

LOOK WITHIN  
FACT AND FICTION

INSTRUCTING SKETCHES

THRILLING NARRATIVES

BY H. O. JUDD

MACON, GA.  
PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR  
1864

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FOR

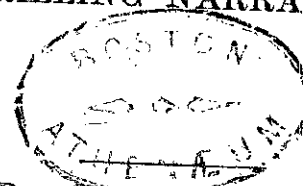
FACT AND FICTION

CONSISTING OF

INSTRUCTING SKETCHES,

AND

THRILLING NARRATIVES.



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## PREFACE.

FOR many years a baneful influence has been exerted upon the minds of our people by those innumerable streams of fictitious trash springing from that fountain of Fanaticism and Infidelity, the Northern Press,—so perverting the readers' taste, that all relish for solid matter was swallowed up by an all-consuming thirst for light literature. Circumstances have now combined to prohibit for a time, this unnatural indulgence; and now let every Southern pen work with zeal in an effort to establish a healthy literary tone. The Author has striven to present in the following pages, a work which will be worthy the perusal of both high and low. He feels assured that it will prove a profitable and pleasing companion for the traveller, the Home Circle, or the group about the Camp Fire.

THE AUTHOR.

MACON, GA., OCTOBER, 1864.

TO MY  
TWO BROTHERS,  
WHO HAVE JOINED  
THE LEGIONS OF THE BRAVE,  
IN THIS SUBLIME STRUGGLE FOR  
SOUTHERN INDEPENDENCE, I DEDICATE  
THIS LITTLE WORK, EMBRACING  
THE FIRST FRUITS OF MY PEN,  
AS A SLIGHT TOKEN  
OF AFFECTION.

## THE STORY OF MY LIFE.

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My mother was a poet and a painter;—not noted as such, but as really these as any man or woman that ever lived. Of an intensely sensitive nature, which gave out tones as harps do; an imagination, which made pictures in her thought as the eye does on its own retina; pure, sweet, pensive, she infused the essence of poetry into daily thoughts, and acted the painter, with neither brush nor easel.

She gave me her sensitiveness of nature, without the poetic genius and charm; the pain without the bliss. In my young heart there was tension, from which a brush of the hand would awaken sound—music, perhaps; but wild, inharmonious, fitful music. I could suffer, but the thrill of joy came rarely.

When I was quite a child, I jostled against rough natures in the child's world, and shrank more and more from the pain of contact, as the Brazilian mimosa shrinks from the hand that touches. I was not comely, and I think I was not winning; at any rate, my child friends gave me to myself, making me, if not happier, at least more at peace and content.

At ten or eleven years of age, some fault of articulation crept upon my speech. \*Whether it was structural derangement, or came of accident, fastened by embarrassment and strengthened by habit,

I never knew; but it grew upon me until it was most noticeable. Another source of pain. If I shrank from contact before, I threw out double defenses now. I built hedges of thorns about me, and neither old nor young ventured through. One day at school, at recess—it was one of those October days which hang clouds in the sky like pictures; in which Nature holds her breath till not a leaf is able to stir, and the whole day seems waiting for the smile of God to deepen to the sereneness and gravity of night—at recess I was peculiarly free and happy. A little of my younger self came over me; for the day seemed too deep in peace and beauty for anything like pain. I was playing briskly on the green grass which the heat of summer had failed to scorch, and the frosts of autumn had not yet reached, when a gleeful, un-thought-of expression bursting from my lips, was caught by Willie Day—my friend, if I had any—and repeated in the same stammering way. I looked at him once, was conscious of a sharp pain through my whole being, as though blades had pierced me in every living fibre, and then laid my face in the grass. I never went to school again. Willie hung upon me, wept, and begged forgiveness. I said "Yes," in a stony way, looked at him with a stolid gaze of half-consciousness, was passive, still, no tears, no reproaches; but I never played with boys and girls on the grass again. I never spoke again in the presence of any but my mother and my bird, not in those years.

In giving this picture of unrest and the quivering of an over sensitive nature, I must not produce a

wrong impression. My bird, "my sweet singer in Israel," my pet, my lover, my child, my little darling, arched his neck, and turned his bright, beady eyes upon me always so proudly. It was all the same to pet, whether his child-mistress stammered or no; he loved me and thought me a queen. Ah! it must be pleasant to be worshipped!

Had my mother been more like others, I should have loved her less, should have been less happy at home, but more at ease abroad. She taught me the sweetnesses of life, picked the thorns from all beautiful flowers, and gave me to feel the rude contrast of less delicate natures. The unused hand is of velvet and blisters; the chafed hand hardens. My mother and my bird, with troops of kittens, as long as the perverse things would stay little—these heard me talk. To all other creatures, human or otherwise, I was dumb; unless the flies upon the window, or the bees in the flower mansion, and the birds in the tree-tops, took notice of my chattering. We must have speech somewhere. Words are the wings of thought; clip them and thought cannot fly. Mother and I were alone, but for these superanimate, untalkative things. Father had died before. He was a rough, strong man, such as win these angel women; and in battle, when his regiment stormed a stronghold of almost invincible texture, laid him down to die as only a soldier can. My mother worshipped his memory. "He was so brave, and rugged, and great!" she would often say, with a glance of light, after a day dream.



