

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XXXIII.

JUNE TO NOVEMBER, 1866.

NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
327 to 335 PEARL STREET,
FRANKLIN SQUARE
1866.

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA by Google
DAVIS

CONTENTS OF VOLUME XXXIII.

ABSALOM MATHER	<i>W. W. Sikes</i>	463
ADVERTISEMENTS, NEWSPAPER.....	<i>Joseph J. Belcher</i>	781
A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.....	<i>Charles Mackay</i>	428
AMERICAN STUDIOS IN ROME AND FLORENCE.....	<i>Katharine C. Walker</i>	101
AMONG RELATIONS	<i>Ruth Harper</i>	731
ARE THERE OTHER INHABITED WORLDS? (Illustrated)	<i>Henry Draper</i>	45
ARKANSAS, THE WILDS OF. (Illustrated).....	<i>J. S. C. Abbott</i>	581
ARMADALE. (Illustrated).....	<i>Willkie Collins</i>	75, 186
ARMY LIFE ON THE BORDER. (Illustrated).....	<i>A. H. Guernsey</i>	429
ASBURY, FRANCIS. (Portrait).....	<i>John Miley</i>	210
BARTH, HENRY, THE AFRICAN TRAVELER.....	<i>W. L. Gage</i>	65
BERKSHIRE, LITTLE DOGS OF. (Illustrated).....	<i>Catharine E. Beecher</i>	722
BIRDS, THE FOOD OF.....	<i>F. M. Brewer</i>	241
BLACKWELL'S ISLAND, THE WORK-HOUSE. (Illustrated)	<i>W. H. Davenport</i>	683
BLUE-FISHING AT MANASQUAN. (Illustrated).....	<i>Robert D. Carter</i>	719
BOOKSELLERS, THE OLD	<i>Charles A. Stoddard</i>	767
BRIGANDS, THREE MONTHS WITH. (Illustrated).....	<i>A. H. Guernsey</i>	286
CARLYLE AT EDINBURGH.....	<i>Alexander Smith</i>	391
CEMETERIES, NATIONAL. (Illustrated).....	<i>James F. Russell</i>	310
CENTRAL PARK OF NEW YORK, THE.....	<i>A. H. Guernsey</i>	794
CHAPEL, THE RUINED		624
CHATTANOOGA	<i>Herman Melville</i>	44
CIDER MILL, THE. (Illustrated).....	<i>Charles Gates</i>	681
COLORED PEOPLE OF LOUISIANA, EDUCATION OF.....	<i>Nathan Willey</i>	244
COLUMBIA, THE BURNING OF.....	<i>Geo. W. Nichols</i>	363
COLUMBIA, THE BURNING OF, AGAIN.....	<i>James M. Carter</i>	642
CROCHET		309
CRUISE OF THE ROB ROY. (Illustrated)	<i>A. H. Guernsey</i>	569
CURIOUS HOMES. (Illustrated).....	<i>Mary Titcomb</i>	161
CURIOUS HOMES, MORE. (Illustrated).....	<i>Mary Titcomb</i>	273
DAMOCLES, THE SWORD OF.....		221

