches that God has "made of *one blood* all nations." We have no doubt that the negro is a lineal descendant of Adam, and that he has as much interest as the white race in the atoning blood of Christ. We believe, too, that spite of adverse circumstances, the unhappy children of Ham might become useful citizens, if let alone by the fine-and-fee-loving bureaux and incendiary agents, who are seeking to perpetuate their power by using these unfortunates as their tools.

Mr. Helper's sublime resignation, to the supposed will of Heaven in regard to the extermination of the negroes, reminds us of a "little anecdote." An old negress named Rose had a very cross, surly husband, called Quash. He was older and more infirm than she, but his tongue was as active as at fifteen, and just as full of venom as that of a philanthropist. Worn out with his untiring grumbling and scolding, "Mam' Rose" came to her master one day and said, "Quash scold too much, if de Lord gwine to take him, I'se willin' for Him to take him soon!" There is nothing like Christian resignation for either negress or philanthropist.

Some of our respected contemporaries in the "five Districts," seem to write with an eye single to what will be thought of their lucubrations by the big "Boss" at Richmond, or Charleston, or Atlanta, or New-Orleans. Now the truth is that the big "Boss" most probably has never heard of our periodicals, and if he has, don't care a bawbee about them. In Section No. 1, District No. 2, we know very well that our big "Boss" has as much as any mortal man can do, in issuing Special and General Orders. Some of the Virginia papers are disposed to brag about their big "Boss" and to say that he is the mildest mannered "Boss" of them all. Now we will yield to no one in admiration for Virginia. We believe that no people on earth ever bore trial and calamity with equal heroism. But then they are given to bragging too much! To read the histories of the war written by Virginians, one would suppose that the glorious old "mother of states and statesmen" had lost ten times as many men in battle as North Carolina; but we doubt not that the figures will show that she did not lose one-half as many. We like this State pride, this disposition to stand by her own sons. It is one grand reason for Virginia's greatness. Would that we had some of the same spirit in North Carolina! As we have had the honor of leading some of the North Carolina troops, so now we are ambitious of leading the press in imitating the example of Virginia. We will brag about our big "Boss!" He is the most industrious of them all! He can

issue ten Orders to Schofield's one! Oh! ye Virginians, why will ye brag so much!

We have, sometimes, been vain enough to attribute the wonderful activity of our big "Boss" to our editorial article on "Work!" We are sure that no Virginia editor can beat this bragging! In order to be a public benefactor, we have thought, in our enormous egotism, of writing an article on the "Sweets of Indolence," concluding it with one of the soothing and soporific poems, which come to us with every mail. May we hope that the second piece will counteract the mischief done by the first.

We would mention as an illustration of the vastness of our territory that we have received, in our little back-woods town, files of London papers fifteen days later than our regular California exchanges. It is gratifying to notice in these exchanges, though they reach us late, that there is a widespread sympathy with the suffering South. Zach. Montgomery, Esq., of the *Occidental* and *Vanguard*, a whole-souled Kentuckian, and Rev. O. P. Fitzgerald, of the *Spectator*, a noble son of the old North State, have both been active in procuring relief for the starving poor of this unfortunate section, so sorely harried by bummers and bureaux.

A Christian lady in New York, who gave the first impulse to the benevolent movement in that city for Southern relief, writes to us that up to the first of June, \$63,000 had been collected. This is very handsome, and may Heaven

bless the donors; and we mean no reflection upon the charity of the great Metropolis, when we say that Mr. Fitzgerald, if we mistake not, has remitted a much larger amount from San Francisco.

But while our hearts overflow with gratitude to those who have pitied our low estate, we would say to them, that what the South needs, is relief from taxation on labor, and confidence for the future. Grant her these two things and she will once more become what Mr. Everett called her, "the Delta of the Union."

The tax on cotton and tobacco has exceeded by a hundred fold the munificent charity of the noble and generous. Why, the tobacco tax last year, as we learn, was at the little town of Danville, Va., alone, more than \$380,000; and yet that clerical-buffoon and charlatan-Pharisee, Ward Beecher (we use the hyphen as the symbol of indissoluble connection) had the cool assurance to stand up in the city of New York and boast of liberality to the South!—This tax upon labor bears hardest, of course, upon the laboring class—the very class for whom Beecher and the blood-thirsty philanthropists profess so much tenderness! Has it ever occurred to Barnum that one of these modern reformers is a more monstrous *lusus naturæ* than any he has in his collection?

Again, we need confidence for the future. In the present state of agitation and uncertainty, capital and labor will not come to our impoverished country. The energy of the people at home is

paralyzed, and they stand idly wondering what will come next. If, perchance, some planter of unusual determination has resolved to battle manfully against all difficulties, he will find some bright morning that all his laborers have left him to attend some political meeting, and hear the chattering of a silly jack-daw.— And so it is endless agitation, while the imploring cry is on every lip, “let us alone.” The people of the United States cannot afford to lose the products of the South; but they little know how seriously the agricultural interests are affected by these babblers. We would respectfully recommend to Congress to make an appropriation of *hush-money* to the orators, paying each of them exactly what he would earn at his legitimate calling. There would be many to pay, but the payment in each case would be a trifle, and in the long run, the revenue would be the larger by many millions. The eloquent gentlemen, after being thrown out of their vocation, could, doubtless, get employment as receivers at our gas factories.

We are afraid that our wisest political economists do not feel the importance of the farming interests of the South to the maintenance of the Government, else steps would have been taken long ago to abate this chattering nuisance. We have before us the Monthly Report of the Director of the Bureau of Statistics. We regret that in our loyal section, we have nothing later than the Report up to May 1st, 1867. It appears from this, however, that

the entire exports, of the United States for the four months preceeding this, amounted in value to \$183,869,779. Of this, the cotton of the South amounted to \$122,666,353, and its tobacco, to \$4,160,857. Deducting these two articles, the exports from all other sources were but \$57,142,569!— The Report does not show how much of this small balance came from the minerals, the lumber, the wool, the leather, the sugar and molasses, the rice, the tar, pitch and turpentine of the South. The wealth of a country consists in its exports, and take away those of the South, and the country is poor indeed. Mr. Everett was right in saying that the North could not *afford* to lose the South. Nor can the North afford to have the prosperity of the South destroyed by uncertainty of the future, and by the meddling of these missionary magpies of hate and ruin. Give the poor old harried land rest and security, and it will soon pay off the National debt, and within its own borders will blossom like the rose. This will pay better than endless agitation and philanthropic diabolism.

General Longstreet speaks of the Military Bill and amendments as peace-offerings, on the part of the North to the South. Now we are afraid that either our gallant friend's theology or his loyalty is at fault. Prof. John Jahn, of the University of Vienna says, “these sacrifices (peace-offerings) were offered as an indication of *gratitude*.” Does the loyal North feel grateful towards the rebellious

South? Thomas Lewis, in his *Antiquities of the Hebrew Republic*, says that "peace-offerings were divided into thank-offerings, free-will offerings and offerings for vows. The first sort for mercies already received; the second to procure or continue peace with *God* (not man;) and the third for prosperity in the future." In the name of common sense, does the Sherman Bill belong to any of these classes? Is it intended to express thankfulness for the course of the South, to procure peace with God, or to bring about future prosperity?

John Lightfoot, D.D., says, (we quote from the London edition, 1684) "they were offered either by way of thanksgiving for good obtained, or by way of vow or free devotion." David Jennings, D.D., says, in his *Jewish Antiquities*, "the peace-offering was made in a way of thankful acknowledgment for mercies received, or as accompanying vows for the obtaining of farther blessings, or in a way of free devotion." Did the dominant party offer this Bill by way of thankfulness for the rebellion? Or by way of "obtaining farther blessings" of the same sort? Or merely out of a devotional spirit? Good, pious souls!

It appears from these high authorities that the peace-offering was not an offering to bring about a reconciliation, as supposed by General Longstreet, but an offering *after* reconciliation. Again, the peace-offering was a burnt-offering. It was consumed by fire. Does our friend mean to intimate that this Bill is to be

burnt up? That would be disloyal!

There was a ceremony connected with this peace-offering, called the wave-offering. Probably, the distinguished general meant to have a little pleasantry, to make a pun, and to intimate that the Bill *waved* the South off from Constitutional Union. The Northern Democratic press and a portion of the Southern have been quite severe upon him. Our old friend, Major Jonas, the Poet, the able editor of the *Aberdeen* (Miss.) *Examiner* takes quite a grave view of the General's position.

But our hypothesis of a concealed pun explains the case, relieves the General of seeming unsoundness in theology and seeming deficiency in loyalty. As there are few men in the world whom we like better than we do the stout-hearted soldier, we are glad to give a satisfactory explanation of a somewhat singular expression.

The recent visit, of the President to Raleigh, suggests the thought that North Carolina is next to Virginia in the number of her sons, who have become President. Virginia has been the birth-place of seven Presidents, and North Carolina of three.—Five of the Virginians attained this high office, while residents of their native State. But all of the North Carolinians were appointed from other States. It is one of the peculiarities of Virginia to cherish and develop native talent. It is characteristic of North Carolina to neglect her own institutions, and even the glorious fame

of her own soldiery. What history of the recent war has she put forth? In view of the great difference in the characteristics of the two States, we would suggest that as Virginia is called "the mother of Presidents," North Carolina may well be called "the step-mother of Presidents."

Old Mecklenburg has an honor, which we believe belongs to no other county in the United States, that of being the birth-place of two Presidents. These two, Jackson and Polk, we claim, were not the least distinguished among their compeers. Our little hamlet of Charlotte (which some profanely call a city) has not been without its distinctions. Here the first American Declaration of Independence was uttered. Here Mr. Davis gave his last orders as President of the Confederacy.—It is thus the cradle of one nation and the grave of another. Here was established one of the oldest colleges in the South. Here Hon. W. D. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, on a bright afternoon, in the year of grace, 1867, delivered an address to a small, but select audience. Precious are the memories clustering around this little village on the Catawba!

Editors of magazines have certain glorious privileges, accorded to no other class of persons.—They may collect all the handsome things said of them by their contemporaries and publish them in their own periodicals. Now, the magazine is the editor's professional sign-board, and what would be thought of the lawyer or doctor who would cover his shingle

with the compliments paid him by his professional brethren? Would not such a thing afford rare sport to the little boys in 'the streets.—But the editor, so far from being laughed at, is honored for this egotistic display. Furthermore, he can tell you what splendid articles he has in his publication, and what a talented corps of contributors surrounds him. In other words, he can say, "see, what a judicious, discriminating editor, I am."

When other men desire to get their fame noised abroad, they are expected to employ a trumpeter, but the editor can blow his own horn and the public values him, as it valued the stage-driver thirty years ago, just in proportion to the vigor and volume of his tooting. Living in this painfully modest region, Section 1, of District 2, formerly known as the State of North Carolina, we have caught the diffident spirit, and have never given complimentary extracts from the *Tackey-town Roaring Lion*, and *Hardscrabble Screaming Eagle*. Nor have we told the public that we hoped to secure the services of Mrs. Leo Hunter, the distinguished authoress of the "Expiring Frog."—But we have received so huge a compliment lately, and from such an eminent source, that we feel like Pat when he got Kitty's letter, "me heart's broke intirely." We are *compelled* to give it to our readers, and we hope that old North Carolina will not disown us on account of the constrained egotism. The traveling correspondent of the *Philadelphia Dispatch* thus alludes to ourselves:

"The Confederate General D. H. Hill, residing at Charlotte, North Carolina, is now the editor of a monthly magazine, entitled *The Land we Love*, which has a large circulation throughout the South, upwards of twelve thousand copies being mailed through the post office at Charlotte. As its title indicates, its design is to keep alive the memories of the rebellion, and to perpetuate the heroic deeds performed by the rebels in support of the "lost cause." It is well edited and well printed, but is intensely Southern in sentiment. Hill needs "reconstructing" badly."

We are sorry that we cannot imitate the usual style on such interesting occasions, "this tribute is from the celebrated writer — so long known as the distinguished correspondent of the —, that able and widely-circulated journal. Praise from such a source is fame." We are compelled to admit frankly that we know nothing of the *Dispatch* and its rambler. But we would say to them that "reconstruction" is the very thing we have been ardently desiring this many a long day. We placed our application for the same in the hands of Governor Holden two years ago, and were assured by him that the thing should be done very soon. But whether His Excellency, the Governor, forgot us, or His Excellency, the President, would not reconstruct us, we can't say; but we know that the reconstruction papers never came. We are afraid that it is a tougher job than our Philadelphia eulogist would imagine. The five Districts were promised "reconstruction" upon laying down their arms, but

it didn't come. Then, upon emancipating their slaves, but it didn't come. Then, upon repudiating rebel claims, but it didn't come. Now, upon universal suffrage, which, we fear, will postpone it forever! Each preceding step seems to have been a step away from it, and such a big leap as this will put us on the other side of the impassable gulf.

However, personally, we are in our editorial capacity "reconstructing" rapidly. We announced long ago our loyalty to greenbacks. We used to be called a cavalry-hater, but our present number contains two articles on the cavalry, and we have the promise of a third, from a gallant cavalry leader, Gen. Barringer. Changing our individual views thus rapidly on important matters, it is to be hoped that we can be eventually "reconstructed" upon matters of infinitesimal smallness; and therefore in process of time, may be so far changed, as to consider the traveling correspondent of the *Dispatch*, a gentleman. We would be delighted to be able so to consider him. First, because he did not belong to the ranks of our "late enemies."—Newspaper correspondents, like the bummers and the bureaux, smelt the battle and the prey afar off. Second, because he does not belong to our "present enemies." His desire to get us "reconstructed" demonstrates that.—May he prove to be a Paul Bagley and hurry up our "reconstruction" papers!

In noticing the celebrities of Mecklenburg, we unwisely omitted

mention of a hard-shell Baptist preacher, who used to edify the lower end of it, next to Section 2, of District 2. A brother minister tells us that he was once present when this remarkable man expounded the Parable of the Prodigal Son. He had taken up the notion that the "husks," upon which the riotous son fed, were the shucks of Indian corn, and always said shucks instead of husks, in the course of his exposition. When he came to the determination of the penitent to return home, where he would be decently fed and clothed, the hard-shell's countenance expressed much scorn, and raising his voice, he said, "my brethren, that sort of a back-down might do for a poor, drunken, mean-spirited fellow like that prodigal, but for my part, I'd eat shucks a while longer, before I'd a gin it up so!"

The Hard-shell expressed exactly our opinion of the sort of reconstruction proposed by our Philadelphia friend and his allies. We had better eat shucks a while longer, rather than accept such a home as is offered us. The poor prodigal was welcomed with music and dancing, with the fatted calf, the gold ring and the best robe. The South comes back in her rags and poverty, jeers and reproaches greet her instead of music and dancing, the tobacco tax and the cotton tax furnish others with the best robe and the gold ring, and *soupe maigre* takes the place of the fatted calf. O ye people of the land we love, you had better content yourselves with the shucks, the swine and the desert place!

We have not seen the Report of General Howard in regard to the decrease in the negro population, but we learn from the *Day Book* (New York) that he estimates it at more than a million and a quarter, since emancipation. W. Gilmore Simms, L.L. D., in a conversation with us, stated that one hundred thousand negroes had perished in South Carolina alone, in the same period. What practical good, then, has freedom brought to the unfortunate race? Every one residing at the South knows that wickedness has increased an hundred fold with them. A crime, which was only heard of a few times during a century, has been committed or attempted in almost every section of the South. If neither the physical nor the moral well-being of the freedman has been improved, what has been his gain?

The extraordinary cruelty of modern philanthropy is a wonder to many, but its philosophy is simple. All men feel that they are sinners in the presence of a holy and heart-searching God.—All men feel that this offended Being must be propitiated, else the offender must bear the penalty of his crimes. A dim notion of vicarious suffering has been found everywhere, and in every age of the world. Hence altars have smoked with victims, since the sacrifice of Abel down to the present day. Hence even "the fruit of the body has been given for the sin of the soul." In the Christian scheme of religion, Jesus Christ is recognized as being the great vicarious sufferer, by whom God is reconciled to man and man is

drawn near to God. But in New England, where all humanitarian schemes have originated, the doctrine of the atonement is denied. Good works (so-called) take the place of faith in Christ. Having thus practically subverted Christianity and established a new plan of salvation, the shrewd, calculating New-Englander casts about to see what form of good works will cost least and pay best. He is not long in discovering that benevolence is the best investment in a business point of view. It costs no mortification of the lusts of the flesh, no abatement of carnal pride, no humbling of the soul before its God. Moreover, a venture in a stock of benevolence is very sure to be safe. The benevolent is certain to occupy a prominent place in the public eye. The newspapers will proclaim his munificence, town-councils will give him votes of thanks, societies will enroll him as an honorary member, ladies will caress him, the marble will tell of his deeds to the next generation. Who has not heard more of the Peabody fund than of all the self-sacrificing labors of Christian ministers from one end of the land to the other?

But the shrewdness of the New-Englander did not stop here. He selected not only the cheapest form of good works, but also the cheapest kind of benevolence. This he found in sympathy with the oppressed race—costing no outlay of dollars and cents, only a large outlay of hate towards the master. Hence abolitionism had its root in the benevolence, which springs out of infidelity. It is easy to see how the philanthropist of this

school, with his nature unchanged and his heart unrenewed, will feel the bitterest rancor towards all, who thwart him in his schemes. Whole pages might be quoted from Major Nicholl's "Story of the Great March" to show how a genuine abolition philanthropist could enjoy house-burning, and plundering, the distress of women and the suffering of children.—Let a single extract suffice to show how he exulted in these things.—Atlanta was burned in cold blood nearly three months after its capture. Of this work of destruction, the gallant Major thus speaks:

"Atlanta is entirely deserted by human beings, excepting a few soldiers here and there. The houses are vacant; there is no trade or traffic of any kind; the streets are empty. Beautiful roses bloom in the gardens of fine houses, but a terrible stillness and solitude cover all, depressing the hearts even of those *who are glad to destroy it*. In the peaceful homes at the North, there can be no conception how these people have suffered for their crimes."

No people are ever better than their religion. They always fall below their own standard, or are influenced by it. Thus the worshippers of Venus were impure; the worshippers of Moloch were cruel; and of Mercury, were crafty. The religion of the modern reformer is based upon a principle, which begets pride, conceit, arrogance. Hence the so-called philanthropist, when crossed in his schemes for his own spiritual and temporal advancement, is the most sanguinary of men. Robespierre is a type of the class. He,

at one time, boldly and eloquently advocated the abolition of capital punishment. It seemed a dreadful thing, to his benevolent mind, for a criminal to be punished.— But when his philanthropic schemes were thwarted, the tender-hearted Robespierre had no appetite for breakfast until he had signed the death-warrant of at least half a dozen victims. During his reign, “the mandates of death issued from the capital and a thousand guillotines were immediately raised in every town and village in France: fifteen hundred Bastilles, spread through the departments, soon groaned with the multitude of captives; unable to contain their numbers, the monasteries, the palaces, the chateaux were generally employed as temporary places of confinement. . . Seven thousand prisoners were soon accumulated in the different places of confinement in Paris; the number throughout France exceeded 200,000. . . The abodes of festivity, the palaces of kings, the altars of religion were crowded with victims: fast as the guillotine did its work, it could not reap the harvest of death which everywhere presented itself; and the crowded state of the prisons soon produced contagious diseases, which swept off thousands of their unhappy inmates.” (Alison’s History of Europe.)

Could we expect anything better from a religion, which tramples under foot the blood of Christ and esteems it an unholy thing? Which sets up self instead of God, as the object of worship? Can we expect its spirit to be less cruel, sanguinary, and remorseless in

America than in Europe? Love for man, in its infernal scheme, being only another name for hatred of God, that hatred naturally extends to all His creatures. So by an apparent paradox, though really a logical sequence, we find the professed humanitarian, the bitterest enemy of his race and the most dangerous member of society. The benevolent discourses, in the Tabernacle and Plymouth Church, brought forth their legitimate fruit in the bumper-exploits in Carolina and Georgia.

In the article, Richmond Fifty Years Ago, in July number, the name of Major Gibbon was incorrectly spelt, by too closely following copy. The relatives of Major Gibbon, the family to which Major General John Gibbon, U. S. A., belongs, reside in our town. From Dr. G., the father of the General, we have received this characteristic anecdote of President Jackson.

Some officious person reported to President Jackson, that Major Gibbon, then Collector of Richmond, had spoken very disrespectfully of him, the President. Gen. Jackson inquired of the meddling individual whether there were any complaints of Major Gibbon in his official capacity. “No,” replied the informant. “Well then,” said the magnanimous President, “if the hero of Stony Point attends faithfully to the duties of his office, he has a right to abuse me or any one else as much as he pleases. Clear out.”

President Jackson was an arbi-

trary, and it may be, an over-bearing man, but no one in the United States was more deeply imbued with the great American idea, that the freedom of the press and the freedom of speech must not be interfered with.

The name of one of the bondsmen for Mr. Davis brings to our recollection an anecdote, which we heard in early life. A Northern man married in our native village, a Southern lady, and died soon after the marriage. The widow in looking over his papers after his decease, discovered that her husband was indebted in the sum of a thousand dollars to a leading Abolitionist at the North. She sent for the Administrator of the estate and told him that there must be no stain upon the memory of her husband, and proposed selling her house and lot to pay the debt. The Administrator wrote to the creditor, stating the destitute condition of the widow, and her honorable intentions. For an answer, he received a letter enclosing the note of the deceased husband as a present to the widow. The Administrator was the brother of the Editor of this Magazine, and the name of the generous creditor, as we remember it, was Gerritt Smith, of New York. In a private letter to ourselves, he says "it is time for men to quit hating, and to learn to love one another." A truly noble sentiment, to which every true soldier North or South, who did his duty in the field, responds heartily "amen!"

An admirer of Major General Butler, U. S. A., said of him in speaking of his administration in New Orleans, that he had "the best nose for scenting treason, in the United States." To which Brick Pomeroy replied and "for scenting spoons." We think, however, that there are just as good noses in Dixie as that of the great warrior from Massachusetts. We will stand up for Dixie! As an instance of the excellence of the olfactories in Dixie, we will mention that an old comrade in arms at Brookville, Mississippi, tried several times to remit the loyal green-backs to us, but some good loyal soul loved them "not wisely but too well." They never reached this little village. The experiment was then tried of sending a ten dollar Confederate bill and it went and returned in safety! The envelope was not even broken! The rebel odor of the condemned currency betrayed it to the sensitive nose of the loyal smeller! Dixie can beat Massachusetts at her own game.

OUR ADVERTISEMENTS.—We are glad to notice that Washington College recognizes the necessity for a change in the old foggy system of college education. It has a School of Modern Languages and English, a School of Mathematics, a School of Applied Mathematics, a School of Natural Philosophy, a School of Chemistry, and another of Applied Chemistry, and a Department of Civil and Mining Engineering.

The distinguished President and his able corps would have attracted many pupils in any event, but

in the present impoverished condition of the South, four hundred would not have been gathered under their supervision, had not the people been impressed with their judicious *curriculum* of studies.

The Dolbear Commercial College at New Orleans presents also an opportunity for a practical education, suited to our present

condition—a condition brought about in a large degree by our former system of education.

We have no personal acquaintance with the Principal of the Louisburg Male Academy, but he has a high reputation. Captain Shepherd was a splendid soldier of the “lost cause.” He is a ripe scholar and one of our highly valued contributors.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE MEMOIRS
OF
GEN. TURNER ASHBY
AND
HIS COMPEERS.

BY
REV. JAMES B. AVIRETT,
(CHAPLAIN OF ASHBY CAVALRY),
AND OTHER OFFICERS OF THE
ARMY OF NORTHERN VA., C. S. A.
BALTIMORE: SELBY & DULANY.
1867.

We have received and read this work with pleasure. It is written in the best style of discursive biography, and puts into lasting and pleasing shape the story of one of the most popular and romantic characters on the Southern side of the great civil war. Mr. Avirett has been peculiarly fortunate in the fact, that whilst the chief subject of his memoir possessed in abundance all the chivalric elements of the hero, so well calculated to fire the

blood of youth and win the admiration of all, there seems to have been nothing in the character of General Ashby, which the wise and prudent might not hold up for the imitation and example of all young men in the land.—No vicious blot seems ever to have marred in the slightest degree the almost perfect character of this chivalrous soldier and Christian gentleman, whose untimely fate caused such mourning and regret throughout the whole South.—The biography of such men is really valuable, and should not be permitted to perish—as thousands of similar characters will perish—with the generation that knew them. Therefore, overlooking its defects—and it has some—for the sake of the lovely character it portrays, as well as for the thorough manner in which its story is told, we commend the book most heartily to our people.

Z. B. V.

MISS VIRGINIA PENNY'S BOOK—
 "THE EMPLOYMENTS OF WOMEN."

A most excellent work, bearing the above title, has been written by Miss Virginia Penny, of Louisville, Kentucky, to which I wish to call the attention of the readers of *The Land we Love*, especially the females. This book contains a greater amount of knowledge, essentially useful to females, dependent upon their own unaided efforts for an honorable livelihood, than any I have seen. In my judgment, a copy of it ought to be in the hands of every lady in the South.

The author has, with a truly philanthropic regard for her sex, pointed out the many and various pursuits in which woman may be usefully, honorably, and profitably employed. This is done, in 532 articles, by facts and figures. No lady can read this volume without profit to herself or others.—How Miss Penny has collected so much useful knowledge, so valuable to her sex, is a wonder. This work must have cost her much toil and money. Varied knowledge, industry, great care, uncommon patience, and peculiar talent have surely never been found combined in the production of any similar work. Similar! There is nothing extant like it.

Such a volume has never before been accessible to our wives and daughters. It is an index pointing to what they ought to know. It is, in some sense, a vindication of woman's natural right to occupy places and positions suitable to her talent, tact, and taste;

from which man, in too many instances, has pushed her aside to make room for himself. It is a *timely offering*, and comes to woman's assistance when want confuses the mind, and demoralization would make her its victim. It is a work of morality and practical Christianity. It, in effect, says seek and sorrow not; work and weep not; hope and happiness may be yours. It suggests that thousands would not be what they are, had they known what they might be. This volume is a lamp to the young female venturing alone along the *misty present* without a star of hope in the *dark future*. It is an honor to the head and heart of its fair author. She has sent South, for gratuitous distribution, many copies of the work. Two dollars, its price, cannot be better expended. I say to every lady, buy the work for your own use or that of others.

BURWELL N. CARTER.

WILLIAMSTOWN, KY.

The Richmond *Eclectic*, which stands in the front-rank of American Magazines, has the following "Table of Contents," for July:

Ritualism; Gibbon's Memoirs; Thomas Hood; An old Story Retold; A Modern Magician; Anita's Prayer; Hebrew Poetry; The Hour of Prayer; A Night in the Jura; Science and Art—Pictures of the Year; The Channel Railway Connecting England and France; The Comparative Geography of Palestine and the Sinaitic Peninsula; Miscellanies from Foreign Magazines.

WASHINGTON COLLEGE,
LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA.

GEN. R. E. LEE, PRESIDENT, aided by a corps of twenty Instructors, including a Professor of Law.

THE next session will begin on 3rd Thursday in September, and end on 3rd Thursday in June.

Lexington may be reached by stage from Staunton or Goshen, on the Virginia Central Railroad: from Lynchburg by Canal, or by stage from Bonsack's on the Virginia & Tennessee Railroad.

For further particulars apply to Clerk of the Faculty for Catalogue. August—1867-3t

BELMONT SCHOOL,
GRANVILLE, COUNTY, N. C.

The Fall session, of 1867, begins JULY 11th. Boys arriving at Henderson, N. C., at the proper time, will find prompt conveyance.

For circulars, address,

R. H. GRAVES, Oxford, N. C.

August—1867-1t

JNO. C. BROWN.

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BROWN & McCALLUM,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
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July, 1867-3m

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MISSES NASH AND MISS KOLLOCK, PRINCIPALS.

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July 1867—6t

LOUISBURG MALE ACADEMY, LOUISBURG, N. C.

THE next SESSION of this INSTITUTION will begin the SECOND MONDAY in JULY, 1867.

TERMS PER SESSION OF TWENTY-ONE WEEKS.

Board with the Principals (washing, lights and towels not included).....	\$75 00
English Tuition,.....	20 00
Latin, Greek and French, each, extra,.....	5 00

Boarders must pay half in advance.

Louisburg. has long been proverbial as the "village of Schools" and its reputation in point of health and morality, is unsurpassed. It is our endeavor to prepare boys thoroughly, to enter to advantage any College in the country, or to qualify them for all the practical purposes of life. Mathematics being the ground work of a business education, more time and attention are devoted to that, than any other branch of study.

M. S. DAVIS, }
H. E. SHEPHERD, } Principals.

June—1867—3t

THE BINGHAM SCHOOL

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The Course of Instruction is

Classical, Mathematical, and Commercial,

Including the branches of study essential to a thorough preparation, either for a University course, or for business.

This School was established by the grandfather of the present proprietors, and has been in successful operation for more than sixty years.

For Catalogue exhibiting terms, &c., address,

Col. WM. BINGHAM,

April, 1867—9m

MEBANEVILLE, N. C.

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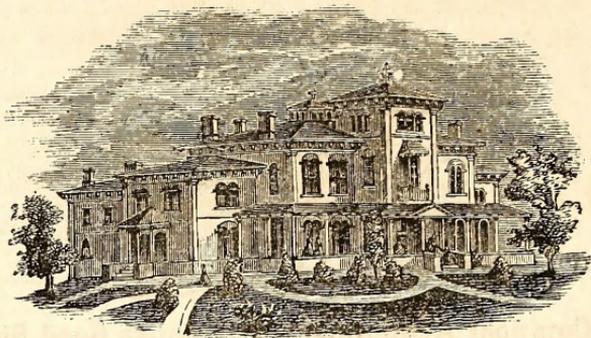
The principle and arrangement of this attachment, is the result of much careful research, and numerous costly experiments by us. The great affinity of Guano for moisture, and its sticky nature when moist, renders it extremely difficult to be sown by a machine, and in fact all the machines heretofore introduced have failed to distribute Guano except in a dry state. The great simplicity, as well as durability of this attachment, together with its certainty of action with Guano and other fertilizers either in a dry or damp state, renders it certainly the most desirable machine yet offered to a discerning public. This attachment will also distribute Lime, Plaster, Ashes, or any of the manufactured manures, such as the Phosphates, &c., &c., either in Drills with the Grain, or broadcast without the Drill tubes. With the late improvements, it will sow, with the Grain, from 50 to 400 lbs., to the acre. The desired quantity may be regulated with accuracy, by a slide and notches. When set at the first notch, it will distribute 50 lbs., and by moving the slide one notch, the quantity delivered will be 75 lbs., to the acre, and so on, each notch increasing the quantity 25 lbs. Here too is a great saving of expense in the use of the Drill, to say nothing of the relief which any one must appreciate who has sown Guano by hand. It is acknowledged by all close observers, that one-half the quantity of Guano usually sown broadcast, will suffice when sown with Drills, and in the furrow with the Grain. Plain and perfect instructions on a printed card accompany each machine. It also sows GRASS and CLOVER SEED.

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May 1867—3m

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The Session consists of two terms of twenty weeks each, the one commencing the 1st of October, and the other the 15th of February.

EXPENSES PER TERM OF TWENTY WEEKS.

Board, with every expense except washing,.....	\$105 00
Tuition, in Collegiate Department,.....	25 00
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Music, Ancient and Modern Languages, Drawing and Painting, extra, at usual charges. For Circular and Catalogue, address,	

Rev. R. BURWELL & SON,

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Concord Female College,

In the N. C. Presbyterian of September 26th, an article was published over the signature of "Amicus." I invite attention to an extract from that article. "If wholesome discipline, devotion to the cause of education, skill and experience in teaching will secure success, then the Faculty of this Female College have all the elements of success. There is no institution where the mental culture, the health, the morals, and the manners of the pupils are more looked after and cared for."

The next Session will commence on the second Monday of January, 1867. Each boarder will find her own lights and towels, and also a pair of sheets and pillow cases. The entire expense of Tuition and Board, including washing, for a Session of Twenty Weeks, will be from \$115 to \$125, currency. Ten dollars will be deducted when full settlements are made in advance. Extra charges will be made for Music, French, Latin and Drawing. Advance payments will be expected, yet the greatest possible indulgence will be given our patrons. A large patronage is needed, desired and expected.

Address,

January, 1867

J. M. M. CALDWELL,

Statesville, N. C.

THE LAND WE LOVE.

NO. V.

SEPTEMBER, 1867.

VOL. III

STOVALL'S BRIGADE AT JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, JULY 12TH, 1863.

EDITOR OF "THE LAND WE LOVE:"

In the issue of your interesting periodical, for June, we have read with much pleasure, an article entitled, "Sketch of General B. H. Helm." In correcting one misapprehension of the author, we beg that our motives may not be misconstrued.

I would not wittingly abate one jot from the well-earned trophies which illustrate the career of General Helm. But his brow is too rich with laurels for it to assume a modest garland, which rightfully belongs to one of his brothers-in-arms.

Speaking of General Johnston's operations around Jackson, Mississippi, in July 1863, the article on page 166 proceeds:

"On Sunday the 12th of July, an attack was made upon Helm's line, the heat was intense, the Confederates were exhausted by their long march, and seemingly unfit for the unequal contest, but the dauntless spirits of brave Kentuckians never quailed, and now led by their valiant commander, they repulsed the enemy with a

loss of two hundred men, and three stands of colors."

The attack referred to was made by five regiments of the enemy, not upon Helm's, but upon the line of Brigadier General M. A. Stovall, commanding a brigade composed of the 1st, 3rd and 4th Florida, 60th North Carolina and 47th Georgia regiments, and its object was the capture of Cobb's battery, which was then reporting to General Stovall, and which his brigade was then supporting.—General Helm's brigade was in line to the left of Stovall, and his gallant Kentuckians, were unable to do more than look on and cheer—which they did vociferously—at the repulse of the enemy, with a loss of some two hundred killed, two hundred and fifty captured, and *five* stands of colors.

Four of these stands of colors, taken by the 1st, 3rd and 4th Florida, and 47th Georgia regiments, together with Cobb and Slocumb's artillery, were in the name of these commands, presented by General Stovall through

Major General Breckinridge, the division commander, to General Joseph E. Johnston. The reply of General Johnston with the endorsement of General Breckinridge, has been kept by General Stovall. As a matter of interest we append a copy:

JACKSON, JULY 12TH, 1863,
12 M.

GENERAL:

I have learned with high satisfaction the success of your troops this morning. It increases my confidence in your gallant division. I beg you to say it for me.

Do me the kindness also to express to the 1st, 3rd and 4th Florida regiments, the pride and pleasure with which I accept the splendid trophies they have presented me. Assure them that I equally appreciate the soldierly courage and kindly feeling to myself, which have gained me these noble compliments.

Respectfully and truly,

Your obt. serv't:

J. E. JOHNSTON,
General.

To Maj. Gen. BRECKINRIDGE.

Endorsed.

These flags were handed me with statement, that one was taken by 4th Florida, one by 47th Georgia and one by 1st and 3rd Florida, and one by the artillery, (Cobb and Slocumb's.)

I sent a verbal message with the flags to the General. By some mistake, the 47th Georgia and artillery are not mentioned, but General Stovall will explain it.

J. C. BRECKINRIDGE,
Major General.

To Brig. Gen. STOVALL.

Under the operation of a July sun, the bodies of the enemy decomposed with inconceivable rapidity. The stench along the line of Stovall's brigade, in two days, became insufferable. An arrangement was made thereupon for their burial. The following letter, with endorsements, formed the credentials of the Federals who engaged in this labor, and was handed to General Stovall.— We give it a place here, as also a subject which may afford an interest to these pages.

HEAD-QUARTERS, &C.,
JULY 14th, 1863, 12, M.

GENERAL ORD,

DEAR GENERAL:

General Johnston has sent out a flag of truce, asking three hours to bury our dead. Firing will cease all along our lines until 4 p. m., at which time the pickets will resume their places, and firing resume. I have assured General Johnston that if he will permit two or three subordinate officers of the regiments engaged to recognize the dead, he will oblige us, and that if he is willing, we will collect the dead and bury them. You may send forward a small party making the same offer, at the point where the dead lie.

I am, &c.,

W. T. SHERMAN,
Maj. Gen. Com'd'g.

Endorsed.

GENERAL HOVEY:

You can send the party indicated herein, and make the details, if the matter is arranged.

E. O. C. ORD,
Maj. Gen'l., &c.

Endorsed.

HEAD-QUARTERS,

12TH DIV. 13 A. C.

JULY 14TH, 1863.

Colonel Pugh 41st Illinois Vol's.
with three commissioned officers
and twenty men will visit the
field of action, where the dead

are, and if permitted, bury our dead.

ALINE P. HOVEY,

Brig. Gen'l. Com'd'g.

Right Wing.

I am, General, very Respectfully,
your ob't. serv't:

JNO. P. C. WHITEHEAD, JR.,

Late A. A. G. Stovall's Brig.

ROMAN CATACOMBS.

IF your inspection of Rome has confined itself only to her monumental and artistic treasures, you have still left a most interesting portion unexplored.— There is a silent city which extends its ramifications under busy life above, having its history, its monuments, and associations fraught with interest, the most profound. I allude to the Catacombs. The origin of these sepulchral chambers has been keenly disputed. The excavations in which they began, were most certainly made for the purpose of digging out the volcanic earth, used for building by the ancients, as it is still by the moderns.— There can be little question that these quarries and caves were ancient, long before the cradle of the twins of Rome floated among the reeds of the Tiber, or the udders of the she-wolf gave down the strengthening milk that nourished the founders of the seven-hilled city. The cities that once crowded the Campagna were built, no doubt, out of the materials taken from these quarries. When the Romans obtained a foot-

hold on the banks of the Tiber, and began to erect temples, forums, baths and dwellings, then the demand for this volcanic earth increased, and so it continued under the magnificent reigns of the Twelve Cæsars, down to the time when the Romans left off quarrying, and turned to destroying old buildings, to find materials for new.

These caves or excavations seem to have been used as early as the first century of our era, by the early Christians as hiding places. Pagan superstition had pointed out these desolate places, these dark and deep excavations as the spots haunted by Canidia, and her weird sister old Sagana. Of course, they were shunned by the superstitious Romans, and this therefore made them a more secure place of concealment for the Christians. The Christians at first interred in them no other bodies, but those of their martyrs, which they were often forced to conceal from their persecutors.— It has been very plausibly conjectured that many of the workmen employed in the excavations

being Christians, first suggested to their fellow-worshippers, at Rome, the use of these retreats for the observance of their religious rites; thus guarding them in those recesses, which thus very early became places of concealment and devotion. No doubt the laborers in these subterranean galleries formed a class by themselves. They were for the most part slaves, the degraded and the out-casts of the Imperial City.—It was natural that the religion which proclaimed the great truth of the equality of mankind before God, which taught the hereditary bondsman to look to a future life for the reward of his sufferings in this, that had selected fishermen and publicans for apostles, should be received with joy, and embraced with gladness by the neglected and despised laborers in these sand caves.

One morning, we obtained a special permit to visit the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, which contain memorials of Christianity as early as the first century, before the last of the Apostles had left the earth. About two miles from the St. Sebastian gate, after traversing a portion of the Appian Way, we entered a large field occupying the right of the road, commanding a most glorious view over the Campagna, and of the distant ranges of the Appenines. In the centre of this field, we came to a large opening, which revealed a long and steep staircase of stone, going down as it were, into the very bowels of the earth. As we descended, the transition from the outer-world, where all was sunshine and

warmth, into the regions of darkness and dampness below, reminded one of Dante's description of his entrance into hell.—The first impression on entering these Catacombs, where the light of day is almost instantly lost, and by the dim light of the torches, one sees nothing in advance, but the narrow gallery lined with tiers of sepulchres; and feels every moment the path beneath his feet descending deeper and deeper—is one of horror that chills and astonishes the mind. The imagination then calls up what the reason rejects, and plays as if fascinated with ideal terrors. One remembers then, with painful distinctness, the band of students who, with their tutor several years ago, were lost in these very sepulchral chambers, and whose remains even, have never been found.

But soberly speaking, there is not the least occasion for fear—the localities are perfectly familiar to the guides, and many of the more dangerous galleries have been walled up, so as not to tempt the wandering foot of imprudent curiosity. Soon we were traversing numerous corridors, intersecting each other, some at acute, and some at obtuse angles, and many of them terminating in a rudely formed niche, something in shape like the tribune of a church, so that you are obliged to strike off in a direction quite different. As we advanced along the narrow galleries, on each side, we observed with scarcely any interruption, two, and sometimes three tiers of grave like shelves, such as only could have been used by Christ-

ians, whose custom it was, not to burn their dead. These graves were mostly open, and in many of them, were crumbling fragments of bones, and in two or three almost entire skeletons—at their sides earthen flasks, and sometimes flasks of glass containing a red sediment, these last marking the resting place of martyrs, this sediment being the remains of their blood, which these vases contained in small quantities. Some of these tombs are still closed with slabs of marble, bearing the name and age of the deceased, with short comments, all testifying their faith in brighter worlds beyond. One “sleeps in Jesus,” another “is buried that she may live in the Lord Jesus,” while on another we read almost the words of St. Paul—“dying yet behold she lives.”—These inscriptions are chiefly in Latin, often misspelt or ungrammatical, occasionally written in Greek characters, generally simple, but in most cases, extremely affecting. A parent briefly names the age of his beloved child, or a husband that of his wife, and the years of their wedded life; or the epitaph adds a prayer that the dead “may rest in peace,” annexing perhaps some rudely carved emblem of the believer’s hope of immortality. Most of all, I noticed the cross in its simplest form, employed to testify the faith of the deceased. Whatever ignorance and blind credulity may have sprung up in later times, here in these Catacombs, upon the marble slabs, that shut their dead from sight, the early Christians have shown that with them, there

was no doubt of the full appreciation of that glorious sacrifice—“whereby alone we obtain remission of sins, and are made partakers of the kingdom of Heaven.” One inscription interested me very much, that I wrote it down upon my tablets. Its translation reads—“oh unhappy times, when we cannot worship in safety, hardly in caverns, when we are hunted like wild beasts from the surface of the earth.” It is in one of the chapels to which I will refer presently, and just over a fresco, evidently representing the three children in the fiery furnace—emblemizing martyrdom. Most of the inscriptions are concise, and to the purpose, as the following—“Here lies Gordianus, deputy of Gaul, who was executed for the faith with all his family;” and then the touching conclusion—“Theophilus a handmaid, placed this stone in fear, but full of hope;” as if none were left but this poor handmaid, who in fear erected this memorial, which has handed down the master’s faith, and the poor handmaid’s faithfulness.

The intelligent priest, who accompanied us, seemed to think, that in the peculiar form of these tombs, the early Christians manifested a desire to imitate that of the Savior, and fashioning them like caves, and closing the aperture with a slab of granite or marble—a very likely hypothesis, and certainly a most beautiful impulse of love, treating as sacred, and to be imitated even the accidental and outward details connected with the burial of the Incarnate God.

In passing along these narrow galleries of tombs, at intervals, you come to small vaulted chambers, many of them still ornamented with the rude frescoes by which the early Christians symbolized their faith. These small apartments are the little chapels, where several hundred feet below the earth's surface, they met for prayer and praise. The frescoes are in every case symbolical of facts in Gospel history. Among them we noticed the figure of the Good Shepherd, represented by a rustic youth in tunic and buskins; carrying a lamb upon his shoulder. Here too are frescoes representing Christ in the midst of his Apostles, his entry into Jerusalem, and several of the Redeemer's miracles, but principally the miracle at Cana in Galilee, and that of the loaves and fishes. Frequently, may be seen representations of the history of Jonah. By the ancient Church, the history of Jonah was deemed typical of death and the resurrection, and ranked amongst the most popular objects of representation employed in the Catacombs. In one chapel I noticed the Holy Spirit as the descending dove at the baptism of Jesus, and in one of the chapels, in close vicinity to the tomb of the martyr Cecilia, is a portrait of our Saviour in his humanity representing him with one hand extended, as if in the act of blessing, clasping with the other a book close to his breast. This is interesting, as it is unquestionably the earliest painting we have of Christ, being of the third or fourth century of our era. It is exceedingly rude in its

design and finish, clearly furnishing the face from which Ciambue, Giotto, and most of the early painters copied. Our Savior in his exaltation is not represented until many centuries later, as in the earlier ages of the Church, when its worship was pure and devotional, all allusion to the crucifixion was reverently avoided. It was not until the sixth century, when corruptions had crept in, that frescoes representing the solemn scene on Calvary are seen.