"This is your father," mother whispered one Sabbath evening, bringing me a sketch book, one that I did not remember having seen.

"It is so like."

I knew at once by its delicate tone, that the drawing was my mother's;—a light penciling of a hand, a man's hand, with its native strength, but light in its manliness and beautiful as a woman's. We had a pleasant little room apart from our daily use, which was to us, in some sense, what a parlor is to more social families. We called it "The Flower Room." Carpeted with a pattern of lilacs in broad green leaves with a groundwork of steel; the walls hung with paper, on which were vines with clusters of purple grapes, entwined with columbine and wild rose creepers clinging and nestling together; chairs and lounges in patterns of snow-drops and dew-bells; ornaments of Parian marble cut in roses; the windows sentineled by troops of living plants in porcelain jars; and the room almost filled with tables loaded with like fresh and fragrant creations. It was quite a Paradise of beauty.

My mother sketched much, but I never saw more of my father than the hand; excepting, years after, a single curl black and heavy, shading the temple,—the face seemed hidden by mist.

"I shuddered at the thought of sketching his face," she said one day, "it is impossible to seize the impression, and I should die to see anything less." Into this home of poetry and beauty, within which I was folded and shielded as petals are folded within flower

cups, came a great sadness. Mother sickened. I thought she would die; but like the arctic sun, she sank so far, and then crept along the horizon of life. She was thus a year, and I cared for her. She did not seem to suffer, nor did she look ghastly with illness; but much of her strength was gone. Lying upon her pillows, she talked and planned and smiled and wept and tried to sketch, but could not do that; seeming just like herself. I was a child of fourteen, an unfit nurse, it appears to me, but mother praised me. When the year was over, we thought to call in Dr. Grey, a young physician whose name was being known. I went for him, handed him a note, and he came. Dr. Grey thought me dumb. I pronounced him sufficiently ugly in feature to be a marvel in talent and skill, as indeed he was. Mother grew better; very slowly indeed, but undoubtedly. In the mean time, his profession and his frequent coming gave him a friend's place with us. I never had felt the power of sympathy and heart in a man of mental strength before. He drew me in spite of myself, and I talked.

A year fled, and in that year I had learned to love and reverence Dr. Grey. Even my exquisite sensitiveness had received no wound, though the man was as strong as a perfect type of men; but his power was that conscious power which is most provocative of tenderness; against which gentleness is outlined like snow upon a raven's wing. He partially cured me of my fault of speech,—partly by kindness and partly by a strong guiding word at the right time.

He was the merriest of men. Somebody has written that power lies in gravity. Perhaps so, when merriment gets the better of self; but while the man holds his poise, merriment is only the bead which suggests the wine, I take it.

And now came a new element of disturbance; whether painful or not, I cannot say. Dr. Grey loved my mother; at least it seemed so when the thought had once entered my mind. And my mother—yes, I remember when he first entered the room, and her eye had fallen on his hand—so like the hand of the sketch! And now recollection flooded me with pictures of little tokens, which, in the light of the new thought, made assurance doubly sure.

I told my mother this and she wept, softly, pleasantly, saying never a word. Was this what had given tint to the cheek and strength to the failing limbs?

I was happy now. The circuit was formed: Dr. Grey, my mother, my birdie and myself—through us all was daily passing the electric thrill of life. A few months and my sweet mother folded her hands to unclasp them no more for me till we welcome one another in the new life. Dr. Grey was with me, when with blinding tears, I said the good-by which she could not answer. The rugged furrows of his face were wet, and his eye-lashes glistened with dew drops of tears. God help us when strong men weep!

I was cared for. Never in the years that followed, two, three, four, five,—was I beyond the influence of his companionship and care. He always called me "child."

One June morning, we were under the apple blossoms, the air laden with the perfume of budding cherry and peach and quince bearing trees—he said,

"Do you know how much you have changed since I knew you first, a little dumb girl?"

"I suppose I have changed; but have I very much?"

"Yes, child; you were a plain, sombre little girl then. Now you are—may I say it?"

"No, please, Dr. Grey."

"Do you love me, child?"

"Yes."

"How long?"

"Why, always, Dr. Grey."

"You do not understand me. Will you be my wife?"

Then came the sharp, quivering pains of that last school-day; and I looked at him with the same stolid glance, only saying,

"You are my father, Dr. Grey."

"How?"

"You loved my mother."

"For your sake, yes—drawn by the promise I saw in you, for which I have waited years, to find it a thousand times fulfilled. Will you have my love, child, my first and only?"

I was almost paralyzed. My finger tips grew cold, and a something choked me. I asked to be alone; and he left me till the morrow.