DIARY OF A PRECIOUS FOOL.....	<i>Mary N. Prescott</i>	774
DIXIAN GEOGRAPHY, A.....	<i>A. H. Guernsey</i>	110
EASTER LILIES	<i>Helen M. Pierson</i>	55
EDITOR'S DRAWER.		
DRAWER FOR JUNE	129	DRAWER FOR SEPTEMBER..... 535
DRAWER FOR JULY.....	265	DRAWER FOR OCTOBER..... 673
DRAWER FOR AUGUST.....	403	DRAWER FOR NOVEMBER..... 809
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.		
CHAIR FOR JUNE	117	CHAIR FOR SEPTEMBER..... 524
CHAIR FOR JULY.....	255	CHAIR FOR OCTOBER..... 664
CHAIR FOR AUGUST.....	393	CHAIR FOR NOVEMBER..... 801
FLORIDA, HER CRIME AND PUNISHMENT. (Illustrated).....	<i>J. S. C. Abbott</i>	704
FOOL CATCHER, THE.....	<i>Louise E. Chollet</i>	222
FOOL CATCHER AGAIN, THE.....	<i>Louise E. Chollet</i>	387
FORTY-TWO		254
FREEDMAN'S STORY, THE.....	<i>M. Schele De Vere</i>	647
GETTYSBURG	<i>Herman Melville</i>	209
GLADSTONE AS LEADER OF THE COMMONS.....	<i>M. C. Conway</i>	61
GODIVA, THE LADY, AT HOME. (Illustrated).....	<i>M. C. Conway</i>	625
HEROIC DEEDS OF HEROIC MEN. (Illustrated).....	<i>J. S. C. Abbott</i>	296, 444, 581, 784
HIGH DAYS IN A VIRGINIAN VILLAGE.....	<i>John Leyburn</i>	183
HOME, COST OF A.....	<i>J. W. Perkins</i>	660
HOOR AT SEA	<i>Harriet E. Prescott</i>	250
ITALIAN BRIGANDS, THREE MONTHS WITH. (Illustrated).....	<i>A. H. Guernsey</i>	286
JACK AND HIS MOTHER.....	<i>Louise E. Chollet</i>	520
JONES'S METEMPSYCHOSES.....	<i>John H. Pell</i>	517
LADY OF MY DREAMS.....	<i>N. G. Shepherd</i>	702
LAMBETH CASUAL, A RESULT OF THE	<i>Fitz Hugh Ludlow</i>	477
LEGS, A STUDY OF	<i>J. M. Bingley</i>	238
LISBON, A LOOK AT. (Illustrated)	<i>A. L. Gihon</i>	170
LITERARY NOTICES.		
Napoleon's History of Julius Cesar, 400. Homes without Hands; Swinton's Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac; Loessing's Pictorial History of the Civil War; Spencer's Narrative of Andersonville, 401. Gilmer's Four Years in the Saddle; Goldwin Smith's Lectures on History; Daddow and Bauman's Coal, Iron, and Petroleum; Harper's Hand-Book for Travelers; The Tollers of the Sea; Phenix Keller; Armadale; Inside, 402.		
LITTLE BLACK DOGS OF BERKSHIRE. (Illustrated).....	<i>Catharine E. Beecher</i>	722
LIVE AMERICAN, THE.....	<i>William Ross Wallace</i>	64
LOOKING UNDER THE BED.....	<i>Charles K. Tuckerman</i>	789
MAJOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL	<i>R. B. Marcy</i>	384
MANASQUAN. (Illustrated)	<i>Robert D. Carter</i>	719
MAY-BASKET, A.....	<i>Nora Perry</i>	489
MEERMADCHEN, DAS.....	<i>C. H. Webb</i>	800
MEXICO, OUR MINISTER TO	<i>Wm. M. Baker</i>	345
MIDSUMMER.....	<i>Caroline Seymour</i>	160

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NO. CXCIV.—JULY, 1866.—VOL. XXXIII.



RUIN OF OLD CHURCH NEAR CHARLESTOWN.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR.

BY A VIRGINIAN.

[Second Paper.]

PATTERSON'S CAMPAIGN.

DURING the fortnight between the 30th of May and 14th of June I find no event recorded worthy of special comment. The news of Kelley's victory at Phillippi and Butler's defeat at Big Bethel were received and commented upon according to the faith and sympathies of the commentators. The day of vehement protest and passionate discussion was past. Since the voting on the 23d of May Unionism in Jefferson was dumb. All interest was centred in the adverse preparations for the coming struggle. One party gloated in silence over exaggerated rumors of the martial power concentrating at Chambersburg and Washington, while the other with wide-mouthed vaunts told of the invincible hosts at Manassas and Harper's Ferry; yet with the advent of actual war quarreling had ceased in a great measure.

The thunder of the opening cannon had begun to dissipate illusions in which many had indulged. Blood had already flowed. This mustering of armies might, after all, turn out to be something more serious than "a log-cabin and hard-cider demonstration," as some had fondly hoped it would be. We are told of certain savage tribes who believe that an eclipse of the moon is caused by the endeavor of a great codfish to swallow that planet; consequently when an eclipse takes place they get up a mammoth charivari to frighten the fish and make him disgorge. Now there was a very prevalent idea among those who were aiding and abetting Secession that all this military demonstration was nothing more than a grand charivari, calculated to frighten the great Yankee codfish into loosening his hold on the National Government which it was supposed he

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 194.—K

iar experiment in acoustics may be performed by whispering close to one of the abutments of the great arch in a tone too low to be heard by a by-stander, but perfectly intelligible to a third person whose ear presses the opposite abutment, more than a hundred feet distant, and even a more interesting cataphonic effect is observed by standing directly beneath the centre of the arch and beginning to speak aloud, each word will be repeated distinctly four several times, in different tones as the voice is reflected from side to side, until it is lost nearly three hundred feet above. Guides may be obtained at the *Deposito das Agoastiores*, who, for a cruzado, will take the visitor as far as he wishes to walk inside the corridor, and also upon the top of the aqueduct over the great arch, which has been closed as a highway on account of the temptation it offered to the commission of suicides and murders, at one time so alarmingly frequent that a fresh victim was looked for every morning on the rocky bottom of the valley.