The portrait of Christ in the Catacombs, it is claimed, was painted as early as the latter part of the second century. It represents a person with an oval face, straight nose, arched eye-brows, and a smooth and rather high forehead. The hair is parted and flows in curls upon the shoulders, the beard not thick, but short and divided. Over the left shoulder is thrown some drapery. How far this is authentic, I am not prepared to say. It certainly is not a painting of the early date claimed for it; and looks as if it might have been painted in the fourth century of our era. The earliest description we have of Christ is in a letter from Lentulus to the Roman Senate. This Lentulus was the successor to Pontius Pilate. Whether genuine or not, the description harmonizes with what every Christian would desire to form of his Savior. In this letter he is described "as a man of lofty stature, of serious and imposing countenance, inspiring love as well as fear. His hair is of the color of wine or of golden lustre, flowing in curls upon his shoulders, and divided down

the centre of his head after the manner of the Nazarene. The forehead is smooth and serene, the face without blemish, of a slightly ruddy color. The expression noble and engaging, the nose and mouth of perfect form, the beard abundant and of the same color with the hair, the eyes blue and brilliant, and the most beautiful among the children of men."

We were some three hours under ground wandering amid these sepulchral chambers, deeply interested in the revelations which, at every step, opened upon us, bearing the strongest testimony to the truth of the Christian religion.

The Catacombs are certainly a gigantic monument to the truth of Christianity, no less affecting to the heart, than convincing to the mind, proving with what rapidity its doctrines spread, the persecutions and sufferings to which its professors had cheerfully submitted by reason of the faith that was in them, and more than all, the identity of the primitive Church in all its belief and practice with the scriptural record.

These Catacombs of Calixtus are the earliest: and it is well ascertained from the dates on several of the tombs, that they were used as burial places by the Christians, as early as the persecution days under Nero. It was in this persecution St. Paul perished, and it may be that the tradition which points to these Catacombs as the first resting place of the body of the Apostle is correct. There seems no reason for distrust in the main features of the legend, certainly as to the scene

of St. Paul's martyrdom and grave—the localities of which are in themselves likely enough, and derive some additional probability from the fact, that it was an event which would cling most tenaciously to the memory of the early Church, even in its minutest details. The bones of the Apostle are said to have been removed from these Catacombs in the year 375, at a time when it might be fairly presumed, that the Christian Church, could not have forgotten where they laid him. The patriotism of New England still cherishes authentic memorials of the Pilgrim Fathers, and the places of their sepulture of many of them are known at this day: and there is certainly a more abundant reason why the Christians should remember the burial place of the ablest and most zealous of the Apostles, at as early a day in the Christian era, as 375 after Christ.

Great efforts are now being made by the Papal Government to secure the Catacombs from destruction. Many of the galleries have been strengthened by arches, and shafts are being sunk to let the light of day into these gloomy recesses. Several new ones have lately been discovered, and are now being excavated: and of all of them, the most interesting, because the most ancient are the Catacombs of Calixtus. No Sovereign has interested himself more in these researches, and been at more expense in the work, than the present incumbent of the Papal Chair, who is so remarkable for the zeal he has manifested in sustaining and employing the peculiar tenets

of the Church, over whose interests he presides with so much urbanity and dignity.

As we emerged from the gloomy recesses of the Catacombs, and stood once more in the bright sunshine, breathing heaven's pure air—the scene before us, was one of melancholy interest. Directly below stretched the long line of Appian Way, marked at intervals by the crumbling ruins of the once sumptuous tombs, that their owners vainly built to make their lives immortal: before and around us, the dreary waste of the Campagna lay in all its desolation. There cities had been born, and there they perished from the world forever—there fields had been lost and won, when Rome was struggling for the mastery with the fierce nations that surrounded her. It was over this vast plain swept that red whirlwind, descried by the wan burghers from “the rock Tarpeian,” when was heard

“The trumpets war note proud,
The trampling and the hum,
And plainly and more plainly,

Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left, and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.”

Looking towards “the Eternal City,” the huge dome of St. Peter's lifted itself in the air, which with the Tower of St. Angelo, and the high roof of the palace of the Corsini were glowing in the light of departing day. There too, just darkened by the advancing shadows of evening, might be discerned the grey and lofty pile of the Colosseum, and the desolate line of the Forum, with its solitary arches and ruined fragments. Words are insufficient to describe the melancholy emotions which crowd the mind upon looking out upon such a scene as this. It is the huge grave which covers the remains of the loftiest human greatness, that ever had existence. Gazing upon such a scene

“The heart runs o'er
With silent homage of the great of old,
The dead, but sceptered sovereigns
who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.”

“The Lord reigneth; let the people tremble: he sitteth *between* the cherubim; let the earth be moved.”

“The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad *thereof*.”

ARTIST-WORK.

WIFE.

“The theme includes a lesson. I will write
 The thought out to a full and fine result:
 —Old Leonardo, with his grand, grey head,
 And patriarchal beard, day after day
 Sitting within the Milan market-place;
 Searching amid that humanest of crowds,
 To find some face that he might glorify
 With his rare art, until the shepherd-boy
 Looks from his canvass—a divine Saint John.

“I’ll paint the potrait with Correggio’s charm
 Of light and shadow;—the most royal brow,—
 The meditative gaze,—the stately pose,—
 The simple Doric dignity of dress—
 Till the old master glows upon my page
 In nature’s living colors.

“Round him then,
 I’ll group the common folk, that come and go;
 The brawny-arm’d, red turban’d fisherman,—
 The chestnut-vender, with his scowling glance—
 (A hint of Judas in his sinister eye)—
 The mild-faced mother who looks smiling down,
 A possible Madonna—on the child
 That grasps her finger;—innocent flower-girls,
 And bronze-cheek’d, wrinkled gossips.

“I will prove,
 That genius beckoned, when Da Vinci shut
 His dreamy studio,—leaving on the wall,
 The half-done picture which his fancy failed
 To summon models for,—and sought and found
 Within the commonest lives, new elements
 Of inspiration. I will make it clear,
 That he who with subjective introspection,
 Paints from the airy beings of his brain,
 Is never truthful artist. He who aims
 To catch the lineaments of Nature’s face,
 Must bring his palette’s mingled colors forth
 Into the open daylight,—matching there
 The pearly shades of cumulated clouds,—
 The skyey spaces, tinct with changeful blue,—

And all the mysteries of this grey-green earth,
Not learned beneath close roofs.

“ Thus will I teach
The lesson often taught,—that we look
About our feet for the material
From which to mould high purpose:—that the life
Hemming us round, has rich suggestiveness,—
That even the homeliest office of the hour,
If *duty* dignify and lift it up,
And if for terms of service, it demand
Renunciations—strict self-sacrifice—
Small abnegations—

“ Darling, are *you* there?
And did you ask if I restored the buttons
Lost from your shooting-jacket? Nay—forgive!
My Poem—“ *Household Priestesses*”—detained me,
And I forgot the buttons.

“ Ah—he’s gone!
I hear him whistling to his pointers now:
Yonder he stops beneath the apple-tree,
To strap his game-bag: and I hear his voice;
(—I never heard one sweeter than my husband’s—)
What is he singing?”

HUSBAND.

“ Carolling lark,—so high—so high,
Up in the sky,—
Floating a fairy, airy mote,
Earthward dropping a liquid note,
Tenderly clear,
Such as it quickens my heart to hear.

Out of vision, as stars withdrawn
Into the dawn—
Blotted away from mortal view,
Drowned in infinite depths of blue,
Never to be
Aught but a creature of air to me!

Never to stoop from flight so broad,
Down to the sod,
Where you fashioned your grassy nest—
’Tis too lowly a place of rest:—
Twitterers there,
Chirp, but you heed not, high in air.

Then these sums—they vex me yet—
 Rule of Two, or Rule of Three,
 Which is proper?—I forget,
 For it's quite all one to me.

What's an equinoctial line?
 What's a zone—a parallel?
 Mother dear, will you define?
 For I'm sure *I* cannot tell."

WIFE.

"Yes, yes, my son, I'll help you. Let me first
 Put up my writing.

"Themes for charmed thought,—
 The quiet, studious ease—the author's desk—
 The chosen hours withdrawn from household use,
 And hedged from interruption,—these, 'tis plain,
 Are not for wives and mothers. *They* must sit
 Like Leonardo in the market place,
 Amid the jostling stir of clamorous life,
 And catch suggestions of the beautiful,
 For love—true artist,—to idealize
 In living frescoes on the walls of HOME!"

TWELVE MONTHS IN SPAIN*

PASSING Trafalgar, where Nelson greatly died, our steamer entered the Straits of Gibraltar.—As we could not possibly reach that Fortress before sun-set, when the gates would be closed, an American friend and myself, with the double view of seeing Tarifa, and of avoiding a night on board, determined to go ashore at Land's End of Europe, and thence on horse-back to "The Rock."—And here a bit of etymology may not be out of place. "If you

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* Continued from page 134.

turn to a map of Spain," says Trench on Words, "you will take note at its Southern point, and running out into the Straits of Gibraltar, of a promontory, which from its position, is admirably adapted for commanding the entrance of the Mediterranean Sea, and watching the exit and entrance of all ships. A fortress stands upon this promontory, called now, as it was also called in the times of the Moorish domination in Spain, *Tarifa*; the name, indeed, is of Moorish origin. It was the custom of the Moors to

watch from this point all merchant-ships going into, or coming out of, the Midland Sea, and, issuing from this strong-hold, to levy duties, according to fixed rates, on all merchandise passing in and out of the Straits; and this was called, from the place where it was levied, *'tarifa'* or *'tariff'*;" and in this way we have acquired the word." But how did the place come to be called *Tarifa*? So named in honor of Tarif Ibn Malik, a Moorish chieftain, who landed here A. D., 711, and who, besides the celebrity of being the first to lift the standard of the Crescent in Europe, has also given to modern tongues a new term, and to modern politics a new problem. All the ancient nations practiced free trade.—These early Arabs, at the gateway of the Mediterranean, were the first to lay a tribute on commerce. It was evidently, in their case, purely an exercise of might, since they had no pretence of right to arrest merchandise, which, passing from one great sea to another, did not enter, or seek to enter their ports on either side of the passage. But the idea thus lawlessly started has, in a modified form, become the *vezata questio* of political science.

As Tarifa was the first to receive the invader, so it remains to this day more truly oriental than any town in Spain. The streets are narrow, tortuous and clean—the houses flat-roofed and nearly windowless towards the street.—What strikes you as peculiarly Eastern, is the manner of wearing the mantilla, which is so folded as to conceal all the face but

one eye—a most tantalizing mode, especially as the women of Tarifa are said to be exceedingly pretty:

"Whose lovely visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight."

The Alcazar, now dilapidated and a prison for galley-slaves, was, in its prime, a strong Castle and a fine specimen of the Moorish style. A window is still pointed out where was enacted, in the war between the Christians and Saracens, one of those scenes that reminds us of the heroic virtue of old Rome. I tell the story, which is authentic, as it is told in the guide-books.

In 1292, Sancho, the Brave, captured Tarifa. Alonzo Perez de Guzman, when all others declined, offered to hold this post of danger for a year. The Moors beleaguered it, aided by the Infante Juan, a brother of Sancho, who had turned traitor to the Christians, and to whom Alonzo's only son, aged nine, had been previously entrusted as a page.—Juan now brought the boy under the walls, and threatened to kill him if his father would not surrender. Alonzo drew his dagger and threw it down, fiercely exclaiming, "I prefer honor without a son, to a son with dishonor." He retired from the window, and the Prince Juan proceeded immediately to put the child to death. A cry of wail and horror ran through the Spanish battlements. Alonzo again rushed to the window, ignorant of what had caused the cry among his troops, and beheld his son's body. Turning to his wife, now a childless mother, he calmly said, "I feared the Infidel had gained the city."

Leaving Tarifa, which a few hours sufficed to see, we took horses for Gibraltar. We turned from the direct road somewhat to the left in order to cross a plain, a few miles from Tarifa, famous in the annals of war, where a great battle was fought in 1340, between the Spaniards and Moors, under Alonzo XI and Yusuf I. The forces on each side are stated as follows: Spaniards 25,000 infantry and 14,000 cavalry; Moors 400,000 infantry and 70,000 cavalry. The Spanish loss was only 20 men, the Moorish 200,000. These figures, furnished by Spanish Chronicles, are laughed at as fabulous. And much exaggeration should be allowed, undoubtedly, to the pride of race and to the boast of victory. Still the figures may not be so wide of the mark, after all. Accounts of other battles, deemed quite historical, exhibit almost equal disparity of numbers and even greater destruction of the vanquished—Platœa, for instance, where of the 300,000 Persians who went into the fight, but 3,000 escaped alive.

We should note, as an event in the progress of arms, that in this engagement the Moors had artillery, six years before the battle of Cressy, where it is generally considered cannon was first used in Europe. And, in fact, it was the unskillful handling of this new weapon, instead of relying upon the close-fight to which they were accustomed and in which they excelled, that so disastrously lost them the day. For whatever else may be uncertain about the battle here fought, its result is not uncertain. It settled forever

the question between the Cross and the Crescent in the Peninsula. It secured Spain to Christianity. Not that the Infidel domination fell "like the sudden down-come of a tower," but men everywhere foresaw, even slowly as causes operated in that age, that fall it must. It was death-doomed on this plain, which is now rank and fragrant with weed and wild flower. Four or five miles from here is another embattled field, where July 19, A. D., 711, a seven-days' action was begun, between the Moors and Spaniards, which ended in the utter defeat of the latter, and gave Spain to the Moslem. Thus a single battle, fought on almost the self-same ground, though at an interval of more than six centuries apart, both established and subverted the Spanish-Arabic ascendancy.—The two-fold coincidence is striking, if not unexampled.

We regained our direct road, and our ride presented us at every step with a varied succession of beautiful and sublime prospects. Spain, like all peninsulas, terminates Southward in bold cliffs, from the summits of which the view is magnificently extensive. Sometimes, through the leafy vista of the wild forest, we could see the mountain torrent leaping, as a hart, over rock and precipice till its crystal stream softly mingled with the waters of the unruffled Bay. We repeatedly called to mind Moore's fine imagery:

"As a bright river that, from fall to fall
In many a maze descending, bright
through all,
Finds some fair region where, each
labyrinth past,
In one full lake of light it rests at last."

Far off to the right our eyes caught, at intervals, the snowy ridge of the Atlas, while nearer at hand, on either side of the Strait, the fabled Pillars of Hercules—"Gibel Mousa" on the African coast and "Gibraltar" on the European—lifted their gigantic masses grandly from the sea.

Englishmen are fond of discovering in the shape of Gibraltar, "full-charged with England's thunders," a resemblance to a lion couchant: and seen, as we now saw it, at a distance of ten or fifteen miles, there is, in truth,

something in the outline not unlike England's national symbol.

In the evening, crossing the Bay from Algiceras, we reached Gibraltar, which is a free port, and consequently we were not annoyed by officials curious to inspect our passports and rummage our baggage for contraband. Yet we barely escaped an annoyance more vexatious than the custom-house—for we had scarcely touched the celebrated Rock, ere the signal-gun, "booming slow with sullen roar," announced that the gates were shut and would not be opened till next day at sunrise.

"WE DO ALL FADE AS THE LEAF."

Autumn has clustered his cohorts
An army with banners green,
Tossing their branches like knightly spears,
In the sunshine's golden sheen.

September's sun is flaming
On ripened shock and sheaf,
In lines of light proclaiming
The fading of the leaf.

For the frost with its chilling hand comes down,
And snatches from nature her clustering crown,—
He spreads his cloak on the forest bright
And its pomp is passed in a single night,
While each waving bough where the woodbirds sung
It's shriveled leaves to the ground has flung,
And the birds to a brighter home have past,
For a withering blight on the scene is cast,
And the lingering shadows faintly fall
On the faded flowers like a funeral pall,
And over the blue of the beaming skies
A hazy veil like a covering lies,
And a softening calmness sadly steals

On the pensive spirit which shrinking feels:—
 What a thousand wordless voices say—
 "Seed time and harvest have passed away!"

The Lord of autumn assembles
 An army exceedingly grand,
 Glowing in beauty and strength supreme,
 Arranged by the Master's hand;
 Each buoyant breast is bounding
 With a bliss as bright as brief,
 While spirit knells are sounding
 The fading of life's leaf!

For a fiercer blast and a keener chill
 Than the touch of winter its pulses still,
 And its joy dissolves with a mocking gleam,
 And its visions fade like a fairy dream,
 As over the heart with a murmur deep
 The tempests of desolation sweep!—
 High hopes like the summer birds are flown—
 Sweet fancies along with the leaves are strown—
 And fast on the future's trembling track
 Forebodings are falling heavy and black,
 While a legion of fearful fancies shroud
 The path of the present as with a cloud,
 And a mist, which no gleam of faith divides
 The face of heaven from our vision hides,
 And the soul repeats with a dumb dismay:
 "Seed time and harvest have passed away."

The harvest is ended, summer is past
 And death and winter are hurrying fast,
 But the balmy breath of another spring
 A fresher bloom to the earth will bring,
 And the soul which drinks at the sacred fount
 Of its God's supplying, shall upward mount
 To a holy haven where sorrows cease
 And doubt and despairing are merged in peace;—
 And the weary heart and the aching breast
 Are filled with the rapture of perfect rest,
 And the spirit blooms in a brighter day
 Though seed time and harvest have passed away!

BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN.

THE hard fought and decisive battle of King's Mountain took place on the 7th of October, 1780. Its importance to the success of the American arms in the Revolutionary war, and the decided influence of the victory obtained there, upon the cause of American Independence, have scarcely been alluded to, by the historians of the North. By some of them, it has been mentioned, in a brief paragraph, as an unimportant skirmish,—out upon the remote frontier,—with few of its details and with no reference to its ultimate bearing on the question of liberty and independence. Botta—and he a foreigner—is the only historian who has given to the South even the appearance of justice, in his excellent history of the American Revolution. By other historians, defeats in the North have been magnified into victories, while the real and substantial triumph of the Southern soldiers and patriots at King's Mountain, is barely mentioned or entirely omitted.

To estimate fully and to understand properly the extent of this victory, it will be necessary to make a hasty examination of the condition of American affairs at the time of its occurrence.

The failure of the combined forces of General Lincoln and Count D'Estaing to re-capture Savannah, had left Georgia in the quiet possession of the enemy.—This brought to the aid of the British, many of the Indians and

of the loyalists who had fled from the Carolinas and taken refuge among them. These were now emboldened to collect from all quarters, under cover of Prevosts' army. They either united with it, or joined in formidable bodies to hunt up and destroy the whig inhabitants. Many of these were forced in their turn, to forsake their homes, and transport their families beyond the mountains, to the secure retreats of Watauga and Nollichucky. It became evident that all that was wanting to complete British ascendancy in the South, was the possession of Charleston. Should that metropolis and the army of Lincoln that defended it, be captured, the reduction of the whole State, and probably of North Carolina also, would ensue.—Charleston was, on the 29th of March, 1780, invested by Prevost. The defence was protracted under every discouragement and disadvantage, to the 12th of May, when General Lincoln found himself obliged to capitulate. The fall of Charleston was soon after succeeded by the rapid conquest of the interior country, and from the sea-coast to the mountains, the progress of the enemy was almost wholly an uninterrupted conquest. The inhabitants generally submitted, and were either paroled as prisoners, or took protection as British subjects. A few brave and patriotic men, under gallant and indomitable leaders, remained in arms, but were

surprised and cut to pieces by Tarleton and Webster, or for security from their pursuit, withdrew into North Carolina. The march of the enemy was continued towards the populous whig settlements, and garrisons were established at prominent points of the country, with the view of pushing their conquest still further into the interior. South Carolina was indeed considered, as a subdued British Province, rather than an American State, and the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Henry Clinton, believing the conquest of the South complete, invested Lord Cornwallis with command and sailed for New York.

But in the midst of the general submission of the inhabitants, there remained a few unconquerable spirits, whom nothing but death could quell. These were Sumter, Marion and Williams, of South Carolina, and Twiggs and Clarke, of Georgia. The latter had withdrawn with about one hundred of his valiant, but overpowered countrymen, and sought safety in the remote settlements on the western waters. Here, their representations of the atrocities perpetrated by the loyalists, stimulated into life, the passion of the frontier-men for retaliation and revenge. They had left parents and kindred and countrymen east of the Alleghanies, and their hearts yet yearned for their safety and welfare. The homes of their youth were pillaged and the friends they loved were slain, or driven into exile. Above all, the great cause of American freedom and independence was endangered, the

country was invaded by a powerful foe; and the exigencies of Carolina called aloud for the return of every absent son, for her rescue and defence. The call was promptly obeyed. And the mountain men—pioneers of Tennessee—were the first to resist the invaders.

In the meantime, the British army had advanced to Ninety Six, Camden and Cheraw. Their successes had stimulated into activity, the hitherto dormant disaffection of some of the inhabitants of North Carolina. The enemy was now approaching, in his career of conquest and victory, the southern boundary of that State. Many who had hitherto worn the mask of friendship, became now the avowed enemies of the American cause, and under loyalist leaders, assembled together at Ramsour's Mill, North Carolina, and after a hard conflict, had been dispersed. A similar body met on the Pacolet in South Carolina, under the command of Col. Patrick Moore.—Against these Colonels Sevier and Shelby, with their mountain men, and Colonel Clarké, with his refugee Georgians, six hundred in all, were dispatched by Gen. McDowell. The tory garrison surrendered. Another body of tories, under command of the British Col. Ennes, was also met and vanquished at Musgrove's Mill. The battle was scarcely over when a messenger rode into camp bearing the information that the grand army of General Gates had been disastrously defeated at Camden, and advising the Whig leaders to get out of the way as soon as pos-

sible, and escape with the prisoners they had captured. After a very earnest pursuit by Dupoister, Sevier, Shelby and Clarke made good their retreat across the mountain, and Gates, with the scattered fragments of his army, after the ill-advised and badly arranged battle near Camden, had ingloriously fallen back to Hillsborough; thus leaving scarcely a single armed corps to meet and repel the advance of Cornwallis into North Carolina, which he declared to be only the stepping stone to the easy conquest of Virginia. But these several military disasters were not the alone causes of the gloom and despondency, that now hung like a pall over the discouraging prospects of American success. The finances of Congress were in a most deranged condition, and daily becoming worse. The State treasuries were exhausted, and it had become impossible to subsist the army and to furnish the famishing soldiers either with clothing or ammunition. The confidence of the most steadfast friends of America was shaken, and hope of final success was almost annihilated in the bosom of every patriot.

This was the darkest period in the Revolutionary war. The British flag floated in triumph over Savannah and Charleston.—South Carolina was not only overrun, but was subdued and in the possession of the enemy, from the sea-coast to the Blue Ridge.—Cornwallis was in Charlotte, N. C., and profaning there the first Temple of Liberty and Independence. The confidence even of

Washington, in our eventual success, was shaken. The brave had despaired and sought for safety in the remote seclusion of the Trans-montane settlements.—The timid were suing to the invaders for protection. But under all these discouragements—amid the conquests of the enemy, and the defection of quondam Whigs,—there were gallant patriots whose spirit never quailed. On the mountain heights and in the quiet retreats beyond them, was found the stern determination to conquer or to die. To rescue the country or become victims in its defence.

Cornwallis, elated with the conquest he had already made, remained in Camden only long enough to arrange civil affairs in South Carolina, before he should advance to further successes in North Carolina. But in the mean time he had sent Col. Tarleton and Major Ferguson with a detachment of soldiers to scour the country, to encourage the loyalists, and to intimidate the few remaining whigs, while he, with the main army, advanced to and took possession of Charlotte, where he intended to establish a post and garrison. This place he entered September 25, 1780.

Ferguson, who had been sent to the populous districts on the left of Cornwallis, to watch the movements of the patriot whigs on the Pacolet and Enoree, was near to Musgrove's Mill when that victory was won, and had detached Dupoister his second in command, in pursuit of the mountain men. Ferguson himself with the main body of his army follow-

ed close upon the heels of Dupois-ter, determined to retake the prisoners or to support his second in command, if he should overtake and engage the escaping enemy. But finding that his efforts were fruitless, he took post at a place then called Gilbert Town, two or three miles from the present Rutherfordton. From this place he sent a most threatening message by Samuel Philips, a paroled prisoner, that if the people west of the mountains did not lay down their opposition to the British arms, he would march his army over, burn and lay waste their country, and hang their leaders.

Patrick Ferguson, who had sent this insolent threat, was at the head of a large army. Of the loyalists composing a part of his command, some had previously been across the mountains, and were familiar with the passes by which these heights were penetrated. One of them had been subjected to the indignity of a coat of tar and feathers, inflicted during the past summer by the light-horse men of Capt. Robert Sevier, on Nollichuchy. He proposed to act as pilot to the command, which now stood at the foot of the Blue Ridge, ready to carry into effect, the threat made by Ferguson.

This officer had already displayed that combination of intrepid heroism, inventive genius and sound judgment, which constitute the valiant soldier and the able commander. In early youth, he entered the British army, and in the German war was distinguished by a courage as cool, as it was determined. The boasted skill of the Americans in the use

of the rifle, was an object of terror to the British troops, and the rumors of their fatal aim, operated upon, and stimulated the genius of Ferguson. His invention produced a new species of that instrument which could be loaded at the breech, without using the rammer or turning the muzzle away from the enemy, and with such quickness of repetition as to fire seven times in a minute.*

In his march through the country, Ferguson had armed such of the inhabitants as were well affected to the British cause and had embodied them for their own defence. Now a Lieutenant Colonel, he was entrusted with the charge of thus marshalling the militia of all the upper Districts. Under his direction and conduct, a military force, at once numerous and select was enrolled and disciplined.

Receiving by the paroled prisoner, the threatening message from Ferguson, Colonel Shelby began at once to concert measures, suited to the approaching crisis. He visited Colonel Sevier, and they came to the determination, to raise all the riflemen they could, march hastily through the mountains and endeavor to surprise Ferguson in his camp. They hoped to be able, at least to cripple him, so as to prevent the execution of his threat. The day and the place were appointed for the rendezvous of the men. The time was the 25th of September, and the Sycamore Shoals, on Watauga, selected, as the most central point, and abounding

* Bisset.

most in the necessary supplies. Colonel Sevier, with that intense earnestness and persuasive address, for which he was so remarkable, began at once to arouse the border-men for the projected enterprise. In this he found no difficulty. A spirit of congenial heroism, brought to his standard, in a few days, more men than it was thought either prudent or safe to withdraw from the settlements: the whole military force of which was estimated at less than a thousand men. Fully one half of that number was necessary to man the forts and stations, and keep up scouting parties on the extreme frontier. The remainder were immediately enrolled for the distant service. A difficulty arose from another source. Many of the volunteers were unable to furnish suitable horses and equipments. The iron hand of poverty checked the rising ambition of many a valorous youth, who

—“Had heard of battle
“ And who longed to follow to the field
some warlike chief.”

“Here” said Mrs. Sevier pointing to her son James, not yet sixteen years old, “Here, Mr. Sevier, is another of our boys that wants to go with his father and brothers to the war, but we have no horse for him, and poor fellow! it is a great distance to walk.” Colonel Sevier tried to borrow money on his own responsibility, to fit out and furnish the expedition. But every inhabitant had expended the last dollar in taking up his land, and all the money of the country was thus in the hands of the Entry-Taker. Sevier waited upon that

officer, and represented to him, that the want of means was likely to retard, and in some measure to frustrate, his exertions, to carry out the expedition, and suggested to him the use of the public money in his hands. John Adair, Esq., late of Knox county, was the Entry-Taker, and his reply was worthy of the times and worthy of the man. “Colonel Sevier, I have no authority by law, to make that disposition of this money. It belongs to the impoverished treasury of North Carolina, and I dare not appropriate a shilling of it to any purpose. But if the country is overrun by the British, liberty is gone. Let the money go too. Take it. If the enemy, by its use, is driven from the country, I can trust that country to justify and vindicate my conduct. Take it.”

The money was taken and expended in the purchase of ammunition and the necessary equipments. This act of Squire Adair was legalized by the Legislature of North Carolina, which passed to his credit \$12,735, January 31, 1782.

Colonel Sevier also undertook to bring Colonel McDowell and other field officers, who with their followers, were then in a state of expatriation amongst the western settlers, into the measure. In this he succeeded at once. All of them had been driven from their homes, which were now deserted and exposed to the depredations of the disorderly and licentious loyalists, who had joined the Foreign enemy. Most of them had friends and kindred on whom Ferguson and his Tories,

were even then wreaking their vengeance. These homes and these friends, they longed to rescue and protect from further violence and desecration.

To Colonel Shelby was assigned the co-operation of the riflemen of Western Virginia.—These had in many a past campaign with the pioneers of Tennessee, bivouacked and fought and triumphed together over a savage foe, and it was now deemed essential to the preservation of a common liberty and independence, to obtain the aid of these gallant men in resisting the invasion of the common country. Shelby wrote to Colonel Campbell, of Virginia, stating what had been concerted by Sevier and himself, and urging him to join them with his regiment. That gallant officer, true to the general cause, but most loyal to Virginia, replied that he preferred his original plan, which was to march his men down by the way of the Flower-Gap, and get on the Southern border of Virginia, ready to meet and oppose Lord Cornwallis, when he approached that State. A second application of Shelby was more successful, and Campbell replied that he would co-operate with his whole force.

Col. Campbell commanded four hundred men from Virginia; Col. Sevier two hundred and forty men from Washington County; Col. Shelby two hundred and forty men from Sullivan County in North Carolina. The refugee whigs mustered under Colonel McDowell. All were well mounted and nearly all armed with a

Dechard rifle. This rifle was remarkable for the precision and distance of its shot. It was generally three feet six inches long, weighed about seven pounds and ran seventy bullets to the pound of lead. It was so called from Dechard, the maker, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

The camp on Watauga on the 25th of September, presented an animated spectacle. The entire military force of the country was assembled at Sycamore Shoals.—Scarce a single gun-man remained that day at his own house. The young, ardent and energetic, had generally enrolled themselves for the campaign against Ferguson. The less vigorous and more aged, were left with the inferior guns in the settlements, for their protection against the Indians; but all had attended the rendezvous. The old men were there to counsel, encourage and stimulate the youthful soldier, and to receive from the colonels instructions for the defence of the stations during their absence. Others were there to bring, in rich profusion, the products of their farms, which were cheerfully furnished, gratuitously and without stint, to complete the outfit of the expedition. Gold and silver they had not, but subsistence and clothing and equipment and the fiery charger—any thing the frontier-man owned, in the cabin, the field or the range, was offered, unostentatiously, upon the altar of his country. The wife and the sister were there, and with a suppressed sigh, witnessed the departure of the husband and brother. And there, too, were the heroic moth-

ers with a mournful but noble pride, to take a fond farewell of their gallant sons.

The sparse settlements of this frontier, had never before seen assembled together a concourse of people so immense, and so evidently agitated by great excitement. The large mass of the assembly were volunteer riflemen, clad in fabrics of their own households, and wearing the hunting shirt, so characteristic of the backwoods soldiery, and not a few of them the moccasins of their own manufacture. A few of the officers were better dressed, but all in citizens' clothing. The mien of Campbell was stern, authoritative and dignified; Sevier was vivacious, ardent, impulsive and energetic; Shelby was grave, taciturn and determined; McDowell was moving about with the ease and dignity of a colonial magistrate, inspiring veneration for his virtues and an indignant sympathy for the wrongs of himself and his co-exiles. All were completely wrapt in the absorbing subject of the revolutionary struggle, then approaching its acme, and threatening the homes and the families of the mountaineers themselves. Never did mountain recess contain within it a loftier or more enlarged patriotism—never a cooler or more determined courage.

In the seclusion of their homes in the West, many of the volunteers had only heard of war at a distance, and had been in undisputed possession of that independence for which their Atlantic countrymen were now struggling. The near approach of Ferguson

had awakened them from their security, and indignant at the violence and depredations of his followers, they were now embodied to chastise and avenge them. This they had done at the suggestion and upon the motion of their own leaders, without any requisition from the government of America, or the officers of the Continental army. Indeed, at this moment, the American army in the South was almost annihilated, and the friends of the American cause were discouraged and despondent. The British were everywhere triumphant, and the loyalists, under the pretence of promoting the service of his Britanic Majesty, were in many sections perpetrating the greatest outrage and cruelty upon the Whigs. The attitude of these volunteer detachments now assembled at Watauga, was as forlorn as it was gallant. At the time of their embodiment, and for several days after they had marched against the enemy, flushed with recent victories, and confident of further conquest, it was not known to them that a single armed corps of Americans was marshalled for their assistance and relief. The crisis was indeed dark and gloomy. But indomitable patriots were present, prepared and willing to meet it. The *personnel* of no army could have been better. There was strength, enterprise, courage and enthusiasm. The ardor and impetuosity and rashness of youth were there, to project and execute, with the wisdom of mature age to temper and direct them; the caution of the father and the irrepressible daring of the son.

Without delay, early on the morning of the next day after its rendezvous at Watauga, the little army was on the march. Before the troops left the camp, the officers requested that they should assemble for the purpose of commending the army to Divine protection and guidance. They complied promptly with the request. Prayer, solemn and appropriate, was offered by a clergyman present, and the riflemen mounted their horses and started on the distant campaign. They pursued Bright's trace across the Yellow Mountain. The staff was incomplete; rather there was no staff; no quarter-master, no commissary, no surgeon, no chaplain. As in all their Indian campaigns, being mounted and unincumbered with baggage, their motions were rapid. Each man, each officer, set out with his trusty Dechard on his shoulder; a shot pouch, a tomahawk, a knife, a knap-sack and a blanket completed the outfit. At night the earth afforded him a bed and the heavens a covering: the mountain stream quenched his thirst, his provision was procured from supplies acquired on the march by his gun. After passing the mountain, the troops, sparing the property of whigs, quartered and subsisted upon the Tories.

On the second day, two of the men were missed. They had deserted and would doubtless escape to the enemy, and apprise them of the approach of the mountain men, and the route by which the march would be conducted. Owing to this apprehension, which was subsequently ascertained to

be well founded, the troops, after crossing the Alleghany, left the frequented trace, and turned to the left, descending by a worse path than was ever before traveled, by an army of horsemen. Reaching the foot of the Blue Ridge, they fell in with Colonel Cleaveland, of Wilkes county and Colonel Winston, of Surry county, N. C., with three or four hundred men, who were creeping along cautiously through the woods, desiring to fall in with and join any party that might be going to oppose the enemy.

After reaching the settled country east of the mountain, additions were constantly made to the army—of officers with men, and of officers without men, and of men without officers; some few on horses—most of them on foot—but all eager to find and fight the enemy. It was an avalanche of patriotism and courage—never surpassed—rarely equalled.

The junction of the party from Wilkes and Surry took place about the first of October. The second day following was so wet, that the army could not move. The delay was improved by the commanding officers, meeting as if by instinct, in the evening, and holding a council. At this meeting it was determined to send to Headquarters, wherever it might be, for a general officer to take the command of the several corps; and that in the meantime they would meet in council every day to determine the measures to be pursued. Colonel Shelby was not well satisfied with these regulations, and in support of his ob-

jections, observed to the council, that they were then within striking distance of the enemy, who lay at that time, at Gilbert Town, sixteen or eighteen miles distant—that Ferguson would either attack or avoid them, until he gathered together such a force that they dared not approach.— He therefore advised that they should act with promptness and decision, and proposed that they would appoint one of their own number to command and march the next day and attack the enemy at Gilbert Town. He further proposed that Colonel Campbell was known to him as a gentleman of good sense and warmly attached to the cause of the country—was the only officer from Virginia and commanded the largest regiment in the army—and that he would accordingly nominate him as their chief. Shelby made this proposition for the purpose of quieting the expectations of some, that Colonel McDowell should assume the command. He was the senior officer present, the army was then in his military District, and he had commanded during the last summer against the same enemy—was, moreover, a brave man and a decided friend to the American cause. But he was considered too far advanced in life, and too inactive a man, to take charge of such an enterprise, against such an antagonist, as was immediately before them.— McDowell proposed that he would be the messenger to go for a general officer. He started immediately, and his brother, Joseph McDowell, took command of his men. On his way, about eight

miles from camp, he fell in with Colonel James Williams, of South Carolina and a number of other field officers from that State, with near four hundred men. The intelligence of this opportune reinforcement, McDowell communicated by express.

Gilbert Town is distinguished as the extreme point of British invasion, in the direction of the home of the mountain men. To that place Ferguson, in the execution of his vain threat to invade and burn up their villages, had advanced and there erected His Majesty's standard, with the double purpose of securing the co-operation of the loyalists, and of preventing the rising and concentration of the whigs. At that place, he received intelligence of the avalanche of indignant patriotism accumulating along the mountain, and ready to precipitate itself upon, and overwhelm his army. From that place, enterprising as he was, he found it necessary to fall back and seek safety by a junction with the main army of Cornwallis, at Charlotte. Every movement of Ferguson, from the time he left his camp at Gilbert Town, indicated his apprehension of the impending danger. He commanded the loyalist militia, he importuned them, he held out the language of promise and of threatening, to stimulate their allegiance and excite their courage. He called in vain. A cloud was gathering upon the mountain, and his loyal militia knew, that it portended a storm and a disastrous overthrow. Ferguson changed his language and appealed to them in the

words of bitter reproach and contemptuous ridicule. On his retreat he issued a circular to the tory leaders, informing them of "an inundation of barbarians," calls the patriotic riflemen "the dregs of mankind" and importunes his loyalists thus, "If you wish to live and bear the name of men, grasp your arms in a moment and run into camp. The back-water men have crossed the mountain, McDowell, Hampton, Shelby and Cleaveland are at their head—so that you know what you have to depend on. If you choose to be degraded forever and ever by a set of mongrels, say so at once and let your women turn their backs upon you, and look out for real men to protect them."

After breaking up his camp at Gilbert Town, Ferguson had dispatched Abram Collins and — Quinn, to Lord Cornwallis, informing him of his critical situation, and begging a reinforcement. After dispatching his letter, he marched on the fourth over Main Broad River to the Cowpens. On the fifth he continued his march to Tates', since Dear's ferry, where he again crossed and camped about a mile above. On the sixth, he marched about fourteen miles, and formed his camp on an eminence, where he waited for the expected reinforcements of loyalists in the neighborhood and of regulars from the royal army. The loyalty of the former quailed at the approach of the riflemen, and in this hour of need, their assistance was withheld; they remained out of the camp of Ferguson.

In the meantime, on Wednesday, the fourth of October, the riflemen had advanced to Gilbert Town. But Ferguson had decamped, having permitted many of the loyalists to visit their families, under engagement to join him on the shortest notice.— He had taken a circuitous march through the neighborhoods, in which the tories principally resided, to gain time and avoid the riflemen, until his forces could be collected and had joined him.— This retrograde movement betrayed his apprehensions, and pointed out the necessity of a vigorous effort to overtake him.— Having gained a knowledge of his designs, the principal officers determined in council to pursue him with all possible despatch. Accordingly, two nights before the action, the officers were engaged all night in selecting the best men, the best horses, and the best rifles, and at the dawn of day, took Ferguson's trail and pursued him with nine hundred and ten expert marksmen, while those on foot and with weak horses, were ordered to follow on more leisurely.

On the pursuit, the Americans passed near where several large parties of tories were collecting. At the Cowpens, sixty men under Col. Hambricht and Major Chronicle, of Tryon county, and Col. Williams with the South Carolina troops joined them. Here they were informed that a body of six hundred tories were assembled at Maj. Gibb's four miles to the right, and would join Ferguson the next day. These they did not take time to molest. The riflemen from the

mountains had turned out to catch Ferguson; he was their object; and for the last thirty-six hours of the pursuit, they never alighted from their horses but once to refresh, for an hour at the Cowpens, although, the day of the battle was so 'extremely wet, that the men could only keep their guns dry, by wrapping their sacks, blankets and hunting-shirts around the locks, thus exposing their bodies to a heavy and incessant rain. The trail every hour became more fresh, and the Americans hurried with eagerness after the prey, which they determined should not escape their grasp. The advance met some unarmed men, who were fresh from Ferguson's camp, a short halt was made and these men were closely examined. From them it was ascertained, that the enemy was encamped three miles before them, and were to march next morning to Lord Cornwallis' Head-quarters; his position was accurately described and the route to the camp minutely given.—Colonel Williams and some of his men were well acquainted with the shape of the ground and the approaches to it.

It was now after twelve o'clock; the rain had ceased, the clouds had passed off; the sun shone brightly, and nature seemed to smile upon the enterprise at hand. It was determined to march at once upon the camp, and decide the conflict without further rest or refreshment. Each man was ordered to "tie up his over-coat and blanket—throw the priming out of his pan, pick his touch-hole—prime anew, examine his

bullets and to see that everything was in readiness for battle."—While this was being done, the officers agreed upon the general plan of attack, which was to surround the eminence and make a simultaneous assault upon every part of the camp. The men were soon in their saddles and upon their march. When within a mile of the battle ground, an express from Ferguson was arrested; on whom was found a dispatch to Lord Cornwallis, urging him to send immediate reinforcements, and stating the number under his command; and that he was securely encamped upon a hill, which in honor of His Majesty, he had named King's Mountain, and that if all the rebels out of hand should attack him, they should not drive him from it. The contents of the dispatch were, with the exception of the number of the enemy, communicated to the riflemen, the march was resumed, their pace quickened, and they rode in a gallop within view of the camp of Ferguson.

A closer examination of the ground and the position of the enemy, demonstrated the feasibility of the plan of attack already concerted by the officers.—More minute arrangements were immediately made and carried into execution. It was decided that the troops commanded by McDowell, Sevier, Shelby and Campbell, being something more than half of the whole number of the assailants, after tying their horses, should file to the right and pass the crest of the mountain nearly out of reach of the enemy's guns, and continue around it till

they should meet the rest of the troops encircling the mountain on its other side, led by Hambright and Chronicle, and followed by Cleaveland and Williams; after which, each command was to face to the front, raise the Indian war-whoop, and advance upon the enemy. Accordingly the troops moved forward, and passing up a ravine, between two rocky knolls, came in full view of the enemy's camp above them, and about one hundred poles in front. Here they dismounted, and having tied their horses, left a small guard with them. The right wing or column was led by Winston and Sevier, the left by Cleaveland and Williams; the centre was composed of Campbell's men on the right, and Shelby's on the left. In this order, each officer having formed his ranks, led off at the same time to the position assigned him, under pilots selected from Col. Williams' men who were familiar with the ground.— On its march around the mountain, the right column discovered that there were two gaps or depressions in the ridge at the enemy's left flank—one about twenty poles from it, the other fifty.— It was decided to pass through the latter. About the time they entered it, the enemy began to fire upon them. The fire at first did not attract attention, until some of Shelby's men being wounded, that officer and McDowell determined to return the fire, and before they had crossed the ridge, broke off towards the enemy, through the gap nearest to his camp, and discharged their rifles with great effect. The rest

of the column under Campbell, ascended the mountain, and poured in a deadly fire upon the enemy, posted upon its summit.— The firing became so heavy as to attract the attention of Ferguson, who immediately brought up a part of his regulars from the other end of his line, and a brisk charge was made upon the American right, by the British regulars and some of the Tories. This charge pushed McDowell, Shelby and Campbell down the mountain. At this moment, the left column under Hambright, Chronicle, Cleaveland and Williams had driven in the enemy's picquets at the other extremity of the encampment, and advancing up the mountain, poured in a well directed fire on the enemy protected here by their wagons and some slight defences, and commanded by Ferguson himself. Dupoister, his second in command, was immediately recalled, ordered into line on the top of the ridge, and directed to make a charge with all the regulars upon the Americans at that end of the encampment. On his passage to the relief of Ferguson, Dupoister received a galling fire from the South Carolinians under Williams. The regulars were soon rallied, made a desperate charge, and drove the riflemen to the foot of the hill. There Major Chronicle fell.