Once alone, I retraced the evidence upon which I based the theory of my mother and Dr. Grey. One by one the columns melted, as though they had been

ice and my thoughts warm breezes circulating through the corridors. At length the whole vast fabric tumbled with a crash. I had been mistaken; I knew it, felt it in my very soul.

This thought settled, a living, thrilling flood swept through me. The hour seemed an hour of resurrection, and the past as an old mortal life put off. And this was love; the snow of my reverence and regard loosed, from its arctic height, falling in feathery clouds, and melting as it fell.

This was what I had been doing, then, all these years—loving under frost. This was why no other eyes or tones had touched me. This was why he came to be the standard by which I judged such men as gave me homage; and this was why the homage fell upon me as dust upon white marble.

If a tiny doubt lingered in my thoughts, it was all gone when he told me on the morrow, that he knew from the very first that my mother was dying; and that she knew it too, knew it quite as well. He had proffered his guardianship for her lone, sensitive child; and this had given the light.

He has called me child always. I am not dumb any more.

Alas! that dreams are only dreams;  
That Fancy cannot give  
A lasting beauty to those forms,  
Which scarce a moment live.

Alas! that youth's fond hopes should fade,  
And love be but a name;  
While its rainbows followed e'er so fast,  
Are distant still the same.

## THE YOUNG WIDOW.

She is modest, she is bashful,  
Free and easy, but not bold,  
Like an apple, ripe and mellow,  
Not too young and not too old;  
Half inviting, half repulsing,  
Now advancing, and now shy,  
There is mischief in her dimple,  
There is danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature,  
She is schooled in all her arts,  
She has taken her diploma  
And the mistress of all hearts.  
She can tell the very moment,  
When to sigh and when to smile;—  
Oh! a maid is sometimes charming,  
But a widow all the while.

You are sad? how very serious  
Will her handsome face become;  
Are you angry? She is wretched,  
Lonely, friendless, tearful, dumb.  
Are you mirthful? How her laughter,  
Silver sounding, will ring out!  
She can lure, and catch, and play you,  
As the angler does the trout.

Ye old bachelors of forty,  
Who have grown so bold and wise,—  
Young Americans of twenty,  
With your love-looks in your eyes,—  
You may practise all the lessons  
Taught by Cupid since the fall;  
But I know a little widow,  
Who could catch and fool you all.

## MY MOTHER'S NAME.

My mother's name, my mother's name,  
 How hallowed and how dear!  
 That sound it fell like melody  
 Upon my listening ear.  
 What though a stranger spoke her praise,  
 So exquisite it came,  
 At once I loved him as a friend;—  
 It was my mother's name.  
 There was a fullness of the heart,  
 A glist'ning of the eye,  
 A sudden flushing of the cheek,—  
 I cannot tell ye why.  
 I probed not then the mighty throb,  
 That shook my trembling frame;  
 I only knew, I only felt,  
 It was my mother's name.

And cloudless will I keep that name,  
 While God my life shall spare;  
 It never yet confessed a blot,—  
 No stain shall enter there.  
 In weal or woe, unsullied still  
 By shadow or by shame,  
 Proudly my heart shall beat to tell  
 It is my mother's name!  
 And when, at length, the Lord of all  
 Shall claim the breath He gave,  
 And by the grasp of death consign  
 Me to the peaceful grave,—  
 Let but one line, one sculptur'd line,  
 Above my tomb proclaim:—  
 He found it spotless; and unstained  
 Is still his mother's name.

## SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?

When the holy angels meet us,  
 As we go to join their band,  
 Shall we know the friends that greet us,  
 In that glorious Spirit Land?  
 Shall we see their dark eyes shining  
 On us as in days of yore?  
 Shall we feel their loved arms twining  
 Fondly round us as before?

Yes; my earth-worn soul rejoices,  
 And my weary heart grows light;  
 For the thrilling angel voices,  
 And the angel faces bright,  
 That shall welcome us in Heaven,  
 Are the loved of long ago,  
 And in them 'tis kindly given  
 Thus their mortal friends to know.

O! ye weary ones and lost ones,  
 Droop not, faint not by the way;  
 Ye shall join the loved and lost ones,  
 In the land of perfect day.  
 Harp strings touched by angel fingers,  
 Murmur in my raptured ear,—  
 Evermore their sweet tone lingers—  
 We shall know each other there.

## THE OLD MAN DREAMS.

O, for an hour of youthful joy!  
 Give back my twentieth spring!  
 I'd rather laugh a bright haired boy,  
 Than reign a grey haired king.

## THE OLD MAN DREAMS.

Off with the wrinkled spoils of age !  
 Away with learning's crown !  
 Tear out life's wisdom-written page,  
 And dash its trophies down !

One moment let my lifeblood stream  
 From boyhood's fount of flame ;  
 Give me back one giddy, reeling dream  
 Of life all love and fame.

My listening angel heard the prayer,  
 And calmly smiling, said,  
 "If I but touch thy silvered hair,  
 Thy hasty wish hath sped."