Lisbon is being rapidly brought within communication with other portions of the continent. A line of French steamers coasts around the peninsula from Brest to Marseilles, and makes weekly stoppages going and returning. Railroads are being projected all over the kingdom, and connects its interior with the capital. An hour's ride, after ferrying across the river, which widens to four miles at the upper end of the city, carries you to Setúbal (*Anglicè*, St. Ubes, famous for salt), a city so old, say its admirers, that it derives its name from Tubal Cain. It stands on the shore of a lagoon, covering the site of the Roman town of Cedobriga, where lights were seen one night by a sentinel on a neighboring height to wave to and fro and then disappear. Coins and pieces of tessellated pavement reward the patient seeker after relics, who is content to dig an hour or two among the sands at low-tide. The lines of *Torres Vedras*, by which Wellington defended Lisbon against the French in 1810, are only a pleasant drive from the city.

If the traveler examines attentively all the objects and places of interest which have here been cursorily enumerated, and the many others of scarcely less attraction, with which this city is so full, he will find occupation for many weeks, and will depart well satisfied with the manner in which he has employed his time, and quite disposed to agree with the boast of its citizens, that

"Quem nao tem visto Lisboa,
Nao tem visto villa boa."

HIGH DAYS IN A VIRGINIAN VILLAGE.

OUR village was ensconced among the Virginia mountains, and the epoch of which we now write was considerably over a third of a century ago. The Blue Ridge on the one side, and the Alleghanies on the other, seemed to shut us out from all the world. In the sum-

mer, as the silvery morning mists curtained these mountain barriers, or as the cloud-shadows moved along them, or as the storm came sweeping over them, they were very beautiful and grand; and hardly less so when winter draped them in mantles of snow. Sometimes in the autumn the dried leaves and woods would ignite, and for weeks the bright chain of the "fire in the mountains," circling around peak, knoll, and precipice, was a splendid spectacle as seen through the black night.

A village far removed from the great marts of commerce and thoroughfares has but little to disturb its quiet. Often through the whole length of our principal street not a moving thing was to be seen. A few loungers were usually to be found about the corners, whittling the empty boxes which served them as seats; and a cluster of village politicians at times oscillated on the hinder legs of chairs at the tavern door, discussing the affairs of the nation. If a traveling horseman happened to arrive he was keenly scanned, and his name, residence, and destination carefully searched out. In the summer season tourists came along, regaling their city eyes amidst our fine scenery, and were treated with no little deference and hospitality. Great droves of horned cattle from the counties beyond us, on their way to distant markets, also not unfrequently relieved the monotony, some inquisitive soul always calling out, "Whose drove is that? How many have you in your drove?" If the stupid and perverse drove "broke" in the street and got into higgledy-piggledy, running in the wrong direction and in all directions, it was most inspiring to behold.

No railroad with its shriek and clatter, no steamboat disgorging impatient throngs, no rumbling omnibuses or noisy, insolent cabmen, no bustle and din of trade invaded our quiet. The only link connecting us with the rest of mankind was a tri-weekly mail stage—a long, ponderous, yellow wagon. The body sat low on the axles, as a preventive against upsets, and the driver's seat inside. Slowly and with great toil it made its way over the long, precipitous hills, over the great boulders and ridges of limestone which obstructed the ill-made and dangerous roads. As it was the custom to condemn intractable horses to stage service, there were sometimes terrible accidents—the desperate beasts, taking fright on some hill-top and dashing like so many furies, would drag the pitching vehicle down the long descent and at last hurl it bottom upward on the rocks, a mass of rubbish, maiming the passengers, and perhaps killing the driver. Some of these perils of stage-travel were the theme of oft-repeated narrative to intensely interested and dismayed young auditors in the nursery, or around the winter evening's fire. The difficulties of communication made every where else seem very far from us, and some people nowadays would laugh at our ideas of distances. For instance, I remember that when one of our villagers was on one occasion about setting off for Alabama, he went around from house to house,

with great solemnity and tenderness telling every body farewell.