In the mean time, the recall of Dupoister from the charge at the other extremity of the mountain, gave the appearance there of a retreat on the part of the enemy, and the men under Shelby, McDowell and Campbell, having

recovered from the slight disorganization produced by the first charge, rallied to the pursuit.— The cry was raised “huzza! boys, they are retreating; come on!” They advanced with great firmness up the hill, almost to the lines of the encampment, and for some time maintained a deadly conflict with the tory riflemen. Ferguson, as before, decided to resort again to the bayonet. But the marksmen had so thinned the ranks of the regulars, that the expedient was adopted of trimming the handles of the butcher knives, and adapting them to the muzzles of the tory rifles, and of thus using them in the charge. With the number of his bayonets thus enlarged, Dupois-ter returned to his first position, and made another charge. It was short, and feebly executed, and the regulars fell back within their lines.

About this time, the front of the two American columns had met, and the army of Ferguson was surrounded by the riflemen.— Their firing became incessant and general in all quarters, but especially at the two ends of the enemy's lines. Sevier pressed firmly and energetically against its centre, and was in his turn charged upon by the regulars.— The conflict here became stubborn and drew to it much of the enemy's force. This enabled Shelby and Campbell to reach and hold the crest of the mountain.

On all sides, now, the fire was brisk and deadly, and the charges with the bayonet, though less vigorous, were frequent. In all cases where the enemy charged

the Americans on one side of the hill, those on the other thought he was retreating and advanced near the summit. But in all these movements, the left of Ferguson's line was gradually receding and the Americans were plying their rifles with terrible effect. Ferguson was still in the heat of battle; with characteristic coolness and daring, he ordered Captain Dupois-ter to reinforce a position about one hundred yards distant, with his regulars; but before they reached it, they were two much thinned by the American rifles, to render any effectual support. He then ordered his cavalry to mount, with the view of making a desperate onset at their head. But these only presented a better mark for the rifle and fell as fast as they could mount their horses. He rode from one end of his line to the other encouraging his men to prolong the conflict. With desperate courage, he passed from one exposed point, to another, of equal danger. He carried in his wounded hand, a shrill sounding silver whistle, whose signal was universally known through the ranks,— was of immense service throughout the battle, and gave a sort of ubiquity to his movements.

But the Americans having reached the top of the mountain, were gradually compressing the enemy, and the line of Ferguson's encampment was sensibly contracted. A white flag was raised by the tories in token of surrender. Ferguson rode up to it and pulled it down. A second flag was raised, at the other end of the line. He rode there too, and

cut it down with his sword. He was frequently admonished by Dupoister to surrender; but his proud spirit could not deign to give up to raw and undisciplined militia. When the second flag was cut down, Dupoister renewed his admonition. To this he replied, by declaring, he would never surrender to such a damned set of banditti as the mountain men. These men, while they admired the unyielding spirit of Ferguson, had noticed that whenever his voice or his whistle was heard, the enemy was inspirited to another rally. They believed that while he survived, his desperate courage would not permit a surrender. He fell soon after pierced by seven balls, and immediately expired.

The forward movement of all the American columns, brought them to a level with the enemy's guns, which heretofore in most instances, had over-shot their heads. The horizontal fire of the regulars, was now considerably fatal; but the rapid advance of the riflemen, soon surrounded both them and the Tories, who being crowded close together, and cooped up into a narrow space by the surrounding pressure of the American troops, and fatally galled by their incessant fire, lost all hope from further resistance. Dupoister, who succeeded Ferguson in command, perceiving that further struggle was in vain, raised the white flag, and cried out for quarters. A general cessation of the American fire followed; but this cessation was not complete. Some of the young men did not understand the

meaning of a white flag; others who did, knew that other flags had been raised before; and were quickly taken down. Shelby hallooed out to them to throw down their guns, as all would understand that as a surrender. This was immediately done. The arms were now lying in front of the prisoners, without any orders how to dispose of them. Col. Shelby, seeing the facility with which the enemy could resume their guns, exclaimed, "Good God! what can we do in this confusion?" "We can order the prisoners from their arms" said Lieutenant Sawyers. "Yes" said Shelby, "that can be done." The prisoners were accordingly marched to another place, and there surrounded by a double guard. Nearly all of the enemy's guns were found loaded.

The battle lasted about an hour. The loss of the enemy was two hundred and twenty-five killed, one hundred and eighty wounded and seven hundred taken prisoners. Total loss of the enemy eleven hundred and five. The riflemen captured also fifteen hundred stand of arms, a great many horses, and wagons, loaded with supplies, and booty of every kind, which had been plundered by the Tories from the Whigs.

The loss of the Americans was, twenty-eight killed, and sixty wounded. Of the former was Colonel Williams, of South Carolina. He fell a victim to the true Palmetto spirit, and intemperate eagerness for battle. Towards the close of the engagement, he espied Ferguson, riding near the line and dashed toward him with the gallant determination of a

SURRENDER OF THE TROOPS

Commanded by Col. Ferguson at

KING'S MOUNTAIN,

7th October, 1780.

—O—
EXPLANATION.

- A. Col. Shelby's Corps,
- B. Col. Campbell's
- C. Col. Sevier's
- D. Maj. Winston's
- E. Col. Hambright's
- F. Maj. Chronicle's
- G. Col. Cleveland's
- H. Col. William's
- I. Maj. McDowell's
- J. Enemy's Line previ-
- Route of the different Corps going into Battle.

ous to being surround-

ed.

K. Enemy in confusion.

L. L. Length of enemy's

encampment 80 Poles,

M. Colonel Ferguson's

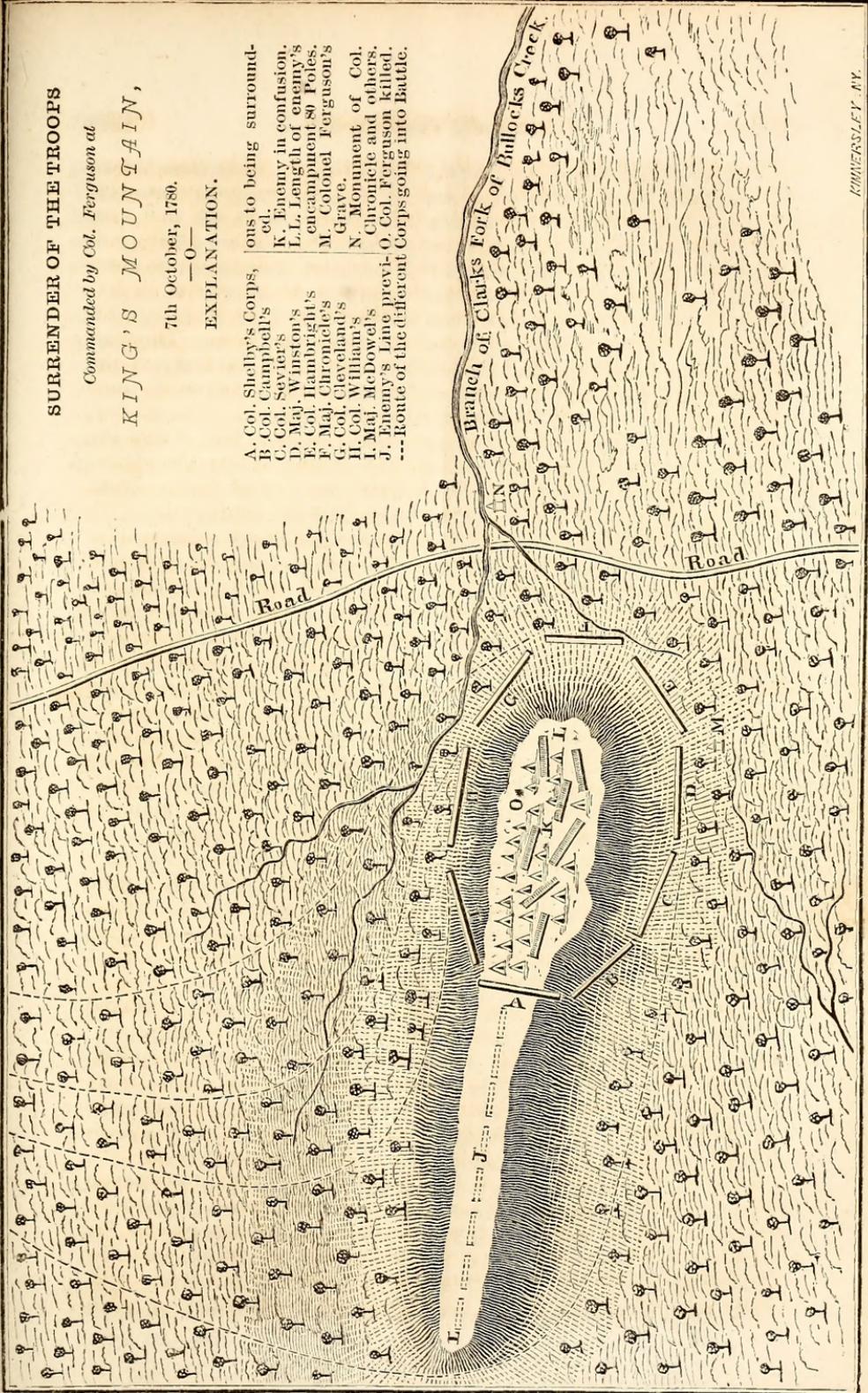
Grave.

N. Monument of Col.

Chronicle and others.

O. Col. Ferguson killed.

--- Route of the different Corps going into Battle.



personal encounter. "I will kill Ferguson" exclaimed Col. Williams, "or die in the attempt," and spurring his horse in the direction of the enemy, received a bullet as he crossed their line.— He survived till he heard that his antagonist was killed, and his camp surrendered, and amidst the shouts of victory by his triumphant countrymen, said, "I die contented," and with a smile upon his countenance, expired.

Major Chronicle, who, with Col. Hambright led the left wing, was, in passing around the end of of the mountain, much exposed to the fire of the enemy above them, and little more than one hundred yards distant. He fell early in the engagement, while gallantly repulsing the British charge. A plain monument, erected at the foot of the hill where he fell, attests the grateful remembrance of his countrymen. It bears this inscription:

Sacred

To the Memory of

MAJOR WILLIAM CHRONICLE,

CAPT. JOHN MATTOCKS,

WILLIAM ROBB,

and

JOHN BOYD,

who were killed at this place,

on the 7th of October, 1780

fighting in defence of America.

On the other side of the same monument, facing the battle ground is inscribed,

COL. FERGUSON,

An officer of his Britanic Majesty, was defeated and killed

At this place

on the 7th day of

October, 1780.

Of Col. Campbell's regiment,

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Lieutenant Edmondson, two others of the same name and family, and ten of their associates in arms, were killed. The names of the Virginia officers are Captains Dy-sart, Colville, Edmondson, Beattie and Craig. Lieutenants Edmondson and Bowen. Ensign Robert Campbell, who killed the British Adjutant, McGinnis, at the head of a charging party.— Captain Robert Edmondson said to one of his men, John McCrosky, that he did not like his place, and broke forward to the hottest part of the battle, and there received the charge of Dupoister's regulars, he discharged his rifle, dubbed his gun, knocked the musket out of the hands of one of the British soldiers, and seizing him by the neck, made him his prisoner, and brought him to the foot of the hill. Returning again to the British line, he received a mortal wound in the breast. After the surrender McCrosky went in search of his captain, and told him the battle was over, and the tories defeated. Edmondson nodded satisfaction and died.

Of the wounded in Col. Shelby's regiment was his brother, Moses Shelby, who, in a bold attempt to storm the enemy's camp, leaped upon one of the wagons, out of which the breastwork was formed, and was wounded. Fagan and some others were wounded in the same way. Col. Snodgrass, Captains Elliott, Maxwell and Webb and Lieutenants Sawyers all belonged to Shelby's regiment.

Of the regiment of Col. Sevier, the captains were his two brothers, Valentine Sevier, Robert Sevier, Joel Callahan, George Do-

harty, and George Russell. Lieut. Isaac Lane and Capt Robert Sevier were fatally wounded, but survived the battle a few days and were buried at Bright's on the return march. Among the privates were four others of the Sevier family, viz: Abraham Sevier, Joseph Sevier, and two of Col. Sevier's sons, Joseph and James, the latter in his sixteenth year.

William Lenoir, (afterwards General Lenoir,) was a captain under Col. Winston from Wilkes. He was encouraging the men who had received Dupoister's second charge, to load well and make a bold push against their assailants, when he received a slight wound in his arm and another in his side, while a bullet passed through his hair, just below the tie, without touching the skin.

Besides these already named there were in the battle of King's Mountain other ardent patriots and amateur fighters, who, unable to restrain their passion for war, had volunteered on this occasion. Amongst these were Brandon and Lacy, and Col. Wm. Hill* of South Carolina. The latter commanded one of the two regiments engaged at Hanging Rock. He was there severely wounded in the shoulder and carried the ball with him to his grave. He was at home in York District, being nursed, when the tories, under Col. Huck, came to it and burned his Iron Works. This was the only foundry for the casting of cannon and ball then in the South. Huck burned furnace and

forge, grist mill, saw mill, dwelling and out-houses. Col. Hill himself narrowly escaped with his life. Some of his workmen were brutally murdered. The tories carried off one hundred negroes. They would not permit Mrs. Hill to save any of her wearing apparel, and even took the wedding ring off her finger. She escaped with a babe in her arms and walked three miles to a neighbor's house. In the mean time, Col. Hill was so far recovered from his wound as to enable him to be present in the fight at King's Mountain—though without command. It has already been mentioned that the pilots, under whose lead the several commands reached the place assigned to each in the programme of the battle, were selected from Col. Williams' men, who were necessarily familiar with the ground. Col. Hill was one of these pilots, and it is well established tradition that his familiarity with the eminence and its surroundings, enabled him to suggest to the commanders the plan of the battle. It is history that when that plan was announced to the council of officers, immediately before the action began, Sevier, in his emphatic manner, clapping his hands upon his sword, exclaimed, "Boys, by God, we have got them!" and dashed to the head of his men, and led them into the hottest of the fight.

The victory over Ferguson was complete. Not one of his men—regulars or tories—escaped. Being surrounded from the commencement of the battle by the riflemen, all were either killed or captured. The army encamped

* Grandfather of Gen. D. H. Hill.

upon the battle ground the night of the seventh. They had more prisoners than whigs with whom to guard them. They were in the neighborhood of several parties of tories, and had reason to expect that Tarleton or some reinforcements from Cornwallis, would attempt either to pursue or to intercept them. The next day was the Sabbath. Its dawn was solemnized by the burial of the dead. This mournful duty performed, the enemy's wagons were drawn by the men across their camp-fires, and after they were consumed, the return march was commenced.

As there was no other method of transporting the arms that had been captured, the strong and healthy prisoners were required to carry them. The flints were taken from the locks, and the most vigilant espionage kept over the prisoners by the troops, who marched the whole day, at a present. No escape or rescue was attempted. At sundown they met the men they had left on foot on their hurried march to the battle. The march was continued pretty close to the mountain, till the fourteenth, when a court-martial was held, over some of the prisoners. A few for desertion, others for greater crimes and some for the atrocities and murders perpetrated at Hill's Iron Works, were convicted and sentenced to be hung. The number brought under the gallows was thirty-two. Nine of these only were executed. Among these were, Colonel Mills, a tory leader, and Captain Grimes, a refugee tory from Watauga. The rest were respited.

Apprehending pursuit by Lord Cornwallis, whose head-quarters were close at hand across the Catawba, in Mecklenburg county, and determined to escape with their seven hundred prisoners and their fifteen hundred stand of arms, the colonels led off their victorious troops with their valuable spoils, to some place of safety in the direction of Virginia.—Sevier and his comrades re-crossed the Alleghany and remained in arms upon their own frontier. Campbell, Shelby and Cleaveland continued the march, with the prisoners, in search of some position of greater security. Passing through Hillsboro' where Gen. Gates then had his Head-quarters, these officers, made out their official report to that unfortunate commander.

The loyalists in the midst of the consternation that had been excited by the arrival of the riflemen, endeavored to communicate with Cornwallis, at Charlotte.—Some nights before the battle, two men came to the house of a Mr. Henry, in York district, and had supper given to them. After this two of Mr. Henry's sons came in from the Rebel army, and recognized the guests as tories. The brothers took the father out and told him that he was entertaining spies and insisted upon shooting them. The old man said that they had broken bread with him, and were sacred. An angry altercation took place between the father and sons. The latter agreed at length not to molest the men while in the house. They raised the neighbors, however, and gave hot chase the next day.

The spies fled toward Charlotte, whither they were carrying dispatches to Cornwallis. The whole country was out after them, and they got no farther than Bethel, where they lay hid a day or two in the barn of a tory. It was ever after believed that if these spies had reached Cornwallis, either the battle would not have been gained, or the fruits of it would have been lost.

Cornwallis, however, had heard from another source that Ferguson was in danger, and on the 10th he dispatched Tarleton with the light-infantry—the British Legion and a three-pounder, to assist Ferguson, of whose misfortunes he had yet no certain intelligence. Tarleton's instructions directed him to re-inforce Ferguson wherever he might find him, and to draw his corps to the Catawba, if after the junction advantage could not be obtained over the mountaineers; or upon the certainty of his defeat, at all events, to oppose the entrance of the victorious Americans into South Carolina. After the departure of Tarleton, intelligence reached Head-quarters, of Ferguson's defeat, and Cornwallis determined suddenly to retreat from Charlotte, which was done in haste and much confusion, on the night of the 10th. Rumor had magnified the march of the riflemen with their prisoners, as an advance of Americans, three thousand strong, upon Cornwallis himself, and to avoid another disaster—he precipitately crossed the Catawba and fell back to Winnsboro'.

Tarleton on his fruitless route

to the assistance of Ferguson, had pressed into his service a Mecklenburg whig, whom he forced in as guide through an intricate way to a ford on Catawba.

The guide deceived him and led the dragoons to a crossing place, that was found to be impracticable. Tarleton was now recalled and North Carolina, for the present, evacuated.

General Bernard, an officer under Napoleon, and afterwards in the United States Engineer service, on examining the battleground of King's Mountain, said; "The Americans, by their victory in that engagement, erected a monument to perpetuate the memory of the brave men, who had fallen there; and the shape of the hill itself, would be an eternal monument of the military genius and skill of Colonel Ferguson, in selecting a position so well adapted for defence; and that no other plan of assault but that pursued by the mountain men, could have succeeded against him."

In speaking of the same battle, Mr. Jefferson said, "I remember well the deep and grateful impression made on the mind of every one, by that ever memorable victory. It was the joyful unannunciation of that turn in the tide of success, that terminated the revolutionary war with the seal of our Independence."

Most truly was this said by Mr. Jefferson. It was indeed *the turn* in the tide of success. Heretofore, all had been gloom and doubt, uncertainty and discouragement. After the victory of King's Mountain, the American arms never again suffered a real de-

feat. They triumphed soon after at the Cowpens, and more than sustained themselves at Guilford Court House, conquered at Eutaw—and captured Cornwallis and his whole army at Yorktown, and conquered a peace and secured American Independence.

It is pleasant to know that as the battle and victory of King's Mountain was the best fought and most decisive, of any that occurred in the war, so the whole campaign reflects the most enduring honor upon the master spirits of the day, whose patriotism conceived, and whose valor carried it into execution. The whole history of the expedition demonstrates that the mountain men who undertook it, were not actuated by any apprehension that Ferguson would attempt the execution of his idle threat against themselves. For, to these mountaineers, nothing than such a scheme would make prettier game for their rifles; nothing more desirable than to entice such an enemy, from his pleasant roads, rich plantations and gentle climate, with his ponderous baggage, valuable armory, and the booty and spoils of his loyalists, into the very centre of their own fastnesses, to hang upon his flank, to pick up his stragglers, to cut off his foragers, to make short and desperate sallies upon his camp, and finally to make him a certain prey without a struggle, and without a loss.

Nor was it the authority, or influence of the State nor of the Government, that led to this hazardous service, or prompted this campaign. Many of these

volunteers knew not whether to any, or to what State they belonged. Insulated by mountain barriers, and in consequent seclusion from their Eastern and Northern friends, they were living in primitive independence, where British taxation and aggression had not reached. It was a gratuitous and unselfish patriotism, that incited their enterprise. In those days, to know that American liberty was invaded, and that the only apparent alternative in the case, was American independence or subjugation, was enough to nerve their hearts, to the boldest pulsations of freedom, and to ripen their purposes to the fullest determination of putting down the aggressor.*

It has been said that the patriotism of the riflemen was gratuitous and unselfish. It was eminently so. Not a single volunteer received a dollar—much less a bounty—for his expenses, his equipments—his toils or his sufferings. Each one scorned and discarded the belittling influence of money. Nobler impulses glowed in their bosom, and actuated their conduct. They defended and fought for right, conscience, liberty and self-government.—They asked for, and expected no other reward. This achieved, they were disbanded. Toils and marches, and watches by night and by day were cheerfully endured, and wherever the enemy could be found, his camp assaulted or his breast-works stormed, the rifleman was there, ready, with his spirited charger, his war—

* Foster.

whoop and his rifle, to execute the purpose of his mission.

The enemy—both British and loyalists, in defiance of the true spirit of genuine chivalry, insulted and warred against non-combatants and burned, destroyed or appropriated private property. But to the honor of the riflemen, no such spoils or plun-

der were taken by them. Their integrity and honor, were as little impeached or stained as their valor. They went home enriched by no spoils, stained by no dishonor; enriched only by an imperishable fame, an undying renown and unquestionable claim to the admiration and gratitude of their countrymen and of posterity.

IN MEMORY OF MAJOR T. M. N.

ÆTAT. 71

They fall from council and from camp! They are falling one by one!
Those grand old heroes of the stamp of God-loved Washington!
The task is wrought, of mighty MEN, their glorious day is done
And Freedom mourns a faded star with every setting sun.

The mould is broken! here no more those regal souls we meet,
Who kept their honor tho' the world had rocked beneath their feet,
With that clear dignity that shone no clearer for renown,
That matchless majesty that won but would not wear a crown.

The massive brow! the kindly hand! the proud and stalwart form,
That stood as beacons in the night, as bulwarks in the storm!
How few and far in Glory's slope, their less'ning numbers stand!
The Pillars of a People's hope! The Titans of the land!

Now! when descends the sullen night, our country's darkest hour,
When Demagogue and Parasite defile the seats of Power;
When dust is on the Eagle's crest, and stain on stripe and star,
Whose limbs shall fill their robes in peace, or lift their swords in war?

One more to that immortal band! that long illustrious line,
That courts no nobler name, old Friend! no purer soul than thine!
Thou! with the Mighty in their death, their rest and their reward,
Sleep! in thy cloudless Fame and Faith! Oh! Soldier of the Lord!

Yea! with the Mighty in thy death! yet not with these alone,
With many a loving heart that beat most truly to thine own;
Sleep! with the Sword-Cross on thy breast, the well-worn scabbard by,
Fit symbols of a Soldier's rest, and his reward on high!

VENEZUELAN EMIGRATION.

I have been so much struck by the excellence of the scheme proposed, that perhaps you will allow me space to express my opinion. It is difficult to define the principles of colonization, because so much has been said upon the subject; yet the matter is plain enough.—There are colonies which bear a Greek, others a Roman, type, and little light is thrown upon modern emigration, when they are spoken of so confidently. In the present day settlements, like the military Roman, are rare, but it will ever be regretted, if colonists lose that fine sense of the sacred fire burning in the hearths of their mother-country, which characterized the Greek reluctantly quitting all his most cherished associations, yet determined to preserve them in his new abode. If that sense be lost, all is lost, whatever territorial advantages a new colony may claim for itself. Chios, the famous Greek island, one of whose chief cities contended for the honor of having given birth to Homer, is an instance in point. How prosperous she was. Why did she fall except through cruel oppression? In an emigration scheme it is necessary that moral and social qualities be combined in happy union. The Southern States fortunately possess this requisite combination. The colonists cannot be accused of a deficiency in patriotism, when that public virtue has been exhibited through a long career. There is a brilliant future in Venezuela.—Those who emigrate have no cowardly misgivings for their old country, but justly imagine that a great people will always be great, wherever it is fixed. Venezuela has met them with thorough congeniality; her land is given freely, because she is glad to welcome colonists who will do her honor. In their turn they have responded to the offer, I perceive by the published papers.—It is a most well-timed concurrence of ideas when a government gives 240,000 square miles to Dr. Price, and the grantee uses the really large empire conceded for the benefit of his country. The colonists are to be, as far as my knowledge extends, allowed free institutions—in other words the old institutions of England and the Southern States. Efficient support will be rendered in England, and indeed has already been rendered by a distinguished Southern lady whose husband is the sole attorney of Dr. Price. As became her sex, she has provided for the moral wants of the infant colony. Making an appeal to the English public, she has been able to get together a noble library, besides other things essential for a young State. Two men of eminence in England must be mentioned with the highest praise. The Bishop of Llandaff and Canon Dale at once brought the claims of the library, and the natural wants of the new settlement, before the great English society which specially takes under its charge religion and education—the Christian Knowledge Society.

The result was what might have been expected. The Society was delighted at the opportunity of promoting religious and educational development in America. But so were other Societies, amongst whom I must particularize the 'British and Foreign Bible,' and the 'Dublin Tract.' Individuals have been equally active, amongst them some of our most eminent clergy and leading ladies. Where all have done service, it is invidious to particularize, but I should do great injustice if I were not to call special attention to the donations of Mrs. Liscombe Clarke, the widow of one of the great ecclesiastical dignitaries connected with an ancient English cathedral.—It would indeed be hard if humanity were not supported by the high and intellectual consolations which alone render it supportable. The library is a pleasing stream flowing by the side of the thorny paths which beset the course of every emigrant; all that makes a colony lovely ought to be encouraged.

I must, before concluding, say a word about Venezuela herself.—

The soil is fertile—Humboldt, none of whose prophecies has ever failed of realization, pronounced Venezuela the future queen of cotton, and his opinion has been corroborated by Mr. Linden, who directs both the Jardin d'Acclimation at Paris and the Zoological Gardens of Brussels.—Caraccas is also allowed to be the best tobacco-exporting town in the world. With such natural advantages, what will be the result when an industrious English population—I say English advisedly, for in England we do not make the mistake of calling the Southerners, Americans, we style them English—settle in this too much neglected portion of the globe. There is not much fear that they will be without good government. The people which produced such generals and statesmen as Washington, Alexander Hamilton, Calhoun, Clay, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and last, but not least Jefferson Davis, will fulfill Mr. Gladstone's brilliant statement in their new colony.

OXONIENSIS.

OXFORD, ENGLAND, July 21, 1867.

TRUTH

What the Schoolmistress read to her Little Flock.

“The Schoolmistress was polite enough to say she would read it next day to her little flock. But she would tell the children, she said that there were better reasons for truth, than could be found in mere experience of its convenience, and the inconvenience of lying.”—*Autocrat of the Breakfast-table.*

Come my children listen to me
While I tell you a story,
Which contains a life-long lesson
Folded in an allegory.

Years ago when I was younger
Than the youngest of you all,
Nothing but a little toddler
Scarcely yet ashamed to crawl;
Came to me two lovely beings
On a glorious summer's day,
As I wandered 'mid the flowers
In an idle child-like way.

One was dressed in snowy garments
And her face was lily-fair,
Whilst her eyes like blue wood-violets
Beamed beneath her golden hair.
With a smile serene and gentle,
In my outstretched hand she placed
Ivory-blocks of snowy whiteness,
Golden letters on them traced.

Dressed in rainbow hues the other,
And her hair was black as night
Glowed her cheeks like full-blown roses
'Neath her dark eyes' flashing light.
Joyous was her laugh and ringing
As she said with mocking grace,
“Blocks of Truth won't roll my darling
Take my play things in their place.”

In my hand she placed, while speaking,
Balls of many a varied hue,
Purple—crimson—green and golden
Mottling into pink and blue.

All were different—but on each
Three small letters might be seen,
Shifting, changing,—hither, thither,
Now in purple, then in green.

Both their gifts with childish longing
In my eager hands I grasped,
Never pausing to consider
What it was that thus I clasped.
Unto me they were but play-things
At my will to toss about,
So upon the grass I threw them
With a merry joyous shout.

Now the blocks I shook and rattled,
Then the balls I rolled away,
Caring not where either went to
So I had my hour of play.
But the balls while smoothing gliding
Just where I would have them go
Soon were faded, stained and tarnished
While the blocks were white as snow.

Then I found I could not trust them,
From my reach they'd glide away,
And although with care I placed them,
Where I put them would not stay.
One I valued more than any,
Streaked with crimson, flecked with gold,
As I dropped it from my fingers
Underneath a rose bush rolled;

But with rapid steps I followed
And in eager child-like way,
Soon was groping 'neath the branches
Where I fancied that it lay.
But my hands were scratched and bleeding,
And my white dress torn and stained,
Whilst I wept in bitter sorrow
E'er my treasure I regained.

Then as I grew older, wiser,
And could read the letters three,
Hid beneath the shifting colors
I deciphered L. I. E.

And I dropped the balls of Falsehood,
Took the snow-white blocks instead
Where engraved in golden letters
"TRUTH" on every one I read.

Thus I early learned a lesson—
Which to you I fain would teach,
Falsehoods though they roll so smoothly
Often glide beyond our reach;
And a lie we cannot follow
Through the devious ways 'twill roll
Without many a spot and blemish
To the garments of the soul.

So remember little children
Ever to your dying day—
That the pleasure falsehood gives you
For its evils will not pay.
And though Truth won't roll nor glitter
With the rain-bow's shifting dyes
In the end you'll always find it
Surer than convenient lies.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING*

ADAM REDIVIVUS.

"My daughter, Mary, Mr. La Fronde—I expect you to be good friends." The words rang out in Mr. Franklin's most cordial style, and Louis, who stood in the library of the splendid mansion of the speaker, turned towards him to make his acknowledgment to the young lady thus frankly and unceremoniously presented to his notice.

She was a tall, refined looking girl, fair as any lily, with limpid blue eyes, and hair of the soft yellow shade, which so rarely out-

lasts childhood. Regularly beautiful she certainly was not, but her elegance of appearance, extreme delicacy of figure, and, above all, a fragility and sort of tender sadness which were probably the result of her state of health, invested her with attractions which seemed to appeal to the sympathies, as well as the attention, of the beholder. She responded with a grave serenity to the courtly greeting of the young gentleman, extending a delicate transparent hand, repeated the welcome to Louisville which his position as a member of her father's household seemed to

* Continued from page 304.

demand. She did not confine her cordiality to words, but in her intercourse with Mr. La Fronde, she strove, by every gentle office within her reach, to make him forget that he was a stranger and induce him to feel himself at home.

A home it was, in the fullest sense of the word, and Loui, for the first time in his life, obtained an insight into the pure enjoyment of domestic life and the blessings of a household whose governing principle was peace and good will to all.

Never were there two persons who understood more thoroughly than Mr. and Mrs. Franklin did, the meaning of the pleasant Pagan admonition, "*Carpe diem.*"— They not only seized every day, but contrived that each of its hours should pass freighted with some amusement or enjoyment, carrying out in all their devices the principle of the greatest good to the largest number, to its fullest extent. Hospitality held her head-quarters in their gay and charming home, and the name of their friends was legion, while their perfect oneness of sentiment and mutual love had passed almost into a proverb. A long life of prosperity had been theirs, chequered now and then by the death of fair and tenderly loved children who passed away almost before their parents had begun to realize that their birth conferred an added enjoyment to the happiness which had been perfect without them.

Mr. Franklin was one of those men in whom all elements of character seemed to blend in harmo-

nious union, and who at the same time possessed the power of calling out whatever was best and noblest in the nature of those with whom he was associated. Cordial, utterly unselfish, and possessed of an honest frankness, which seems to be the special characteristic of his State, his great learning, ready wit, and indomitable good nature, gave him a passport to every heart, and as honors and wealth poured in upon him, his heart, instead of contracting and growing hard under their influence, seemed to expand into increased benevolence and generosity to all his kind.

Mrs. Franklin, the belle of her day, lost none of her attractive qualities by becoming the wife of one so unusually beloved as her husband. Their house became the nucleus around which was gathered, not only the brightest spirits of Louisville, but of the entire State, and when, after having served a number of terms in the Legislature of Kentucky, Mr. Franklin was elected to Congress, the popularity which had attended them at home accompanied them to Washington, and their reputation became cosmopolitan.

Beautiful in person, with a majestic dignity of manner which would have graced a crowned head, Mrs. Franklin made a queen indeed, and in genuine largeness of heart, geniality of disposition, was a helpmeet well worthy her husband.

Mary at her birth exhibited the same delicacy of constitution which had distinguished her little sisters and brothers, and for a

long time, it seemed a certainty that she would add another to the little rosewood coffins which lay in the family vault. But the ceaseless care which was exerted in her behalf appeared to baffle the inherent disease, and she lived on, though more like some frail plant, than a human being.

Her parents, who had felt the loss of their other children more as a shadowy grief than with the bitterness of real sorrow, found in this living one an amount of happiness which they had never before considered essential, and poured out the deepest feelings of their hearts upon her. Their affection for her, however, did not resemble the warm and devoted love they gave each other, but became etherealized, as it were, and sublimated to a higher and more spiritual nature.

Indeed everything pertaining to the gentle girl so appropriately named Mary, seemed to partake of a pure and elevated character, and to become spiritualized by the mere impress of her individuality. So apparent was this emanation, even from her babyhood, that instead of the usual pet names which cluster round the cherished darling of a home, her parents instinctively adopted the one of "little angel." The title was fast becoming a household word, when the protest against its use by Mary's old nurse, on the ground that a baby thus called never grew to childhood, caused it to be tacitly abandoned. Though, as she grew on and on in her winning loveliness, the little one became more and more confirmed in character to the angelic ministrants

with whom she seemed worthy to hold unseen communion.

As is often the case, permitted, it would seem, by the direction of a special Providence, the child, unconsciously influenced by the precarious condition of her health, obtained a familiarity with death which robbed it of half its terrors. Debarred from the sports and amusements of hardier and more material children, and accustomed to the society of persons much older and more advanced than herself, she acquired an amount of general information far beyond her years, without losing in any degree the sweet simplicity of character which formed one of her loveliest traits. Holding communion with herself, as she sat silent but most observant, in the brilliant re-unions in which were gathered the greatest minds of the age, the girl learned to create for herself an inner world in which she mostly lived, peopling it with spiritual denizens as pure and guileless as herself. She had little knowledge of spiritual life in any higher form of expression, for Mr. and Mrs. Franklin, though morally almost perfect, and so far as regarded their observance of all acts in which their neighbor is concerned, possessed little more acquaintance with real vital religion, than if they had been a couple of highly refined and very charming heathen.

Their pew, with its cushions and lining of purple velvet, was occupied with tolerable regularity, and, so far as a decent outward regard for the observance of the Sabbath was concerned, it was kept holy. But there was no at-

tempt made at even a form of Godliness, and whatever good seed fell from the pulpit upon their hearts was soon choked by the pleasures and riches of the world.

When Mary was twelve years old, she was too unwell to accompany her parents to Washington, and was placed with a relative of her mother's who lived in Mississippi. Happily for the girl, this lady, in addition to an uncommon loveliness of disposition, united a piety as deep as it was unostentatious, and, under her gentle teachings, Mary Franklin was led into that path whose ways are pleasantness and the end everlasting life. So much attached did she become to her affectionate instructress, that it was with almost a feeling of relief that she received the intimation that her father preferred her remaining in the quiet and healthfulness of her rural home, rather than have her subjected to the heat, dust, bustle and general discomfort, which make up the concomitants of Washington life during the Long Session. The blessed influences thus exerted upon the mind of one so wise, and yet so humble as Mary, did not pass away when she was removed from the sphere of their immediate action. She returned to her luxurious home, and to all outward appearance, was the same quiet girl, whose pre-disposition to gravity, and disinclination for the gayety in which her parents delighted, formed the only instance of a want of congeniality between them. But with her, inwardly, "old things had passed away and all things had become new," and,

from henceforth, her heart was filled with "the peace which passeth all understanding," and which overflowed through her life in an hundred streams of charity and love.

Her parents knew nothing of the new source of happiness which filled the life of their child, and replaced with a sweet contentment, the spirit of unrest which, indefinable, but most clearly apparent, had hitherto interposed itself between her and enjoyment.

They were certainly aware of a change which had removed the slight irritability so common to invalids, and which formed the only blemish on her otherwise lovely character. And, as the time went on, and the girl's religious impressions attained strength and permanency, the gravity of her manner was merged into a uniform cheerfulness, with a pensive cast upon it, which somehow affected one with the same sense of repose which is produced by the silvery shower of the morn falling upon the luxuriant foliage of some strong-rooted tree.

She was too timid and too reticent to speak much of herself, the more so, that she dreaded that a source of so much happiness to her should make a barrier between herself and her beloved parents, and charge them with wrong as it would tacitly seem to do. So she buried it deep in her own young heart and stood, by acts of piety and devotion, to exemplify the motive spring of her existence. Such she was at the time of her father's return, and the introduction of Mr. La Fonde into the

household of which he speedily became the acknowledged favorite.

Mr. Franklin, who began by giving a dozen good qualities on trust, soon found enough material to warrant his confidence and justify a still larger advance of it.—Loui was moral, daintily fastidious in his associations, scrupulously high-toned and honorable as the world's code of honor goes, and withal, his finished education, knowledge of the world, and undoubted talents, were greatly in his favor, and Mr. Franklin looked no deeper into his character, and asked no higher degree of excellence.

With Mrs. Franklin his ease, *savoir faire*, and perfect grace of manner were enchanting, and she soon learned to look on his companionship as a positive necessity, and treated him with a charming mixture of feminine dignity and motherly fondness. Loui responded most gracefully, installed her in the place in his affections made vacant by separation from his aunt, and submitted to the course of attention which she applied with a lazy nonchalance, which seemed as if he were accepting a right.

There was something about the imperious beauty and half scornful indifference of manner that marked the heir of La Fronde, which was indescribably attractive to every member of the softer sex with whom he might be thrown into association, and it seemed the most natural thing in the world to pet him and offer him delicate favors, which would have been refused with indignation were a less gifted person in question.

Gifted he certainly was in all that is brilliant and attractive, and with this addition to its other charms, the house of Mr. Franklin became gayer and more popular than ever.

As the winter melted into spring the household was engaged in a perfect whirl of fashionable dissipation, and every expedient by which great wealth and boundless liberality could be made to minister to luxury and enjoyment, was successfully resorted to, and the result was a state of life which tended to remove effectually from Loui's mind, all traces of the horrible scene which had so lately transpired.

Mary Franklin moved through the wild gayer around her, in it, but not of it; gentle and ever compliant to the wishes of others, no one suspected that her participation in scenes in which young girls of her age find so much delight, was a matter of positive self-sacrifice, which would have been actual pain, but for a new source of happiness which, powerful as the prophet's rod, budded, flowered, and bore fruit almost simultaneously.

How it came, or whence it emanated, was a matter of profound ignorance to the timid creature, who knowing that her heart was suffused with a new, strange joy, rested content in that knowledge and, under its subduing influence, grew happier and more placid as the days went on.

The inevitable sequences, old as the earth, when the premises given are too young hearts thrown into constant companionship, was re-produced in Mary's case, and

without owning the fact even to her own heart, she loved Loui La Fronde with an absolute devotion, all the stronger that her nature was in general, calm and undemonstrative. She made no more examination into the source or springs of her feelings than a bird does when under the skies of spring she turns instinctively to her mate, but poured out the wealth of her guileless adoration on a man, who regarded her as he did the memory of some medieval saint, a something sweet, serene, half holy, but utterly beyond the reach of human life and human love. It was the old story of Clyte and the Apollo—the poor little flower gazed upwards to the Majesty blazing above her, thankful for the brightness which glorified her existence even though shared in common with the Universe, and the Sun rode through his golden path without even a thought of the fragile creature whose life was merged in his splendor.

Yet despite his utter personal indifference to Miss Franklin, Loui was subject to an unconscious, but most powerful influence, of which she was the cause. Her loveliness, perfect purity, and utter unworldliness, appealed to his delicately sensitive perceptions, and through her, he learned to award to her entire sex an amount of respect which completely reversed his former convictions in regard to them.

As strange as it seems, by the mysterious workings of that complicated and exquisitely delicate machinery which propels the world of thought and the inner-

life, Loui, under the influence, now indirectly affecting him, was actually learning to love, not her who produced it, but the original of the lovely picture which lay nestling on his heart.

Mary did not suffer in the article of lovers, for in addition to her personal attractions and refined manners, her father's wealth and great popularity made her an object of almost universal interest. One gentleman, in particular, had been exceedingly devoted previous to her visit to Mississippi, and on her return, he renewed his attentions in so unmistakable a manner as to leave no doubt of his affection or desire for its reciprocation. To the astonishment of her own family and the circle in which she moved, when Mr. Cameron presented himself as a formal candidate for her hand, he was mildly but so decidedly rejected, that, convinced of her unalterable determination, he gave a public vent to his disappointment, and left Louisville.

The family were assembled one rainy night in Mr. Franklin's cosy sitting room, sacred to them and a few very intimate friends, and on some chance remark being made which re-called Mary's lover and the unusual effect her rejection had produced on him, Mr. Franklin began to banter her in his usual playful style.

"Well, Lady," he said, addressing her by the pet name almost as much used as her baptismal one, "Confess now, as we are in private, your reason for refusing a man who has every quality for gaining a woman's affection, and seems fitted in every

respect, to secure it. Come, sweet, why didn't you marry Cameron?"

She bent her head over the pretty crochet work in her slight hands, and, while her fair face flushed rosy pink as the lining of a shell, she said quietly, "Father, I didn't love him."

"I think, my dear, said Mrs. Franklin, looking up from the game of écarté which she was playing with Loui, "that you scarcely allowed yourself time enough to know your real feelings on the subject."

"Feeling is not a matter of time mother, nor is love," was the quiet reply.

"Hurrah for my Lady!" exclaimed her father, who regarded all she said or did with the delight mingled with surprise which one displays at the unexpected acumen of a little child. "My dear, I think she has you there! But it feeling and love is not a matter of time, of what is it Lady Bird?" and he patted the bended head.

"Of the heart, father," she said, looking earnestly at him.

"Heyday," he laughed in return, as he winked towards his wife, "here is a feminine Saul among the prophets—what do you know of hearts and love, Rosebud?"

"Enough to know that I did not love Mr. Cameron," was the reply, in a tone of quiet decision;

"You are your father's own child, sweet—reasoning in a circle, and not to be driven, by any amount of argument, from your position! Will you please to inform me how you know you didn't love Mr. Cameron?"

"Yes, father," she said simply, while the crotchet needle of gold and mother of pearl seemed to fly through her fingers. "I never blushed when he came, nor sighed when he went away, and my heart never told me when he was near, as I know it would do if I loved him—I did not wonder if I could be worthy of him, or fear I could never, do what I might, be able to gain his love—I didn't feel that he was my very life—I didn't—I didn't love him, father!"

"Did you ever love any body, Pet?" said her father, half in earnest. "By Jove, my dear, your daughter is indeed an adept in ars amandi! La Fronde, if you desire any information in the premises, I advise you to call on this young professor!" and Mr. Franklin pinched the cheek of the young person he was eulogizing.

"I thank you, sir," was the polite reply, as Mr. La Fronde examined the five cards just dealt him by his spirited adversary, "I appreciate the advantages of your offer, but—I have the king," with a bow to Mrs. Franklin, "but as I have no desire to become a pupil in the science of love, I am compelled to decline it." Meeting the bright eyes of his partner at this moment, Mr. La Fronde was struck by a very peculiar expression in them, and a disagreeable sensation shot through his mind to the effect that a deeper meaning was attached to his careless words than he had by any means intended.

He said nothing further, but finished his game in which he was winner, and then claimed a game of chess from Miss Franklin.—

She laid aside her crotchet to en- Her parents looked on with de-
 gage in her favorite amusement, lighted interest at the game,
 which brought the clear astute- which was speedily ended by a
 ness of her intellect into full ex- series of brilliant moves on the
 ercise, and took her place at the part of Loui, and when his tri-
 table with an alacrity which clear- umphant "check mate" rang out,
 ly attested her satisfaction. they exchanged significant smiles.

UNWRITTEN MUSIC.