"But is there nothing in thy track,  
 To bid thee fondly stay,  
 Whilst the swift seasons hurry back  
 To find the wished-for day ?"

Ah, truest soul of womankind !  
 Without thee, what were life ?  
 One bliss I cannot leave behind,  
 I'll take—my—precious—wife.

The angel took a sapphire pen,  
 And wrote in rainbow dew,  
 "The man would be a boy again,  
 And be a husband too."

And is there nothing yet unsaid,  
 Before the change appears ?  
 Remember all their gifts have fled,  
 With those dissolving years.

Why, yes ; for memory would recall  
 My fond paternal joys ;  
 I could not bear to leave them all,—  
 I'll take—my—girls—and—boys.

The smiling angel dropped his pen ;—  
 Why, this will never do ;  
 The man would be a boy again,  
 And be a father too.

And so I laughed ;—my laughter woke  
 The household with its noise,—  
 And wrote my dream, when morning broke,  
 To please the grey-haired boys.

## GAMBLING.

THE following is a confession written upon the back of a one dollar bank bill. Let young men, yea and old men, follow the advice he gives, and take timely warning from the fate of this "ruined young man." The original, we are informed, is in the possession of Mr. W. Grenshaw of this city :

*Milledgeville, November 28th, 1830.*

This is the last dollar which I can call my own out of an estate of \$10,000. And what have I lost ? Not only my fortune, but my character is injured and my health impaired. Now, young men, take warning,—beware of *Gambling*. I am this day twenty-one years old, and far from my friends and relatives, without a place whereon to lay my head.

A RUINED YOUNG MAN.

## ROMANCE.

LET us look up in fear and reverence, and say,—  
 "God is the great maker of romance ; He from whose

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hands came man and woman; He who strung the great harp of existence, with all its wild and wonderful and manifold chords, and attuned them to one another,—He is the great Poet of life. \* Every impulse of beauty, of heroism, and every craving for purer love, fairer perfection, nobler type and style of being than that which closes like a prison house around us, is God's breath, God's impulse, God's reminder to the soul, that there is something higher, purer, sweeter, yet to be attained.

### AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

\* ACTORS, poor fellows! sometimes cannot help carrying their homes with them on the stage.

We went one night to see a comedy. The chief actor was a favorite one, and the theatre was crowded. The curtain drew up, and amid a burst of applause, the hero of the piece made his appearance. He had, however, scarcely uttered twenty words, when it struck us that something was the matter with him. The play was a boisterous comedy of the old school, and required considerable vivacity on the part of the actors to sustain it properly; but this poor man seemed utterly lifeless. He walked and talked like a person in a dream; the best points he passed over without appearing to have noticed them; his limbs trailed as he walked; his smile was ghastly, his laugh hollow and unnatural; and frequently he would stop

absently in the middle of a speech and let his eye wander vacantly over the audience. Even when in the character of the silly husband, he had to suffer himself to be kicked about the stage by the young rake of the comedy, and afterwards to behold that careless individual making love to his wife and eating his supper, while he was shut up in a closet from which he could not emerge, his contortions of ludicrous wrath, that had never before failed to bring down the thunders of applause, were now such dismal attempts to portray the passion, that hisses were plainly audible in various parts of the theatre. A storm of sibilation and abuse long gathering, now burst on the head of the devoted actor. Insults rang through the house; noisy people pounded with sticks and umbrellas on the floor; and to verbal attack, orange peel, apples, and peanuts soon succeeded. The poor fellow stopped at last, and turned to the shouting crowd. Never did we behold such misery in a human countenance. His face, worn and haggard, showed doubly meagre in the gas light, and tears rolled down his painted cheeks. We could see his lip quivering with inward agony; his bosom swelling with suppressed emotion, while his whole mien was so eloquent of unutterable sorrow, that after the first glance, there was no man in the house who dared not to pity him. The audience was moved, and by degrees the clamor subsided into solemn silence. He stood near the footlights, quiet and dejected. When all was calm, he spoke; and, in a voice broken with sobs, proceeded to offer his little explanation. "Ladies

and gentlemen," he said, "though in my performance to-night I am conscious of having merited your displeasure, believe me, that in one point you do me an injustice. I am *not* intoxicated. Emotion alone, and that of the most painful kind, has caused me to fulfill my allotted part so badly. My wife died an hour ago, and I left her bedside to fulfill my unavoidable engagement here. If I have not pleased you, I implore you to forgive me. I loved her, grieve for her; and if misery and anguish can excuse a fault, I bear my apology—here." He placed his hand upon his breast and stopped. A burst of tears for a moment relieved his paroxysm of grief, and there was not a corner of that house, that did not re-echo that poor actor's sobs. The audience was completely overcome, and an honest burst of sympathy made the painted trees on the stage tremble, as if struck with a storm. Women wept loudly, and strong men silently; and during the remainder of the evening, the performance was scarcely audible through the hurricane of applause, with which the crowd sought after their own fashion, to soothe the poor actor's wounded heart. There was something very melancholy in the thought of that wretched man's coming from the bed of death, to don gay attire and utter studied witticisms for the amusement of a crowd, not one of whom dreamed of the anguish that lay festering under the painted cheek and stage smile. Ah! there are many around us in the great theatre of Life, like that poor actor, smiling gaily at the multitude, while at home lies some mystery of sorrow,

whose shadow is ever present with them in busy places, and in solitude, revels upon their hearts as a ghoul among the tombs. Yes, there is many a life-drama enacting near us, as fevered, though not spasmodic as Alexander Smith's.