But the stirring times for our village were certain public days of annual occurrence when the country people flocked in, filling the tavern and crowding the street. "Court days" were seasons of general convocation. With few occasions for personal intercourse, the people from different sections availed themselves of these opportunities for settling up business matters. Then customers were dunned, bills paid, the public crier sold worthless horses with high eulogiums on their matchless qualities, and the sheriff brought down his ruthless hammer on the household effects of some poor unfortunate who had failed to make both ends meet, while his busy deputy called the names of tardy jurors or witnesses three times over from the court-house steps; farmers poured doleful complaints into each other's ears over backward seasons, droughts, short crops, and low prices, while family affairs and gossip in general were not neglected. Rich were the stores of news carried at the close of such days to country homes. Oft were the references for weeks afterward to what the good-man had "heard at court."

"Election-day," however, was one of our high days. All the voters of the county then assembled, and great was the bustle and the throng. Candidates for Congress and the Legislature, in their best Sunday clothes, were conspicuous—shaking hands with young and old, inquiring about the good-wife and children, hoping all were well. On the hustings, too, they stood in imposing array, pouring out their well-conned speeches—some with stammering tongue, others facetious and humorous, making the sober farmers shake their sides over happy hits and oft-told jokes, others polished, classical, eloquent; for some of our orators were men whose splendid declamation thrilled the councils of the nation. Eager were the eyes turned upon each voter, as, according to the custom there, the sheriff grasped his hand, called aloud his name, and demanded, "Whom do you vote for?" And when at last the setting sun gave the signal for closing the polls, and the result was announced, great was the joy, and great the disappointment too. Long and deep were the potatoes of the victors; long and deep were the potatoes of the vanquished.

But "General Muster" was the day of days. For us young folk, at least, it was first in the calendar. Then from early dawn the crowds began to gather—pouring in from every road and by-way, from farm-house and secluded mountain valley. The court-house sidewalk and the public corners were the property for the time being of thrifty country dames, whose tables were laden with small-beer, apples, chestnuts, and piles of ginger-cakes—particularly aggravating to penniless urchins—round ones a cent apiece, square ones, artistically embossed, four cents. Horse cakes were not yet introduced.

But the soldiers. What an array! Troopers with stub-tailed coats profusely buttoned, un-

comfortable leather helmets with horse-tail pendants, and glittering swords, dashed through scampering crowds on sleek, fat, prancing steeds. Drums rattled, fifes shrieked, captains and subordinates roared "Fall into ranks!" "Dress by the right!" "Mark time!" with a dignity and fervor reflecting upon them and their county the highest credit. Then appeared in all his majesty the Colonel, with plumed chapeau, the observed of all observers, a noble looking man, said to resemble the great Washington; there, too, was the stirring, lively, ardent adjutant; and the spruce young surgeon, casting furtive glances at the pretty faces and bright eyes in those upper windows.

"Forward, march!" at last echoes along the line, and our warriors defile through the village and move off to the parade-ground on a neighboring hill. Let us review them. John Falstaff, what a regiment! Sixteen of the sixty troopers in the full panoply of horse-tail helmets and bullet buttons, the remainder arrayed each as seemed best in his own eyes. Horses jogging along as if going to church, horses standing on their hind legs, horses trotting sidewise, horses with their heads where their tails should have been, horses incontinently charging on apple-women and cake tables. The infantry perform fewer evolutions, but they are fit match for the troopers. Here is a uniform (*sic!*) coat with short waist and long, narrow skirts that may be a relic of historic Yorktown; here is another of scarlet, probably captured from some unlucky Britisher at the same eventful locality; and there is a jaunty one fresh from a Northern city tailor. Here are all varieties of "citizens" costume; black coats, blue coats, green coats, linsey-woolsey coats, gingham coats, no coats, round jackets, and hunting shorts. Here are shot guns, rifles, old muskets, rusty swords, bludgeons, pea-sticks, and no sticks. Some are keeping step, some running to catch up; talking, laughing, playing tricks, and eating ginger-cakes.

Once on the neighboring hill—our *Champs de Mars*—our regiment "spreads itself." Its manoeuvres are miscellaneous and original, not to say impromptu. For a while it stands at rest, "grand, gloomy, and peculiar." Some tired of standing lie down on the grass; some achieve various practical jokes. They march, they counter-march; they form hollow squares that are not at all square; the lively adjutant gallops and vociferates in intense excitement; the troopers scour the hill-side and parts adjacent with a desperation and expenditure of horse-flesh and horse-perspiration worthy of the highest admiration. What prodigies of valor would such soldiers not perform had they only the chance!