Grand is the gilded organ's note
 When in Cathedrals vast and dim
 Through nave and aisle its deep tones float
 In wailing dirge or lofty hymn.
 Sweet is the Church-bell's mellow peal,
 At rosy dawn or twilight hour,
 As soft yet sad its low chimes steal
 From snowy spire or ivied tower.

And sweet at night the silver lute
 On moon-lit lake, or light guitars
 In orange bowers, or sound of flute
 When crimson skies first glow with stars.
 And sweet to hear at ruddy morn
 The shepherd's pipe, the reaper's strain,
 The echo of the huntsman's horn
 In forest depths—o'er hill and plain.

But sweeter still the melodies
 From nature's countless harps that steal;
 Now soft as zephyr's faintest sighs,
 Now grand as rolling thunder's peal.
 He, who communes with her in love,
 Will hear weird lyres in leafy trees;
 An orchestra in every grove,
 A minstrel in each wandering breeze—

Pastoral hymns in tasselled corn,
 The rustling wheat in golden sheen,
 The orisons of larks at dawn,
 The bleat of flocks on hills of green;

Sweet idyls in the low of herds,
The cascade's fall o'er mossy stones,
The babbling brook, the song of birds,
Or pine-grove's mournful undertones.

Her music suits our changeful moods—
Now gay as airy madrigal;
Plaintive anon as autumn woods,
Or dirges in death's ritual.
Our fitful moods oft shift and change—
Her notes remain in every clime
Unaltered by the flight of age,
Sweet now as when in Eden time.

Birds hushed their warblings in surprise,
And sought their nests in arbors dim,
To list beneath Eve's purple skies
Earth's bridal pair's first vesper hymn.
In wastes where winds like demons howl
Is heard the hum of insect wing;
Though croak the raven—hoot the owl,
E'en there glad birds oft carols sing

Sounds grating to our mortal ears
In God's accord—the bittern's wail
In unison with starry spheres,
Or silver-throated nightingale.
Earth, ocean and the vaulted skies
To God one ceaseless anthem raise,
In choral tones their voices rise,
Though man withhold his hymn of praise!

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

MARY ASHBURTON.*

A T A L E O F M A R Y L A N D L I F E .

"WELL, young Chauncey goes to-morrow to college, starts off for the finishing touch to his education," said father one morning at breakfast, and leaning back in his chair, tooth-pick in hand just previous to using it.

"Gone!" I exclaimed, looking up hurriedly.

"Yes, why child, what makes you so white? What have *you* to do with it, whether he comes or goes?"

"Nothing, sir," I stammered, "the coffee is very hot and burns my tongue." So it did partially. I wasn't altogether guilty of a falsehood.

"Well, girl, be careful and let it cool awhile. Yes, he's going, and may joy go with him, too, for he's a smart young man for all he didn't notice much what was doing on the farm, and they say he'll take high honors at the University. I like the boy and hope he'll do well."

"Yes," replied mother, "he's a well disposed young man, and will turn out well, I expect. How they'll miss him at home."

What did Mary say? Sickened to death I felt as if light and life had been taken from me. My heart fell like a stone in my bosom; an aching misery crept over me.

Gone! I near him no more!—
To pursue the same dull routine,

to rise in the early dawn to the same duties, to pass the day as heretofore in employments that dreams of his presence had rendered pleasant to me, to look at the same scenes, his home that had never wanted his presence before, the landscape that I knew he looked on and enjoyed in common with one whom he knew not, yet whose kindred soul rejoiced in the same with him.

Going! The light would depart with him. All pleasure was suddenly taken from life, and it seemed not worth living. All its beauty gone and I must wearily drag myself through my wonted tasks without interest save in the sense of doing what my conscience required of me.

Like an automaton I arose, helped to clear up the table, put the room to rights, then unable to stem the flood of sorrow that had suddenly poured into my heart, I rushed into the garden, threw myself under a rosebush, and gave utterance to the sobs that had choked my throat to suffocation. It was autumn then, I remember, for the wind blew the scarlet and orange leaves over me from the woods, as if saying,

"Grieve not—grieve not. See, we are reft of our hopes and our beauty. Learn from us that as the winds scatters our glory and sends our leafless branches to toss upon the blast, so are the dreams of youth dissipated by the cold

* Continued from page 329.

breath of reality and the bare strippings of time."

The *Hermosa* bent ever me, sent one of its sweet little buds to kiss my cheek, but its pretty shell-work did not move my loving admiration as usual. The dwarf pear tree leisurely dropped its great yellow tribute at my feet, but their lusciousness was nothing to me then. Just opposite grew my tall scarlet dahlia, a miracle of beauty I had ever thought, with its shaded gorgeousness. I looked at it and wondered that I had ever cared for it, and brushed the poor little bud away impatiently, for the sight of all I had formerly enjoyed sickened me just then.

Going! If I could see him only before he started. But that was impossible. He would bid his friends farewell. They would have the liberty of taking his hand, of pouring into his ear their wishes, of receiving his in return. To them would be shown his emotion at parting, while I with my heart full of unutterable sorrow and tenderness, must not even see him, hear him speak one last word, or say one to him in return.

Going! Ah! Yes. My fancy pictured the change with all its train of consequences. He was to go among brilliant strangers, excite attention and admiration wherever he went, leave forever the simple pleasures of home and of boyhood, while the career of manhood opened wide with splendid promises for him, taking him away from my neighborhood, never, perhaps, to live there again. He would be rich, distinguished,

attracting the world's denizens around him. They would delight in doing him honor. Beautiful women would lavish their smiles upon him and he might choose from them whom he would. He would establish himself in life; marry—oh! that heart-throb!—undoubtedly *Adèle Fleurry*.—For a moment I hated her intensely. A bitter spasm of jealousy sprang up to be repressed with horror immediately, with horror at my wickedness: but I could not think of her and Alfred together without suffering.

As I wept under the bush, abandoned to grief and convinced in this, my first grief, that the world had nothing farther for me, I heard my mother calling. Oh! horror! I had been there an hour and my morning walk left neglected.

Most fortunately I had not indulged much in the luxury of weeping, or my reddened eyes would have had to be accounted for. Running up to my room, I bathed my aching forehead and brushed my hair before I presented myself before her.

"What's the matter, Mary? you look sick," she asked looking at me in surprise.

"I am not well, mother. I was in the garden among the flowers and the sun was warm. Perhaps that made my head ache.

My mother was a most practical, matter-of-fact woman, and took me simply at my word.

"Don't go out again among them at that hour if you can help it," she said, then continued the operation of paring peaches for drying. I sat down to help

her, peeling off the soft, fuzzy rind of peach after peach from a great basket that was on the floor between us, while each held a white pan in her lap in which we placed the uncut peaches.

We were in what we called "the clean kitchen," a little room partitioned off from the great kitchen, where the more particular operations of the culinary department were performed.

I was too lifeless and dull to take an interest in any work, and just pored on mechanically, my thoughts far away from all that surrounded me, as the ripe beautiful fruit turned up one rosy cheek after another to me, the sunlight glancing in at the half-open door, the bees humming musically over the honey-suckles at the window;—sucking the coral cups with so much thoughtless pleasure that I envied them the power of enjoyment.

If I could only see him again. Perhaps he would pass out as was his won't and I would not be at my window to see, a chance lost of seeing again one who was—to me nothing—yet to me so dear that I would willingly have sacrificed my life for him to whom I was scarcely known enough to exchange the common courtesies of life with.

But I pored on answering my mother's commonplace observations as well as I could, and trying to assume an appearance of interest in what she said, the lacking mind often betraying itself in answers to her questions.

That night when I had pressed my cheek to the pillow, the tears that had been restrained during

the day, flowed copiously and I wept till my head ached again. Of course I had looked my last at the home that held him, its precious jewel for a few brief hours more.

The clouds that evening had been dark and lowering. He would leave then in rain with shadows upon the future that promised so fair. No, no, it could be no augury for him;—*his* future boded no ill, while mine —, but I closed my eyes and shut out the thought for that. Trust, trust, I murmured, trying to weep myself into a calm, there are objects enough left to love, the wealth of your affection to lavish upon, and your life will not be thrown away, Mary.

I had watched the glancing lights about the mansion, had seen them appear in the upper story one by one. There were no guests staying there now, that summer had departed. I watched the shadows upon the window panes, and imagined one that flickered restlessly to and fro as with youthful, impatient movements, to be his. When the lights were all extinguished and complete darkness, mist and rain had settled upon the scene, I knew that he had laid his head upon his boyhood's pillow for the last time and that a few hours more would see him far away from them, his family and friends;—from me who was nothing to him.

I slept at last and dreamed that we both had cast off this sorrowful burden of mortality and stood as spirits before the immensity of space, alone in the silent land.—

There I could claim him as my own, thrice glorified twin spirit, trembling with joy at being with him where the world was ours, boundless space around us, solitary save in the fulness of his presence and companionship.

"We are alone," I said, and timidly extended my hand to sustain him, for the cloudy pavement rolled from under our feet and I saw him sinking,—sinking.—

I awoke. The grey dawn was stealing in at my window. I arose looked towards his. There were several lights streaming from them and figures moving hurriedly about as if disturbed at an unwonted hour. Presently by the dawning day I saw a carriage driven out rapidly, appearing and disappearing between the groups of trees until it was lost to view up the winding highway.

"He is gone." I laid my forehead on the sill and said with the calmness of despair. "You have no right to weep. He is nothing to you, would scorn you if he knew the nature of your feelings, or give you pity which is far worse than scorn. You will perhaps never speak to him again, never again most probably—oh! my Father! no, this is blasphemy. You have no right to call upon Him for relief from a pain which is self-natured. Conquer this now. I will pray to be a better sister and daughter and the delight and exquisite pain of loving him must be denied me."

I sprang up and dressed myself rapidly, arranged my room, ran down stairs, was out in the diary before the sun had risen, made up

my father's favorite cakes for breakfast, and transplanted a flower before the family had made their appearance.

"Hey-o, Miss Smartness, what brought you up so early this morning," cried father, coming into the dining-room in his shirt sleeves.

"Business, father," I answered briskly and with forced cheerfulness. "Don't you see what I've been doing?"

"They must have been stirring early at the Grove," he remarked. "I saw the carriage tracks just now when I went to the gate. I suppose the young man's off."

I busied myself about the breakfast table to conceal the pain that the mention of him would force into my countenance.

"Susan, go feed them chickens directly," called out mother from the clean kitchen, "Well, Mary," she said, coming in, "you did stir yourself early this morning. Maybe we'll get a lot of peaches to-day, now the weather's cleared off."

"Yes, mother, we'll work hard. I feel as if I could do a great many to-day. My fingers are quite in the humor for work."

I *did* work hard that day, never allowing myself, if I could help it, a moment's time for thought. Yet thought would come sometimes in spite of me, and then the sensation was a sickening nausea of life, a vacuity that unnerved me completely for the moment, but I aroused myself, wound up my energies to a painful pitch, worked on till night came and I was again in my room, again found myself looking with straining eyes

towards his deserted home, again stealing that forbidden fruit.

Ah! poor young heart! who cares for its feeble beating—its lifelessness? The God that made it? It was wrong, I acknowledge, to indulge this passion, but I could not help loving him, the only human creature kindred in taste and feeling that I knew in all that dreary waste of social and intellectual solitude. The future must have keener pangs for me still and I know it; but never can I unlove what I once have loved, and, though buried in my heart, that love will be there still.

I thought of his mother—how she must miss him—what a desolate place her handsome home must be to her now that he was gone, pictured to my imagination her wandering to and fro in his

wonted haunts, her eye constantly alighting upon objects endeared by association with him, and ever grieving her mother's heart by the separation from him, her only child. I felt such intense, burning sympathy for her, could have laid my head upon her stately shoulder and wept with her.

There were fewer lights in the Grove windows,—*his* were gone. How my thoughts followed him, trying to fancy him where he was in so strange a place, separated from all he loved and who loved him. Then I remembered him in my prayers, saying to myself that it was all I could do for one who was nothing to me, yet about whom every fibre of my heart had wound themselves irrecoverably. It surely could not be wrong to indulge myself that far.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RODES' BRIGADE AT SEVEN PINES—MAY 30TH, 1862.

Down by the valley 'mid thunder and lightning,
 Down by the valley 'mid jettings of light,
 Down by the deep crimson valley of Richmond,
 The twenty-five hundred moved on to the fight.
 Onward, still onward, to the portals of glory,
 To the sepulchred chambers, yet never dismayed,
 Down by the deep crimson valley of Richmond
 Marched the bold warriors of Rodes' brigade.

See ye the fires and flashes still leaping
 Hear ye the beating and pelting of storm,
 See ye the banners of proud Alabama,
 In front of her columns move steadily on;
 Hear ye the music that gladdens each comrade
 As it comes through the air 'mid torrents of sounds,
 Hear ye the booming adown the red valley,
 Carter unbuckles his swarthy old hounds.

Twelfth Mississippi! I saw your brave column
 Push through the channels of living and dead,
 Twelfth Alabama! why weep your old war horse,*
 He died, as he wished, in the gear at your head.
 Seven Pines! you will tell on the pages of glory,
 How the blood of the South ebbed away 'neath your shade,
 How the lads of Virginia fought in the Red Valley
 And fell in the columns of Rodes' brigade.

Fathers and mothers, ye weep for your jewels,
 Sisters, ye weep for your brothers in vain,
 Maidens ye weep for your sunny-eyed lovers,
 Weep, for they never can come back again,
 Weep ye; but know that the signet of freedom
 Is stamped in the hillocks of earth newly made,
 And know ye that victory, the shrine of the mighty,
 Stands forth on the colors of Rodes' brigade.

Maidens of Southland! come bring ye bright flowers,
 Weave ye a chaplet for the brow of the brave,
 Bring ye the emblems of Freedom and victory,
 Bring ye the emblems of Death and the Grave,
 Bring ye some motto befitting a Hero,
 Bring ye exotics that never will fade,
 Come to the deep crimsoned valley of Richmond
 And crown the young chieftan who led his brigade.†

* Col. R. T. Jones. † Afterwards Major General R. E. Rodes.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF EMINENT MEN—EXTRACTS FROM
 MY DIARY, 1834.

My first acquaintance with Mr. gress, won my youthful admiration. I did not meet him for many years afterwards, when he was invited to dine with several other distinguished men at Col. P's. where I was staying. Mrs. P. said to me, Mr. Clay will take you to dinner, watch me and I will give you the signal to rise; for after Mr. Clay takes two or three glasses of wine, he begins to

be rather familiar. "He would not dare to take a liberty with me," I replied. He conversed most delightfully during the dinner, and after the cloth was removed, he poured out his third glass and became very confidential. I looked at Mrs. P. and we rose and went into the drawing room, where I repeated the assertion, "he dare not put his hand on me." I was standing by the mantle-piece when the gentlemen entered. Mr. Clay walked straight up to me, and put his hand on my shoulder as if I had been a child. I drew haughtily back. "Ah, yes" said he smiling, "you are proud—all you P's. are proud people. I have known you a long time. I knew your father before you were born, when I was a white-headed boy in Mr. Wythe's office, I was introduced by him to your father, and then I thought it a great honor to be introduced to a member of Congress." I took a chair, Mr. Clay sat down beside me, and in a very quiet and sober manner began to ask me a great many questions about myself—among others, how many children I had. "Two girls and three boys" I replied. "And which gives you most anxiety—your boys or your girls?" "They are all too young to give me anything but pleasure" I answered. "My girls" said he, have given me great happiness, but clasping his hands and looking up with tears in his eyes, "Oh, my boys,—oh! my boys—" Of course I asked no questions, and turned the conversation as soon as I could.

The last time we met was in

Louisville, where he made his last speech in Court, in a famous will case. The Court room was fitted up like an amphitheatre, for the accommodation of the ladies, and every place was crowded. It was known it was the last case in which he would appear. His speech interested everybody, though as it was a close argument in legal questions, few could understand it. He, however, threw in some amusing episodes and we sat it through. After the room was cleared, I went and spoke to him. He received me in his usual friendly way—said "he was sorry to see me there—the society was not congenial to me, go to Lexington where it is more select." This was said so long ago that it can offend no one living there now.

DAIRY.

1838.—On yesterday our mess in company with fifteen or twenty others dined at the President's. The dinner was French. The *plateau* which adorned the centre of the table had been ordered for Napoleon, but did not arrive in Paris before the dethroned Emperor was safe in St. Helena.—The French Government would not purchase it, and some American gentlemen, under the advice of Mr. Crawford, of Georgia, purchased it for the President's house. The numerous candles and the glass chandelier above threw a blaze of light upon us which was painful to my eyes, nevertheless I spent a pleasant two hours with Mr. Clay and Mr. Van Buren, between whom I sat. Some racy badinage took place across and

between the President and Mr. Clay. Mr. Clay somewhat in a melancholy mood—certainly in a moralizing, said that he felt that it would be a luxury to go home quietly and remain on his plantation, watch trees and horses, put up fences, &c. Mr. Van Buren replied, that there were moments when all public servants felt as Mr. Clay expressed himself, but if they were to try it they would be miserable; that in this life we must either kick or be kicked, and that the excitement of kicking was most agreeable. However Mr. Clay thought he was an exception, and would be happy in his Kentucky home. To which Mr. Van Buren replied, "Well, if you *insist*, Mr. Clay, I have no objections to your retiring for the next six or seven years." It surprised Mr. Clay to hear Mr. Van Buren talk so in his own pleasant and impudent vein, and he rejoined, "I don't like to be behind hand, Mr. President, in good nature—suppose you try the retirement." "I don't sigh for privacy but take things as I find them in the White House," Mr. Van Buren answered.

Mr. Clay alluded to his daughters very touchingly, and to his wife being supported under her heavy afflictions by her piety.—After taking five or six glasses of wine he became very excited and said severe things of Mr. Calhoun which I did not hear without raising my dissenting voice and giving Mr. Clay his due. He grew more and more bitter, and repeatedly said Mrs. — it is because I know him better than you that I say he is the worst public

man in the United States except Jackson, and that he is the most purely selfish man alive. "At least, Mr. Clay," I replied in an earnest voice, "Mr. Calhoun is not given to harsh strictures on others, for I was three weeks in the same house with him and never heard him speak as harshly of any one as you have done in my presence of Mr. Calhoun at this dinner." He felt the rebuke but took it good naturedly.

MARCH, 16TH.—The sub-treasury was discussed by the leading men on both sides. Judge Longstreet, from Georgia, says Mr. Calhoun converted him to sub-treasury by his powerful arguments. Says he is disappointed in Mr. Clay, both as to nature and manner. Mr. Clay made some very severe thrusts at Mr. Calhoun, who rose in his place and promised to cancel the debt. Mr. Clay replied, he was ready to meet him *in that house or any where else*.

Mr. Crittendon made a speech which delighted the gentlemen of our mess. Judge Longstreet says he is not behind his colleague, Mr. Clay, either in sense or eloquence.

MARCH, 17TH.—To-day Mr. Calhoun replied to Mr. Clay.—The whole house, galleries and door-ways presented a mass of human heads. Mr. Calhoun made a grand display, occasionally his voice so choked with passion you could hardly hear him—nothing personally insulting, but sometimes he twitted Mr. Clay as severely as Mr. Clay had him.—Mr. Clay's reply was for the most

part, loose and disjointed, however his blows were now and then both heavy and keen, and the sympathies of the galleries were with him, for they laughed at all his jokes. Mr. Clay wantonly assailed nullification, and Mr. Preston, weak as he was from recent sickness, rose and replied in the most earnest manner. He said he had before thought that Mr. Clay had brought about the compromise between the government and his gallant little State from broad patriotism and not from any narrow personal and party views, but that the Senator from Kentucky had been pleased to leave his high and holy position, and he must remain where he had placed himself. Mr. Preston rebuked him severely for saying that he had felt interested in saving from ignominious death such Nullifiers as were in the city in reach of Jackson. Mr. Clay in a few remarks tried to do away with his taunting jests on South Carolina nullifiers, but they still owe him a grudge.

Being from the South and in a different political circle, I seldom met Mr. Webster. He belongs to history and his compatriots have had the tact to gather up every scrap that can illustrate his character. I can only contribute the following, which has never met the public eye.

MARCH 1ST.—Dined at General Vanness'—the dinner was *recherché*. General Vanness led in Mrs. Madison and seated her just before the fire. I perceived from the flushing of her face how much

the old lady suffered, and did for her what I would not have asked for myself, requested her seat to be changed.

Mr. Webster was allotted to me and made himself very agreeable. I was amused at a littleness in a great man. He had commenced telling me why Cicero said the Romans were more intellectual than the Greeks, when Mrs. M. C., who was sitting at my right, called so loudly to me that I was obliged to turn to her; when she had arranged a little matter of flowers with me, I again resumed my listening attitude to Mr. Webster, who somewhat testily remarked, "I pray you, Madam, not to turn from those pleasant-ries to hear my learning." I replied truly I was much interested, and begged to have the rest. He then went on to tell me that Cicero said the Romans called their feasts *Courinum* which signified "live together." and the Greeks *Symposium* which means "drink together."

The dinner table was beautifully adorned with flowers, and on each plate was laid a beautiful bouquet.

The little I saw of Mr. Van Buren was on formal occasions, but always found him polite and agreeable—his manner very polished.

I have thus sketched some outlines for my portraits. Should others be wanted to fill out the picture I could give "personal recollections" of many who figure in our country's history.

"LOIS."

THE HAVERSACK.

EVERY one of the survivors of the A. N. V. will remember the celebrated Irish Provost Guard of the 2nd Corps, who were said to have as remarkable noses for scenting whisky, contraband or otherwise, as the grand warrior of Massachusetts had for scenting treason. It is well known, too, that on the eve of a great battle, there are some who do not seek the post of honor. On the contrary, are rather disposed to turn their backs upon their foes.

This Irish guard was distinguished for the remorselessness with which they caught up all such as were disposed "to live," but not "die for Dixie."

At the 1st Fredericksburg, the sons of the Emerald Isle were placed in rear of Hamilton's crossing and specially charged to guard the rail-road. Rumor had it that some of "the sons of liberty" had taken the liberty to impress a hand-car, and under pretext of bringing up army supplies, were intent only upon taking themselves off, doubtless, to preserve their precious lives for some future contest, when their services would be more needed.

Patrick O'Conner stood on the rail-road the night before the great battle, determined that no renegade should escape on the "trucks," as he called the hand-car. He had not been long on his post, musing, it may be, upon the bright eyes of Kitty in the "ould country," when he heard the approaching car. "Halt!

halt!" halt! On came the car. "Halt, or I'll stick my bayonet in your bloody old trucks." On came the car. Bracing himself for a desperate lunge, Patrick plunged his bayonet into "the old trucks," and instantly found himself tossed heels over head on the embankment, while the car rolled on in majestic triumph.— "Is that the way you trate a sentinel, you onmanerly haythen?— You may go on to the Divil and I'll not be afther bothering any more about you."

Ah! Patrick O'Conner! the same sort of a Juggernaut is now rolling on the track knocking out of the way, or crushing all that oppose it. We need not be "afther bothering" it; but had better quietly wait until the individual to whom you consigned the hand-car may get hold of it.

A gallant Colonel of the lost cause sends us from Eastern North Carolina, the following incidents:

At the battle of Gettysburg, George Cooper (Co. A. 43rd N. C.) was shot in the face, which caused an almost instantaneous swelling thereof, and a proportionate disfiguring of the countenance. He turned around apparently in great pain and said to the commanding officer of his company, "Captain, do you think J. will love me now?" This gallant soldier was subsequently killed at Hanover Junction, in May, 1864.

When the "ball opened" on Wednesday the 1st July, 1863, at

Gettysburg, Daniel's North Carolina brigade (Rodes' division) was in position at the railroad cut near the seminary. Just before the charge was made, General Daniel ordered his men to "lie down," while he, with his usual bravery, advanced to the front to ascertain the exact position of the enemy. He discovered that one of the men was slow to avail himself of the protection which the crest of the hill afforded, and ordered him a second time to "lie down," when the soldier very quickly replied, "General, you are as big a man as I am, and you are standing up."

Among the troops stationed around Richmond in the winter of '62-63, was a battalion on detached duty, which having no A. C. S. of its own, drew its rations from a Commissary Sergeant, who got them directly from Richmond. The Sergeant often came back with slim supplies of bread and no rations of meat, but always had some grand stories to tell about the magnificent Rams which the French government was about to send to the Confederate States, and which would speedily sink the whole Federal Navy to the bottom of the ocean. On one occasion, the sergeant failed for two successive days to bring meat, but was unusually eloquent in his glowing accounts of the French Rams. His oratory was stopped finally and forever by a poor, little hungry reb exclaiming, "well, Sergeant,, why didn't you bring us one of them rams, you is everlastin' talkin' about? I'd rather eat sheep than nothin' at all!"

The Southern soldiers often addressed their officers very familiarly, as the following anecdote will show:

The two Georgia Brigadiers of Hood's old division were called "old Rock" and "old Tiger" by their respective brigades. In one of the battles about Spotsylvania C. H. in '64, the brigade of A. was badly cut up, and that of General B. was ordered in to relieve it.—As General B. was riding along slowly at the head of his command, he was met by a wounded youngster from A.'s brigade, limping along with a wounded leg and with blood streaming from his face. The lad apparently not satisfied with the slow, steady, soldierly advance of the relieving brigade addressed himself to Gen. B., "I say, hurry up, 'old Rock,' 'Tiger's' done treed!"

The Virginia lady gives us another anecdote of her little reb. brother. When he saw the remorseless Dutchman chasing his black pets of the poultry-yard, he said, "Sister, if them chickens was *grey*, I spect them Yankees wouldn't be so smart after them!" The chickens have now neither their color nor their spurs to frighten the brave. Run them down and wring their necks off.

Her next anecdote smacks of Andersonville and the atrocities of Wirz.

We kept our meat hid out, and the little so kept concealed, was never used except when a neighbor came to see us. One day my little sister came running in saying, "Oh, mamma, yonder is Mr. R—— coming. Won't you

have some meat for dinner? If you does, please give me a little piece." What a wretch Wirz must have been!

Our friend, the Chaplain, of Lexington, Virginia, gives us some incidents connected with the Army of Northern Virginia:

You are aware that during the campaign of '63, the condition of the commissariat was not such as to cause any one to turn up his nose at an invitation to supper by any of the hospitable people of Virginia. The *cuisine* of no general officer even, was so satisfactory as to make him slight the offered kindness of something fresh and warm.

Upon one occasion, just as Gen. G—— was putting his brigade into camp, he received a message from a hospitable citizen in the neighborhood, asking him to supper. The invitation was of course accepted, and some waggish soldiers standing by, who knew the General's habit of never leaving camp till his men were all provided for, determined to play him a trick. Accordingly, at supper time, they went to the house,—one personated the General, and several others represented members of his Staff, and while some comrades kept a sharp look-out, they eagerly devoured the elegant supper and entertained the simple-hearted people who were rejoicing in having a live General and his Staff to sup with them. The bogus General and Staff had just plead duty as their excuse, and made their departure when Gen. G—— came in and had some difficulty in convincing the good

people that *he* was not an imposter. The General ate the debris of the supper with decided relish, enjoyed the joke, and made no effort to discover the men, who had perpetrated it.

Your illustrations of the coolness and daring of our noble "boys in grey," are not fancy sketches. The soldiers in the trenches at Petersburg were so constantly subjected to picket and mortar-firing that they became utterly careless and indifferent to the death-dealing missiles. The writer—a chaplain in the army—remembers to have been especially struck with this when going one day with a package of tracts and papers to distribute in Wise's brigade. The Yankees were throwing mortar shells, and there was a party of artillerists out in the open field watching the shells with intense interest.—Whenever one would come towards them, the cry would be raised, "*that is my shell,*" and before the smoke of the explosion cleared away, they would dash on it, pick in hand, and be digging it up to sell to the ordnance officer for a few cents ("Confed.") per pound.

There was at the same time, heavy picket firing, and as the minnies would whistle by, the writer confesses to considering it a rather inauspicious time and place to distribute tracts. But the soldiers seemed utterly oblivious and indifferent to the leaden messengers of death. I noticed one man quietly frying his meat on the side of a traverse where every few minutes a minnie

ball would strike near him. He did not seem the least disturbed in his occupation, until presently a ball struck in the centre of his fire and threw ashes in his frying pan. He now coolly moved to the other side of the fire and went on cooking, remarking, with the most perfect nonchalance: "I expect those fellows will spile my dinner yet."

Upon another occasion, while the writer was looking through a port-hole on a part of the lines where the hostile works were not fifty yards apart, his hat blue off and fell into the open space between the two lines. A hat was a consideration in those days, but no amount of money would have induced me to have gone after my lost slouch. A soldier offered to get it—I protested, but he was off and soon returned with the hat. "How did you get it?" "Oh! I crawled on my hands and knees—the Yankees shot at me six or eight times, but they did not hit me and it's all right." I have not unfrequently seen men raise their hands over the breastworks say—that they "were feeling for a furlough."

An old army scout, the true poet of Missouri, N. C. K., of Fulton, sends us an anecdote of "latent unionism." We would like to know the present *status* of Miss Jane. If she was a man, the "loyal union league," of Georgia would have no more zealous member. We would like to have the name of one, just one of that precious league, who was not either a bitter Yankee-hater or a ne-

gro-trader. We have never heard of but one man in North Carolina of position and intelligence who was consistently union, and we don't believe that the other States of Dixie had a larger proportion:

The following *fact* always amused me a great deal, and I send it to you as illustrative of that "Latent Unionism among the people of the South," of which you speak in a late number:

While on a scout in rear of Atlanta, I had "a little business" among our Northern brethren, and so I went to Allatoona and spent a few days with the Yanks. On my return, I stopped at the house of an acquaintance seven or eight miles from Allatoona, and while engaged in conversation with some ladies, one of them saw her niece, a beautiful girl of sixteen, coming down the road towards the house. She told me it was her niece, Jane C., and suggested that I should pass myself off for a Yankee captain, "just to see what Jane would say." I consented, and was introduced as Capt. W. of the U. S. army. I acted Yankee as well as I could—that is "Yankee gentleman."—*I tried the best I could* to persuade Miss Jane that *she* had a good deal of "Latent Unionism," and that the arrival of the Gridiron Flag at a point only eight miles distant ought to encourage her in manifesting her "latent affection" for that Institution. *I talked Yankee* for sometime as blandly and persuasively as I could; and at last said: "Now, Miss Jane, leaving *politicians* and *ignorant people* out of the question, what do the intelligent, refined, beautiful girls,

just such ladies as you are, Miss Jane, what do *they* think of us U. S. officers?"

"I'll tell you what *I* think, if you wish it," said Jane, very quietly. "My little brother has a *puppy* at home—a very ugly Scotch terrier; he is a *mean* dog; he worries the sheep; he steals the eggs; he barks at my little pet fawn; he is an ugly puppy; he has a snub-nose, and cropped ears; he is bench-legged, wire-haired and blear-eyed; I verily believe he is the *ugliest*, and the *meanest* puppy in Cherokee county; but if *I* were to-day to find that dog guilty of associating voluntarily with Yankee officers on terms of equality, I would want him hung to-morrow."

I thought it time to let Jane know *I* was not a Yank. And this was the kind of "Latent Unionism" generally prevalent in Georgia.

The rebel officers were not generally great sticklers for etiquette, but Memphis, Tennessee, furnishes an illustrious instance of punctilio:

I belonged to a gallant regiment of conscripts. The Yankees got after us one day and we were running like the old scratch was after us. The captain of my company was in rear, when we took to our heels. He did not like his position, and so he shouted out, "halt, and let me get before.—The head of the company is the proper place for the captain!"—We did not halt.

We are sorry that our *occasional* (running) correspondent does not inform us to which branch of the

"loyal league" his gallant captain now belongs. We feel sure that he is there.

—
St. Louis, Missouri, sends us the following:

In the winter of 1864 a fair representation from all Southern States drew famine rations in the Yankee prison called Camp Douglas; for the veterans of the valleys of Virginia and the Mississippi had joined flanks at Chickamauga, and on the first hard day we lost about one thousand captured. Among the prison guards was a company of *Indians*, of whom the Yankees cherished extravagant hopes as sharpshooters. These copper-skinned warriors had a rule exclusively their own for discrimination among the rebs.—They divided them into two grand classes, "Morgan-man" and "Secesh."

Whatever man was lucky enough to sport a nice bright uniform, was recognized by them as Morgan-man. Those of us who were ragged and otherwise generally dilapidated, bore the ignominious title of "Secesh."

One very cold morning, we were roused by one of the Indian sentinels crying out, "Guard, come fast, Morgan-man get over defence. Secesh help him. Ingun finger cold. Ingun no shoot." The alarm was not uncalled for. Some of Morgan's men had actually scaled the picketing and escaped.

—
Imaginative embellishment can scarcely enhance the precious stories dug up from the *debris* of the bivouac fires. Truth, like

good wine, sparkles pleasantly as often as the cork is drawn, and a true tale, even if it be twice-told, greets us like the face of an old friend, and there is at least honest pleasure in the recognition. The reminiscences given below may be old to many, but they are true enough to deserve a corner in the Haversack.

The Lindell—the great hotel which burned down here last Spring—was a grand affair, a pride to St. Louis, E. Pluribus, and all that. It was a favorite resort of the elite of the Yankee army, as well, and during the war, as we are told, some notable officials pitched their tent on that camp-ground considerably. One day a keen-eyed ragamuffin brushed by a shiny general officer.—“Here’s yer Re-publican and Democrat! All about another great battle at Atlanta.” “Here, boy!”—quoth Mr. Uniform—“a Democrat.” The paper and its price changed hands, and the news-boy drew himself up in one rank, his right covering a corner which afforded facilities for a prompt and rapid retrograde.

Meantime the General’s eye went down the telegraphic column.

“Boy! He enunciated sternly, a terrible frown settling upon his martial visage, “I don’t see anything of a fight here!”

“Guess yer *wont* much, nuther, long as yer keep hanging around the Lindell Bar-room!”

When “Paps” boys brushed the Yanks up with a lively stroke in the ditches around Helena, Arkansas, a meridian sun, and

the close fire, combined to make those rifle-pits warm quarters for any ragged gentleman of treasonable proclivities.

During the fatal halt which lost us the fruits of the glorious opening onset, a godless corporal under General Parsons filled the hiatus in energetically blaspheming the Mr. Somebody, whomsoever it might be, who was responsible for the murderous pause.—A general call for *water* was soon made, and the conspicuity of our irate friend, led to his being detailed to run the gauntlet of the fire, back to a stagnant pool, to replenish the canteens of a slender company. A Confederate lieutenant had been shot down by the pond, and the last time I saw him, he told me what he saw and heard, lying there in his blood. The corporal threw off his burden of tin-ware, flung himself upon the buckle of his cartridge-belt, and, like Narrissus, sought to kiss the handsome shadow of the fountain. Just then a gun-boat shell of the sugar-kettle variety came winding its perusive way across the hills, sweetly humming, “*Where are you—where are you?—BANG!*” A baptism of turf, dirty water and mud disturbed the famished detail. Raising his head, and shaking it impressively toward the hill tops, he shouted, “why don’t you behave yourself and let your betters get their water in peace?”

S. H.

Ah! that lesson of letting people alone is a hard one for a Jacobin, as well as for a shell.

From Columbus, Georgia, we get the two following anecdotes:

Immediately before Gen. Morgan's unfortunate raid across the Ohio River, he was stationed at McMinnville, Tennessee. Gen. Wheeler having been ordered to the "Right Flank" fixed his quarters there, and with him came Colonel St. Leger Grenfel, than whom, albeit he had his faults, (and who has not?) "a braver and a truer ne'er drew blade." And we sincerely hope that justice and truth may yet prevail in his behalf, and that released from the dreary Tortugas, he may return to his family in England.

Revenons a nos moutons. Col. Grenfel had previously been with General Morgan, and of course knew all his officers: among them Major L—— A. Q. M., whose high-topped cavalry boots, ornate patent-leather and many a stitch were the envy of the "staves" and the pride of the Major himself. Now Colonel Grenfel was as particular about his *horse shoes* as Major L—— was about his own boots; and so habitually carried a full set of highly finished and perfectly formed steel shoes. It so happened that Major L—— having need for just such articles for his splendid mare and having "blundered into 'em" appropriated Col. G——'s horse shoes, leaving instead a polite message to that effect. Colonel Grenfel said nothing, but deliberately sat down and drew on Major L——'s "High-Tops" newly cleaned and rubbed—and left this very laconic explanation.

DEAR MAJOR:

You have my shoes, I have your boots. GRENDEL.

We never heard afterwards of anybody's risking boots against Grenfel's shoes.

—
 Shortly after the repeal of the "Substitute Law" our very short ration of coffee having been exhausted, our cook, who was an ingenious "man and brother" substituted sassafras tea. It having been offered to General Wheeler, he declined, saying "Congress has repealed the act allowing substitutes in the army."

H. M. K.

—
 The following incident is sent us by the Chaplain of the 54th N. C. Troops, who vouches for its truthfulness:

Early in the spring of 1864 a lieutenant of a Virginia cavalry regiment was severely wounded in the breast at Leetown, near Harper's Ferry, and being in too critical a condition to be moved, was left at the residence of Mr. R., a patriotic Virginia gentleman, which was soon taken possession of by the enemy. The Federal surgeons finding out the condition of the unfortunate trooper, kindly visited him from day to day, administering to his wants, until it was deemed by them prudent to remove him to safer quarters.—The lieutenant, however, affected extreme feebleness, and his removal was postponed until the following Monday, when the surgeon remarked he would bring an ambulance and convey him to the hospital in Harper's Ferry. Mr. R.'s house was environed by Federal pickets and escape to the Confederate lines dressed in grey was impossible. The kind hostess of

the house seeing her protégé was determined to make the attempt proffered him an old calico dress as a disguise, which was accepted, and after a clean shave of the face, which was pale and emaciated from suffering, our heroine set out in open daylight for Lee's army. As she passed the Federal pickets she gave them a friendly nod, which was returned with great courtesy, (as Virginia ladies rarely speak to Yankees,) and she passed on unmolested or even challenged. The surgeon, punctual to his promise, called at the time appointed, and his chagrin can be imagined when Mrs. R. quietly informed him that her guest had declined accepting his kind offer of the ambulance, and had left on foot for camp! In a few days Mrs. R. received an official communication by the subterranean railway, *alias*, one of Hampton's scouts, notifying her that her gay cavalier was "present for duty."

We are indebted to Capt. J. F. J., of Selma Ala., for the two following:

Shortly after the surrender of the Confederate armies a body of Yankee troops were stationed at Talladega, Alabama; amongst the officers of this command was a coarse, burly, and arrogant Dutchman, who availed himself of every opportunity to outrage the feelings of Confederate officers.— Upon one occasion this Dutchman was going to Selma on the same train with a gallant officer of the late 10th Alabama, when the following conversation took place between them:

Yank. "You all fought for pay—we fought for *honor*."

Confederate. "Well, that's very natural and proper, we fought for that of which we had the least, and you did the same." Exit Yank.

During the late war, when the enemy were threatening Mobile, the Governor of Alabama, made a call upon the city of Selma for three hundred men for the defence of Mobile; this call was made at that stage of the war when all the good and true men were at the front, but it seems that the old men, boys and weak-kneed of Selma had organized a Regiment, for *home* defence. When the message was received from Governor Watts a meeting of the Regiment was called, and they agreed to avoid the disgrace of being drafted by volunteering en masse, and then to let a Board exempt those who had the best excuses and the most of them. A roll was prepared by the Board, and opposite each man's name was left a blank for his excuse and another for the Board to enter up their action. In company B, there was a fortunate little fellow named Smith who had one of his legs badly broken in youth, which made him a cripple for life; when he came up to give his excuse he wrote opposite his name "*one leg too short*," the Board wrote after it at once "*excused*," the next on the list came up with heart full of sorrow and not the breath of an excuse, but he had no sooner seen Smith's excuse and exemption than a happy idea seemed to possess him, he siezed the pen and wrote opposite his name "*both legs*

too short." The Board couldn't see it.

A squadron of the 5th North Carolina cavalry, under the command of Maj. B., a very brave, but young and inexperienced officer, whilst serving in Tennessee on one occasion, surprised a detachment of Yankee cavalry whilst halting for rest and refreshment. Dashing into them pell mell, the Yanks abandoned every thing and fled for dear life—our boys peppering it into them in fine style. One old fellow of the squadron, from the mountains of North Carolina, perhaps more of a toper than a trooper, in the fierce career of the charge spied a demijohn which some Yank had been forced to relinquish, and pulling up he preceeded to dismount and test its contents, when, lo, it was good!—Away fled the Yanks, away roared and thundered the pursuing rebs, and guggle, guggle went the whisky down old Jake's throat.—But alas! the course of whiskey runs no smother than that of true love. The Yanks rallied on their main body and soon drove their pursuers helter skelter back past old Jake, who was by this time too drunk to join the squadron or get out of the way. It so happened, however, that the Rebs rallied in turn on a neighboring hill, and both sides began to fire at long range with old Jake just about half way between the two. At the first whistle of a bullet he seized the demijohn and got behind a stump; then the bullets began to come from the other direction, and he changed

sides. The situation was now peculiarly interesting. Faster and faster the bullets come, and faster and faster yet did Jake change sides; a good Southern-man-all-the-time-but-afraid-to-say-so. Union man wasn't a circumstance to him! Ever and anon amid the pauses of the conflict he would raise up from behind the stump, hold out the demijohn and exclaim, "don't shoot, gentilmen, d-o-n-t shoot! I've got nothin agin any on you!" Just then a musket ball with the cartridge paper attached whizzed past his ear. This was too much for his nerves; dropping his demijohn, and falling flat on his face, he yelled out with the energy of indignation and despair, "charge 'em again, Major B., they haint a fitin fair! *dam old roper if they aint a shoot-in' without shuckin' their bullets!*" When picked up after the fight, evidently visions of his youthful conflicts on the court yards and muster grounds of his mountain home were floating through his brain, for vapping wildly he kept exclaiming, "fair play, and shuck your bullets, gen-tile-men, shuck 'em, shuck 'em."

A PRUDENT SOLDIER.—The gallant Lieutenant Colonel of the 54th fell, dangerously wounded, on one of the hard-fought fields of Virginia, in the midst of a charge. The ground was a field that years before had been in corn, and the ridges were still plainly standing, so that by getting down in the centre furrow one was somewhat protected from the shot which ploughed the field at right-angle, to the direction of the roads. As

soon as the Colonel came to himself sufficiently to survey the situation, he beheld a human head, face downward, flat on the earth. Calling out, "hallo! who's that," the head cautiously emerged from the short grass and disclosed the features of a member of his regiment, rather suspected of a "hankerin for the rear" at times. "Why John, poor fellow, where are you hit, and is it dangerous?" says the Colonel: "*Well, no where in particular jist yit, Colonel, but I think I'll git over it,*" was the reply of the *he-row*, as he buried his face in the grass again! He recovered.

In the first invasion of Maryland by General Lee, while the army was passing through Frederick, a drummer boy of the 5th N. C., in ragged and tattered grey, but with eyes as bright as diamonds in the dust-stained face, whose name was Muse, and who was one of the nine, (not muses,) but drummers, was passing up the side-walk, when he was halted by a shrill voice, which wasn't as soft as the murmur of waters, if it did come from a waterfall. She said, "Well, I guess you rebs are the nastiest set that ever come through these parts. What makes you so dirty?"

Muse rolled his eyes and glanced at the woman with a mischievous leer in his face and replied: "Yes, madam, we are dirty, but we had a dirty job to do—whipping you Yankees, and you reckon we were going to put on our clean clothes to do it in?" Under the shout which went up from Muse's comrades the waterfall retired.

On the second invasion of Pennsylvania, which terminated in the defeat of the Confederates upon the plains of Gettysburg, one corps of the grand old army penetrated to Carlisle, and, while on the march from there to Gettysburg, the following scene took place. Crowds of country people had flocked to the way-side to gaze upon the Johnnies; among them not a few were stalwart lads, who, dressed in their best, and with their girls by their sides, were peculiarly the object of Johnnies' wit. Whether it was envy, because Johnnie had no *gal*, or contempt for men who might be serving their country instead of the ladies, I've a shrew suspicion but I shan't say. A fine looking soldier of a North Carolina regiment, barefooted and ragged, had dragged his tender pedals over many weary miles without a murmur, but finding his comrades fast leaving him in the rear, called to the Corps Commander as he was passing, and begged permission to relieve his necessitous condition from the well-shod country people. The General consented that he might take one pair of shoes.