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## THE MANIAC DOCTOR.

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It must be confessed that it is a very provoking thing to receive a letter, calling you two hundred miles away, on "immediate and important business." Yes, it is very provoking, indeed,—at least so I found it, both in anticipation and in very deed; but there was no help for it. Snooks, my lawyer, wrote and told me that if, on the 25th, I was not at C——, I should probably lose—never mind that, but something which induced me to pack my portmanteau in all haste, send for a hansom, and drive to the X. Y. Z. station. When I arrived there, I found that I was too late for the train I wished to catch, and that the next one did not start for three quarters of an hour. Inwardly cursing my ill fortune, I went to the waiting room, and endeavored to make myself as comfortable as I could; but despite all my attempts, I think that I never saw time pass so slowly in all my life, except a certain twenty minutes about which I am going to tell.

Although, as I said, the time went very slowly, nevertheless, it did go; and in process of time I found

myself snugly ensconced in a first class carriage, which had but one occupant besides myself, a cheerful looking little old man with gray hair, and a strange, restless look about the eyes. Directly I got into the carriage, he addressed me in a familiar way:

"A merry time to you."

"The same to you," replied I rather gruffly, as I was not in the best humor, and did not feel inclined to be cheerful and neighborly.

"Why, bless me, sir," said the little old man, renewing the attack, "you have not anything where-with to keep yourself warm on this cold winter's day; allow me to offer you one of my traveling wrappers. I always take care to be well provided with such things when I go on a journey;" and my companion took from his side a rolled-up rug, unrolled it, and taking a small mahogany box from the folds, threw the rug to me.

"Thank you, sir," said I, feeling in spite of myself, a shade more cheerful.

"O, no thanks, no thanks; I do it for my own benefit, not yours, I assure you."

"How do you make that out?"

"Why, I like to have a comfortable face opposite me; and besides, the grand experiment, you know."

"What grand experiment?" said I, somewhat startled by the man's excited manner.

"O, nothing, nothing," said he coloring violently; "only—that is to say—exactly, are you a Freemason?"

"No, sir."

"Not a Freemason? Why, bless me, you ought most certainly to become one."

"Why so?"

"Because you would then know that they have got a sort of—that is to say—in fact, a secret."

"I know that already."

"Really, I declare you are the most extraordinary man I ever met. Well, I've got a secret too, and that's my grand experiment."

"As it is a secret, I suppose you will not tell what it is."

"O, yes, I will though; but perhaps I had better not. Never mind, I'll tell you; it is simply this—to discover what are the different feelings of different persons under different circumstances."

"I should hardly call that an experiment."

"Would you, now? Curious that; yes, very curious; for, to tell you the truth, I don't myself know whether I am justified in calling it an experiment. But enough of that matter for the present. May I ask where you are going to?"

"To C——."

"Have you any friends there?"

"None, I am sorry to say. I am called there on some disagreeable though important business."

"Then may I have the pleasure of your company to dinner when we arrive there?"

"Thank you; I shall have the greatest pleasure in accepting your kind invitation."

"By the by, do you know how many times we stop before we reach C——?"

"Only twice, as this is an express train; Once at M—— at two o'clock, and second at F—— at four o'clock."

"And when are we due at G——?"

"At half past six, I believe."

"Thank you."

Thus for a time, our conversation ended; but we often renewed it again, and I began to regard my companion as a clever, kind hearted, though eccentric old man.

Some time after we passed M——, my eccentric friend composed himself for a sleep, and was soon snoring; and it was not long before I followed his example. My dreams were troubled. First of all, I dreamed that I was being hung; then that I was being handcuffed; and last of all, that a great weight was upon me, and that something was pressing heavily upon my chest. I then awoke with a start, to find myself bound hand and foot, with a rope passed round my neck and fastened to the umbrella rack behind, in such a manner, that if I struggled in the least, I would inevitably choke myself; and my fellow-traveler was standing over me, with one knee upon my chest.

"What are you doing?" said I; but my sentence was cut short by a gag, which my eccentric friend thrust into my mouth and tied behind my head. He then stood away to look at his handiwork, with eyes glaring like those of a wild beast, and his whole frame trembling with excitement.

"Now," he said with a wild laugh, "now I shall

be able to try my grand experiment! Now I shall be able to find whether the heart can be extracted while a man is alive, without killing him! Twice I have failed, but the stars have told me that a third time, I shall not fail. O, fame glory, immortality, I have you in my grasp! What! pitiful fool, do you turn pale and tremble? If you die, you will die a glorious martyr to science; and if you live, you and I will share the glory of this grand discovery."