Our regiment having displayed its powers and prowess to the satisfaction of the admiring public and its own, wound up the eventful day by an extemporaneous charge on the cake-stands and on the taverns too. Some of the heroes not having exhausted their valor, undertook individual adventures, or what is popularly known

as "on their own hook," the consequence of which were many black eyes and bloody noses. From the effects of the various "charges" not a few found it difficult to mount their horses when the time came for turning their faces homeward, or to sit erect in their saddles. Wild whoops and hurrahs disturbed our usually quiet village long after nightfall. Not a few of the sturdy countrymen reached their mountain homes through no small perils, and not a little the worse for "General Muster Day."

Another of our village high days was the 22d of February, the birth-day of Washington, for we were a patriotic people. How it was that the Fourth of July was not equally esteemed I can not explain, but such was the fact. On one of the beautiful hills overlooking the village was an institution of learning which had done much toward diffusing the intelligence of which we were no little proud, and which had enabled us to furnish men of renown for both Church and State. Washington's birthday was always the occasion of a grand celebration. Orations were delivered, our cannon was fired—especially the "butt," the remains of an exploded iron cannon—the best music we could command discoursed its enlivening strains, country people came in to gaze and admire, and the young maidens mustered in strength, their rich mountain complexions set off to the best advantage by the latest city fashions. The village belles were accustomed to befriend their respective college favorites by making for them ribbon rosettes, with long streamers, the society badges, blue for the one, white for the other. Fastened to the lapel they decidedly added to the effectiveness of a young gentleman's presence.

With these preliminaries, if the 22d happened to be a fair, bright day, not always to be reckoned upon in February, we were sure of a good time. At the appointed hour the societies formed in column, two abreast, and marched from the classic halls on College Hill to the court-house in the midst of the town. The band by which they were preceded usually comprised the very modest allowance of two flutes, and nothing else, played by amateurs. But that procession, that music, those blue-and-white streamers flying in the mountain breezes, the patriotic orations, the throng of bright faces, and the rounds of rapturous applause, if ever human glory had reached its culminating point, it seemed to us youngsters that this must be it. It has fallen to my lot since to see Kossuth's reception into Edinburgh, with the review of 80,000 troops by the Emperor and Empress of France, with numerous other pageants; but these were tame and small affairs compared with that 22d of February turn-out, as I used to see it in our mountain village. This grand gala occasion usually wound up with a ball, which was, of course, in harmony with the splendors of the day—in fact, the very blossom and flower of its

glories. Our village at this time, so far as my memory serves me, could boast but one four-wheeled carriage; and this was brought into requisition to transport the young ladies from their homes to the ball. One or more of the "managers" took the houses *separatim*, bringing from each its precious contribution to the aggregate female loveliness of the occasion. As we boys stood at the village tavern-door, and saw one after another of these carriage-loads drive up, and youth and beauty in all its charms gracefully and gallantly handed from the steps and tripping merrily into the scene of festivity, it seemed almost too much bliss for mortals. The reader must bear in mind that in those primitive times ladies did not postpone their appearance in the ball-room till from ten o'clock P.M. to midnight; they went before dark, and could, of course, be seen and admired by all curious spectators. When the famous black fiddler at length struck up an old "Virginia Reel," the gayety set in in good earnest, and many a blooming belle and manly beau, as they tripped together "the light fantastic toe," wished in their hearts that the 22d of February would come every month in the year.

But it must not be supposed that our village was given up to "the pomps and vanities of the world." On the contrary, we were rather uncommonly religious. Hence I must not fail to mention among our high days the meetings of Presbytery and Synod—for our population was chiefly of Scotch-Irish descent, and consequently Presbyterian—Synod did not come except after intervals of some years; but when it did, it was worth while to be there. The writer of this was not much of a judge of the preaching in those days; but of the eating he felt himself authorized to speak in terms of the most unqualified approbation. "The big pot was put in the little one." Every house was filled with guests, on the principle of the largest hospitality. Ministers, laymen, and ladies were alike welcome; and they came from every part of the State—from hundreds of miles away. Great were the crowds. The old church was too small to contain them; and when Sunday came, "the great day of the feast," the throng surpassed all description. And very good times these were; many the pleasant acquaintances formed, many the genial hours passed, many the fine sermons, many the pious impressions—to last, it was to be hoped, forever. It was worth going a very long way to participate in these good things.

But the times of which I write are long since passed. Our mountain village has so changed that we of the by-gone days returning there would hardly know it. Modern fashions and modern airs have usurped the place of the former simplicity. But it is questionable whether any advance has been made on the real enjoyment of life which attended those unsophisticated "high days" of "auld lang syne."