The soldier walked up to one of the aforesaid lads, surrounded by a bevy of gaily dressed girls, and accosted him thus: "I say, mister, come up out of those boots, I must have 'em." Citizen replied, "but your General has issued orders that private property must be respected." Soldier. "If that is a No. 9 you are wearing you had better come out of it. If you want to argue the case, you must do it with old Bal, (his

musket) and who never speaks tops out, and asking the former but once. So out with you." The proprietor how he liked the fit, he citizen reluctantly drew off his resumed his march amid the boots and passed them over to the shouts of comrades, and with the soldier, who wrapping his dusty girls smiling at their lovers sad pants about his legs, drew 'em on plight.

THE VOICES OF NATURE.

What happy voices speak around,
 And lend a charm in every sound!
 In forest, field, and stream they spring—
 About us cling,
 And notes of blest contentment sing.

How sweet the sounds which greet the ear,
 At early dawn, in accents clear:—
 The lark, the mocking-bird, the jay—
 All seem to say—
 "Awake, and join us in our lay."

How sweet the sound of gurgling rill,
 Fast tumbling down its native hill:—
 'Tis Nature's voice' in *running* strain,
 And merry vein,
 To sparkle gladness on the plain.

How sweet the sound of rustling breeze,
 Now sweeping forth among the trees;—
 'Tis Nature's voice, in *whistling* mood—
 With life endued,
 Erratic, free—dispensing good.

How grand the cataract's loud roar,
 Resounding far the country o'er;—
 'Tis Nature's voice, in murmurs dread—
 Thus widely spread,
 And speaks of *wonders* hourly shed.

How terrible the thunder's roll,
 As lightnings gleam from pole to pole!—
 'Tis Nature's voice, in grandeur hurled
 On this vain world,
 And speaks of *glories* yet unfurled.

teenth and Fifteenth centuries," embracing seven letters of the alphabet and bringing down the lexicon to the word *shade*. It fills up the interval, so says one of his reviewers, between the Anglo Saxon Dictionary of Bosworth and the English Dictionary of Richardson. Simultaneously with Mr. Longfellow's English version of Dante, a translation of the *Divina Commedia* has appeared in Holland from Mr. Hacke van Mynden. It is in the versification of the terza rima, and the Dutch are in raptures with it.— One stanza from the *Inferno* will amuse the ignorant American reader by the very look of the words—

Verwekten een geweld, dat, nimmer
moede,
In't rond draait in die eenwig duistre
luchten,
Als zand, gedreven door des storm-
winds roede.

A new edition of the minor political writings of Comte Joseph de Maistre has seen the light in Paris. Among them is embraced his "Letters to a Russian Gentleman on the Spanish Inquisition," a sophisticated defence of that infamous society and its diabolical cruelties, which might have been buried with its author. Edmond About's last work is a novel in his peculiar epigrammatic style, entitled "*L'Infame*." It is a story of a man who appears to the world as a base creature—and who is yet really a moral hero, making the noblest sacrifice to save two very disreputable people. It is adapted to the latitude of the Boulevards but need not be translated into English.

There has been a very decided

revival of Classic art in English poetry—a sort of *Renaissance* which may be the fashion for a few years, until the imitative in literature gives place to the creative, in the appearance of some greater lights in the firmament of song. The author of *Philoctetes*, the classical drama which excited a sensation two years ago in English literary circles, who has strictly maintained his incognito, is about to give to the public a second work of the same nature with *Orestes* for a hero. Mathew Arnold's *Merope* and Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon* were successful efforts in this direction, and two other claimants for classic honors have lately come forward— Mr. Thomas Sebe in the *Story of Hypsipyle*, and Mr. George Augustus Simcox in the *Prometheus Unbound*. Mr. Simcox, who has hitherto been known to the literary world* by two minor poems in the *Cornhill Magazine*, has met with a most favorable reception at the hands of the critics who accord him special success in his imitations of the Greek chorus. One specimen of this choral composition, in its frequent changes of rhythmical effects, is suggestive of the varied music of the *Lotos Eatus* of Tennyson—

"Mightily, with strength unbroken,
drunken with new light of day,
We are come, and none shall scare us
from our play;
Come, to see the potter forsaken of the
clay,
Come, to see the wizard, whom a fool
hath made a prey.
Surely thou didst sell thyself for
nought,
And cast the bands of brotherhood
away
For a deceiving thought,
That Zeus must needs repay

Thy treachery, and not by thy decay.
 We have had rest in hell,
 Pillowing our mighty limbs on one
 another,
 And were content to dwell
 Lapped in the ancient darkness of our
 mother.
 Answer now, and make confession at
 the last that we were wise,
 And that simple strength is mightier
 than lies :
 Do not think to flout us with double-
 tongued replies :
 Set the good and evil equally before
 thine eyes.
 He is mute, and answereth not at all,
 Behold, he thinks us blind as heretofore,
 Besotted by long thrall ;
 But our might doth endure,
 And inwardly is nourished evermore
 By brotherly accord,
 In that abode of our captivity,
 As round the starry board
 Of Kronos' patriarchal majesty."

One of the most remarkable books of the month in England, is the 3rd volume of the Mr. John Stuart Mill's, "Dissertations and Discussions, Political, Philosophical and Historical" from the press of the Longman's. The chapter of most interest to Americans is that which treats of the recent war between North and South in which Mr. Mill appears as the ardent partisan of the North, and the vituperative calumniator of the South, the motives, aims and conduct of the Confederate people. A philosopher should always be calm and unimpassioned in his writings—when he becomes frantic and abusive he ceases to be forcible, in addressing himself to the prejudices and passions rather than to the reason of his readers. Mr. Mill loses his temper on every page. He represents the South as a monster of iniquity while the North is held up as a model of all that is pure and honest and of

good report. "A fight for God," "the devil's work," "Satan victorious," such are the phrases he constantly employs, and there is some comfort in reflecting that the very violence of his expressions will impair the damaging effect of his essay.

A work on Naples and Sicily under the Bourbons from the pen of Mrs. Ferrybridge is full of agreeable anecdote and sharp comment, political and social, connected with Neapolitan life during Bomba's time. Here is an extract she gives from one of the catechisms formerly in use in the schools of the Two Sicilies—

"Q. Define a monarchy?"

"A. It is a power arising from birth, not from election, which coexists with human rights, but is not conferred by it. Were it conferred by human right it would be a magistracy, and not a monarchy.

"Q. But are not kings sometimes tyrants?"

"A. To say so is the act of a mad or ill-informed person.—Wrong never arises from kings, but from our own malice and corruption.

"Q. Can any people be its own legislators, or claim political reform?"

"A. The attempt has been made, with what success let Danton, Robespierre, St. Just, and the National Convention of detestable memory, show.

"Q. Why were our ancestors happier than we?"

"Because they implored all they needed from their princes, thus obtained only such things and as were useful and right.

"What is the greatest glory of the Neapolitans?"

"A. Their fidelity to the king."

We can readily imagine that

with some changes, these very questions and answers will form part of the regular instructions of Yankee schools in the South one of these days.

Gerald Massey, the poet, has a paper in the June No. of *Good Words* entitled "In affectionate Remembrance of Earl Brownlow," which is suggestive of a possible paper at an early day in the *Atlantic Monthly* in eulogy of Parson Brownlow—suggestive only by reason of the identity of name, for Earl Brownlow was a man of human feeling and had respect for truth and decency, and never thirsted for blood nor uttered ribald and brutal jests. Theodore Martin, translator of Horace, has in press a memoir of W. Edmonstone Aytoun, the late editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, with whom he was associated in the authorship of Bon Gaultier's Ballads.—The first volume of a new "History of India from the earliest ages," by Mr. J. Talboys Wheeler, Assistant Secretary to the Indian Government in the Foreign Department, has made its appearance. Mr. Wheeler has exploited an Indian epic poem, the Maha Bharata, several lines longer than the Iliad and Odyssey together, to which he devotes the greater part of this instalment of his Indian History. It will not prove as pleasant reading for the watering places as Mr. W. J. Thom's book on the scandal about George the Third and Hannah Lightfoot who the king was supposed to have privately married. Mr. Thoms treats Hannah as a myth, and having established her non-existence goes on to discuss Dr. Wil-

mot's Polish Princess. Charles Lever is the author of the Serial Story of "the Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly" now in course of publication in the *Cornhill Magazine*.

Two new journals are announced in London. The "Sock and Buskin" is a penny weekly organ of actors and artists.—"The Wykehamist" is a weekly by the pupils at Winchester College, named after William of Wykeham, the founder of the college.

The most dreary failure in the literary annals of America has been the "Nojoque" of Hinton Rowan Helper, recently published by Carleton of this city. Mr. Helper thought to attract attention by the diabolism of his sentiments, but neither among the Anti-Slavery fanatics nor among the former slave-owners has the work been received with any other feelings than disgust and abhorrence. Mr. Helper helped more than anybody else to bring about the war upon slavery by his "Impending Crisis of the South" and he did this, it seems, in order that slavery having been abolished, the negro might be exterminated from the land. Nothing could be more revolting to the former slave-holding class than such an avowal. We repudiate with scorn the position which would make the unhappy black race a caste like the lepars of Juda to be driven from human habitations. The Northern fanatics who applauded Mr. Helper's first performance, and circulated it by the thousand, are acting in a manner that may precipitate a

war of races in the South in which the negro must inevitably perish. But if it must needs be that offences come, woe unto him by whom the offence cometh.

In the literary merits of "No-joque" they are simply "nil." The book is an ill digested and badly arranged mess of quotations compiled by the author in the Astor Library from works he has never read, and that portion of it which may be styled original is marked by no elegance of style or semblance of argument.

Carleton has in press a posthumous work of Artemus Ward, comprising his contributions to *Punch*, and to the Papers of the Savage Club, to be entitled, "Artemus Ward in London." The same publisher promises a forthcoming novel by Mrs. Caroline Howard Jervey of South Carolina, author of the popular stories of "Vernon Grove" and "Helen Courtenay's Promise."

F. S. Cozzens, author of the "Sparrowgrass Papers" will shortly delight the lovers of the humorous with "The Sayings of Dr. Bushwhacker and other learned Men."

A very readable work, and one adapted for summer holidays in "The Champagne Country" by Robert Tomes, recently sent out by Hurd & Houghton. The writer is thoroughly imbued with his subject and his descriptions of the Rheims region have something of the sparkle of what Tennyson calls "the foaming grape of Eastern France." The same publishers have issued the third edition of Smith's Bible Dictionary a volume entitled "Conver-

sations on Ritualism" which must of necessity be wearisome enough.

Bishop Hopkins' "History of the Church in Verse" is a yet more absurd affair and has created a great deal of laughter. One of his quatrains—

Of these good men, the best distinguish-
ed name
Was that of William White. He took
his stand
As Chaplain to the Congress, and his
fame
Is linked with those most honored in
the land.

very forcibly recalls the clever imitation of Crabbe in the Rejected Addresses—

John Richard William Alexander Dwy-
er
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs Es-
quire,
But when John Richard listed in the
Blues,
Emanuel Jenkins polished Stubbs's
shoes.

A clever work entitled "Ten Months in Brazil," by John Codman, has been published by Lea & Shepard, of Boston. Mr. Codman does not believe in emancipation, and therefore "catches it" from Northern critics.

Ticknor & Fields are on the eve of issuing a new and enlarged edition of Dr. Hays's "Arctic Boat Journey."

The Appleton's have just published a polemical and religious treatise, written by Dr. E. E. Macey, a prominent homeopathic physician of this city. It attacks Protestantism from the Roman Catholic church militant point of view, but is especially severe on Puritanism. The same house announces "The Physiology and Pathology of the Mind," by Henry Maudsley, M. D., London;

"The Human Element in the Inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures," by J. F. Curtis, D. D.; "The Culture Demanded by Modern Life," series of addresses and arguments on the claims of scientific education, by Professor Tyn-dal and others, edited, with an introduction, by Edward L. You-mans.

The Appletons' Hand-Book of Northern Travel is a timely and useful publication for Tourists hereabout, but can have little interest beyond the Potomac.

Under the title of *Abracadabra* Mrs. Julia Creswell, *nee* Miss Julia Pleasants, will soon issue a volume of her later poems, and Miss Brock, of Virginia, is now in New York engaged in prepar- ing for publication a new anthol- ogy of Southern War Poems, to be called "The Southern Ama- ranth,"

The most important publica- tion of the Harpers is Dr. Dra- per's "History of the Civil War

in America," a work of too much moment to be cursorily discussed in a rapid resumé of the books of the month.

Reprints of Dickens are numer- ous. Hurd & Hughton, Peterson & Co., and Ticknor & Fields are the most prominent in this au- thor's works in America.

Harper & Brothers and Doo- lady are rivals in reprinting Thackeray.

The New York *Sunday News*, which is prominent among the literary weeklies, will soon com- mence an original story, written for that paper by Dickens, to be followed by one from Victor Hugo. The *Sunday News* and the *Metropolitan Record* of Mr. Mullaly are kept up with great spirit. Mr. Mullaly well de- serves a large list of Southern subscribers.

Richardson & Co., will soon publish an agreeable work en- titled "Pleasantries about Courts and Lawyers."

BOOK NOTICES.

DIXIE COOKERY,

Or How I Managed my Table for twelve Years. A Practical Cook Book for Southern Housekeepers,

BY

MRS. MARIA MASSEY BARRINGER,

OF

NORTH CAROLINA.

LORING, PUBLISHER: BOSTON,
1867. PRICE, 50 CENTS.

Nothing could be more unpre- tending than the volume before

us. It is pre-eminently a Practi- cal Book—giving the daily ex- periences in Domestic Cookery, of a lady of culture and talent: but one, withal, of systematic habit and economic inclinations. It is the book for the now impoverish- ed "million" of the South— those who can no longer afford the lavish displays of other days: but who still prefer, in their *petite cuisine*, the cherished tastes and

savory styles of the olden time.— Its chief merit is this: It strikes fairly and squarely at the present great want of our destitute people—*practical economy*:—combined, it is true, with many of those rare selections and skillful combinations, in the culinary art, peculiar to Southern house-wifery.

In another view, this book explodes the theory of our Northern brethren, that the fair daughters of our sunny clime, are deficient in the higher qualities of wives, matrons, and mothers. Here we have a glimpse of the varied responsibilities, and endless duties of a Southern house-wife. 'Tis true that much of their care and trouble grew out of the isolation and other peculiarities of slavery. They are, now, to a certain extent, released from the care and responsibility of "contrabands;" and the culture and genius of the "benighted region" may ere long eclipse the would-be celebrities of Shoddy and Sham. We sincerely trust that Southern women will not refuse to enter the inviting fields of science, of letters, and of art, now fully open to them.— And we confidently expect and predict, for them, the same success, that has heretofore attended them in the social and domestic circles, where their rare attainments, refined taste, elegant toil, and queenly sway crowned their efforts and aspirations with signal triumph, and gave name and renown to Southern homes.

Mrs. Barringer is among the first to enter the lists in her special

department. We are happy in her personal acquaintance: *we* (*i. e.* ourself and our ———) have studied her little volume: *we* (*i. e.* the writer) know nothing of the "high art," except what we learned as a Confederate soldier: but we do not hesitate, with the lights before us, to recommend "Dixie Cookery" to all in search of "good living made easy."

R.

The Battle-fields of Virginia.

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

BY

HOTCHKISS & ALLAN.

This is really a valuable book, embracing all of the engagements of the Army of Northern Virginia, from the first Battle of Fredericksburg to the wounding and death of Lieutenant General T. J. Jackson. It is embellished with handsome and accurate maps of each battle-field, drawn by Captain J. Hotchkiss, who was General Jackson's Chief Topographical Engineer during the campaigns of 1862-'63. Reports both from Confederate and Federal officers have been carefully compiled by Col. William Allan, late Chief of Ordnance of Jackson's Corps and now a Professor in Washington College, Virginia, and the work can be relied on as setting forth a clear and truthful history of the important engagements it embraces.

Price, \$5.00. D. Van Nostrand & Co., Publishers, 192 Broadway, New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

In the present number of the magazine will be found several new advertisements, which we desire to call to the attention of the public; and in doing so we take occasion to remark that although we may continue this number of advertising sheets it is our determination not to fall short of the quantity of reading matter promised in our Prospectus—eighty pages. For five months past an extra form has been added and a heavier and more costly paper used. Before the close of the year we hope to increase the magazine still larger, and make improvements in other respects.

Washington Medical College.—This Institution, recently opened in Baltimore, is designed to supply the wants of the South in a purely Southern Medical College. Its President, Dr. Ford, was a surgeon in the old U. S. army, and during the war was Medical Director of the Western Department of the Confederate army, and was recognized as a man of undoubted ability. Of its professors Dr. Edward Warren was Surgeon General in North Carolina, and had charge of the hospitals of the State. Dr. Logan was a professor in the Atlanta Medical College, and was Medical Director of Georgia. Dr. Byrd was professor in Oglethorpe Medical College, and a surgeon C. S. A. Dr. Scott was professor in the Richmond Medical College, and Drs. Clagett and Moorman

were both surgeons in the Confederate army. Such an institution merits the patronage and support of the people of the South.

Rosadalis.—D. J. J. Lawrence has established, at Wilson, N. C., a large Laboratory for the manufacture of the Rosadalis. It is represented as a genuine cure for scrofula, &c., and in giving notice of it we make an extract from the *North Carolinian*, published in Wilson, the village where Dr. Lawrence resides:

“We present on our fourth page, to-day, an extended advertisement of Lawrence’s Rosadalis, a blood medicine prepared by a Southern physician, and which, though recently introduced to the public, has, nevertheless, attained a wide-spread popularity.

The reader is familiar with the character of patent medicines generally, and while the appearance of this notice in these columns is a sufficient guarantee that the medicine is what is claimed for it in every respect, yet should we pass it by without some notice, the public might be led to infer that we had departed from that high standard which we claim for the *North Carolinian*, as a reliable and responsible advertising medium.

We have had opportunities of testing and observing the properties of the Rosadalis, and we do not, on our own knowledge, hesitate to recommend it.

Dr. Lawrence is in possession of testimonials from reliable and well known persons who have used his remedy, and the satis-

faction it has almost invariably given, should recommend it to the afflicted everywhere.

In thus giving it the benefit of a place in our columns we endorse it, and in so doing, we feel that we confer a benefit upon our fellow-man, which is the prime motive to all our actions. We ask from all a careful perusal of the advertisement."—*North Carolinian*, June 5th.

Washington College, Va.—It is not necessary to do more than direct attention to this renowned institution. The great chieftain, with his able corps of assistants, is giving Washington the very highest success, as the number of students (nearly five hundred) clearly attests.

Mecklenburg Female College.—This institution has just passed through its first session, under the most favorable auspices. It is endowed with a competent corps of instructors, and we hope, in a few years, to see its capacious and elegant building crowded with pupils.

The Commencement Festivals just past gave great satisfaction to the friends of the institution, and indicates a decided success in its future career.

The Charlotte Female Institute—Under the superintendence of Rev. R. Burwell & Son, has been in successful operation for a number of years. It ranks as the first female seminary in North Carolina, and is now in a most flourishing condition, with an able and complete Faculty, and all the apparatus and appertences of a first class institution. Its next session commences October 1st.

The Bickford and Huffman Grain Drill, with Compost Attachment and Grass Seed Sower, strikes us as just the machine needed at the present time in the South. Since the days of *freedom* it has been the object of our planters to cultivate as much land possible with a small force. To do this they must introduce labor-saving machines. By the use of this Grain Drill, and a Reaper, a thrifty farmer, with his own sons, can cultivate, to much greater profit, the same quantity of ground that a dozen or more freedmen will, and will be spared the vexation and annoyance of these "sovereigns of the land." We ask a perusal of the advertisement.

THE LAND WE LOVE.

No. VI.

OCTÓBER, 1867.

VOL. III.

RECOLLECTIONS OF FREDERICKSBURG, FROM THE MORNING OF
THE 29TH OF APRIL TO THE 6TH OF MAY, 1863.

BY BENJ. G. HUMPHREYS, OF MISSISSIPPI.

JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI,
APRIL 2, 1867.

COLONEL POWER:

As Superintendent of the Army Records of Mississippi, you will excuse me for addressing you.

I have just read Dabney's Life of Stonewall Jackson, and the "Lost Cause," by Pollard.

In these contributions to history, I admired and excused the devotion, and partiality of Dabney for his illustrious Chief—and I was entertained by the brilliant fancy of Pollard. They are both chaste and polished writers, and when they have prosecuted their historical researches, and learned, what others believe to be true, that the troops of other States fought well, if not as well as the Virginians, their books will doubtless receive a hearty welcome to the parlors and libraries of the

South—and be cherished as valuable vindications of her noble sons, in their glorious struggle for freedom.

After the surrender, finding that all the Confederate Records had passed into Federal hands, and feeling it to be the duty of every participant in our struggle for independence, to place on record his recollections of what he witnessed, I committed to writing, in the summer of 1865, my recollections of the men and events that came under my own observations. These recollections I did not design for publication, but unwilling that history shall be poisoned by errors that affect the high character of the soldiers of Mississippi and Louisiana, I place my "Recollections of Fredericksburg from 28th of April to 6th of May, 1863," at your disposal. If the narrative is true—

and I believe every participant that remains of Barksdale's brigade, and the Washington Artillery, will verify its substantial accuracy—I am constrained to believe these distinguished authors will correct errors that must grate harshly upon the jealous pride we all feel in the honor and glory of the troops of the Southern Confederacy. On page 703, Dabney says: "The sequel of the campaign of Chancellorsville may now be related in a few words—while the great struggle was raging there, General Sedgwick retired to the north bank of the Rappahannock, and laying down his bridges again opposite to Fredericksburg, on Sunday morning crossed into the town, and with one corps captured Marye's Hill, by a surprise." Again—"General Lee was now at liberty to send a part of his force to meet Sedgwick, so that on Monday he found himself confronted and arrested in his march by his troops—while General Early recaptured Marye's Hill, and cut off his retreat towards Fredericksburg."—On page 375-6, Pollard, by implication, sustains Dabney, but falls into another error by saying: "The Hill was flanked, and its brave defenders, who had held it against three assaults, were cut off from their supports and compelled to surrender." It is well known that the troops to whom was assigned the duty of guarding the Rappahannock and holding Marye's Hill, were Barksdale's brigade, of Mississippi, and a portion of four companies of the Washington Artillery, of Louisiana, and a portion of Park-

er's battery of Virginians—about 1,500 muskets, and eight cannon, all told—with orders to hold Marye's Hill at all hazards. In what sense can it be said that the Hill was taken by "surprise"—or "flanked"—or the troops "cut off" and surrendered?" To be taken by surprise implies a want of watchfulness and vigilance, and a failure to make proper use of the means at command to acquire information of the movements of the enemy, and to make proper and adequate dispositions to meet or evade his advances.—What vigilance was wanting?—What means neglected to ascertain the enemy's movements?—What dispositions of means at command, that were not resorted to, to meet or evade the enemy's power—except to disobey orders and disgracefully run? None whatever. The enemy had been watched by Barksdale's brigade from 17th of December, 1862, and took no step forward or backward from the time he crossed the Rappahannock on the night of 28th April, 1863, until he passed over Marye's Hill on the 3d of May, that was not observed by Barksdale's pickets. He gained not one inch of ground, that obstinate resistance and heroic daring could prevent. There was no surprise in any military sense, or to the mind of any military man, except the Federals at our weakness in numbers. No flanking—no cutting off from supports—no surrendering, except by individual soldiers at the point of the bayonet, when captured bravely fighting in the trenches. It was the slow, but steady, direct, onward

and persistent movement, and the hard fighting of brave and veteran troops, that charged and overwhelmed our lines, and by storm carried and captured Marye's Hill. We cannot deny that we were fairly and fully vanquished and whipped, and whatever may have been the opinion of the Southern people before the war, none should now be surprised that eighteen or twenty thousand Yankees overwhelmed and whipped fifteen hundred Mississippians and two hundred Louisianians and Virginians—even at Marye's Hill.

The whole story of the 3d of May, 1863, at Marye's Hill was fully told, though not amiably or piously expressed, by a noble son of Louisiana, who gallantly stood by his gun on the Hill, until the last hope of holding it had vanished. Passing to the rear by some artillerists belonging to Pendleton's train, with his face covered with sweat, and blackened with powder, and his heart saddened by defeat, he was asked—"Where are your guns?" He replied, with irritation: "Guns, be d——d! I reckon now the people of the Southern Confederacy are satisfied that Barksdale's brigade and the Washington Artillery can't whip the whole d——d Yankee army."

The magnitude of the Confederate struggle for independence is made manifest by the necessity that requires Southern authors, in their relation of the mighty contest, to limit their notice of this affair—that cost the Confederates as many men as Taylor lost at Buena Vista, and more than Jackson at New Orleans, or

Washington at Yorktown—and can afford time and space only to "relate in a few words" that Marye's Hill "was captured by a surprise"—that "the Hill was flanked, and the troops cut off from their supports and compelled to surrender."

To dignify the taking possession of Marye's Hill by saying that "Gen. Early recaptured Marye's Hill" on the 4th of May, when there was no enemy on it, and no gun fired, must be intended only as a "sarcastic surmise," as it is well remembered, that if "recaptured" at all, it was by the ladies of Fredericksburg (God bless them,) who were found there quietly searching for wounded Mississippians, by the "Yankee Hunter," E. L. J. Roberts, of Company K, twenty-first regiment, who had piloted Captain Harris Barksdale, of General Barksdale's staff, and Lieutenant Ramsear, of Company B, seventeenth regiment, with a half dozen of Barksdale's pickets, in advance of Gen. Gordon's brigade of Early's division.

BENJ. G. HUMPHREYS.

RECOLLECTIONS OF FREDERICKSBURG, FROM THE MORNING OF THE 29TH OF APRIL, TO THE 6TH OF MAY, 1863.

* * * * During the winter of 1862-'63, General Burnside had been superceded by "Fighting Joe Hooker," who was making gigantic preparations just across the Rappahannock for the fourth "On to Richmond," and boasted that he had the "finest army on the planet," and would soon "pulverize the rebellion."

General Lee was not idle. Though cramped by his limited means and resources, both in men and appliances of war, he stood firm and unawed by the mighty hosts that confronted him.

During the night of the 20th of April, the Federals attacked some North Carolina pickets, drove off their reserves, laid down pontoon bridges, and crossed the river below Deep Run, near the Bernard House. The alarm was soon conveyed to Barksdale's pickets at Fernahough's House. The "long roll" and the alarm bell at Fredericksburg soon brought Barksdale's brigade into line.— During that day General Lee ascertained, through Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, that General Hooker was moving his main army to cross the Rappahannock and Rapidan, and fall upon his left flank and rear through the Wilderness. General Lee immediately moved his main force and confronted him at Chancellorsville, on the 1st of May. Gen. Early's division was left at Hamilton's Station to watch the Federal General Sedgwick, who was left in command of thirty thousand troops in front of Fredericksburg. Barksdale's brigade was left at Fredericksburg to picket the Rappahannock from the reservoir above Falmouth to Fernahough House, below Fredericksburg, a distance of three miles.

Sedgwick lay quietly in our front, and contented himself with fortifying his position below Deep Run until the 2d day of May, when he commenced recrossing his troops at Deep Run, and moving over the Stafford Heights, in

full view, up the river, doubtless with the view of deceiving us into the belief that he was withdrawing from our front, and going to the support of Hooker at Chancellorsville, by the way of U. S. Ford. The heavy artillery and musketry firing in that direction, told but too plainly that a terrible battle was raging there. About the middle of the forenoon, Barksdale, in obedience to orders from General Early, moved off with his brigade on the Spottsylvania Court House road to reinforce General Lee at Chancellorsville, leaving the twenty-first regiment to picket the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg, the entire distance of three miles. The pickets of the thirteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth regiments were relieved by the twenty-first, and the brigade moved off in full view of the enemy. The only instructions I received from Gen. Barksdale, was "watch your flanks, hold the picket line as long as you can, then fall back along the Spottsylvania Court House road, and *hunt for your brigade.*" I cannot well describe my feelings when I found my regiment thus left alone, stretched out three miles long, with only a small river between us and thirty thousand well armed and hostile men, purposely displayed, to magnify their numbers, on Stafford's Heights with balloons and signal corps, observing and reporting our weakness. The mass of the citizens of Fredericksburg were patriotically devoted to our cause, yet I knew that some of the citizens were unfriendly to us, ready and willing to betray us. My

nerves were not much strengthened by a message I received from the facetious Col. Holder, of the seventeenth regiment, as the brigade marched off: "Tell the Colonel farewell; the next time I hear from him will be from Johnson's Island." Of course every man in the twenty-first regiment felt his loneliness and danger, and was on the *qui vive*, watching front, flank and rear, with his gun loaded, his knapsack on his back, and rations in his haversack.

Immediately after the brigade disappeared behind Marye's Hill, my pickets at Fernahough House reported the enemy preparing to advance from Deep Run. From the cupola of the Slaughter House I could see the enemy's lines pouring over the pontoon bridges below Deep Run, and moving towards our side of the river. I was now satisfied that the enemy's movement up the opposite side of the river in the morning was a feint; that an advance would be made on Fredericksburg; and that our sojourn in that city would soon be terminated.—The enemy's pickets soon advanced from Deep Run, drove General Early's pickets back to the railroad, and moved up the turnpike towards Fredericksburg. I immediately threw back the right of my picket line, composed of company E, under Lieutenant McNeely, of Wilkinson county, and company G, under Lieut. Mills, of Leak county, and established it from the gas house up Hazel Run to the railroad, with videttes along the railroad towards Hamilton Station, connect-

ing with General Early's pickets. The enemy's pickets continued to advance and engaged my pickets, but not being supported by a line of infantry, failed to drive them from their position. It was now dark. Helpless and alone, the twenty-first regiment, with 400 muskets, was facing and resisting 30,000 veterans. Of course we could not hold the city if the enemy advanced. We were ordered to "hold the city until *forced* out of it." If the enemy contented himself with *amusing* us in front, there was nothing to prevent him from flanking the city during the night and placing it in his rear, and the twenty-first regiment in the condition of "rats in a rat trap,"—nothing but the necessity that required him to lay down his pontoons that night in front of the city. This we could prevent unless driven from our rifle pits; hence I was momentarily expecting a charge that would drive us from the city, or relieve me of my sword, and start me on my journey to Johnson's Island. I instructed the pickets—if forced—to fall back to the railroad, and hold that line until the pickets on the river between the railroad and the canal could retire through the city, and all to retire towards Marye's Hill, holding the enemy in check as best they could.—Shortly after dark a courier summoned me to report to Gen. Harry Hays at Marye's Hill for instructions. He informed me that Hays' brigade was in the trenches on Marye's Hill, and that Barksdale's brigade, and the Washington Artillery, were returning to Fredericksburg. This news

rolled off a mighty load from our watchful and wearied souls, and filled our hearts with joy and gladness. Instantly each man felt as big and as brave as "little David" confronting "big Goliath." Not a few compliments were paid to our returning friends, and General Lee, by our boys, as the glad tidings passed down the picket lines. "Bully for Barksdale!" "bully for Hays!" "bully for the Washington Artillery!" "bully for old Bob!" was shouted from a hundred throats. "Old Bob's head is level," cried one, "old Bob will show Hooker that he still holds his trump card!" "Yes, old Bob has given the Yankees hell at Chancellorsville, and is coming to give them hell again at Fredericksburg," cried still another.

I lost no time in reporting to General Hays, and found General Barksdale with him at Marye's Hill. I informed him of the situation at Hazel Run, and my instructions to the pickets, which were approved, and I was instructed to carry them out. Gens. Hays and Barksdale seemed to doubt whether Gen. Early intended to hold Marye's Hill; and left to have an interview with him at Hamilton Station, and to receive his orders. I returned to the city to superintend the picket line at Hazel Run, where there was a desultory firing kept up from both sides. Sedgwick seemed to hesitate, and advanced with great caution and circumspection.—Whether it was from observing the innumerable bivouac fires Barksdale had kindled on Lee's Hill to signalize his arrival and

magnify his numbers—whether it was the confused and startling stories borne to him from Chancellorsville by Hooker's wires concerning the fiery charges of Stonewall Jackson—Slocum's routed column, and Howard's flying Dutchman—or whether it was the stench of Lee's "slaughter pens" at Marye's Hill that annoyed his nostrils and weakened his stomach, the Rebels could only "reckon"—leaving the Yankees to "guess."

About midnight I went to Barksdale's bivouac on Lee's Hill to learn the result of his consultation with Gen. Early. I found him wrapped in his war blanket laying at the root of a tree. "Are you asleep, General?" "No sir, who could sleep with a million of armed Yankees all around him?" he answered gruffly. He then informed me that it was determined by Gen. Early to hold Marye's Hill at all hazards; but that his brigade and a portion of the Washington Artillery had to do it. That General Early was confident that the advance from Deep Run towards Fredericksburg was a feint—that the real attack would be at Hamilton Station, and that Hay's brigade had been ordered back to that place. Barksdale then instructed me when the 21st regiment was forced to retire from the city to occupy the trenches from Marye's Hill across the plank road towards Taylor's Hill. The 18th regiment under Col. Griffin was ordered to occupy the road behind the stone wall at the foot of Marye's Hill. The 17th and 13th regiments from the Howison Hill to the Howison House, and

one of Hays' regiments still further to the right. The Washington Artillery to occupy the various redoubts along the Hill. I told him that if the real attack was made at Marye's Hill, he did not have men enough to hold it. He replied with emphasis: "well sir, we must make the fight whether we hold it or are whipped." I saw he was displeased with Early's arrangement and I returned to the city to await events. About 2 o'clock a small rocket was seen by Lieut. Denman, of company G., 21st regiment, thrown from the top of a building in the city, and immediately three signal guns were fired from the Lacy House, opposite the city. Soon afterwards the pickets of company F. discovered a party of pontooneers approach stealthily to the point above the Lacy House, (where the upper pontoon was laid on the night of the 11th of December, 1862,) and commenced laying down pontoons. Captain Fitzgerald opened fire on them and drove them off; but drew down upon his brave Tallahatchians a shower of shell and shrapnell from the Stafford Heights; at the same time a line of the enemy's infantry charged across Hazel Run upon company E. and company G. Our brave boys gallantly struggled against the overwhelming odds, but were driven back to the railroad. Finding further resistance impossible, I ordered the pickets on the river, below the canal, to fall back through the city as the enemy advanced to Marye's Hill. I then crossed the canal at the factory; destroyed the bridge at that point,

and withdrew the pickets from the river above, and retired across the canal by the two bridges at the foot of Taylor's Hill. A party was left to destroy the two bridges, but the enemy had crossed at Falmouth and followed us so close that the party was driven off just as they had stripped off the plank, without destroying the frame work. I arrived at Marye's Hill before day-light and found that portion of my regiment that retired through the city safe in the trenches to the left of the hill, having sustained a small loss.— Just then I received orders from Gen. Barksdale to report my regiment to him on Lee's Hill. I moved immediately, and when I reported to him he seemed much chagrined at the mistake made in transmitting his orders, and ordered me to move back rapidly to the position assigned me as the enemy was advancing. I moved back double quick all the way. As I crossed Marye's Hill, in rear of Marye's House, I saw the enemy's line advancing to charge the 18th regiment behind the stone wall. A heavy artillery fire was directed at the 21st regiment, but we gained our position, with only a few wounded, among whom was that noble soldier and gentleman, Lieutenant Martin A. Martin, of Sunflower county, who was never able afterwards to rejoin his company. The 18th regiment, and the artillery, repulsed, with great slaughter, that, and two other charges made in rapid succession, with small loss to our side. In the meantime Colonel Walton, of New Orleans, had placed one section of 1st company of Washing-

ton Artillery, (two guns,) under Capt. Squeirs, in the same redoubts occupied by them on the ever memorable 13th of December, 1862. One gun of the 3rd company, Capt. Miller, was placed in position near the plank road, and two guns belonging to the 4th company, under Lieut. Norcum, were placed in position near the extreme left of the 21st regiment, between the plank road and Taylor's Hill. The 2d company, under Captain Richardson, was posted near the railroad on our right; Frazier battery and Carlton battery in rear of Howison House on Lee's Hill. One gun of Parker battery was posted on the point known as Willis' Hill, under the command of Lieut. Brown. Between 7 and 8 o'clock, the fog lifted so as to reveal the heavy masses of the enemy, that had crossed at the various pontoon bridges, laid down during the night. His troops could be seen in every portion of the city; and his lines stretching off down the turnpike for a mile below the Bernard House. The position of the enemy seemed to justify the suspicions of Gen. Early, that the real attack would be made at Hamilton Station, and that the attack at Marye's Hill was only a feint and a feeler. Soon, however, the enemy's line could be seen moving up toward the city. At the same time a column was discovered moving from the city up the river towards Taylor's Hill. I sent a courier to Gen. Barksdale, then on Lee's Hill, and he to Gen. Early, then at Hamilton Station, informing him of these movements of the enemy.

To my mind it was now clear that Marye's Hill was to be the point attacked by the whole force of the enemy. From my observations of the topography of the country around Fredericksburg, I had long before regarded Marye's Hill as the weakest and most vulnerable position along the whole line occupied by Gen. Lee, on the 13th December, 1862, for the simple reason, that it is not only a salient, but is the only point on that whole line, that a line of infantry can be massed and masked within one thousand yards of the hills. At that point a line of infantry can be massed and masked, in the valley between the city and the Hill, within 450 yards, and at the railroad cut and embankment within 600 yards of the Hill. It was the part of wisdom in Burnside to attack at that point. It is true he failed, but he would have failed at any other point. Gen. Lee had a dozen other "slaughter pens" along his line, that would have proved more disastrous than Marye's Hill. Besides, Marye's Hill, on the 3d of May, 1863, was a weaker position to defend than it was on the 13th of December, for the reason, that the out-houses, plank fences, orchards and other obstacles to a charge that existed at that time were all removed or destroyed by the army, during the winter, and nothing remained on the open plain to break the lines of an assaulting column. I could not doubt that the same acumen that prompted Burnside to attack that point, would lead Sedgwick to renew it. I sent, at the request of Col. Griffin, who realized his perilous situation, three

companies from the 21st regiment—Company F, under the command of Captain Fitzgerald, company C, under command of Captain G. W. Wall, and company L, under the command of Captain Vosberg, to reinforce the eighteenth. Gen. Barksdale applied to General Pendleton, who had control of a large train of artillery on the telegraph road on Lee's Hill, not a mile off and not in position, to send a battery to Taylor's Hill to command the two bridges that spanned the canal. Instead of sending a battery from his train that lay idle during the whole engagement, he ordered a section of the Washington Artillery from the redoubt on the plank road, where it was needed. Barksdale also applied to Gen. Early to reinforce Colonel Griffin, but received none. Gen. Hays was sent to Taylor's Hill with three regiments of his brigade. These three regiments and the section of Washington Artillery behaved nobly, and drove back the column that advanced against Taylor's Hill, if indeed the movement of this column was not a feint to draw off troops from Marye's Hill. While these movements were going on the Federal General sent a flag of truce to Colonel Griffin for the humane (?) purpose of removing his wounded, that had fallen in the assaults made in the morning. With that generous chivalry characteristic of that battle-scarred veteran—not suspecting a "Yankee trick"—this truce was granted, and the enemy, with one eye on their wounded and the other on our trenches, discovered

that our redoubts were nearly stripped of their guns, and our infantry of the 18th regiment stretched out to less than a single rank along the line, defended by Cobb's and Kershaw's brigades, and 32 guns, on the 13th of December, 1862.

The discovery emboldened him, and as the last wounded Federal was taken from the field, a concentrated fire from 30 or 40 pieces of artillery, posted in the city and on Stafford Heights, was directed at Marye's Hill, and three columns of infantry seemed to rise out of the earth, and rushed forward with demoniac shouts and yells. One from a valley in front of Marye's Hill, one from the city on the plank road, and one up the valley of Hazel Run. The 21st regiment and Miller's gun repulsed the column on the plank road, and drove it back twice.—The right wing of the 18th regiment, the two guns of the 1st company, and Parker's gun on Willis' Hill, drove back the column that advanced up Hazel Run. The centre column that advanced from the valley, directly in front of Marye's Hill, moved steadily forward until it passed the point where it could be reached by Miller's gun, and proved too much for the left wing of the 18th regiment and three companies of the 21st regiment, and by an impetuous charge broke through the battle-worn ranks of the ever glorious 18th, and overwhelmed the line at the stone fence, by jumping into the sunken road, and bayoneted and shot down many of our boys, after they surrendered. Col. T. M. Griffin, of

Madison county, Lieut. Col. W. Marye's Hill, and though I could only "go one eye on it," I saw enough to satisfy myself that I was cut off from the brigade with the enemy on my right flank. I attempted to change front, and from on the plank road facing Marye's Hill, but soon found that road enfiladed by a battery near Mary Washington's monument, which forced us to retreat. Lieut. Price Tappan, of Vicksburg, and Frank Ingraham of Claiborne county, both accomplished soldiers and gentlemen, were killed and left on the hill. Lieut. Mills, of Leake county, lost his leg and was captured. The third company of the Washington Artillery lost its gun and some of the men. The fourth company lost its two guns. Lieut. DeRussy was knocked down by a fragment of a shell, and badly contused. Private Lewis and Maury killed, and several captured.

In my effort to form on the plank road I had left my horse in a ravine near Miller's redoubt, and in my extremity, like Richard, I called for "a horse." My brave and gallant young friend, Charlie Hay, of Vicksburg, returned at great peril to the ravine and brought him to me, and thus enabled me to overtake my *flying infantry*. I called them into line, but the minnie balls were whistling around their ears—they had *no use for a line*, and turned a deaf ear to my call. I scolded and quarreled, or as the boys tell it, "fussed, and almost cussed"—all to no purpose. In the lisping language of the wag-gish Jim. Baily, of company K, who was working in the lead,

The first intimation I had of the disaster at the stone wall, was from a sharpshooter's minnie ball striking the vizer of my cap, and driving it back against, and blinding, for the time, my left eye.— This attracted my attention to

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each man was "juth thifting thand." But the severe drills through which Lieut. Col. W. L. Brandon of Wilkinson, Major John G. Taylor, of Kentucky, Adjutant J. M. Kennard, of Claiborne county and their Colonel had "trotted them" at Manassas and Leesburg, was not entirely lost. When I could reach them with my voice and commanded, "By the right flank!" in about as good order as a flock of grey rice-birds, they flanked to the right; again when I commanded, "By the left flank!" they all flanked to the left, and *moved* directly and *willingly* to the rear; still they had *no use for a line* until we passed beyond the reach of grape and shrapnell and minnie balls that pursued us.

Notwithstanding my fretfulness and petulance *then*, no other trial through which the veteran old regiment has passed in its glorious career, endears it more to my heart, and my memory clings with the fondest affection around each of those noble boys whose devotion to their country's cause, was so sorely tested in this, and through the many harrassing retreats, weary marches, fasting bivouac, and bloody charges, where they dared death, and toiled and suffered and finally lost. Conspicuous on this occasion, was the cool and gallant bearing of Major D. N. Moody, of Vicksburg, Capt. John Simms of Woodville, Capt. Tully S. Gibson, of Sunflower county, Capt. E. Butts, of Vicksburg, Adjt. R. G. Sims, of Washington county, Lt. W. P. McNeely and Lt. Lane Brandon, of Wilkinson county, Lts. Hays

and J. M. Hobert, of Vicksburg, Lt. Wiley, of Pontotoc county, and so many other officers, non-commissioned officers and men, that it would exhaust the company rolls to mention them.