From this ridiculous rodomontade, I perceived that my pleasant, eccentric travelling companion was a raving maniac. What was I to do? I could not move hand or foot, or even speak, and the madman was arranging on the seat in front of me, a collection of bright steel instruments, which he took from the mahogany box, which I have mentioned before. Was there any help for me? I tried to remember how long it was after I left M——, before I went to sleep, as I thought if we got to F——, the maniac would be discovered, and I should be relieved from the horrible death which now seemed imminent; but as I had been dozing for some time before I went regularly off to sleep, I found that I could not in the least remember what time had passed.

After some time spent in preparing his instruments, my persecutor began to prepare me by unbuttoning my waistcoat, and baring my breast. At length, everything seemed to be to his satisfaction, and he took up a sharp, keen-bladed knife. I shall never forget my sensations, when I saw that little glittering instrument, so soon to be dyed with my blood. I

felt a cold shudder run through my body, and I longed to close my eyes, but they seemed to keep open by a sort of horrible fascination. After trying the edge of the knife and preparing a cloth, and giving one final look to his instrument, my eccentric friend pressed his finger close above my heart and said, "This is how I am going to manage it, my friend; I am going to cut a circle in the flesh above the heart, with this knife. It will not hurt much, as I shall only just cut through the skin, and the knife is exceedingly sharp. I shall then proceed to dig deeper with this instrument, and finally extract the heart with this." The reader may imagine my sensations during this cold, bloody recital; for I am utterly unable to describe them. But when the sharp steel first pierced my flesh, and I felt the warm blood gushing out, my past life seemed to pass before my mind in a moment of time, only to make my desire of still living, and the horror of an ignominious death, ten-fold greater. Slowly the sharp knife ploughed in my flesh, making my blood freeze in my veins, and my eyeballs burn and seem ready to burst from their sockets; and now I felt my reason gradually leaving me. The strain upon my nerves was too much—I felt that they must give way; but I considered that if they did, my only hope would be gone; for if I moved, I should be choked with the rope around my neck.

Slowly the sharp steel, impelled by a steady hand, continued its deadly course; and now the circle was nearly accomplished, when I felt that the speed of

the train was being gradually diminished. A ray of hope illuminated my breast. I looked into my companion's eyes, to see if he noticed that we were nearing F——; but he was too intent on his horrible work.

At length he leaned back and said—

"There now; only about an inch more, and I shall commence the deep cutting."

Only about an inch; and the station was yet some way off! Only about an inch! My life hung upon the merest thread.

It was not long that the experimenter admired his diabolical work—he soon fell to it again. But I saw the lights of F—— station flash past the window of the carriage; I saw a strange arm seize my tormentor; I heard a loud and appalling cry, like that of a baffled wild beast, and I became insensible.

For weeks after this, I lay between life and death; a brain fever brought on by the intense excitement and fear of those twenty minutes.

I afterwards learned that my pleasant companion had been a doctor and a surgeon; but that when he was a young man and just married, having performed an operation to extract a cancer from his wife, of which she afterwards died, he went out of his mind, and had ever since been attempting to escape, in order that he might perform the dreadful experiment which so nearly resulted in my death.—*Selected.*

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What makes more noise than a pig under a gate?  
Two pigs.



## MARSHAL NEY'S DEATH SCENE.

THE vengeance of the allied powers demanded some victims; and the intrepid Ney, who had well-nigh put the crown again on Bonaparte's head at Waterloo, was to be one of them. Condemned to be shot, he was led to the garden of Luxemburg on the morning of the seventh of December, and placed in front of a file of soldiers drawn up to kill him. One of the officers stepped up to bandage his eyes; but he repulsed him, saying, "Are you ignorant that for twenty-five years I have been accustomed to face both ball and bullet?" He then lifted his hat above his head, and with the same calm voice that had steadied his columns so frequently in the roar and tumult of battle, said, "I declare before God and man, that I never betrayed my country;—may my death render her happy. *Vive, la France!*" He then turned to the soldiers, and striking his hand on his heart, gave the order "Soldiers, fire!" A simultaneous discharge followed, and the "Bravest of the brave," sank to rise no more. "He who had fought *five hundred battles* for France, not *one* against her, was shot as a traitor." As I looked on the spot where he fell, I could not but sigh over his fate. True, he broke his oath of allegiance—so did others, carried away by their attachment to Napoleon, and the enthusiasm that hailed his approach to Paris. Still he was no traitor.