The rapid movement of the enemy, advancing over Mayre's Hill and up Hazel Run, made me despair of reaching the brigade. My only hope was to reach the main army then at Chancellorsville, engaged in a furious battle. When, however, I reached Gest's Hill on the plank road, I discovered the enemy had been checked by the 13th and 17th regiments, Frazier's battery from Georgia, Carleton's battery from North Carolina, and the 2d company of Washington Artillery, then on Lee's Hill. I saw that it was possible for my regiment to cross Hazel Run above Marye's Hill, and rejoin the brigade, which move was made and accomplished. Gen. Barksdale, as soon as he saw that Marye's Hill was lost, the 18th regiment shattered, the Washington Artillery captured and the 21st regiment cut off, ordered the 13th and 17th regiments to fall back to Lee's Hill. Adjutant Owen, of Washington Artillery, retired the 2d company, under Capt. Richardson, to the Telegraph Road on Lee's Hill, and opened fire upon the blue mass on Marye's Hill.—Barksdale rallied the remnant of the 18th regiment and the three companies of the 21st regiment, and posted the 13th regiment on the right of the Telegraph Road, the left wing under Maj. Bradley, resting its left company under the brave Captain G. L. Donald im-

mediately on the road. The right wing under Colonel Carter, Lieut. Col. McElroy and the accomplished Adjutant, E. Harmon, in rear of the redoubts on Lee's Hill occupied by Frazier and Carlton. Colonel Wm. D. Holder, of Pontotoc, posted the 17th regiment on the left of the Telegraph Road, the right wing under the chivalrous Lieut. Col. John C. Fiser, of Panola county, and the left wing under the command of the brave Major W. R. Duff, of Calhoun county, and immediately engaged the advancing enemy. This timely and judicious disposition of our troops, and their stubborn daring, checked the enemy, and enabled me to reach the Telegraph Road with the 21st regiment. The enemy, however, pushed forward his troops under cover of the brow of the hill, and concealed by the smoke of the artillery, almost to the muzzles of the guns of 2d company of Washington Artillery, shot down some of the horses, wounded several of the men, and forced them to limber to the rear, leaving one gun. The 13th and 17th struggled gallantly, and suffered severely. The gallant Capt. Thos. H. Wood, of company C., Captain A. G. O'Brien, of company I., Lieut. Kelly, of company I., Lieut. Barlow, of company G., Lieut. Baurdeaux of company F., and Sergts. John J. Gordon, J. McLandon, A. Calhoun and G. W. McElroy, all of the 13th, fell wounded. Major W. L. Duff, Capt. T. I. Williams, Lieut. A. T. Roan, Lieut. R. M. King and W. J. Mitchell, of the 17th wounded and borne to the rear. The

ranks were rapidly wasting away under the deadly fire. General Sedgwick was pushing his blue lines over Marye's Hill and up the plank road. His serried lines were fast encompassing Lee's Hill, and it was apparent that the 13th and 17th would soon be enveloped and crushed. Barksdale yielded before the impending shock and ordered a retreat.

We fell back along the Telegraph road about two miles to the Mine road. It was now about the middle of the afternoon, and Barksdale's brigade of 1,500 Mississippians, and seven guns of the Washington Artillery, with less than 200 Louisianians, and one gun of Parker's battery, with about 20 Virginians, had been struggling and holding back from Lee's flank and rear, Sedgwick's army, variously estimated from eighteen to thirty thousand, from the time he advanced from Deep Run on the 2d, to one o'clock on the 3d of May. At the Mine road we met General Early with his division, which had been laying all day at Hamilton Station, expecting Sedgwick to move that way. Gen. Early immediately formed line of battle on the main road and across the Telegraph road. The enemy did not pursue us. A few wagons, mistaking the road, followed after us, but retired as soon as our artillery fired on them, and they discovered our line. We remained in line of battle, and bivouacked for the night. Sedgwick moved his main army directly on the plank road to get in the rear of General Lee, who, having received early notice of the loss of Marye's Hill, de-

tached McLaws' division to meet him. Gen. Wilcox, who had been guarding Banks' Ford, and Gen. Hays, who had been sent to guard Taylor's Hill, moved back and threw their lines across the plank road at Salem Church. Sedgwick endeavored to push through their lines about sundown, but was repulsed. It now being dark, no further advance was attempted and both armies bivouacked for the night. At sunrise next morning, Gen. Early, in obedience to orders received during the night from General Lee, moved his division and Barksdale's brigade down the Telegraph road towards Fredericksburg, and found no difficulty in taking possession of Marye's Hill. He ordered Barksdale to re-occupy the trenches at the foot of Marye's Hill, and hold back any force that might attempt to advance from the city, while he moved his own division up the plank road to attack Sedgwick in the rear.

Let us now pause and look at the extraordinary position the various portions of the two contending armies found themselves in on the morning of the 4th of May, after six day's marching, fighting and counter-marching. A heavy force of Federals, about fifteen thousand, occupied Fredericksburg and Stafford Heights; Barksdale and Early with their backs to each other on the plank road, with five thousand men between Fredericksburg and Sedgwick; Sedgwick between Early and Lee, with twenty thousand men; Lee with Anderson, McLaws, and Wilcox, between Sedgwick and

Hooker's main army with twenty thousand men; Hooker's main army, ninety thousand strong, between Lee and Stuart; Stuart now commanding Stonewall Jackson's corps with twenty-five thousand men; all stretched along a straight road within a space of twelve miles. Who could foretell the result of this mighty but unfinished contest? Who could estimate its vast complications? Stonewall Jackson was wounded, and lay languishing upon his litter. Longstreet and D. H. Hill were absent. Robert E. Lee alone, of all the master spirits of the struggling hosts, could comprehend the situation, and by his mastery over that situation, successfully worked out the result, and illustrated his vast superiority over all the great captains that opposed him. With the genius that never deserted him in his greatest trials, he boldly issued his orders.—Barksdale was ordered to hold back any Federal force left in Fredericksburg. Stuart and Anderson were ordered to threaten Hooker at Chancellorsville, while in person Lee advanced with McLaws and Wilcox, and a portion of Anderson's division, composed of Posey's and Perry's brigades, to attack Sedgwick in front while Early attacked in the rear. Sedgwick finding himself attacked front and rear, by fifteen thousand men, instead of being able to attack Lee in his rear, timidly and rapidly retired by his right flank towards Banks' Ford, and recrossed the Rappahanock that night. Lee thus relieved of the presence of Sedgwick moved McLaws and Early towards Chancellorsville to support Anderson

and Stuart, who had been threatening but were now ordered to engage Hooker. Early on the 5th, Hooker, perplexed by his "Dutch entanglement," and alarmed by the failure of Sedgwick, declined the fight, and retreated towards the Rappahanock and crossed at the United States Ford. Thus Lee, with an army of less than fifty thousand men of all arms, ragged, half rationed, and badly equipped, successfully met an army of over one hundred and twenty thousand men, magnificently armed and equipped, and on ground chosen by themselves and partly fortified. For five long days he maintained the unequal contest—skillfully foiled every effort of the enemy to gain his rear—drove Sedgwick from his flank—gained the rear of Hooker's ninety thousand men at Chancellorsville by the brilliant movement of Stonewall Jackson, and by bold and gallant daring, and heroic assaults, drove back the "finest army on the planet"—routed and in disorder beyond the Rappahanock.

On the evening of the 5th of May, Barksdale advanced his brigade into Fredericksburg, but the enemy had recrossed the river and taken up his pontoons. We captured a few prisoners, a little plunder from the U. S. Quartermaster and sutlers, and quietly settled down, after an absence of four days, in our old quarters, saddened by the absence of many of our brave and beloved comrades, who had fallen in the terrible conflict through which we had just passed.

As I had, during the absence of

the brigade, on the 2nd, an independent command along the Rappahanock, I mimicked the brigadier, and called to my side the brave and accomplished Q. M. Sergt. Pole Adams, of the 21st regiment, as my personal Aid. I was greatly indebted to him for the efficient assistance rendered by transmitting, often at great hazard, my orders during the day and through the night.

The personal staff of General Barksdale, Capt. J. A. Barksdale, of Yallabusha county, A. A. G., and Capt. Harris Barksdale, A. D. C., of Jackson, Lieut. Gus. Gibson and James Broach, of Lauderdale county, Mack Palmer, of Attala county, and Billy McKee, of Holmes county, couriers, and A. S. Boyd, of Attala county, Private Secretary, were greatly distinguished for the daring, energy, activity and gentlemanly bearing that ever characterized their behavior on the battlefield. During the entire struggle the bold and unflinching Lieut. Allen, of Natchez, brigade ordinance officer, hung closely to the rear of the brigade, and promptly supplied each regiment with ammunition, through the daring and energy of his brave and efficient Sergeants, J. Hudson, of 13th, Bogan, of 17th, Wm. Hill, of 18th, and J. V. R. Cramer, of 21st regiments. The Quartermaster and Commissary wagons were sent to the rear, near Guinea Station, under the control of the noble and fearless Major P. M. Doherty, of Yazoo City, A. Q. M. of brigade, the indomitable Major A. M. Hawken, of Jackson, A. C. S., and the eccentric

Captain Tom. Leonard, of Madison county, A. A. C. S. When the news reached them of the loss of Marye's Hill, and the probable capture of the brigade, the usual panic and dismay attending a defeat stampeded their camps.

They knew not how to move, or where to go. Stoneman's cavalry was between them and Richmond. Sedgwick was rapidly advancing from Fredericksburg.—Wagon trains started in every direction. The tried and efficient quartermasters of the various regiments determined each to save his train, if possible. The accomplished Captain George McGehee, of Wilkinson county, A. Q. M., of the 21st, moved one way. The jovial and fearless Captain Jim Turner, of Columbus, A. Q. M., of 13th, moved another way. The daring and dashing Captain Fontaine Barksdale of Yazoo city, A. Q. M., of the 17th, and the staid Captain Sam Franks, of Holly Springs, A. Q. M., of the 18th, moved still another way, and wandered over hill and dale, like chickens scattered by the swoop of an eagle. The "little game cock," the A. Q. M. of the brigade, in calm defiance, stood upon his spurs, until the danger had passed away, and then fretfully, but proudly crowed together his scattered brood, and safely led them back to Fredericksburg, to the great joy of the hungry and ragged brigade.

The high character of the brigade surgeons for scientific skill, patient watchfulness, kind and careful attention to the sick and wounded, was fully maintained. The courteous Gilmore, the court-

ly Joe R. Hill, of Yazoo county, the dignified Patterson, of Marshall county, and the kind and accomplished Geo. H. Peets, of Wilkinson county, won afresh the admiration and respect of the entire brigade.

Among the brightest ornaments of the brigade were those humble ministers of mercy, the Regimental Chaplains, the Rev. T. S. West, of 13th; Rev. W. B. Owens, of 17th; Rev. J. A. Hackett, of 18th, and Rev. C. McDonald, of 21st. Their watchful care and self-sacrificing devotion to the wants of the sick and wounded, and their holy ministrations, around the pallets of the dying soldiers, as they pointed them to the Lamb of God, for spiritual comfort and rest, endeared them anew to the love and affection of the officers and soldiers of the brigade, and will receive the lasting gratitude of the crushed and stricken hearts of the dear ones at home.

The loss of the entire brigade was 606 officers and men. Washington Artillery about 70 officers and men. Parker's battery, about 10 officers and men.

The loss of the enemy, estimated by the Federal Surgeons, including the night of the 2d, exceeded 1,500.

An unpleasant controversy grew up between General Early and General Barksdale, immediately after the battle, that all their mutual friends deeply deplored. It was reported that Gen. Early had remarked, or had claimed in his report that "his division had recaptured Marye's Hill on the 4th—that Barksdale

lost on the 31st." This fling, aroused the fiery spirit of Barksdale, who promptly refuted Early's claim by proving that a well-known scout belonging to company K, of the 21st regiment, named Roberts, and known throughout the brigade as "Yankee Hunter," had passed over Marye's Hill, after day-light, and found no one on it except some ladies from Fredericksburg, who were on a mission of mercy, hunting for wounded Mississippians. That when Gordon's brigade advanced to Marye's Hill, he found there Captain Harris Barksdale, of Barksdale's staff, and Lieut. Ramseur, of company B, 17th regiment, in command of Barksdale's advanced pickets.

The controversy here rests, and crimination happily ceased.—Barksdale laid down his life at Gettysburg, and is now cold in death. His memory is embalmed in the love and affection of every true-hearted son and daughter of Mississippi. Early is an exile, perhaps friendless and penniless among strangers, Virginia enshrines his name among her brightest ornaments. Both will live in history, and their fame will perish only with the classic grounds around Fredericksburg.

The battle of Chancellorsville fought from Fredericksburg to the Wilderness, along two almost parallel roads—the "Plank Road," and the "Old Turnpike;" is justly regarded one of the proudest achievements of Southern arms. Military critics are puzzled at its result. Lee knew with absolute certainty that Hooker

had over 120,000 men. Hooker knew with equal certainty that Lee had less than 50,000. Hooker moved over 90,000 to Chancellorsville, and left Sedgwick in front of Fredericksburg, with over 30,000. Why did Sedgwick cross a portion of his army over the river at Deep Run on the 29th of April? Was the movement premature; or, was it made to threaten and hold Lee at Fredericksburg, until Hooker could slip through the Wilderness, and fall upon the flank and rear of Lee's army? If so, why did Hooker halt at Chancellorsville, and commence fortifying on the 30th of April? After Lee moved up to Chancellorsville, and confronted Hooker on 1st May, why were Hooker and Sedgwick both inactive. They knew that Lee had divided his army. Hooker and Sedgwick, each had an army—had they been Confederate soldiers—that could have vanquished either half of Lee's army, if that half had been any other than Confederate soldiers. Yet they both remained inactive until Jackson gained the extreme right flank of Hooker's army on the 2d, with fully half of Lee's army, and drove back the right wing of Hooker's army upon his centre. Then Sedgwick began to move *in earnest*, on the 3d of May, and Hooker remained on the defensive, with his ninety thousand against forty-five thousand. From the number of men that Hooker knew Jackson had on his right flank, stirring up his Dutch, he must have known that Lee had but few left between him and Sedgwick. Yet Hooker remained

defending his ninety thousand, as best he could, against Anderson's twelve thousand, and Jackson's twenty-five thousand—and let Lee turn towards Fredericksburg, with two divisions—eight thousand men—on the 4th of May, and in hearing distance of Hooker, drive Sedgwick, with his twenty thousand, across the Rappahannock; and on the 5th became alarmed for the safety of his ninety thousand, and precipitately recrossed the river.—That didn't look to the rebels like “pulverizing the rebellion” much.

Had Hooker been a Lee, and Sedgwick a Jackson, Sedgwick would have moved out of Deep Run, with his thirty thousand, square across the plateau between Barksdale and Early during the night of the 1st of May, and presented himself on the hills, on the Mine road—Gen. Early would have been captured or routed back to North Anna—Barksdale would have evacuated Marye's Hill, and perhaps made his escape by the “plank road” and gained Lee—and Jackson would not have made his flank movement to Hooker's right flank. Still, then, nothing but action, on the part of both Hooker and Sedgwick, would have prevailed. If Hooker had prudently remained at Chancellorsville, defending his ninety thousand men against half of Lee's army, now reduced by the loss of Early, Stonewall Jackson would have turned upon Sedgwick with the other half of Lee's army, and pushed him back across his pontoons at Fredericksburg, and returned towards Chancellorsville and struck Hooker on his left

flank and drove in his left wing upon his centre, and Lee would have pushed the whole disordered mass through the Wilderness and across the Rapidan. But if Hooker had been a Johnston or a Longstreet on the morning of the 2nd of May, with ninety thousand men at Chancellorsville, and had Sedgwick been a Beauregard, a D. H. Hill, or a Hood, with thirty thousand men on the hills back of Fredericksburg, a joint, active, *closing in* movement would have been made upon Lee, and Lee would have been crushed upon the plank road, and *that* would have looked like “pulverizing the rebellion.” But Sedgwick was not the real Beauregard or Hill or Hood; Hooker was not the real Johnston or Longstreet. Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson knew their men. They knew the vain and boastful Hooker, and the courteous and cautious, if not timid Sedgwick, and upon that knowledge they ventured upon movements that puzzled military science, and by that martial prowess of the “Confederate soldier” that has placed the name of “American” above all the names of earth, they worked out a result at once glorious to the now prostrate and down-trodden South, and disgraceful to the numerical superiority of the domineering North. But it is easier to criticise than to convince, or perform. The Confederate army is now dispersed; the rebellion is pulverized; and the problem is solved. One Dixie cannot whip ten Yankees, and it is no longer “loyal,” and perhaps no longer safe for an unpardoned “rebel

and traitor," so-called, to tell his thoughts, except in bated breath and whispers. The sun of the Southern Confederacy has gone down in blood forever. The bright Orb of "The Union"—that child of Destiny—conceived in treason to an established government, and brought forth in rebellion against a lawful sovereign, is again arising in all its effulgent and aggressive grandeur and glory; and having shaken from its name the incubus of Constitutions, and the heresy of rights "reserved to the States and to the people," now sheds its defiant but "rehabilitating" rays over all nations, tongues and people. "It is fin-

ished." Henceforth let treason become odious; let rebellion stink in the nostrils of the people; let the *Divine right* of "The Union" to rule be acknowledged; let humble, submissive, and silent adoration be given.

* * * * *

LUCKNOW, Sept. 11, 1865.

DEFECTS IN MAP.—The plank and dirt road unite in the rear of "Barksdale," and diverge at "Sedgwick," and unite at Chancellorsville. The heavy line across the two roads to the left of the 18th is the 21st regiment. The stream between Bernard House and Fredericksburg, is Deep Run.

B. G. H.

POOR CARLOTTA.

The scion of long, imperial lines,
 August with histories hoary,
 Whose proud ancestral heirship shines
 With the starriest names of story—
 Stands doomed to die:—and the grenadiers
 In silent and serried column,
 —Their pitiless eyes half-hazed with tears,
 Are waiting the signal solemn.

The brave young Emperor lifts his brow,—
 It never has shown so regal;
 Yet it is not the pride of the Hapsburg now,
 Nor the glance of the clefted eagle.
 No coronet's cincture binds his head,—
 No ermin'd purple is round him;
 But his manhood's majesty instead,
 With royaller rank has crowned him.

He is caught away for an instant's space,
 To Schonbrunn's peaceful bowers—

There's a lightning-glimpse of his childhood's days—
 Vienna's gilded towers
 Flash back on his sight with a blinding glare;
 —To barter such princely splendor,
 For wrecked ambition, and stark despair—
 Betrayal and base surrender!

Wild, infinite memories throng and thrill
 His soul to its throbbing centre;
 Regrets that madden, are clamoring still,
 But he will not let them enter.
 The grovelling traffic of time all done,
 He would have the temple lonely,—
 Its sanctuaries emptied one by one,
 That God may fill it only.

But under the Austrian skies afar,
 Aglow with a light elysian,
 The mullion'd windows of Mirimar
 Loom out on his straining vision:
 He is under its ancient limes again,—
 He is threading its pleachéd alleys,—
 He is guiding his darling's slacken'd rein,
 As they scour the dimpled vallies!

Yet deep in his sweet Bavarian's eyes,
 Is shadowed her sorrow's token:
 "Will he never come?"—she asks, and sighs,
 And he knows that her heart is broken.
 —She is dying for *him*—the high-soul'd wife!
 And he feels in that awful minute,
 That the bullet that waits to drink his life,
 Has not half such agony in it!

He can look his last on earth and sky—
 Step forth to his doom, nor shiver;—
 Eternity front his steadfast eye,—
 And never a nerve shall quiver:
 But love's despairs and passions and tears
 Wrench the firm lips asunder;
 —"My poor Carlotta!"—Now, grenadiers!
 Your volley may belch its thunder!

THE GREAT MASTERS OF ROMAN SATIRE—HORACE AND JUVENAL.

Amongst Roman Satirists Horace occupies an exalted place, whether you regard the crystal-like clearness of his style, the pungency of his never-failing wit, or the breadth and fulness of his healthy generous humor. "On Mount Vulturs side" to use his own sweet words, reminding one of the leaf burial in the Ballad of "The Babes of the Wood."

"Me by play fatigued and sleep
Did the poetic doves
With young leaves cover;
From the black viper safe, and prowling bear
Sweet slept I, strewn with sacred laurel leaves
And myrtle twigs—bold child
Not of the gods unwatch'd."

About the time of his assuming the manly gown, some fifty-two years before Christ, we find him at Rome, brought thither by his father—that father to whose memory, the grateful son pays such a beautiful tribute of affection in the first book of his sixth satire—preserving it for the world to gaze at and admire. "If I'm unstained by the follies of the age, if I'm beloved by my friends, I owe it all to my good old father. While I enjoy the use of reason, I never shall be ashamed of such a parent, freed-man though he was, slave though he had been."

As a boy he must have mingled in the throng that greeted with such exuberant joy the entry of Cæsar into Rome after his passage of the Rubicon. He must have witnessed Rome trembling with apprehension, hardly know-

ing what master to expect, or when he arrived, whether he would play the role of the tyrant or benignant ruler.

That same kind father who had watched over him with such pious solicitude thus far, sends him to Athens to finish that education the Roman schools had so well begun. Here he wandered beneath the graceful porticoes, and within the shady groves of Elis, strengthening and maturing under the influence of those divine schools, that mental power which afterwards carved his name so deeply on the literature of the age. He hears while there how,

"In his mantle muffling up his face
Even at the base of Pompey's statue
Which all the while ran blood,
Great Cæsar fell."

He hears while there, that tumult is the order of the day at Rome. Inspired with a love of freedom, with which every breeze that fanned his manhood's brows seemed vocal, he doffs the academic gown, and putting on the armor of the soldier, essays to strike a blow for it beneath the banner of Brutus: but he soon finds that he was not fashioned of the stuff out of which heroes are made. His short military career was rounded and filled up by the ignominious sentence, "*he ran away*"—believing it may be in the truth so well embodied in lines written long after his day by another satirist, that

"He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight some other day,

While he who is in battle slain
Will never live to fight again."

Returning to Rome, he soon finds favor beneath the protecting hand of Augustus, and patronized by the elegant and generous Macænas, his life-long patron, he rapidly acquired a literary reputation. The noble elevation of thought and passion, the smoothness of the language in his odes, conveying to the mind the most exalted images, and sublime sentiments, astonished the quidnuncs of Rome's capital, and he rose rapidly until he floated triumphantly upon the topmost crest of the popular favor. I know nothing in the whole range of literature surpassing the odes of Horace, noble didactic essays as they are, teaching every one to be content with his lot, not to disturb their own peace of mind with groundless ambition, to obey the laws, to shun avarice, to make a right use of the gifts of Heaven. Horace was a sincere follower of the Epicurean philosopher. He certainly believed with Epicurus—"that reason forbids a wise man to look on those things which create and nourish discontent; for thus he abstracts the mind from bitter thoughts, to convert it to think upon good, either future or past, especially those which he knows please him most." Like Atticus and others he appears to have taken refuge in the philosophy of self-enjoyment from bitter disappointment and suffering. In the busy idleness of a gay town life, or in the sequestered ease of his beautiful villa, he found a balm for all the troubles of life. His odes are full

of the quiet serenity of the philosophy that he professed and practiced. But if his Odes astonished and pleased the Roman people, his Satires were received with still greater enthusiasm.—They are perfect in their kind. They differ from Juvenal's, in that they are jocose and not serious. Horace, it must be remembered, lived in the age of Augustus, when men were wicked and concealed their vices; when men at least affected virtue, though they possessed it not. In these Satires he does not spare himself whenever the occasion calls for a rebuke; and how irresistibly comic he can be over his own vexations and petty annoyances, let that Satire tell, in which he represents the literary bore as meeting him on the Sacred Way, and tormenting him "worse than any stinging wasp." With what irresistible humor he exclaims to the bore—"have you a mother or relations interested in your safety? *Est tibi mater cognati?*," and the bore in his simplicity answers, "O not one, I have buried them all." "Happy they; say I to myself, I only remain, now dispatch me quick. The time is at hand, the old Sabine sorceress foretold me, when a boy she had shaken her magic urn. Neither poison, pleurisy, the sword of the enemy, or cough shall carry off that boy, but an eternal talker shall dispatch him. I surely am about to be offered up."

How admirably and pertinently does he inculcate the necessity of honesty in office in that epistle of his to Macænas by the story of the field mouse, who by starving

himself had wriggled through a narrow chink into a chest of corn, and having gorged to the full, strove in vain to get out again, he had grown so plump.—To whom says a weasel, who stood leering at a distance, “if you would get out thence, mistress mouse, without damage to yourself, you must become as lank as when you went in.” We should be very apprehensive if that was to be the rule applied to some of our modern officials both State and national, they would enjoy a rather long lease of office. The rule in this, our model republic, with some high officials, appears to be—“Get rich by fair means if possible: but by all means get rich. Keep all you get and get all you can.” The starved mouse in the rich official granary grows sleek and well fed, and wonders how so small a hole should ever have afforded him an entrance, and he seldom does get out without damage to himself, unless he becomes as lank as when he went in.

Horace never spared a vice however exalted the possessor of it, but lashed it from head to heel, not like Juvenal with a whip of scorpions, but with a less stinging thong. Witness his rebuke to the miser Aufidius, a high official of the court. “What pleasure can you have in hiding under ground with great care and secrecy such immense treasures of gold and silver? If a moderate use is not made of wealth, what possible utility hath it, what real benefit is there in it. Suppose your barns contained one hundred thousand bushels of corn, yet for all that

your stomach is not greater than mine. You become sick, wretched one, and neither wife nor children wish for your recovery.”—Can any thing be finer than the rebukes administered by Davus to his master during the privileged hours of the Saturnalia. This dialogue between Horace and his slave, is full of the poet’s own foibles and short comings. “You praise, says Davus to his master, the fortunes and the manners of the old Romans; and at the same time should some god reduce you to that state, you would be averse to it, because you are not convinced, that what you make such a noise about is more eligible, or because you are not firm in the defence of virtue. At Rome you long for the country, in the country you exalt the absent city to the stars. If you be nowhere invited out to supper, you are in rapture with your quiet mess of herbs.”

This Saturnalia must have been a most curious festival, where all stood on a temporary equality for the hour, where slaves were privileged to ridicule their masters, and subordinates their high officials—and all this accompanied by such boisterous mirth, immense feasting and junketting, as would have gladdened the souls of a whole bench of aldermen.—Yet I am not prepared to say that it would not be an institution well introduced into our own time. Imagine the head of the nation rolling up Pennsylvania Avenue under a scorching fire of squibs, pasquinades and broad jokes.—Yet Cæsar with his brows bound with victorious wreaths, and

holding the world's sceptre in his grasp, bore fierce sarcasms, and stinging jibes from the ignoble crowd with complacency.

Horace in his satires, unlike Juvenal, does not put himself in a passion, but endeavors to laugh his countrymen out of their vices, and smiles as he points out stern truths—

“Ridentem decera verum quid vetat.”

He tickled while he gently probed the wound. In these satires he teaches the Roman people to conquer their vices, to rule their passion, to forsake prejudices, and shun the folly of bigotry.

And now comes an age when the mask was off, and vice in all its hideousness and disgusting deformity was stalking boldly forth at Rome. It was the age that brought an imperial edict, gave the christians to the dogs wrapped in the skins of wild beasts, aye made living human forms fiery lamps to illumine the darkness of the Roman nights. It was truly a time of ghastly and tropical luxuriance in every beastly vice and sin: when society seemed nothing more than a standing pool foul with the rankest vegetation, from whose surface rose vapors as pestilential as those which were thrown off from the surface of Acheron, the fabled river of Hell. It was the age of the infamous Locusta and her subtle poisons, the atrocious and beastly Messalina. It was, in a word, an age that called for just such a satirist as Juvenal.

Like Horace he was the son of a freedman. A youth in the reign of Nero, he studied the

Roman laws; but was so angry with the corruptions that he witnessed in the courts, both among judges and advocates, that he abandoned the profession in extreme disgust. With the Roman judges and lawyers, the law was

“Like a foul black cob-web to a spider
They made it a dwelling and a prison,
To entangle those should feed them.”

Juvenal was in the full ripeness of middle age, when he commenced reading his Satires, and they were received with high favor among the few learned men of Rome: but having scourged in one of them a bloated minion of Domitian, the daring poet was banished to Egypt: but Domitian dying shortly after he returned to Rome and lived in that city during the reigns of Nerva and Trajan, dying in his one hundredth year. He lived exactly in the age for a bold, keen lynx-eyed satirist as he was: and “holds the mirror boldly up to nature,” to show virtue her own features, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, its form and presence.

This Juvenal was a genuine Roman Wide-Awake, with large, open, penetrating eyes, a cape of honesty, and a brilliant lamp that shone out upon the age in which he lived, casting its tell-tale rays into the most gloomy nooks, where hideous vice lurked, and folly with her cap and bells disported herself. The State processions of that frightful time, appear like that of Pride in Spenser's Fairie Queen, where “Idleness, and Loathsome Gluttony, Lustful Lechery, Malicious Envy, and Revenging Wrath” are harnessed to the car.

Such an age as this wanted no mere wit. It wanted fierce invective—it wanted to be embalmed in bitter Satire, like Juvenal's, that at the same time transparent as the amber, should hold it in preservation, and make it visible to the world forever. Juvenal sallies out against vice in all its forms, with the patient heroism and lofty devotion of The Red Cross Knight of Spenser's mighty Poem. He combats error as he did, who

“With his trenchant blade, he boldly
kept
From turning back, and forced her to
stay.”

As one of the Poet's commentators has said, “Folly, was Horace's quarry, Juvenal's vice.”—Juvenal's sarcasms are more biting and stinging than those of the Venusian bard. The aim of Horace was to be agreeable rather than bitter, to be familiar, insinuating and instructive. Juvenal was the first satirist that raised the style of the satiric poem to the height of tragedy. This he tells us himself, yet not out of vanity, but led to it from the nature of the subject. He even undervalues his poetry, when he insinuates that the wickedness of the times would provoke a man to write satires, though he had no genius for poetry:

“Si natura negat, facit indignatio ver-
sum
Qualemcumque potest, quales ego vel
Cluvenus.”

Dryden in his most admirable “Discourse on Satire” in running the parallel between these two satirists, seems to give the palm to Juvenal; “for after all” he says “I must confess that the delight

which Horace gives me is but languishing. Be pleased still to understand I speak of my own taste only—he may ravish other men; but I am too stupid and insensible to be tickled. Where he barely grins himself, and as Scaliger says, only shows his white teeth, he cannot provoke me to any laughter. His urbanity, that is his good manners may be commended, but his wit is faint, and his salt, if I dare say so, almost insipid. Juvenal is a much more masculine wit; he gives me as much pleasure as I can bear; he fully satisfies my expectation, he treats his subject home, his spleen is raised, and he raises mine. He drives his reader along with him, and when he is at the end of his way, I willingly stop with him.”

Juvenal holds up the virtues of early Rome to the degenerate Romans of his day, as in striking, mortifying contrast with the loose immoralities, and perverted public faith of the age which he scourges. Can there be anything keener than his sarcastic pleasantry in his 4th satire, where he brings out upon the canvass, the Emperor Domitian, and the consecrated Fathers of Rome's degenerate Senate House, assembled at the call of the Emperor in solemn consultation over a huge turbot, and as to how it shall be dressed. With most exquisite mock gravity the poet opens: “When now the last Flavius had torn the half dead world, and Rome was in bondage to bald Nero, there fell an Adriatic turbot of wondrous size into a net and filled it.” The master of the boat destines this

monster for the Emperor's table: because he very judiciously reasons—if he should fail thus to appropriate it, the shores are full of inquisitors, “inspectors of seaweed,” and by this phrase Juvenal happily denotes a class of the meanest informers who were hovering about, and will report, that no doubt this fish was a fugitive from the imperial fish ponds where it had long fed, and thence escaped, and ought by all means to be restored to its master. Therefore he determines to present it. In presenting it to the Emperor, the trembling fisherman falls upon his knees, and holding the turbot on high exclaims: “Accept, O Cæsar what is too great for private kitchens—let this day be passed as a festival, release your stomach from its crummings, and consume a turbot reserved for your age.” This is a severe lashing of the gluttony of Domitian's age. The Emperor is asked “to release his stomach from its crummings”—that is to unload and set it free by a vomit, so as to make room for this turbot.—This was a very common practice among the gourmands of Rome, and hence this fling of the satirist. But lo! there was wanting a dish large enough for the fish—and forthwith Rome's Senate is summoned to deliberate. Each Senator gives his advice, and is thus hit off by the remorseless satirist. “Fuscus who was preserving his bowels for the Dacian vultures, having meditated wars in his marble villa,” said very many things in praise of this turbot, and quite envied it the glorious destiny in store for it, of

being entombed in the Emperor's bowels. Crispinus also enters, “sweating” says the satirist, and “with morning perfume, two funerals scarcely smell as much”—funerals being in those odoriferous with the fragrant gums and spices used in cremation. He too pours forth his admiration over this tribute which the Adriatic had presented to his imperial master. There comes up the serious question as to how this turbot shall be served? Shall it be cut in two? “Far be this disgrace from it” said Montanus—“let a deep pot be prepared, and from this time forward let potters follow the Camp of Cæsar to be ever ready for such grave emergencies.”

When speaking of a dead glutton, the satirist says—“From the regions of the damned his soul shall long to revisit the earth, whenever he hears of a new dish.” This clearly is an idea borrowed by Littleton in his “Dialogues of The Dead,” and which he has worked up with considerable artistic effect. He introduces Dartneuf as holding a discussion with Apicius, and lamenting his ill fortune in having lived before turtle feasts were known in England.—“Alas!” says Dartneuf with a sigh, “how imperfect is human felicity. I lived in an age when the pleasures of eating was thought to have been carried to the highest perfection, both in England and France, and yet a turtle feast was a novelty to me. Would it be impossible, do you think, to obtain permission from Pluto to go back just for one day to indulge in turtle cutlets? I will promise to kill myself by the quantity I

will eat, so that Pluto shall have me back the next morning."

Juvenal lived in an age when it might well be said "the very filthiness of luxury prevailed. Elsewhere in his first satire he alludes to it when he says, "How great is the gullet which for itself puts whole boars away, an animal born for feasts, yet there is present punishment, when you put off your clothes turgid, and carry an undigested peacock to your bath—hence sudden death, and an intestate old age." When Juvenal penned these fierce satires Rome might fairly be said to be debauched by luxury—whole provinces were ravaged to furnish the larder for a single kitchen, and gorged and bloated debauchees reeled turgid with gourmandizing from the groaning tables of Domitian or some of the degenerate nobility.

With what a whip of scorpions he scourges the venal, effeminate and base judge Creticus, as he represents the hardy and brave Roman soldiers just come from victory, and covered with fresh wounds, rough mountaineers who had left their ploughs like Cincinnatus to fight against the enemies of their country, on their arrival at Rome, discovering such an effeminate character on the bench bearing the charge of the laws, and bringing them forth to judgment. "What," he says with glowing indignation, "would you not proclaim, if on the body of a judge those things you should see? I ask would transparent garments become a witness? Sour and unsubdued, and master of liberty, O Creticus, you are transparent.

Contagion gave you this stain and will give it to more; as in the fields a whole herd falls by the scab and measles of one swine: and a grape derives a blueness from a grape beholden." By degrees with graphic portraiture he sketches this august effeminate judge descending step by step into all the lower grades of vice, until he is received by a set of male wretches who in imitation of women celebrate the rites of the "Bona Dea." The degeneracy of the noble youth of Rome is most graphically portrayed in the sketch of young Damasippus in the 8th satire, of whom the poet says: "The nobility of your ancestors themselves begin to stand against you, and carry a clear torch before your shameful deeds." Then follows those noble lines, worthy of the pen of inspiration:

"Omne animi vitium tanto conspicuus
in se
Crimen habet, quanto major, qui peccat,
habetur."

which literally translated might be rendered: "Every vice of the mind has by so much the more conspicuous blame, by how much he that offends is accounted greater"—or in other words, so far from deriving any sanction for your vile excesses from high and noble birth, the vices of the great are the more censurable and the more inexcusable in proportion to the loftiness of your position.—Your crimes are the more notorious, your example the more contagious. Juvenal, Pagan though he was, developed by his own example some of the loftier virtues that adorn christianity, and in a city abandoned to all the most

degrading vices, and the most debasing lusts, he preserved his manners and his morals pure.— He constantly gives utterance to sublime truths worthy to be placed side by side with those uttered by the Divine Founder of the Religion of love. Take for instance that passage in his thirteenth satire, which looks as if it might have referred to the teachings of the Savior himself: and where he exclaims, “Happy wisdom that by degrees puts off most vices and all errors, first teaching what is right, and that revenge is always the pleasure of a minute, weak and little mind.” The frequency of such and similar passages inculcating the superior virtues always made. Juvenal and Persius, great favorites with some of the most learned of the early Christian Fathers, such as Cassiodore, Lactantius, Eusebius, St. Jerome and St. Austin. One of the Fathers after quoting extensively from these two Roman satirists, concludes as follows: “Reader be courteous to thyself, and let not the example of an heathen condemn thee, but improve thee.” The mind and conscience of this great man, to use the words of one of the best of his translators, “whence he knew not, was so far enlightened, as to perceive the ugliness of vice, and so influenced with a desire to reform it, as to make him according to the light he had, a severe and able reprovcr, a faithful and diligent witness against the vices and follies of the people among whom he lived, and indeed against all who like them, give a loose rein to their depraved appetites.

THE TRUE ALCHEMY.

Life and death go conquerors crowned—

Sin and sorrow set their seal—

In a vast revolving round

Time whirls all things with his wheel.

Seasons perish, years are born—

Woman's heart sings softly on

Ever beating mystic time,

In a sweet and silvery chime

Which knows never stop nor rest,

These four words: “He loves me best!”

Summer scatters buds and flowers—

Autumn garners golden grain—

Fast the fairy-footed hours

Circle in a crystal chain—

What though cares like snow-flakes fall?—

One bright beam dissolves them all,
 And if sorrows come, they seem
 Fleet as phantoms in a dream.—
 Hope herself replumes her crest
 By repeating “Loves ME best!”

What a rarely subtle thing
 Is the power, which thus can change
 Even sorrow's sharpest sting
 Into raptures rich and strange!—
 This, the long sought stone of old
 Whose bright touch turns all things gold.—
 Scintillation from above—
 Truly perfect human love!—
 Filling life with heavenly zest
 With its magic: “Loves ME best!”

TEARS—IDLE TEARS.

“Tears, idle tears—I know not what they mean!
 Tears from the depths of some divine despair,
 Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
 In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
 And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
 That brings our friends up from the under-world—
 Sad as the last that reddens over one
 That sinks, with all we love below its verge—
 So sad—so fresh, the days that are no more!

Oh! sad and strange, as in dark Summer dawns,
 The earliest pipe of half-awakened bird
 To dying ears—when unto dying eyes,
 The casement slowly grows a glimmering square—
 So sad—so strange, the days that are no more!

Dear as remembered kisses after death—
 And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned

On lips that are for others;—deep as love,
 Deep as first love, and wild with all regret—
 Oh, death in life—the days that are no more!"

[TENNYSON.

Hardly in the range of Literature do we meet with a poem more purely subjective. We have here a photograph of a state of mind too vague to be defined, and too subtle to be analyzed. The poem has no name, and is always quoted by its first line, "*Tears—idle tears,*" or by its rephrase, "Days that are no more." It would not do to call it Contemplation, or Retrospection, or Melancholy because it is not any one of these entirely, while it is something more than either, or all.—The feeling portrayed has no distinctive name in our language, nor as far as I know in any other. Yet it is a feeling which, in this painting by the Poet is recognized consciously by the experience of every contemplative man of any susceptibility who has reached middle age. I am not sure that those less mature will fully respond to the poet's utterance. I recollect that many years ago, I recited the lines to a young friend of undoubted genius, cultivated taste, and of usual susceptibility, and when I turned to him for applause, he candidly declared, that he could neither comprehend it, nor perceive any special beauty in it.

What then is the feeling which these lines portray? As it has no name, all that we can do in the way of its explication is to amplify the description given by

the poet. All subjective writing must have an objective origin.—What is at any time in the mind was first in sensation—is the maxim of Psychologists. The impulse is from without. Often the deviation is so great, that with difficulty we can retrace the course to its origin, but here the poet has furnished to our hand in the first stanza, the scene that gave birth to his musings.

To reproduce it will put us in initial accord with him.

"In looking on the happy Autumn fields."

The poet has been taking his evening walk late in October. He is a sportsman too and his gun is in his hand, and Carlo is with him. The fresh breeze has cooled but at the same time brightened his cheek, as facing the mellow radiance of the evening sun, he has strided along boundingly over the crisp leaves, now hieing on his dog in search of birds not yet found, and now stooping to pluck a late flower, or pick up a crimson leaf. While the exhilaration of exercise, breaks out from time to time in the snatch of an old song, or a recitation from his favorite volume. He has seated himself on the brow of a hill, still facing westward. At the foot of the slope a silvery brook glitters along and just before it bends out of sight, widens into a placid pool. Beyond with a corresponding ac-

clivity, stretch away broad fields of close grazed grass, not quite browned, but just seared by the light frosts of the season. Contented cattle repose in rumination or lazily nip the short pasturage, casting long grotesque shadows in the slanting light. The scene catches his artist's eye, and he enjoys it without thought, and unaware of the rising music that is waking in his breast symphonious with the voice of nature. A balmy content is the first sensation, but as the fields grow darker with the descending sun, pensiveness interpenetrates his thoughts. And now the Autumn fields are no longer in view. It is spring with him, and morning—and Mary is by his side—and those days are days that are no more. And is she not yet his own Mary? and is she less than the light of his eyes and the joy of his heart?—O dearer, far dearer than ever before! And yet tears in his eyes dim the landscape before him, and tears in his heart bedew the days that are no more.

Now we have the key-note of the song, that recurs like the master-beat in the *Monastery Bells*.

The characteristic of remembered joy is Antithesis.

Shakspeare hinted at this by Analogy (we get everything from Shakspeare, at least in genius) when he makes Lorenzo say to Jessica, "I'm never merry when I hear sweet music." This by negation, we find the positive statement of the philosophy in the oft quoted simile from Ossian, "The music of Carel was like the memory of joys that are past,

pleasant but mournful to the soul."

With this key of Antithesis in our hand we can fit every word and open every recess in this cabinet of beauty.

The poet rises from his reverie and drawing his hand across his eyes, announces his subject in the apostrophe—Tears—idle tears.—Tears alone, tell of anguish—but idle tears neither scald nor stain. And yet these tears are not the superficial over-flow of some sudden occasional sentiment, for they rise in the heart, to gather to the eyes. Yet from despair—not without hope though—for the despair is divine, is healthy joy. Spring must die before Autumn can come, but Autumn here, is proof that Spring once was.

"I hold it true what e'er befall
I feel it when I sorrow most
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

Now we have in substance all that we can get. Idle tears—He had said that he knows not what they mean, and he will not belie nor stultify himself, by attempting to tell what he does not know. It is a compound emotion, but he is not about to analyze it, and measure and weigh its constituents. Do you respond and say in scientific ignorance, but with well assured consciousness—"you do not know how I feel, but certainly we feel alike." And you have expressed just what a thousand times I have felt but never could express, when thinking of the days that are no more"—If so, you are in accord with the poet and may read on and bathe your sensibility in the fragrance of

what follows. But if honestly you say, "I do not quite apprehend—stay—let me see—from another point of view I think I catch the sentiment." Do not give yourself the trouble. Pass on.—There are a multitude of beauties in the Princess which you will relish, and this gem is detached from all that precedes or follows it, so that by omitting it, you will lose precisely it and nothing more. In this case, fair reader, comfort yourself by the thought that you are too young for the sentiment—and, gallant gentlemen, swear by the charge of the Light Brigade.

Having said all that he knows, the poet can do nothing more than say it over again. But to repeat the same thing is to repeat the same sensation, and each successive impulse of delight is necessary to make up the full momentum. To iterate is to penetrate. As the dove has but one note, which she utters again and again until the cool blossoming orchard trembles with it.

What is in the intellect was first in sensation, and so what is purely subjective, can be made intelligible, only through what is objective. This vague, composite, painful delight with which the bosom of the poet vibrates as he looks on the happy Autumn fields, thinking of the days that are no more, he manifests by a series of images, all double, and contracted in everything but originality and beauty. In the tide of time, ship after ship, freighted with what once was most precious to us—is precious still—has gone down below the rim of life's wide ocean but they are not gone forever—for

memory brings them up again from beneath, fresh, with glittering sails.

And there is music at the opening day, when the nascent light wakes again the sleeping world to life, but it fades on dying ears, and filmy eyes turn feebly to the window that only glimmers squarely now. The analogy here is so vague, that solemn contrast is all that is suggested. And while, as a single stanza, it is impressive, it seems to me in its relation to the feeling it parabolises, the least effective of the series.

But does the heart cry out with wild regret for the days that are no more, while with all our passion we exult that once they have been, and would not exchange the remembrance of them, for all the possibilities of present or future life—to what shall we liken this whirlwind, yea and nay? What shall we say of it—this suicidal yearning—but that it is

"Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others—deep as love
Deep as first love—and wild with all regret."

Say this, oh poet, and let yon setting sun bear the message if he may to those beyond this mortal sphere.

Now all is said—and yet all that has been said may be condensed, compacted, crystalised into one phrase of inconceivable contradiction.

"O Death in Life. The days that are no more"

We may notice the growing climax of the figures that are used.

In the first stanza we have the initial melancholy awakened by Autumn; in the second comes the pain of a long—it may be final—farewell; and in the third, the gloom of Death. Can the progression go further? Yes—there is after Death—and bitterer—the despair of loss, and the disappointment that cannot die and cannot be endured. Stanza for Stanza, however the contrast progresses with equal force. Autumn is happy—the up-coming vessel bringing home the long absent, beams and glitters. Where Death is, is summer, and morning, and music and renewing Life. And what shall match with Despair? There is but one thing strong enough and it is here—Love—first love.

How original is the conception of these lines, and how masterly is the genius that could blend into one, the two feelings that make up the staple of them, we may partly know if we recollect that Milton seems to have the same purpose in his pendant poems *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, but in the execution he has laid side by side for our inspection, the separate elements which Tennyson has fused into the *Antithesis* in which they actually live within the hearts of men.

If we would hear how sounds separately one note of this double harmony, we must listen to it in Poe's *Raven*.

I cannot dismiss these lines without remarking, that in them, as in almost every one of his Poems (except, I think, "In Memoriam") Tennyson has displayed his almost unrivalled

handicraft, in adapting the mechanism of his verse to the sentiment intended to be conveyed.— Unusual combination of metrical characteristics mark the versification with as much originality, as *Antithesis* does the poem. The obvious structure because of the absence of rhyme is that of blank verse—while the arrangement into stanzas, the rhythmical flow, and the individuality of the lines are all lyrical. As I finish this exposition of my understanding of the meaning of these lines, it occurs to me that I have seen it handled by two separate commentators at variance with each other respectively, and both differing from what has been given above.

In a gallery where some years ago I was interested by an exhibition of paintings, I was at once attracted by one bearing for its title, "Tears—Idle Tears." I was very much disappointed, inasmuch as I found embodied an idea quite different from my own. The Artist had given a graceful picture of a young girl, her bonnet in her hand, gazing over a barred fence, at well-pastured fields stretching away in the shadow of an autumnal sun-set. The expression of the face, the position, the landscape, the whole *muse or scene* suggested a reverie, in which the chief element was *romance*. I turned away because I could not bear to see treated as ideal merely, the sentiment of the poem, which to me is so intensely real.

Just the other day I opened with eagerness a periodical of which one of the articles was headed, "Tears—Idle Tears."

It was a commentary from a leading English magazine upon the lines. The conception of the writer is that Tennyson has given here utterance to deep unmitigated grief.

That which does not exist, cannot be seen. That the painter saw what he undertook to represent by Romance, proves that the lines have a glow in them. So

too the critic never could have treated them as a dirge, had there been more in the Vista of the Past, than that fair girl, with her young eyes could see. That feelings so seemingly opposite can co-exist, is a mystery of the human heart. To give utterance to them in such words as we have here, is the prerogative of poetic genius.

THE SOUTHERN EXILE.

“Ha tilh me tulidh :” “We return no more.”

Gaelic Emigrant's Song.—*Walter Scott.*

Farewell to all I have loved so long,
 Farewell to my native shore!
 Let me sing the strain of a sweet old song,
 “I return—I return no more!”
 It breaks my heart from friends to part
 And mine eyes—mine eyes the tear-drops pour;
 While mournfully I repeat the cry—
 “I return—I return no more!”

Though here I breathe in ample space,
 And gather with fuller hand,
 Nought can efface one single trace
 Of my own dear distant land.
 With many a sob my pulses throb,
 And mine eyes—mine eyes the tear-drops pour;
 While wearily I repeat the cry—
 “I return—I return no more!”

When others sleep I wake and weep
 To think of joys long past;
 And wish and pray for the happy day
 That shall bring repose at last.

Sad memories fill my soul with gloom
 And mine eyes—mine eyes the tear-drops pour;
 While despairingly I repeat the cry—
 “I return—I return no more!”

EDUCATIONAL INTERESTS OF THE SOUTH.

To provide food, clothing and suitable dwellings is a matter of the first, though not of the highest importance, and is a subject to which most men direct their earnest attention. The misfortune is, too many rest satisfied with this and never aspire to the higher regions of intellectual enjoyments. This is a grave error, and leads to many disastrous consequences. The cultivation of the intellectual and moral faculties is as far superior to the mere acquisition of material wealth as the mind is superior to the body. The one is immortal, the other mortal. The one is capable of endless expansion, the other is limited in its enjoyments, and is destined to perish. That people, who cultivates the moral and intellectual in preference to the material, will always be the most prosperous and most renowned. Greece lives to-day in the pages of Homer, Xenophon and Longinus. The oration on the crown has been more durable than the magnificent temples at Athens, the *Medea* of Euripides, and the *Cedipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles remain long after *Areopagus* has been destroyed. The Proverbs and Song of Solomon are read and admired by millions, while the gorgeous temple that bore his name has disappeared, and not even its ruins can be found.—Horace, Virgil and Livy are household words, while Scipio and Pompey are almost forgotten, or owe their present fame to the distinguished authors who have perpetuated their names. Cæsar is more known as the author of the Commentaries than as the General who led the Roman legions against the Belgæ. Intellectual power is greater and more lasting than either physical strength or material wealth, as is shown by the examples which we have given, and they might be indefinitely multiplied. When the great ships of England shall cease to “walk the waters as things of life,” and the Palace of Westminster shall be in ruins, the glory of England will be manifested in the *Paradise Lost* of Milton, the *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* of Shakspeare, the *Novum Organum* of Bacon, and the *Principia* of Newton. As it has been, so it will always be. Material wealth, though most valued by the mass of mankind, is not that which adds most to the greatness or happiness, either of

an individual or a community.— In view of these undoubted truths, it becomes us to encourage learning, to consider a high order of scholarship a test of merit and a means of securing high social position, that nation as greatest, which has the largest number of thorough and accomplished scholars and men of profound literary attainments. Humboldt will be remembered and his *Cosmos* read when Bismark and even Frederick the Great will be almost forgotten. Let us then, as a Southern people, encourage learning and establish among ourselves, literary and scientific institutions of the highest grade. We can do so if we have the will. Already the finest institution of learning on this continent, is in the South. The Professors at the University of Virginia, are men of more learning and more varied attainments than are those of any of the Universities or Colleges in the Northern States. Mr. Jefferson, in after times, will be scarcely less remembered and venerated as the founder of the University of Virginia, than as the author of the Declaration of Independence. We can and may have universities in every State, equal, if not superior, to the University of Virginia. Let us show that we honor profound learning, and high scholarship, and we will have them. Let the profession of teaching be, as it justly deserves, the most honored profession in the land, and our educated young men and young women will take pride and pleasure in this noble pursuit. Why is it that in England, with all the disadvantages of their government and political institutions, they have so many great statesmen, jurists, poets and historians? It is because they value learning and make it honorable. Their men of wealth endow fellowships in their Universities and scholarships in their parish schools. Let our men of wealth, and we have, or soon will have, many, give a portion of their princely incomes to the establishment of schools, colleges, and universities of a high grade. In all of our large cities, there might be an Academy of Sciences, where young men who have been to universities might pursue their studies, and also where those who have not had this opportunity, might, in their leisure hours, even after they have become engaged in business pursuits, cultivate their minds to any extent their inclinations might lead them.— Next to the universities, we should have high schools similar to Eton, Winchester and Rugby, in England. Schools for boys, somewhat similar to these, though they are private institutions and have no endowments, have been established in Virginia and Alabama. Professors Holcomb's and Miner's schools in Virginia, and those of Professor Tutwiler and Dr. C. G. Smith, in Alabama, are models worthy of imitation.— Nothing is of more importance than the proper training of boys, and if more money was judiciously expended in this way, we would reap great benefits from it. We will have in a few years the wealth sufficient to do all these things. If the cotton crop of the South, which is our leading staple,

and the means of our wealth, will increase our material wealth, should hereafter amount to two million bales per annum, weighing five hundred pounds each, this, at twenty cents per pound, would bring two hundred millions of dollars. If we had this amount, and at the same time were not under the necessity of purchasing any supplies of food and clothing, which might easily be the case, if our people would go earnestly to work, and cease murmuring against the inevitable, this would, in ten years, be one of the most prosperous countries in the world. We have all the natural advantages, and all we have to do, is to improve them. The portion of our capital which we may employ in manufacturing, say twenty millions per annum,

and if we would then appropriate one-twentieth of our earnings to the establishment of scientific institutions and the cultivation of letters, we would soon have the most renowned schools in the world, and the most highly educated people. As a native of the South, whose affections for her have increased because of her desolation, as one who takes pride in everything of Southern growth, I feel a deep interest in the development of the mineral wealth, and in the cultivation of the intellectual faculties of the Southern people. This should be our highest ambition and most cherished earthly object.

COLUMBUS, MISS., 1867.

SONG.

O! to be, by the sea, the sea,
 While a fresh North-wester's blowing,
 With a swirl on the lea, of cloud-foam free;
 And a spring-tide deeply flowing:
 With the low moon clear and large
 O'er the flushed horizon's marge,
 And a little pink hand in mine,
 On the sands in the long moonshine!

O! to be, by the sea, the sea,
 With the wind full West, and dying,
 With a single star o'er the misty Bar,
 And the dim waves dreamily sighing!;—
 O! to be there, but there,
 With my sweet Love nestling near,
 Near, near, till her heart-throbs blend with mine,
 Thro' the balmy hush of the Night's decline,
 On the glimmering beach in the soft star-shine!

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING*

Miss Charley Preston's cool proposition to her cousin to drop the subject of their love, was decidedly negatived, not only by the young gentleman himself, but by the contracting powers of the houses of Lee and Preston. Mr. Frank gave a statement of the affair, lodged a complaint with his grand-mother against the fair delinquent, made a formal demand of her hand from his grand-father, wrote to his mother to come to Southside and cure Charley of her nonsense, and engaged the services of the Professor in his behalf, invading the sacred precincts of that gentleman's study, and renewing to some extent, his acquaintance with Hector and the Greeks.

"I say, Professor," said Mr. Lee, as pushing aside a heap of loose sheets, he made room for himself on the manuscript covered lounge, "if you'll take Charley in hand, I know you can manage her. She looks up to you as she would to a father, and you know when she was a child you could persuade her into or out of a thing even when grand-pa failed."

"Yes, Frank," was the quiet reply as a long white hand went up as a support to the head of the speaker, "yes, she was always gentle with me. But she is not a child now, and you have read to but little purpose if you have not learned that, of all hard things to influence, the most difficult is a young maiden. Virgil says—

"Bother Virgil!—no offence to you, Professor, but I can't think of anything but Charley—She's so pretty and so provoking, and then, I've rather asserted the fact of our marriage, and you know the fellows in Richmond would joke me so—besides, I declare I do love her beyond expression. By Jove! Professor, she's the smartest girl I ever saw in my life!"

"So she is, Frank—praise her as much as you can and I'll endorse all you say. You will be blest indeed to win her, but Frank, boy, you must make her happy!"

"Of course, Professor—she shall have everything that money can buy, and as to saying one unkind word to her, I'd as soon think of shooting myself!"

"That is a matter of course, Frank, but there are higher requirements than material wants, and I know Miss Charley's nature well enough to know that with her, these are the real necessities of her life. Can you supply her needs in this respect?"

Mr. Frank's only reply was a prolonged stare, which was accompanied by a peculiar whistle, at the expiration of which, he said:

"Professor, I will do my duty by Charley as an honorable gentleman, and make her as happy as I know how to, but as to higher requirements and that sort of thing, I can't supply them because I frankly confess I don't

* Continued from page 412.

know what they mean, and I look on them as—Bosh!’ and Mr. Lee lit a cigar and proceeded to puff vigorously. When the glowing tip of the Havana attested the success of his efforts, the young gentleman continued:

“Will you help me Sir? Charley’s like a half-broken filly, and is as skittish and saucy as she can be, but she can be managed, and you can do it if you will.”

“I think you over-estimate my influence, Frank, and to tell you the truth, there is a slight something between your cousin and myself. Not a coldness, still less a quarrel, but a sort of restraint, consequent, I presume, upon her position as a young lady in society, and this restraint makes me diffident of approaching her, particularly in the manner you desire.”

“Oh! Professor, it’s all your imagination—Charley looks on you as one of the family and all you’ve got to tell her is, how I love her and all that. I know she loves me, for who else is there about here that she can love, and it will be so nice when we are married, and all of us have set our hearts on it. Please help me, Professor.”

“Well, Frank, I’ll try, but it will be my ‘prentice hand’ work, and I fear I shall make an awful bungle of it. Suppose I find she does happen to fancy some of her other suitors—if she be as confiding as she used to be, she’ll tell me—what shall I do then?”

“Oh! let the whole thing go to smash—I’m too much of a gentleman, I hope, to wish to force myself on a girl against her will. If Charley loves any one else—but pshaw—I know she don’t, so go

ahead, Professor—‘macte virtute’ you know, and do your best.”

In due time Miss Preston was summoned to the library to meet her grand-father, who placed Mr. Lee’s proposal formally before her. Miss Charley seated herself in her favorite arm chair which, like everything belonging to this young lady, acquired an individuality approximating that of its owner, and which was known in the family as

“Charley’s perch.” Extending her little feet out on a footstool as far as nature would permit, and crossing them, she leaned back in the chair and folding her hands, said;

“Go on, grandpa.”

“Go on? How do you mean, child? Was the reply of the puzzled old gentleman.

“Oh! sum up all the advantages of Frank’s offer, and the reasons why I shall be a monster of inappreciation if I don’t accept it. I’ve had the case argued only three times,—not counting Frank,—in Aunt Liza’s letters, and by grandma and mammy, but if Frank has engaged you as a special pleader, go over all the points again. I’m agreeable—only please don’t be long, grandpa, as I know them by heart.”

“Well, my dear, I’ll try, though, to tell you the truth Charley, I never was much in favor of first cousins marrying, but if you love Frank.—

“But I don’t love him, grandpa, not in that way, I mean. I love him very much as Frank, but you know grandpa, the way one loves a consin is’nt the right way to love a husband.”

“Is’nt it, child?” said the Colonel meekly.

"You KNOW it is not, grandpa, and I should do Frank an injury to marry him unless I loved him in the right way!"

"What is the right way, my darling?" asked the old gentleman, amused at her earnestness and wishing to tease her a little.

"I'll tell HIM! when he asks me, and nobody else," was the saucy reply, though the pink cheeks deepened in color several shades.

"Well, my child, and he'll be a happy fellow, and I wish I knew that he was worthy of you! While I live, my darling, it does not matter, and unless you prefer it otherwise, I'd rather keep you all for myself. But Charley, my child, I am an old man and I can't expect to stay with you long, and it would be a great comfort to see you the wife of a good man, who would love and cherish you as I've tried to do, my darling."

Col. Preston's articulation was at this juncture suddenly impeded from the fact that two soft arms were clasped tightly round his throat, while a choking voice said, "Please, grandpa. Oh! grandpa, I should die too!"

He nestled the bright head on his bosom and softly patted its silken curls. Then wishing to change the current of sad thoughts which his words had called forth, he said cheerily, "I shall have to be like the 'stern parient' in Villikens and his Dinah, my love, and marry you out of hand! Let me see, what do you say to Tom Fairfax?"

"Too short," came from the snowy folds of the Colonel's shirt front.

"Jack Baker?"

"The world is hardly large enough for his spittoon!" laughed the front.

"Phil Reynolds?"

"Has'nt as much sense as his horses!"

"William Randolph?"

"Don't love me, and if he did I would'nt love him," and the speaker's pretty head returned to its natural position.

"Well, Miss Hard-to-please, what objections can you urge to the elegant Lionel Bratton?"

"He washes in milk of roses, perfumes his handkerchiefs with patchouli, and walks so —" and Miss Preston seized an office rule from the table near, and balancing it in the tips of her fingers as a cane, minced across the library with dainty strides.

"Sit down, you witch!" shouted the Colonel, weak from laughing at her inimitable mimicry of the dandified beau she was representing. "By George, I believe I'll marry you in despair to the Professor!" and the old gentleman wiped his eyes.

"Why, grand-pa," said the saucy girl, as she halted in an irresistibly comic attitude in front of the Colonel's chair, "I'd just as soon think of marrying a roll of vellum with pens for arms and an Encyclopedia for a head!"

"And the Bible for a bosom, you might add, Charley!" said her grand-father in a tone as nearly approaching a reproof as he ever used to his petted darling.

"That I may, grand-pa!" she said quickly,—"The new Testament, that is, for everything that is pure and gentle and lovely is

found in his heart!" and to the absolute consternation of the Colonel, Miss Charley burst into a fit of weeping, put her dainty little apron to her eyes and ran out of the room.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Colonel, with an expression of the most intense dismay. "Who can comprehend the ways of girl-kind!"

The Colonel's wonder at the ways of young feminines was still further increased by the deportment of his grand-daughter during the dinner that followed their conversation and its abrupt termination. Never, even in her childish days, when she was, as the Professor had justly termed her, the incarnation of mischief, had Miss Charley been wilder, more playful or full of mischievous mirth. Her brilliant sallies, directed indiscriminately from her delighted grand-father to the admiring Frank, who was attempting the role of a dignified and ill-used lover, were so arch and charming, that the imperturbable elegance of Uncle Jack was overcome and, on one occasion when Ben, his son and subordinate, so far forgot himself as to indulge in an audible guffaw, although the boy immediately endeavored to regain his lost ground by assuming an expression of awful solemnity, the old man took him by the collar and conveying him in that style to the rear, cuffed him soundly for the very offence which he himself had unobserved, committed. "I'll learn you manners, Sir," he said to the sobbing and repentant Benjamin. "A laffin at your marster's table!—

ef you was a free nigger you could'nt do no wuss!"

Ben's ears ached during the remainder of the repast to an extent that effectually prevented a repetition of his crime, but the Professor was a greater sufferer than he. In every way that the inventive imagination of a saucy and self-willed girl could suggest, was that unfortunate gentleman roused from his normal state of placid repose, and held up to the assembled company in a style of publicity which brought actual blushes to his delicate, intellectual countenance. He bore the girl's teasing so well that she was visited with some compunctions of conscience, and after awhile desisted long enough to allow the Professor to finish his peaches and cream in comparative ease. His torments were recommenced after the completion of the meal however, when, invading the sanctity of his sitting room, she informed her victim that she had come to beard the lion in his den!

An exceedingly comfortable den it was, with its luxurious lounge and arm chairs covered with bright flowered chintz, and its large windows with white muslin curtains draped over their green shutters, and flowing in airy folds over the cool white matting. A classic picture here and there, a statue of "Helen," and several antique looking vases filled with fresh flowers, told that a softer hand than that of a man, had managed the decorations of the room, while books and manuscripts everywhere, denoted the professional character of the room, and attested the taste of its owner.—

In one corner stood one of those huge affairs of rose-wood and plate-glass, known as a bureau, to be met with in almost every old family homestead through the South, until pressing military necessities converted them into a novel and rather expensive kind of fire-wood, and on its broad top the interference of delicate hands was again visible in the pin-cushion with its dainty frills, and a watch stand, gorgeous with gold beads and embroidery. This piece of furniture, evidently manufactured to serve the needs of several generations of Preston's, and which it was mammy's delight to keep in a state of polish as great as beeswax, turpentine and continual rubbing could produce, was the only article in the room which suggested its occupancy as a chamber. It was one of the fancies of the Professor that a sleeping room should contain nothing but the bed of the sleeper, that one, at least, of its windows, should be left continually open, and also that it was the duty of the sleeper, as he valued a healthy existence, to pass from his morning nap to a tub of cold water, in which he was to remain for the space of twenty consecutive moments without regard to the state of the Thermometer and his personal feelings. Consequently, the apartment dedicated to the repose of this disciple of fresh air and cold water, was furnished on a scale less pretending even than that prepared by the Shunamite woman for the accommodation of the weary Prophet; and adjoining it, was the tub, or rather, tank, in which the Pro-

fessor, for six calendar months, shivered in orthodox and severe suffering.

Miss Charley made herself as free with the Professor's apartment as she had done with himself, while he, seated at his desk, watched her with an amused smile as one looks at the antics of a very sprightly kitten. The young lady abused the arrangement of the curtains, one of which was twisted and tied in a knot, with an audible remark to the effect that "men are fit for nothing but to spoil pretty things!" Alluded sarcastically to the "litter-airy" disorder of the books and, with the same breath, assured the calumniated Professor that he was so particular and finicky, that he was born to be an old bachelor. Dragged a chair to the mammoth bureau and, standing upon it, took an account of stock of the Professor's razors, shaving creams, hair oils, and sweet scented soaps—enquired if it was in accordance with Grecian customs to use paté d'amands, made mouths at herself in the glass, and declared it (the mirror, it is to be presumed,) was an old fright. Then jumping down from her temporary elevation, she stood on tiptoe and looking over the shoulder of the all enduring Professor, read the sheet of manuscript before him and criticised it with caustic humor, and impudently declaring that she could write better herself. Then, fearing he might think her in earnest, she told him, leaning now on the table and looking up with very earnest eyes, that she was just beginning to know how much she

owed him for all the pains he had taken with her and Frank, and was sorry they had not profited better by his kind instructions.

"Ah!" thought the Professor, greatly astonished and quite elated at his own deep artfulness, "Now is the time to introduce Frank with a certainty of success!"

"Miss Charley," said he, "you have given me pleasure far over and above whatever pains I may have taken with your education. Miss Charley—I say, Miss Charley, Frank—I intended to say that Frank—"

The young person thus thrice addressed, put her fingers into her ears, and stood for a moment like an animated statue of despair.

"Please, Professor, abolish the Franking privilege!" She pouted. "Frank! Frank! I'm fairly sick of Frank! I like him, but you know, Professor," and she made the most comic of roguish faces, "The full soul loatheth the honey-comb!"

Before the wily Professor could recover his surprise at the failure of his deep laid snare, the bird for whose capture it had been prepared, snatched his hat from its peg and crushing it down on his head, tied on her own jaunty cap, and ordered him to escort her instant to Broadfields.

He obeyed unhesitatingly and they strolled through the woods now in all their summer luxuriance, for, having met one of the servants belonging to Broadfields and being told the ladies were out, they turned their purposed visit into a woodland ramble.

"Professor," said Charley, as he panted by her side after attempting the Herculean feat of bending down the bough of a tree so as to obtain the flowers of a brilliant parasite which clung to it, "I never did see any one so changed as Camille. She was always good I thought, but now she's like some of the old Saints you read of. She's all the time doing good to somebody, and she visits the sick and poor so constantly that I asked Dr. Mason if he'd taken her into partnership with him. She is mighty sweet, but she has never been gay, since last winter—the time Frank first began this nonsense, you know—and I do feel so sorry for her!"

"She is indeed to be pitied, Miss Charley! I never knew a sadder case than hers, for you know her uncle has treated us like real friends and told us all. So young, so remarkably handsome, and so gifted, as I find from the supervision of her course of study which she was so kind as to entrust to me, and yet owing to the extreme delicacy of her position, debarred from the society she would ornament so much, and condemned to live, as it were, under a ban."

"What a wretch that husband of hers must be! I could pinch him!" and Miss Charley's fingers closed viciously on the petal of the flower she held.

"She is beautiful, isn't she? and grows more so every day.—She's just like a queen and so unconscious! I declare, Professor, I'd give anything—one of my fingers almost—to be as pretty as Camille!"

"Miss Charley," said the Professor, "do you know that I feel very like paying you a compliment?"

"Please don't!—if you did it, I should know it was true, and I might be spoiled you know!" and she twinkled her bright eyes merrily at him.

He returned their gaze with compound interest, and certainly there never was better material to warrant a compliment on female beauty.

Queenly she assuredly was not, but nothing could be more womanly or lovely than the light form which was stretched against a tree in a pose of perfect grace with its exquisite proportions fully displayed.

"Her husband is exceedingly handsome, they say," said the Professor after a pause, carrying on the discourse which his incipient compliment had interrupted.

"Pretty is as pretty does!" was the expressive rejoinder.

"Exactly. By the way, Miss Charley, I think that saying and the equally universal one of the 'Snake in the grass,' have one and the same origin, and that a classic and very ancient one. 'Latet anguis in herba,' you know Miss Charley!"

The words were interrupted by a scream which rang through the woods, and springing to the girl's side he saw with a horror no words can convey, its cause. She had lifted her fair arm, and there, wound round its soft surface, was a small but highly poisonous adder, with its hideous flat head, cruel eyes, and hateful open mouth

from which protruded the deadly fangs it had just withdrawn from the quivering flesh.

To seize the reptile, tear it from the girl and, placing its head under his boot, crush it to a mangled mass, was the work of an instant, and then he took the arm in his two hands and examined it most anxiously. The puncture in the delicate skin was scarcely perceptible, but a discoloration had commenced around it, and a tiny thread of vivid scarlet mounting rapidly above it, showed but too plainly that the poison was beginning to diffuse itself. The Professor without a moment's hesitation unfastened the neat cravat of black silk which supported his snowy collar, and tied it with his utmost strength as a ligature around the pretty arm, now swelling rapidly. Charley lay still until he had finished, then unclosing her eyes so strangely languid now, she said faintly: "Take your pen-knife, Professor. I can bear it."

"What, my dear young lady?" he asked timidly, for he feared she had become delirious.

"Your knife," she murmured: "Cut out the place; Don't mind hurting me," and the eyes closed again.

Instead of obeying the command of the brave little thing, the Professor adopted a mode of cure, quite as successful and of more ancient origin.

Kneeling beside her, he laid the suffering arm again on the moss covered log, and stooping down, applied his lips to the scarcely perceptible wound.

In a few moments all danger to

the patient was removed, but when her heroic doctor informed her of the fact, he found that, for the first time in her young life, Charley had fainted.

Very gently and tenderly did he nurse her until life and animation returned, bringing water in his hat from the spring which gurgled near, and bathing her head and face as softly as a woman could have done. After a while she opened her eyes, looked round, and then smiled her own bright smile and sat up, herself again.

"Are you sure you are not hurt?" she said anxiously. "The poison must have been very virulent!" and she shuddered.

He laughed away her fears on his account and then finding she was still uneasy, assured her in his simple, earnest manner, that he was in no danger and she was perfectly satisfied and declared her ability to walk home at once. She was not so strong as she fancied, and but for the support of the strong arm at her command she would have sunk long before she reached Southside. When they had entered its gate she stopped and said: "Professor, I owe you the heaviest debt I can ever have—my life—I do not love obligations, but—but I am willing to take it from you!" and she bent down and kissed his hand.

"Upon my life! Miss Charley"—but the Professor spoke to the air or the shrubs of Mrs. Preston's garden, for the young lady whom he addressed had disappeared from view.

Great was the consternation of the household when the Professor related the incident of the even-

ing, and manifold the miseries to which Miss Preston was forced to submit by her anxious relative. Despite her piteous entreaties, she was put to bed almost by force of arms by her grandmother and mammy, one of whom took her station at the bedside, while the other prepared the decoctions and poison preventives which they administered to the rebellious patient. In vain did she protest that the Professor was the proper subject of their offices; Mrs. Preston heard all she had to say, and then quietly observed. "Give her the white of egg now, Patsey!"

The Colonel having relieved himself to some extent by having the fastest horse in his stable saddled by Uncle Jack under his personal supervision, and dispatched Frank on him for Dr. Mason, betook himself to the Professor's room and subjected that gentleman to a rigorous cross examination. When the Professor told of the girl's heroic request that he would cut out the infected portion, the old gentleman bounded from his chair.

"By George!" he exclaimed, "she is the greatest girl in this world. What we all owe to you, James!" and he wrung the Professor's hand and left the sentence unfinished.

Frank soon returned with Dr. Mason whom he had found at Broadfields, and with whom, and Mrs. Ester and Camille he had driven over, for any accident to Charley awakened an universal interest.

The Doctor proceeded to the chamber of the fair sufferer, who gave him and the Colonel, who

accompanied him, an indignant account of the wrongs she had suffered at the hands of her zealous nurses, repeating the remedies they had administered, and declaring they were worse than a dozen snakes. The good Doctor laughed heartily at the innovations of the two new practitioners, but relieved them from their duty, prescribed a good supper for the patient, and proposed that Camille should remain with her for the night. "And mind, 'Mandy,'" continued the genial physician to the young female who stood fanning her young mistress, "if those girls don't go to sleep at the proper time, but go to talking half the night, do you go and tell your mistress!"

'Mandy giggled, curtsied, and gave the required promise.

The next morning saw Miss Preston, as fresh as itself, at the breakfast table, looking just as usual though a trifle paler, while she carried her pretty arm in a sling.

She experienced no other inconvenience from her accident, except that she declared she could not refrain from hissing when she read certain of the daily newspapers, and felt an irresistible inclination to bite when she thought of the approaching Presidential election.

Her fellow actor in the drama of the snake in the grass, was less fortunate, for he began to change for the worse almost from the day of its occurrence.

There was no tangible disorder other than a sort of failing of the entire man, but this was sufficiently distressing, and though in his gentle way he besought his kind

friends not to trouble themselves on his account, they became seriously alarmed, and Dr. Mason's services were again called into requisition. The Professor submitted, with a lamb-like meekness, to all the doctor's questioning, punching in the ribs, and even application of the stethoscope, and actually allowed an examination of his month to assure the Colonel that none of the poison had been therein secreted. Doctor Mason, with preternatural gravity, desired the martyr to complaisance to hold back his head and open his mouth, which being done, he proceeded to the grave discharge of his office.

"I can find nothing here, Colonel," he said, after gazing admiringly on the two rows of dazingly white teeth submitted to his inspection, "but gums and a tongue in a perfectly healthful condition, and a set of teeth which may defy a legion of dentists!"

"Well," said the old gentleman, "I'm glad of it, but I wish we could cure him!"

This wish was re-echoed by the entire household, as the days went on, and the amiable gentleman who had endeared himself to every member of it, grew weaker and sadder, though with a patient disregard of self, he said there was little the matter with him and he would soon be well.

For the first time in his life, he did not keep a promise, and Mrs. Preston and mammy began to look grave, shake their heads, and mutter oracular sentences when his condition was discussed.

All the servants were deeply interested, and none more so than

the dignified Major Domo, Uncle Jack. That functionary was one morning assisting at the toilette of his master, talking as was his wont, and his discourse turned upon the Professor.

"I tell you Sir," he said, as he applied the well lathered brush to the Colonel's chin till it was covered with creamy foam, "I ain't satisfied with the Professor's action at all Sir! He's nothing like himself and dissembles the statute."

"The what, Jack?" said the Colonel as well as he could through the soap suds.

"De statute, Sir—one o' them marble men at the Capitol in Washington, and I'se o' the opinion that something's in his systemaction, Sir."

Uncle Jack lingered over the last word with a loving tone, for it was one of his delights to use words of high sound, without regard to their sense or signification, being, as Charley termed him, a dictionary in an unknown tongue.

A prudent regard to his upper lip, over which the razor was now gliding, prevented the Colonel's reply and Jack continued.

"Now Master, I'se 'quainted with a very nonsequented thing that'll reach the Professor's state and retract it. Patsey she say she can bile bouset, and aggrimony, and aleicanpane, and cammomile, and flavor it with spirits o'turpentine, and cure him with less than a quart of recoction.—But I ain't got no use for such truck. When a gemman looks peaked like the Professor does, that gemman is conjured I say,

and all the yarbs on the yearth can't desist him."

"Well Jack, how to get him unconjured, that's the question."

"That's as easy as falling off a log, Sir. Just let the Professor steal a gold ring."

"Mr. Stuart steal a ring!—what do you mean, you black rascal—you are in your dotage!" shouted the Colonel, jumping up to the imminent peril of his chin.

"I aiu't a rascal," was the pompous reply of the offended witchfinder, "and as for dotage—y'ou'se two years older than I is anyhow!"

"That's true Jack—many's the time I've fought for you when we were boys on the strength of those two years! I did'nt mean to abuse you, but what do you mean by talking that way of the Professor?"

"Marster, he was just to make 'believe to steal de ring or de charm would'nt expel, Sir. Yes Sir, you did fight for me many a time and I ain't a gwine to forget it, Sir! If he 'stracts the ring from a lady and wraps it in a toad's skin with piece o' his own hair pinned in a leaf tore out o' the Bible and the witch o' Endor, and hides it in de dark o' the room in de tree what the snake come ont o' and then goes to bed back'ards without saying his prayers, it 'll cure him sartain. There's your coat, Sir," and he presented the glossy broadcloth.

"Well Jack, you can tell him, but I think he'll say the remedy's worse than the disease! Bring me that coat I wore last night.

"De one wid brass buttons, Sir?"

"Yes," said the Colonel, while Jack bustled to the wardrobe and returned with the garment, which he had long looked on as the climax of Sartorial skill.

The old gentleman looked at it a while, and breaking into a laugh, he said, "I'm too old for such varieties now, Jack, you old dandy—take the coat, and when Miss Charley's married I'll send to Richmond and get a finer one!"

"Thankee, master—your sargent Sir—there ain't nothing like a real gentleman after all, Sir, and de manner is more'n de coat! Sir, won't Patsey be proud, Sir!" and the entranced and animated ebony waddled off with his treasure folded to his capacious chest.

When the Colonel would require the new one, which depended on the occasion of Miss Charley's marriage, was a question which was of absorbing interest to the family in general, and Mr. Frank Lee in particular. The time for that young gentleman's return to Richmond was drawing rapidly on, and one bright afternoon he held the Professor to his promise to press his suit with his cousin and obtain her consent. The Professor pressed his hand wearily to his forehead, while a flush rose to his wan face which, in its perfect regularity of feature and deathly paleness, well justified Uncle Jack's comparison. He rose, however, at once, and said, "I will try, Frank," and walked out to the library where Miss Preston was reading.

She made a pretty picture as she sat in her dress of bright pink muslin, ornamented with some of

her grand-mother's old lace, on a cushion which was placed on the broad sill of one of the windows, with a book in her pretty hand and her eyes fastened intently on its page.

As the Professor approached, she looked up with a beaming smile, and compressing the light folds of her dress, made room for him by her side. He did not take advantage of her offer, but drew up a great chair just in front of her, and seated himself in it.

"What book is it, Miss Charley," he said, "that is more attractive than the prospect before you? I never saw Southside looking so lovely—nor appreciated so deeply the charms of my happy, happy home," he added as it were to himself.

"I have been looking out," she replied as she closed the book, "and I picked up the 'Courtship of Miles Standish,' and began to read just where I opened. Where John Alden goes to court Priscilla by proxy for old Miles, you know."

"I remember," said the Professor, as with the skill of a veteran campaigner he rapidly took in all the points of the situation and used them to his advantage, "and I am precisely in John's place—at least the case is reversed, for I come to plead the cause of young Frank," and the Professor ended his sentence with a smothered sigh.

"You too!" said Miss Charley with a glance of pitiful remonstrance, which did not tend to make the position of the Professor more pleasant.

"I promised Frank, Miss

Charley. He is a noble youth and he loves you."

"But I don't love him, Professor, and never shall!"

"Do you love any one else, Miss Charley? Pardon me," he said, as the girl sprang from the window and stood by him with a crimson face, "I asked, because in that case, Frank desired me to say he withdrew his suit. Miss Charley, I am very miserable"—and he took her hand, "very, very wretched! Miss Charley, Frank wants this hand—will you give it to him? I am going away, going to leave Southside and go wandering some where. After you are married I may be able to come back, but I cannot stay to see it."

"Going to leave us—Oh! Professor, I have made you angry, and I'm so sorry!" and her soft lips trembled like those of a grieved child, while she covered her eyes with both hands.

"Angry!" he exclaimed, as he rose and stood by her, "Oh! if that were all! Miss Charley, I've tried to bind myself in honor not to tell you, but I cannot help it! The only feeling I have for you is an intense love, which is interwoven with my very life! Nay, do not upbraid me"—as she trembled violently and turned half from him. "I feel that all you can say would not be half sufficient punishment for my presumption. I did try, Miss Charley, on my honor I did—I have suspected my love for a long time, but on that day in the woods when you were suffering, I knew it. Ever since I have striven to crush my most hopeless

love, and succeeded in subduing all outward manifestation—but some how it has re-acted on my health, and I am not what I was.

"Forgive me." He had turned very white, and now sank down in the chair, weak and exhausted.

Miss Charley walked up to it, and kneeling down beside it, she slipped both of her little warm hands into the cold pair which lay listlessly on his knee, "Professor," she said, "I give them to you but not for Frank!"

He raised them to his lips, and then with a violent effort of self control, put them from him: "You are too good," he said, "but I cannot permit such an act of self sacrifice. You pity me, and to make my happiness, are willing to destroy your own. No, no, beautiful and beloved child, I will not shadow your path—God bless you and make you happy—and teach me how to live without you!"

"Professor," she began, but the words cost her a great effort, "I do pity you."

"Oh!" he cried in the tone of one who has received a sharp blow, "I knew it! Charley! Charley!" and he grasped her hands and drew her up to him as he rose with her, "pity will not answer the needs of my love. Child, child, I love you! I love you! Oh! I cannot be content with your pity as a return for my love!"

"Pity isn't all!" she said with a momentary return of her sparkling sauciness.

"Would to Heaven I could think so!" he groaned while a mist came over his eyes.

"Professor," she said, with a sweet, earnest dignity, "I will show you my very heart, and if you still misjudge it, I will shut it up forever. Ever since I can remember, you have been to me what no one else on earth was—I honor and reverence you next to my God!—Pity you! Professor, I—I—I love you!" and her bright eyes said more than the words.

The Professor's reply was not a particularly original one, but its effect was sufficiently marked, and attested that all fears on the score of pity were completely allayed. Taking his treasure, now invested with a womanly timidity which was wonderfully charming, to the broad seat at the window, the "Courtship of Miles Standish" was ignominiously expelled to make room for one far more interesting to the actors therein.

"My darling," said the Professor, "my heart overflows with its happiness—will you join me in an ascription of thankfulness to Him who has given it?"

"Ah!" she whispered softly, "you always teach me my duty!"

He folded his hands over hers and a thanksgiving went up, not the less fervent in that it was unexpressed.

Sometime later when Col. Preston, who had a letter to write for the evening's mail, raised the curtain which fell over "Charley's corner," in order to admit as much light as possible, he saw a picture which caused him to disbelieve the evidence of his senses.

There sat the grave and dignified Professor laughing with the glee of a boy, and nestled on his shoulder was Miss Charley's shiny head, while her bright eyes were looking at him with an expression of the most tender and confiding love.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the astonished Colonel. "James! Charley!"

The Professor rose, and gathering Charley still closer in his arms, took her to her bewildered grand-father. "Colonel," said he, "will you give her to me?"

"That I will and my estate too!" was the emphatic reply. "Why, bless my life, this is what I longed for, but did not dare to hope! Charley, child, I'm so glad!" and another pair of arms was twined round that young lady, who stood the prettiest object ever thus enfolded.

"Grand-pa," she said softly, "we are very happy!"

"So am I, my darling," and the old gentleman kissed her pink cheek.

"But Charley," he continued with mock solemnity, "you know you will do James 'an injury' if you marry him without loving him in the right way!—Do you love him in the right way?"

"HE knows," was the roguish reply, as Miss Charley slipped lightly out of the quartette of encircling arms and took her blushes and herself out of the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NUT-BEARING TREES.

Nuts and fruits undoubtedly constituted the food of the early inhabitants of the earth. It was not until the human race was two thousand years old, that God gave them the permission to eat animal food.

To Adam he gave every fruit-bearing tree and every herb bearing seed, and said, this shall be your food; but to Noah, he said, "Even as the green herb have I given you every moving thing that liveth; to you it shall be for meat." In those glorious old days, when the earth was fresh and unexhausted, the antedeluvian sages walked amid their lofty groves, the trees of which dropped at their feet their daily food.

When Enoch's friends dined with him, their dinner did not consist of soups, roasts and stews. If it had, one of the early men of renown would have been, not Jubal, whose harp and organ filled the new and beautiful world with melody—not Tubal-Cain, whose artistic creations in metal sent his name down the vista of ages to immortality—not Jabal, who taught his sons to dot the green plains with tents, and cover the rich meadows with flocks and herds—but a physician, whose pills and lotions should ease the aching head and uneasy stomach, and who would have been characterized, as the "father of all such as administer drugs and apply plasters."

No, Enoch's guests, hearty gentlemen of six and eight hundred years of age, dined upon

—"fruits of all kinds, in coat,
"Rough, or smooth rind, or bearded
"husk or shell,"
"She (some fair Eve, Adah or Zillah)
"gathers tribute large; and
"On the board heaps with unsparing
"hand; for drink,
"The grape, she crushes, inoffensive
"must, and meathes from
"Many a berry; and from sweet ker-
"nels pressed she tempers
"Dulcet creams."—

How nice it would have been to have dined with Enoch!

Long after the permission was given to eat "every moving thing that liveth," there was issued a divine law to the effect that no fruit-bearing trees, in scripture language, "trees for meat" should be destroyed. Even in time of war, no plea of "military necessity" that most unanswerable of pleas, was admitted for such destruction; for, said the only perfectly wise Law-giver, "the tree of the field is man's life." The presents carried down by the twelve sons of Jacob to the dreaded ruler of Egypt, were spices, honey, *nuts and almonds*. The "nuts" referred to, as distinct from almonds, were probably Persian walnuts, which form one of the staple commodities of the East.

In Ecclesiastes we find the following verse:

"I went down into the *garden of nuts*, to see the fruits of the valley, to see whether the vine flourished, and the pomgranates budded."

The garden of nuts seemed to have been part of the "home arrangements" of Solomon's luxu-

ious residences. In those wonderful mounds recently opened around Kertch,* in the Crimea, where tombs have been opened to the light of the sun, which have lain in darkness and silence for near three thousand years, the dead are found with walnuts in the hands, which have fallen to dust around them, and near them are also found bottles of wine, which, in some cases, still retain a small portion of the ruby liquid. It was the custom of the age and people to place food beside the dead. The Greeks called chestnuts and other nuts by a name signifying "to eat" and from this word is derived our botanical name, *Fagus*, which is still applied to some nut-bearing trees.

Learned men of the present day are much exercised about the kind and quantity of food necessary to produce the greatest amount of muscular strength and health.—The British and other European periodicals abound in articles on "Food and Drink." "The relation of food to muscular strength," &c. Blackwood's last gives a funny poem on "The true Regimen for Irish Evils" which ends with

"Oh! a very fine matter is good Legislation
 And a very fine matter is good Education:
 But to make people thriving, contented and quiet,
 'Tis a *sine qua non* to begin—with their DIET."

They tell you that Prussia owes her recent victories to her knowledge of the food necessary to put

* Antiquities of Kertch, and Researches in the Cimærian Bosphorus. By D. McPherson, M. D., London.

strength and nerve into her soldiers, and they nearly all agree in insisting on large quantities of animal food.

One of the contributors to the *Edinburgh Review* says, "It is scarcely necessary here to insist upon the value of animal food to all classes of consumers. Its absence is noted by a lowered physique, its presence by superior tone and vigor. Those who study the vital statistics of the nation can place their fingers, guided by pathological indications, upon years of high price, which, to a very large class of the community are years of virtual scarcity, and consequently of increased debility and disease."

This is probably true of people whose food is almost exclusively bread and meat, for when the meat is withdrawn the bread alone is not sufficient to support health and strength; but if they had, like the inhabitants of southern Europe, olive yards and vineyards, and like the Persians, innumerable groves of nut trees, we doubt if the absence of animal food would be noted by anything except absence of disease. For, notwithstanding the arguments of these learned gentlemen, we can never forget the fact, that the armies of the 1st Napoleon were composed of the simply reared peasants of France, whose food usually consists of coarse bread, salads, olive-oil and wine. The Russian grenadiers are celebrated for their splendid physique, and are thus described by an English tourist as long ago as 1779. "They are the finest body of men I ever saw. Not a man under six feet high.