## THE TOMB OF A WOMAN.

FOR myself, I can pass by the tomb of a man with somewhat of a calm indifference; but when I survey the grave of a female, a sigh involuntarily escapes me. With the name of woman, I associate every soft, tender, and delicate affection. I think of her as the young and bashful maiden, with eyes sparkling and cheeks crimsoned with each impassioned feeling of the heart; as the kind, affectionate wife, in the exercises of her domestic duties; as the chaste and virtuous matron, tired of the follies of the world, and preparing for that grave into which she must soon descend. Oh! there is something in contemplating a woman's character, that raises the soul far above the vulgar level of society. She is formed to adorn and humanize mankind, to soothe his cares, and strew his path with flowers. In the hour of distress, she is the rock on which he leans for support; and when fate calls him from existence, her tears bedew his grave. Can I look down on her tomb without emotion? Man has always justice done to his memory—woman never. The pages of history lie open to the one; but the meek, unobtrusive excellences of the other, sleeps with her, unnoticed in the grave. In her may have shone the genius of the poet, with the virtue of the saints; the energy of the man, with the tender softness of the woman.—*Selected.*

## TRUE ELOQUENCE.

WE know not when or where we have met with anything in prose, more striking than the burst of eloquence which we are about to copy. One Paul Denton of Texas, a Methodist preacher, it appears, had advertised a barbecue with better liquors than were generally furnished. When the people were assembled, a desperado cried out, "Mr. Paul Denton, your reverence has lied. You promised not only a good barbecue but better liquor; where's the liquor?"

"There," answered the missionary in a tone of thunder, and pointing his motionless finger to the matchless double springs, gushing up in two strong columns with a sound like a shout of joy, from the bosom of the earth. "There," he repeated with a look terrible as lightning, while his enemy actually trembled at his feet. "There is the liquor which God, the Eternal, brews for all his children. Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases, surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and corruptions, doth your Father in Heaven prepare the essence of life, the pure cold water. But in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders and the child loves to play, there God brews it; and down in the deepest valleys, where the fountain murmurs and the rills sing; and high upon the mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where

storm clouds brood and thunder storms crash; and away far out on the wide, wild sea, where the hurricane howls music and the big waves roll the chorus, sweeping the march of God; there he brews it, that beverage of life, health-giving water; and everywhere it is a thing of life and beauty, gleaming in the dewdrop, singing in the rain, shining in the ice-drop till the trees all seem turned to living jewels, spreading a golden veil over the sun or white gauze around the moon, sporting in the cataract, dancing in the hail shower, sleeping in the glacier, folding its bright snow curtains softly about the wintry world, and weaving the many-colored Iris, that syren whose warp is the raindrop of the earth, and whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checkered over with celestial flowers by the mystic hand of refraction, still always it is beautiful,—that blessed life-water! No poison bubbles on its brink; its foam brings no madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and orphans weep not burning tears in its depths; no drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave, curses it in words of eternal despair. Speak out, my friends, would you exchange it for the demon's drink, Alcohol?" A shout like the roar of a tempest, answered, No!

"Sambo," said a farmer to his servant, "have you counted the pigs to-night?" "Yes, massa, all but one little black fellow, and he jumped up and down so I couldn't count him."

## PEABODY'S LEAP.

## A LEGEND OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

MANY are the places scattered over the face of our beautiful country, whose wild and picturesque scenery is worthy of the painter's pencil, or the poet's pen. Some of them, which were once celebrated for their rich stores of "Legendary Lore," are now only sought to view their natural scenery, while the traditions which formerly gave them celebrity, are buried in oblivion. Such is the scene of the following adventure,—a romantic glen, bounded on the north side by a high and rocky hill, which stretches itself some distance into the lake, terminating in a precipice, some thirty feet in height, and once known by the name of "Peabody's Leap."

At the time of this adventure, Timothy Peabody was the only white man that lived within fifty miles of this place; and his was the daring spirit that achieved it. In an attack on one of the frontier settlements, his family had all been massacred by the merciless savages, and he had sworn that their death should be revenged. The better to accomplish this dread purpose, he had removed to this solitary place, and constructed the rude shelter in which he dwelt, till the blasts of winter drove him to the homes of his fellow men; again to renew the contest, when

spring had awakened nature into life and beauty. He was a man who possessed much rude cunning, combined with a thorough knowledge of Indian habits, by which he had always been enabled to avoid the snares of his subtle enemies. Often when they had come with a party to take him, he escaped their lure; and after burning his hut on their return homewards, some of their boldest warriors were picked off by his unerring aim:—or on arriving at their town, they learned that one of their swiftest hunters had been ambushed by him, and fallen a victim to his deadly rifle. He had lived in this way for several years, and had so often baffled them, that they had at last become weary of the pursuit, and for some time, had left him unmolested.

About this time, a party of Indians made a descent on one of the small settlements, and had taken three men prisoners, whom they were carrying home to sacrifice for the same number of their men who had been killed by Peabody. It was toward the close of the day when they passed his abode; most of the party were in advance of the prisoners, who, with their hands tied, and escorted by five or six Indians, were almost wearied out by their long march, and but just able to crawl along. He had observed this advance guard, and suspecting there were prisoners in the rear, had let them pass unmolested, intending to try some "Yankee trick," to effect their rescue. He accordingly followed on the trail of the party, keeping among the thick trees which on either side skirted the path. He had proceeded but a short

distance, before he heard the sharp report of a rifle apparently very near him, and which he knew must be one of the Indians, who had strolled from the main body, to procure some game for their evening meal.