Their rations consist of eight pounds of black bread (made from the whole grain) four pounds of oil, and one pound of salt for eight days." "In 1854, when the Russians surprised the world by standing against the combined forces of France and England, on the bloody field of Alma, dead Russians were found with their rations in their knapsacks, and these rations were simply bread saturated with oil.

But of all the men who have ever lived, the Spartans have gained the greatest distinction for enduring strength and invincible courage. At their public tables, each individual was required to furnish one bushel of flour, eight measures of wine, five pounds of cheese and two and a half pounds of figs per month. Bread, wine, cheese and figs, was the food of the Spartan heroes: and the Greeks all lived chiefly upon vegetable food. For beauty of person, superiority of mind, artistic taste and skill, physical strength and courage, has any people ever surpassed them. So, with all due respect for Liebig and his brother chemists, with their theories regarding nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous foods, we are compelled to think that the striking fact of the great longevity of people before the Flood, and the immediate shortening of life attendant on the commencement of the use of animal food after it, has not been sufficiently considered, or more probably, *believed*, by modern scholars. Noah lived nine hundred and fifty years, but Abraham only one hundred and seventy-five years, and the de-

cline gradually went on until in our day, thirty years is the average life of a generation.

These theories, however being only theories, bring us to the conclusion of St. Paul in such matters. "Let every one be fully persuaded in his own mind."—Our Savior himself taught that no *spiritual* defilement can be caused by food.

But to our proper subject—nut-bearing trees—"trees for meat."

CASTANEA VESCA.—Called by Linnæus, *Fagus Castanea*, the *Fagus* being as before remarked, derived from a Greek word signifying "to eat." *Castanea* was the name of a city in Thessaly, whence the Romans first procured the chesnut, which was grown so abundantly by the ancients.—It is so common in France and Italy that it is often considered a native of those countries. The great chesnut forests of the Apennines furnish a large portion of the food of the peasantry at this day. A sweet and highly nutritious flour is prepared from them which makes a delicious bread.—The Rev. Mr. D. of South Carolina, being in Italy when the peasants were gathering their harvest of nuts, and being surprised at the immense quantities of them, asked what use they made of them. "They live upon them" was the answer. "Indeed," replied Mr. D. "I should not fancy being confined to chesnuts as food."

"Yet I have been told" replied the Italian "that the South Carolinians live principally upon rice, and the Irish upon potatoes, and if

I were compelled to make a choice of one of the three, I should prefer chesnuts decidedly." They are also much used in other European countries. A traveller writing from Heidelberg, says "Chesnuts here form a favorite dish with all classes, and I will confess that I have scarcely found a German diet that I relish better." Mr. Phillips, says (Pomarium Brit. page 95.) "Chesnuts stewed with cream make a much admired dish, and many families prefer them to all other stuffing for turkeys. They also make an excellent soup." If the superstition that the food produced by long-lived plants is conducive to longevity, has any foundation in truth, then the peasants who live upon chesnuts ought to live to great age, for chesnut trees have been known to live a thousand years. The great Tortworth chesnut, at Tortworth in the county of Gloucester, England, is mentioned by Mr. Aikins in his history of that county, as a famous tree in King John's reign, and Evelyn in his "Sylva" states that it was called, even in King Stephen's time, the "great, Tortworth chesnut." In 1772 Lord Ducie had a painting made of it—it measured fifty-seven feet in circumference. Another celebrated chesnut is that at Marsham, Norfolk county, England, which is calculated to be over a thousand years old. But neither of these are so well known as the famous tree on Mt. Etna, which has excited the surprise of travellers for ages. In 1770 this tree measured two hundred and four feet in circumference. When visited by M. Houel, it was in a state of decay,

having lost a greater part of its branches, and its trunk was entirely hollow. A house was actually built inside of this immense hollow tree (see Arboretum Brit.) and some country people lived in it with an oven, in which, according to the custom of the country, they dried chestnuts, filberts, and other fruits which they wished to preserve for winter's use. Kircher, in 1670, affirms that a large flock of sheep might be folded in the famous Etna chestnut. This tree was standing, a mere wreck however of its former greatness, in 1844.

The Spanish chestnut is more than twice as large as the common variety, but far inferior in sweetness. It is, however, delicious when cooked, and the number of delicate dishes prepared from it, is surprising to an American traveller. It grows readily from the nut, produces in about seven years, and thrives well in this country. "There is one at Presque Isle, the residence of Wm. Denning, Esq., in Dutchess Co., N. Y. which some years ago was over forty feet high." Young trees of both kinds can be procured from the nurseries, and for beauty as a lawn tree, there are few things superior to the chesnut. A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* records an instance of an old man over sixty years of age, who planted a chestnut orchard and lived to enjoy its fruits. It would be very easy to plant a cultivated field in chesnuts, putting them from forty to sixty feet asunder, and placing a small stake to mark where each nut is planted. The field could then be

continued in cultivation for eight or ten years, in which period, the chestnut crop might reasonably be expected. The nuts, if planted in the fall, very soon after being taken from the burr, and lightly covered—from half to three quarters of an inch—will grow as easily as a grain of corn, and if cultivated afterwards, they grow rapidly. When Col. Buckner of Ga., gathers from a single acre, in a single season, \$1400 worth of apples, what might we expect from an acre of full grown chestnut trees.

The prophet Ezekiel, in describing the glory of Assyria, under the similitude of a fine tree, says, "Not any tree in the garden of the Lord was like unto him in his beauty;—the *chestnut trees* were not like his branches."

CARYA ALBA.—Shell-bark hickory. This tree furnishes the most delicious of all nuts, and is the only hickory nut with a shell thin enough to yield to the nut crackers. Some other varieties of hickory produce a fine kernel, but the shell is so thick, they require almost a sledge hammer to break them. There is much difference of size in the shell-bark, and we have been told of a tree growing on Crooked Creek, Union county, N. C., on the farm of Mr. Stuart, which bears a nut as large, and with a shell as thin as the English walnut. This is one of the most picturesque and graceful of trees, making splendid park trees, either singly or in groups. They require rich mellow soil, and as they are difficult to transplant, it is best to plant the nuts where they are to grow, which they do readily and

the growth is rapid when everything is suitable.

CARYA OLIVEFORMUS.—This is the well known and highly prized Pecan nut, (*Pecanier* of the French.) The tree is large and beautiful, the leaves are much narrower than those of any other species of hickory.

The pecan forests of Texas furnish large quantities of those rich and symmetrical nuts to the market of New Orleans, whence they are shipped to Europe, where they are said to bring a higher price than any other nut. It grows from the seed and will come into bearing in twelve or fifteen years. It is a fine fruit, but inferior in flavor to the Southern Shell-bark. There is one bearing in the capitol grounds at Washington.

CORYLUS AVELLANA.—Hazel-nut and Filbert. These hardy little trees are found growing wild both in Europe and America—that is, the hazelnut, for the filbert is only the hazelnut improved by cultivation. They can be reared with less trouble than any other nut, as the tree soon attains its growth and comes into bearing. They are grown from the nuts, or from layers, and are usually planted in rows ten, fifteen or twenty feet apart. In Kent Co., Eng., they never suffer them to rise higher than six feet, regularly pruning them, in the manner of the gooseberry bush. They have here extensive filbert orchards whence the London market is supplied. These orchards are very numerous within a few miles of the fine old town of Maidstone, (which lies so beautifully on a slope

in the central vale of Kent, and contains so many curious old houses, and one of the largest and finest ancient parish churches in England.) We can imagine the beauty, and picturesqueness of the scene, when the rosy English lads and lasses gather their filbert crops; and the fancy travels from the trimly-cut rows of filberts, to the lofty pecan forests of Texas, where the planter's children, and the little negroes, mingle their shouts of glee as the brown nuts patter down upon the springy, virgin soil.

There are several varieties of filbert,—the white-skinned, the red-skinned, the cluster-nut and the cobnut—the last being a very large fine variety. The trees begin to bear in four or five years from the seed.

CASTANEA PUMILA.—Chinquapin or Dwarf Chestnut. This tree is small, not attaining more than twenty or thirty feet, even in the most favorable situations, and bearing usually at the height of four or five feet. A tree growing in Hopewell, Mecklenburg co., N. C., produces fruit twice as large as the common kind. It is well worthy of cultivation, but the people of the South have hitherto been so indifferent to the productions of their own country, that the experiment has yet to be tried. The nuts sell readily—school-boys particularly being always eager to buy them. When Charlotte becomes as old a town as Maidstone in Kent, perhaps the chinquapin orchards, will bloom and fruit around it, as the filbert orchards now do around that quaint and lovely old English

borough. The bloom of the chinquapin, like that of the chestnut is a soft, amber hued catkin, with a delicate perfume.

JUGLANS NIGRA.—The black walnut is a most graceful tree—none superior to it, and the nuts are rich in oil, but rather strong in flavor. They grow easily, and in great abundance in the Southern States.

It is amongst nuts what bacon is amongst meats—strong and greasy. The shell-bark is as delicate as fresh cream, the Pecan is next in delicacy, the Persian (or English) walnut next, and then our hardy native black species.

It is very productive. The country lads of the South store them away for winter's use by the wagon load—and they are a delicious ingredient in the home made candy, the manufacture of which affords such frolics in the winter evenings. Jack, Harry and Tom think walnut candy quite as good as the most expensive French, and the fun of seeing and assisting at the making, enhances, ten fold, its value. To show the ease with which they are cultivated, we give the following from a correspondent of the *Prairie Farmer*.

“I planted the nuts in the fall soon after they fell, with a hoe about two inches deep. They grew rapidly and in six or seven years from the planting, they began to bear. I have since planted two acres west of my house. It would be better to plow the land deeply before planting.”

Another correspondent of the same paper says, he planted five acres in walnuts in 1843, and in

1858, fifteen years after, some of his trees were thirty-five feet in height.

JUGLANS REGIA.—The English walnut grows as easily and as rapidly as the black, and is also a splendidly picturesque and graceful tree. "It has strong claims upon the landscape gardener, being one of the grandest and most massive trees he can employ in his beautiful art. When full grown, it is scarcely inferior, in the boldness of its ramification, or the amplitude of its head, to the oak or chestnut; and what it lacks, in spirited outline, when compared with those trees, is fully compensated, in our estimation, by its superb and heavy masses of foliage, which catch and throw off the broad lights and shadows in the finest manner," (Downing's Landscape Gardening.) In France extensive orchards of this nut are planted, and large quantities are sold in all the markets of Europe. In Persia it is one of the staple commodities, and quantities of oil are there manufactured from it. It grows in many parts of the South and bears abundantly, but is an exotic of course. The nut is fine for the table, but not equal to the Shellbark and Pecan.—There are several varieties of the Persian walnut. "A tree of the 'Titmouse' or 'Thinshelled' variety (*Juglans regia tenera*) is standing on the premises of Col. Peter Force, of Washington City. This tree in 1855, was forty-five feet in height (twenty years from the planting) and bearing abundance of excellent nuts." It begins to bear in eight or ten years

from planting the seed. In Persia the most highly prized variety is the 'Kaghazi' which there sell at four cents per hundred. The shell is almost as thin as paper—easily broken by the hand. It is also the largest variety. A single tree will produce 25,000 nuts.

About 1,150,000 pounds of walnut kernels are annually consigned to the oil press in Cashmere, producing a large amount of oil and cake, of much value. They are much used also as an article of food. (Patent Office Report.)

We have now noticed seven varieties of most valuable nut-bearing trees, the Chestnut, the Shell-bark, the Pecan, the Black and Persian Walnuts, the Filbert and Chinquapin. To plant them would be an outlay of but little time and money—the young growing trees will scarcely interfere with your crops, and we think it probable that one acre of full bearing Chestnut, Shell-bark, Pecan or Persian walnut trees, would yield more profitably than any acre of cotton, rice, or sugar-cane that ever grew. And some of them continue to bear, without cultivation, for hundreds of years. The Tortworth Chestnut must be near a thousand years old—as it was standing before the Conquest, and the one at Marsham still older.

The almond (*Amygdalus communis*) could be grown in this country with proper care. It flourishes in the neighborhood of Paris, where the winter climate is almost, if not quite, as severe as that of Washington City. It however requires a particular kind of soil, deep, dry and sandy

or calcareous. They will grow in any soil not too moist, but they do not flourish as they do in the soil best suited to them. It yields, in bearing years, about twenty pounds to a tree, which at 30 cents per pound, would amount to at least \$1,000, to an acre.—The sweet, soft shelled variety (*Amande a coque molle*, of France) is the most highly prized.

The trees can be obtained from any nurseryman, and they also grow readily from the nuts, if they are fresh.

The delicious cocoanut, pistachio and other tropical nuts do not suit our climate, and we will not trouble our readers with them. They are interesting to the botanist, and to the general reader, but not to the practical agriculturist of this latitude.

MARY ASHBURTON.*

A TALE OF MARYLAND LIFE.

CHAPTER III.

The days passed into weeks and the weeks into months. The winter snows came and went, now burying the landscape under its bleaching purity, then leaving it green and sodden as if a spring dwelt beneath each little blade of grass, ready to pour forth a sparkling rill at the touch of a butterfly's step. The usual farming operations went on;—first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. Mother had much spinning and weaving done, brought out a new carpet from the loom for the dining-room, the old one being cut in pieces and distributed about the premises. I trained more vines on the walls, essaying a tropical creeper which I induced to flourish after many efforts, and prided myself no little upon the garden which produced the largest hearts-

ease and most brilliant dahlias in the neighborhood.

My mother insisted upon my accompanying her in her tea-drinkings with her neighbors, and as the little ones seemed to fancy me and we could always slip into some quiet corner for the story-telling that they always exacted from me, I did not object. The older girls, near my own age kept shy of me, expressing it as their opinion that Mary Ashburton was so old of her years and so far off from them that they could never feel at ease with her or as if she was like them, for all she was so smart at housekeeping and could make such pies and bread.

Sometimes they came to see us, when I entertained them as well as I could, showing them my flowers, my various little arrangements, even my new dresses, if I happened to have any, and

* Continued from page 418.

thought the exhibition would interest them. This seemed to gain them somewhat, though the distance remained between us. I did not need them, and never sought to affiliate with them in any degree, for though many of our pursuits were the same, our tastes were dissimilar. I don't think they found my company more congenial, though I always strove to exhibit a friendly feeling towards all with whom I was thrown.

I studied much, that is I seized upon every spare moment as an opportunity for mental improvement, picking up information wherever it was to be obtained, learning from every object in nature to adore the Creator of all the beauty I enjoyed so intensely. I arose early with a song of praise and thanksgiving in my heart for the loveliness with which He had clothed the earth, and I sang among the birds and flowers, feeling myself to be one almost with my blithe companions, working briskly with hoe and spade.

Thus passed my days; so passed away the spring and half the summer till —.

One evening we were seated out before the door, enjoying the pleasant breeze that sprang up after the heat of the day. Knitting in hand, I was seated on my bench under the honeysuckle, when a cloud of dust up the road attracted our attention, and presently a carriage emerged into view.

"It is young Chauncey; he returns to-day," said father, feeling in his pocket for his knife with which he intended to whittle the

empty spool mother had just put down.

I started and half arose with the violent beat my heart gave when his name was mentioned.— He was home then. Oh! what happiness to be near him again—to feel that he was there. An exquisite sense of perfect content stole over me; the *something* that I missed when he was absent, was there, and a comparative happiness was mine. New life seemed to animate me;—I felt so joyous that I could have sung out with heart's delight. I felt the light stealing to my eyes, the color to my cheek, my whole being radiant with happiness.

Near him again! see him again! The birds seemed to sing more sweetly, the meadows greener, the bleating lambs and the tinkle of the distant bells more melodious; all the varied charms of evening life had tenfold their harmony, because I felt that he was near me again. Near, and yet so distant, an ocean might have separated us—but I did not think of that on this, the first evening of his return; I gave myself up to the pleasure of feeling that he was near me.

That evening I was at my old post; looking past the garden, over the fields, across the park.— It was late when his light appeared at the window, the window that had been dim and pale ever since his departure, as the light had gone out from my heart.— Yes, I pictured the happy, reunited family; the group in the porch gazing up at the lovely summer night, his hands in those of his parents while he made them laugh

and almost weep by turns as he told them of his various college scrapes and unwonted privations.

I could fancy it all till it seemed as if I were of the group too, so real it grew to my active imagination. I sat by the window for hours, hearing the katydid chirruping in the grass beneath, the piercing treble of a concert of small insects from the meadow, in which the lonely frog threw his deep bass violin note; the fire-flies illuminating the silvery air flashing past me and sparkling like gems in the folds of my curtain. I wondered at the stars, wandering among them in fancy, and if Alfred had the same thoughts at the same hour till the distance between us appeared to vanish and we were beings of the same sphere. To be sure every dictate of prudence had vanished also that night in the sudden, tumultuous joy that his return had given. I saw him ride out next day, galloping down the road with a party of gentlemen. Again and again I saw him on horseback with gay parties, in the fields, on the road, at church. Close confinement to study had thinned and paled him, but he looked all the more elegant and interesting, his light hair waving up from a forehead where the blue veins were more perceptible than they had been before. We never spoke, for I always shyly drew back when he came near me, never feeling the social distance between us as I did

then; preferring to associate alone with him in imagination rather than sustain the rude shock reality would force upon me of an awakening from my dreams; his grave, distant bow, my own shy awkwardness in returning it.

Once he came to visit us, to pay his respects, he said, to his father's old friend, Mr. Ashburton, wishing to see his among the other kind, familiar faces that greeted his return. Like a frightened bird I ran out of the room when I saw him coming, and remained out during his visit, my heart palpitating with the desire to return, yet too shy to do so.

"Alfred Channcey asked for you, Mary," said mother when he was gone and I had returned to the dining-room.

"Asked for me, mother?" I repeated, my face burning as with coals of fire.

"Yes," replied mother, rocking away in her chair and drawing her thread through the wax repeatedly, "he asked me if my daughter was well, and that meant you, of course, as I had no other. I thought of making you come back, but you're such a shy thing that I concluded it was best not to trouble you."

Dear, matter-of-fact mother! how little she knew of her daughter's heart, the deep, sacrificial love that burned with a pure, steady flame on its altar, rendering her life a sorrow almost before it had begun.

CHAPTER IV.

Thus it went on from year to year. He came every summer and went after his vacation of six weeks, winning honors for him-

self at college, taking the highest it could confer, far outstripping his competitors and rendering them at home more proud than ever of their promising son. Mine too thrilled with inward delight at his success, though it removed him yet farther from me with my homely occupations, fluttering like a poor little robin in its native woods or a meek violet in a bed of loftier flowers, while he went out into the world to receive its homage. Sometimes we met and spoke; he in his grave, gentlemanly way, scarcely hearing the words that issued in reply from my timid lips.

At length it was said that his education was completed, that he would leave home no more to live, but would stay and assist his father. This was a disappointment to him, so said the same authority, for he had preferred a professional career, but seeing where the wishes of his parents lay, he had laid aside his own, in obedience to theirs.

The elder Mr. Chauncey was becoming quite a sufferer from gout and dyspepsia as age crept upon him, and the support of his son's arm appeared to be a proud necessity for him at times, in their rambles around the place, or in walking up the church aisle. I believe he leant a little more than was necessary that he might have the pleasure of looking up to him and making him feel that dependence upon his youth and strength was his pride and delight. His figure had been tall and erect like his son's, but now he bent his head almost to the young man's shoulder, so that the

light, curling locks of the one mingled with the grey hairs of the other, while his looks seemed to say proudly, "my son, sir," to all whom he might meet.

So how could Alfred do otherwise than remain with him in his somewhat monotonous country life, dutifully setting aside the impulse to more vigorous action and highly stimulated ambition, natural to so young a man.

The elder Chauncey, though naturally a very haughty man, yet for public motives, especially at election times, would frequently unbend himself to his inferiors; so much so as almost to sacrifice true dignity of character. He was a prominent politician in that section, had once filled an important position in his country's governmental assembly, and since then had been very active in canvassing at election times throughout that district for such of his political friends as he had been a party in nominating. Then became he particularly condescending to his neighbors, dropping the ceremonious title and addressing them by the familiar appellation of "Jones" or "Smith," as the case might be. Dinners were given at the Grove, at which Mr. Chauncey did *not* preside. I was always ashamed of father, who in common with the neighbors, denounced the pride of the Chaunceys, fiercely declaring behind his back, that they would not submit to be the footfalls of the clever politician, yet was weak enough to show an inward gratification when the periodical invitation was extended to him. He would come in with a great show of dignity

Life is so up-hill. Here and there are rocks,
 Our feet must tread;
 Let them not be, oh! God, rude stumbling blocks,
 But helps instead.

Kind helps, though rude, that make us stop and think,
 How dear the prize
 Reserv'd for us beyond this earthly brink,
 In Paradise.

Make us so true and firm that each shall find,
 Howe'er the day
 May break or wane, something so dear and kind,
 To do or say.

Thus may the years of our brief pilgrimage,
 Allotted here,
 Pass sweetly on, until Thy golden age,
 At length appear.

SOUTHERN HOMESTEADS.

EYRE HALL.

THOSE two syllables will greet many an ear like an echo from Old Virginia halcyon days. To the writer they invariably speak first of all, of white-robed girls, and flowers and festive music, for earliest acquaintance with this grand old homestead was formed among just such characteristic accomplishments. It made a bright spot in many a little life, that five o'clock strawberry-party one May afternoon, in 18—, when with mothers, aunts, elder cousins, so many "young folks" were permitted to accept the affectionate invitation of the beloved proprietor.

Eyre Hall has been, indeed, all through its venerable existence, but another name for everything elegant, graceful and delightful in Old Virginia life. It was the seat of the Eyre's long, long ago. The very locks on the main entrance doors have been there much over a hundred years, and while the hospitality of the possessors ensured from rust, well-trained servants kept them bright as mirrors.

An accomplished friend who has kindly furnished many points for this sketch, has written: "During the life-times of Mr. John Eyre and his wife, Anne Upshur, this

distinguished homestead was in its zenith.

The beauty and accomplishments of the lady were an auxiliary to the elegant finish of the husband's manners, all based upon better than conventional rules,—soundness of heart and integrity of principle.

Indeed the manners of both received a double charm, caught from the matured grace of the Old and the freshness of the New world, owing to the period when these worthies flourished."

Mrs. Eyre is said to have been one of the most gifted ladies of her day; talented, highly educated, witty and fluent in conversation, and moreover an exquisite musician, so that with qualities of heart commensurate with these endowments, it is not strange she should have been the centre of a brilliant and admiring circle. To the county gentry of both sexes, during her life and after, Eyre Hall was a most attractive place of resort, and strangers visiting the "shore" considered their mission but half performed unless they had been entertained here.—Rarely occurring omission, for there was on the part of its master a most unswerving adherence to all the established rules of social etiquette, and especially to that requirement enjoining hospitality to strangers.

It is a very familiar figure, this fine old gentleman, over eighty then, with slightly bent form, snowy white hair, but fresh complexion, and benevolent, bright countenance, riding out on horseback to pay a morning or afternoon call of some eight or ten

miles out and back, rarely using the comfortable and capacious family coach with its old-fashioned cushions and linings of deep red morocco.

He was, indeed, a true member of that "old school" which, to the unappreciative, may possess no "local habitation," but which is, nevertheless, the name of a veritable and genuine influence, evinced in the career of this gentleman and some others like him.

Hints of individual characteristics of the families identified with these "Southern Homesteads" seem not at variance with the object of these sketches, so that no apology is offered for introducing here and there in the present narrative, as they happen to occur, some trait or incident illustrative of him who gave to Eyre Hall so much of its *eclat*.

All the surroundings of the place were redolent of Old Dominion aristocracy, using the term in no ironical sense, for that such a social element tacitly existed in the South, and on the Eastern Shore of this State in the not very remote retrospective is a fact patent;—indeed, here the lines identifying different social grades were very distinctly defined. This recognition can bear no offensive construction, it is presumed, having no political significance, (as it had not then,) and in no wise militating against acquiescence in a more democratic dispensation, socially. But to resume, the two counties of Accomac and Northampton, (forming the Eastern Shore, as is known,) from their insular position debarred from convenience and advancement in

many respects, thus naturally preserved intact many ancient State and colonial usages after they had been superseded in other more generally accessible sections of the country.

No architectural technicalities, fortunately, are requisite to a description of this simply-built country-home. A capacious, old-fashioned house, the main body, doubled-storied is an addition to the yet more antique Dutch-roofed structure with which it is united, and commodious and pleasant porches stand out on all sides.

The situation is picturesque and the improvements in unexceptionable taste. The lawn in front, comprising sixty acres of smooth, green turf, with intersecting avenues, is studded with patriarchal oaks, hollies, maples, and feathery acacias. These form an alluring perspective from the riding-in, and afford, at the same time, tantalizing glimpses of the bold blue cherrystone, crescent-like engirdling the lawn, the garden in the rear, and the adjacent grounds.

It has often been said that Eyre Hall presented as you approached it, the appearance of a village, with its numerous outbuildings, for stables, carriage-house, barn, cow-house, all stand in bold relief, and very near the dwelling is the kitchen, now ivy-crowned, which was once the home of the old, old Eyres.

The immediate vicinity gives a *coup d'œil* of almost an island, and it would be such but for the connection formed by the carriage-road, which, after you leave the avenue leading to the lawn gate,

is flanked on either side by broad fields in a high state of cultivation.

A semi-circular road leads in from the gate above-mentioned, to the front door, defined by ornamental chain-work in iron, the posts supporting it bearing each a lamp for hospitable illumination on festal occasions.

On the shores of the creek around, stand the seats of many old and pleasant neighbors, and from the beautiful garden but barely named, just now, extends an avenue to where a bridge spans the waters, over which crowds of company have walked to and from Eyre Ville, the hospitable residence of Mr. William Eyre and his son and their amiable partners,—Mrs. Grace and Mrs. Mary Eyre,—all gone to the land of spirits.

On this creek, in the season, might often have been seen that characteristic feature of an Eastern Shore summer-night landscape,—the expanse dotted with lights, bane of those mullets “caught by glare.” (How much for the modern alliteration?) On the left of the avenue, before reaching the bridge, branches off a romantic walk, terminating in a retired grove, where many a long-forgotten name stands registered on verdant tablet,—“A retreat for loves,” so a dear old lady, once a habitué of Eyre Hall, writes. “Many a heart” she adds, “has leaped for joy or sunk in sorrow here, as the answers of fair ones decreed, in courting times.”

There was a little gate opening on this grove, from the walk, and

this was called the "toll-gate." After his age secured the privilege, the master of Eyre Hall (I am speaking thus of Mr. John Eyre, it is understood,) used in every case to extract of the beauties a kiss, ere they were permitted to range forth into the enchanted shades.

In the garden with its timely-clipped hedges of box and dwarf-cedar, its flower-beds of delicious aroma and beautiful hue, stood the green-house, (on the left hand, entering from the house) its inmates "laughing at the storm" in winter, and in summer blending their rich breath with the garden-flowers. Tall geraniums in their varied bloom mingled with the silver and gold of orange and lemon fruit and blossom, and such refined occupation as attention to these, alternating with similarly tasteful employments, made pleasant the old gentleman's solitary life.

It must be explained that though visitors were never lacking, as elsewhere intimated, many years of Mr. Eyre's life were passed here with no permanent inmate, save one, a sort of humble friend of whom I shall speak presently, and his excellent domestics.

The cultivation of rare fruits and ornamental trees may be named as a favorite recreation, the result of which, lent additional attraction to this peninsular Eden.

But now for the house. The broad hall of entrance is painted with English hunting-scenes,—gentlemen and ladies in rainbow attire, the latter, at least, not out

of character, as we read of Madame Blennerhasset sweeping through the country on horseback, costumed in a scarlet cloth riding-dress.

Dashing steeds of grey and bay figure here, with their riders displaying attitudes more consistent with good horsemanship than established laws of gravity.

It is a beautiful sylvan picture, however—the great forest oaks, the hounds, the green sward, the fair, cloudless sky; the horns of the hunters, raised to their lips, from which you fancy you can almost hear the reverberations, and even the death of poor Reynard as he resigns himself in the corner by the library door, to his canine captors. It is not meant that the catastrophe above set forth adds aught of bland beauty to the scene, though it has its charms for such as can separate the sport from kindred relics of barbarism.

Down the right hand wall, about mid-way, stands an immense organ which plays forty tunes, more beguiling to the juveniles than the "forty thieves" in story.

There was something here for every taste—childish as well as mature.

Beyond the organ in the corner is an ample lounge, and I can almost see its occupant, some luxurious sojourner, courting the breeze in this airy nook and loitering over a volume from the finely-stocked library.

In the apartment appropriated as just mentioned, stands above the chimney piece, in all the attraction of boyish beauty, a life-

size portrait, by Benjamin West, of the grandfather of Mr. John Eyre, painted when its original was only nineteen years old, exhibiting the costume of ante-revolutionary days. Neck and wrist ruffs of deep lace, short breeches and knee-buckles form the most prominent characteristics of the superannuated attire.

The colored butler, "uncle Nat," who dons the courtly manners of his master, and calls all the young people "my dear," assures you it was known to be a first-rate likeness, and that "Old Master" was an elegant gentleman. You take this on faith, as uncle Nat did, with that handsome figure and guileless face before you.

From hence opens an entry, (in the rear, for the library opens on the hall also,) and here stands a pair of patent scales, to which, of course all the youthful visitors come to be weighed.

Leading from this entry is the dining-room, and on another hand the drawing-room. Mention of the former reminds that there is but one obligation enjoined upon guests at Eyre Hall beyond the *carte blanche*, of unprescribed enjoyment, and this,—punctuality at meals,—breakfast forming no exception. The kind host was especially tenacious hereof.

The veriest epicure need not complain that there is "a set time" for his otherwise unlimited gratification, and yet the master of the house is very strictly temperate in his own diet. Early hours were kept, comparatively with the fashionable routine, and Mr. Eyre attributed his continued

robust health to observance of dietary rules.

He used to say: "When a school-boy it was my habit to rise early and prepare my lessons. I took a cold breakfast because I had not time to wait for the family meal. Dinner I carried along with me, to be eaten, cold, of course, at the 'old field school,' and returning at evening, was too tired to do more than get a slice of cold bread and glass of milk, and hurry off to bed."

The little "porch-room," convenient to the *salle-a-manger*, holds uncounted pieces of massive plate, and also of the antique India china, with its burnished "E." on each piece.

The housekeeper's room and commodious store-rooms are beyond the dining-room, which latter, indeed, we must not leave without noticing the portraits of Mr. John Eyre and his wife and others, painted by Sully and other eminent artists. And now we glance at the drawing-room with its sofas and hangings of pale blue damask, its antique vases, its thousand and one articles—rich and rare, of parlor bijouterie reduplicated on the mirrored walls.

Here is the piano open,—yonder a guitar, each awaiting the touch of fairy fingers to break the spell of silence. Indeed, thus, even, they mutely speak of poor Mr. Marshall, a Georgian by birth, who many years resided here, a sort of dependent friend, who presided over the destinies of all the musical instruments about the establishment,—(he was ingenious and skillful) and the

thrilling sounds of whose violin seem almost audible now in that wide hall, light feet and lighter hearts keeping time to its music.

Herein allusion has been made to the fine manners of this especial descendant of the "Justices in Eyre," and it should now be added that, springing from the heart, they were alike gentle and conciliatory to rich and poor.—Apropos of his popularity among many of the more humble in life, is recalled the memory of a letter addressed to "John *Airs*, &c., &c.," which caused no little merriment in the circle where it was handed around.

It was from an old Dutch inn-keeper, at or near, York, Pa., under whose roof Mr. Eyre, accompanied by some relatives, passed several consecutive summers.

The document opened something on this fashion, except that it was interspersed with many ejaculations of regret not now called to mind:—

"John *Airs* Esq.,

Dears Sir,

I writes mit much concern to know if you pe dead, please let me know. De beoples speaks to me you is dead, I speaks to de beoples I obs not."

This was the substance of the note, but there were many iterations of the same point, beside, it cannot be vouched for that the very original orthography has been preserved intact.

What temptation to ramble, when once we get into one of these old domains, and move among the familiar things there

in the same erratic course, mentally, which in person we used to indulge!

We were not looking up biography, locality, anecdote, according to methodical rule, and perhaps pen-sketches such as these, are truer to the life, ignoring the trammels.

But to avoid too far wandering from the way, let me add a few words on my own behalf and resign to an abler pen. They are of Mr. Eyre himself. Few men have ever lived on the Eastern Shore to whom (beyond his widespread system of benevolence; real charity,) the community have been more deeply indebted in a social point of view. Especially interested in young people, he never omitted an opportunity to bring them pleasantly together. Whatever assistance lay within his power to bestow, was cheerfully given, and in many cases, anticipated. His library was at the disposition of the entire reading community, and more than one young man struggling with poverty and ambition, has found a ready and beneficent hand stretched out to his aid from the unostentatious owner of Eyre Hall.

Professor St. George Tucker, of the University of Virginia has given a fine outline sketch of Mr. Eyre in an obituary notice, which appeared originally in the *National Intelligencer*, but which was widely copied by the press, and is here subjoined.

"DIED, at Eyre Hall, in Northampton county, Virginia, on the 19th of June, John Eyre, Esq.,

aged 87. He was born on the spot on which he died, and which had been the residence of his ancestors for several generations.— It was here that he passed almost the whole of his long and meritorious life, dispensing the revenues of an ample fortune in elegant hospitality, and in acts of kindness, liberality, and beneficence.

It is not often that the death of a private individual can make such a chasm in society or be so extensively regretted as Mr. Eyre's; for we do not often meet with a life so devoted to purposes of usefulness and benevolence.— Every laudable undertaking was sure to meet with his liberal support, and every religious denomination tasted freely of his bounty.

Nor let it be supposed that he was one of those who are liberal only on great occasions, when the praise of generosity affords them their remuneration. His beneficence was habitual and perennial, and probably yet more of it fell in refreshing showers than in large streams. The widow, the orphan, the destitute of every description shared in his bounty. He was in the habit of putting aside a portion of his annual crop for the exclusive use of the poor; which those who would not accept of charity were permitted to buy at a moderate price, and for which many never paid, it being well known that he never sued a debtor or distressed him for money. His charities, too, were as wisely regulated as they were benevolent. They were not indiscriminate, for in that case they must soon have come to an end; but they were always in season, always appro-

priate, never made in ostentation, and they never wounded the feelings of those on whom they were bestowed. We read of a prince in ancient times who gave more satisfaction when he refused a favor, than his father had done when he granted one; and with the same delicate regard to the feelings of others which in that case had softened the pain of refusal, Mr. Eyre enhanced the pleasure conferred by his bounty.

When a man of fortune thus freely spends his money for the benefit of others, the merit of his generosity is the greater for the temptation he has overcome. He may be bent on the accumulation of yet greater wealth, or, if his ruling propensity is to spend rather than save, he may indulge in expensive vices; or he may gratify a better taste in purchasing costly works of art; but in all those modes of seeking happiness, his heart is too concentrated on self to expand in sympathy for others; and hence it is proverbially so difficult for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.

Mr. Eyre is, moreover, entitled to the greater praise for being so distinguished an exception to the selfishness of wealth, as he had a decided and lively taste for the embellishments of life, and was peculiarly fitted to grace and adorn society.

Few men ever equalled him in manners, which are so important an item of character, considering how great an influence they exert on the happiness of those around us. A good heart is said to be the best teacher of politeness, and no one could be a more apt or

willing listener to its admonitions than Mr. Eyre. But his manners were characterized by ease, dignity, and polish, as much as by benevolence. In early life, according to tradition, such was his polished courtesy and his deferential respect for the gentler sex that he was called by his romantic admirers, Sir Charles Grandison; and at a later day the writer of this notice has seen him at the crowded watering place admired by all for the blended dignity and amenity of his manners. Thus, in words as well as acts, he showed that he lived for others no less than himself. He was married to an accomplished lady, whose death preceded his just twenty-six years. They had no offspring.

Mr. Eyre was never much in public life, but he served awhile in the Senate of Virginia; and though here, like Washington, took little part in debate, he also, like Washington, exercised the influence due to his sound judgment and weight of character. He acted many years as a magistrate of his county, and discharged its duties with uprightness, firmness, and ability, as well as with the most scrupulous diligence and exactness. When, afterwards, some friends who appreciated his worth induced him to become a candidate for Congress, though he received a large vote, he failed to

be elected. Content with being the friend of the people, he could not be their flatterer, and the arts of the demagogue he utterly despised. It is but justice to the people and to Mr. Eyre to add that he did not agree in politics with a majority of his district.

For a year or two before his death he was affected with blindness as well as impaired hearing, but his reason was unclouded to the last, and with his wonted serenity he terminated a life which had passed without a stain or reproach, and which had known no luxury equal to that of doing good. His funeral was numerously attended; and the tears shed on that occasion by his servants and those who had been the objects of his bounty, whether they were dictated by selfish regret or were, as we trust, the honest effusions of gratitude, are equally the testimonials of his benignant virtues.

It is no disparagement to the Eastern Shore of Virginia to say that no one is there left to take his place; since, supposing there are a few—and we fear very few—who have the inclination, there is no one of them who has the means. Let us, then, fondly cherish the memory of so bright an example of worth, and recommend him as a model for the man of fortune and the Virginia gentleman.”

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF EMINENT MEN—EXTRACTS FROM
MY DIARY, 1834.

Mr. Preston, Mr. Calhoun's colleague, entered the Senate of the United States in 1833, where he soon acquired the reputation of a great orator, and stood equal to Clay, Calhoun, Webster, McDuffie and the host of eminent men who then adorned the halls of our National Legislature.

I never had the pleasure of hearing him speak, and must give the impressions of other cotemporaries of his peculiar style and power as an orator.

On one occasion I staid all day in the gallery of the Senate, hoping he would speak, but he did not, and on his return in the evening, I told him of my disappointment, "but you were compensated by hearing one of our best speakers." "Who?" Mr. Buchanan." Mr. Buchanan was not on my catalogue of orators, therefore, I was not prepared to appreciate him.

A lady of my acquaintance gave an amusing account of her first impressions in the Senate.—She was a woman of firm mind, something of a politician and a great Whig. Mr. Rives was attending her, pointing out the members. Mr. Wright spoke first. She was much pleased with his manner. Then Mr. Webster rose and made one of his grand efforts. She became most excited and interested, and turning to Mr. Rives, oh take me away, take me away, he is over-turning all my opinions, I will not listen to

him. Mr. Rives begged her to be quiet and remain till Mr. Webster was replied to. "Presently" said she, a tall homely man—*so homely*, got up and looked at the President as if he did not know what to say—then "Mr. President," and turned his head first on one side, then on the other.— "Mr. President," very slowly. I got up. Mr. Rives, I will go, I am not going to listen to that stupid looking creature. Mr. Rives said sit still a little while—may be you may hear something better than you expect. Mr. Preston began with some commonplace remarks while I chafed at my constrained attendance. In a few moments I found myself listening, surprised, wondering. "Who is it Mr. Rives?" "Never mind: be still." In a few moments more I forgot every thing—was completely absorbed till he closed, when with a long breath I recovered myself, and looking at Mr. Rives noticed his amused smile. Who is it said he? It must be William C. Preston, and not that ugly man who began the speech. In relating this to me she went on to say, in her peculiar playful manner—he is dreadfully affected—what made him begin in such a way? I don't care if he is your friend, he is affected.

Miss Martineau calls him the homely Mr. Preston, and such I suppose he was when in repose; but when animated in conversation, the flash of genius and fine

play of countenance redeemed the homely features, while his high-bred air, and gracefulness of manner were exceedingly fascinating.

His was a noble generous character, evinced by his straightforward course in politics and purity of private life. It was a noble tribute to him and Mr. Calhoun, that they were the only men in public life in Washington whose domestic life had never been censured.

The following description of these Senators is taken from a contemporary paper.

No two men could be more unlike in their dispositions and feelings than Mr. Preston and his colleague, Mr. Calhoun. They have both great talents and in that respect there is a similitude, in every other thing they are as opposite as the poles.

Mr. P. is warm and ardent in his feelings. Mr. C. is as frigid as an icicle. The first is a vehement impassioned orator; the latter is a cold debator. One has a glowing exuberant imagination, and adorns his addresses with the most beautiful flowers of rhetoric; the other has none, and the dryness of his logic is unrelieved by the tints of fancy. But I will not pursue the parallel farther. Mr. Preston is nearly six feet tall* and full proportioned. His complexion is sandy, and he wears a very ugly snarled sort of a wig about the color of a carrot. The expression of his face is that of unalloyed good nature. His eyes are blue and full of sprightliness and laughter, and his features are

* He was six feet $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches high.

very expressive and agreeable. His feelings are of the kindest character. His heart overflows with sterling humanity. He loves his race, and delights in making every one happy. He is instinctively agreeable. In thought and in deed, he is the essence of honor and chivalry. Selfishness is not an element of his mind. His heart is a bulwark against any such lodgment. His manners are in the highest degree polished and easy, and his social qualities such as to render his company the delight of all who are so happy as to know him. In conversation he is free, easy, lively, humorous and gay. He entered the United States Senate in 1833. He had previously occupied a seat in the State Senate of South Carolina, where he was greatly distinguished as an orator, and he had therefore, already a high reputation to sustain before the country, when he entered the National Legislature, and it is needless to say that most fully he has maintained the favor which preceded him, and even exceeded it. As an orator no one in the country can be said to rank higher than Mr. P. His manner of public speaking is eminently calculated to please. He possesses a powerful command over the feelings, and he clothes his ideas in the most beautiful and richest imagery. His wit is keen and playful, his sarcasm biting, and his invective piercing. His imagination is luxuriant, and tropes and figures rise up as it were spontaneously before him. He is an elegant scholar and his efforts are all adorned more or less with the

choicest gems of literature. His taste is exquisite. He uses a great deal of gesticulation, and his whole manner is that of overwhelming earnestness. He is highly dramatic, but natural, easy and graceful. His voice is good and his enunciation distinct and clear. He emphasizes with thrilling effect and his sudden bursts of eloquence and impassioned appeals have an electrical power which genius only can produce."

I give Mr. Preston's birth and lineage in his own words: "I was born in Philadelphia the 27th December, 1794, my father being a member of Congress then in session. I received the name of William Campbell from my maternal Grandfather, Wm. Campbell, of King's Mountain, of whom my mother was heiress and sole surviving descendant. She inherited a very large estate. My mother's mother was Elizabeth Henry, sister to Patrick Henry. My father's father, (William Preston,) was Colonel of Augusta county during the revolution, and commanded his regiment at the battle of Guilford court-house.— Thus my lineage was fully Whig. My father represented in Congress the district of South Western Virginia. My infancy was passed at the Salt Works in Washington county, Virginia."

Mr. Preston and Mr. Calhoun being in the same mess during my visit to Washington city, my recollections of them are so mingled that I can scarcely separate the anecdotes of them. But as my

sketches are mostly to illustrate their inner and private life and character, I shall continue to jot down such incidents and conversations as I may fancy interesting.

EXTRACT FROM DIARY.—
MARCH 10. To-night, was much interested in a discussion between Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Preston, arising from a difference of opinion about the Scotch-Irish character. Mr. Calhoun maintained that they have not one Irish trait; Mr. Preston, that they have a due admixture of both nationalities.— From thence the discussion rambled to the difference between Scotch and English literature.— Mr. P. asserted and seemed to prove the superiority of the English in every department of science and literature. We came to the conclusion, that the English might be more respectable, but the Scotch more romantic and amiable.

Mr. Calhoun thought the freedom of England the result of fortunate circumstances rather than the forecast of the people. Mr. P. thought the people compelled "these fortunate chances to their own good account." Then they went back to Greece and Rome. Mr. Calhoun, who is very enthusiastic in admiration of Greece, repeated part of Demosthenes reply to Æschines on *luck* or good and bad fortune, &c.—then remarked that the Christian religion had banished what used to be a cherished idea,—that of luck, or good and bad fortune.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