From his acquaintance with their language and habits, he only needed a disguise to enable him to join with the party if necessary; and aided by the darkness which was fast approaching, with but little danger of detection. The resolution was quickly formed, and as quickly put into operation, to kill this Indian and procure his dress.

He had gone but a few paces, when he discovered his intended victim, who had just finished loading his rifle. To stand forth and boldly confront him, would give the savage an equal chance; and if Tim proved the best shot, the party on hearing the report of two rifles at once, would be alarmed and commence a pursuit. The chance was, therefore, two to one against him, and he was obliged to contrive a way to make the Indian shoot first. Planting himself then, behind a large tree, he took off his fox skin cap, and placing it on the end of his rifle, began to wave it to and fro. The Indian quickly discovered it, and was not at a loss to recollect the owner by the cap. Knowing how often the white warrior had eluded them, he determined to dispatch him at once; and without giving him notice of his dangerous proximity, he instantly raised his rifle, and its contents went whizzing through the air. The ball just touched the bark of the tree and pierced the cap, which rose

suddenly, like the death spring of the beaver, and then fell among the bushes. The Indian, like a true sportsman, thinking himself sure of his victim, did not go to pick up his game till he had reloaded his piece; and dropping it to the ground, he was calmly proceeding in the operation, when Timothy as calmly stepped from his hiding place, exclaiming, "Now, you tarnal critter, say your prayers as fast as ever you can."

This was a short notice for the poor Indian. Before him and scarcely ten paces distant, stood the tall form of Peabody, motionless as a statue—his rifle to his shoulder, his finger on the trigger, and his deadly aim firmly fixed upon him. He was about to run, but he had not time to turn round, ere the swift winged messenger had taken its flight. His first movement was his last—the ball pierced his side, he sprang into the air, and fell lifeless on the ground.

No time was now to be lost. He immediately proceeded to strip the dead body, and to array himself in the accoutrements, consisting of a hunting shirt, a pair of moccasins or leggings, and wampum belt and knife. A little of the blood besmeared on his sunburnt countenance, served for the red paint; and it would have taken more than an ordinary eye, in the thick twilight and thick gloom of the surrounding forest, to have detected the counterfeit Indian. Shouldering his rifle, he again started in the pursuit, and followed them till they arrived in the glen, where their canoes were secreted. Here they stopped, and began to make preparation for the expected supper,

previous to their embarkation for the opposite shore. The canoes were launched, and their baggage deposited in them. The fire was blazing brightly, and the party was walking round, impatiently waiting for the return of the hunter.

The body of Timothy was safely deposited behind a fallen tree, where he could see every motion and hear every word spoken in the circle. Here he had been about half an hour. "Night had drawn its sable curtains around the scene," or in other words, it was dark. The moon shone fitfully through the clouds which almost covered the horizon, only serving occasionally to render the "darkness visible." The Indians now began to evince manifest signs of impatience for the return of their comrade. They feared that a party of whites had followed them, and taken him prisoner; and at last they resolved to go in search of him. The plan, which was fortunately heard by Timothy, was to put the captives into one of the canoes under the care of five of their number, who were to secrete themselves in case of an attack, massacre the prisoners, and then go to the assistance of their brethren.

As soon as the main body had started, Peabody cautiously crept from his hiding place to the water, and sliding in feet foremost, moved along on his back, his face just above the surface, to the canoe which contained the rifles of the guard. The priming was quickly removed from these, and their powder horns emptied, replaced, and the prisoners given notice of their intended rescue; warning them at the same

time, not to show themselves above the gunwale, till they were in safety. He next, with his Indian knife, separated the thong which held the canoe to the shore, intending to swim off with it, till he had got far enough to avoid observation, then get in and paddle for the nearest place where a landing could be effected. All this was but the work of a moment; and he was slowly making off from the shore, as yet unobserved by the guard, who little expected an attack from this side. But unfortunately, his rifle had been left behind, and he was resolved not to part with "Old Plumper," as he called it, without at least one effort to recover it. He immediately gave the captives notice of his intention, and directed them to paddle slowly and silently out, and in going past the headland, to approach as near as possible, and then await his coming. The guard by this time, had secreted themselves, and one of the number had chosen the place which Timothy himself had previously occupied, near which he had left his old friend. He had almost got to the spot, when the Indian discovered the rifle, grasped it, and springing upon his feet, gave the alarm to his companions. Quick as thought, Tim was upon him, seized the rifle, and wrenched it from him with such violence, as to throw him breathless on the ground. The rest of the Indians were alarmed, and sounding the war-whoop, rushed upon him.

It was a standard maxim with Timothy, that "a good soldier never runs till he is obliged to," and he now found that he should be under the necessity of



suiting his practice to his theory. There was no time for deliberation; he instantly knocked down the foremost with the butt of his gun, and bounded away through the thicket like a startled deer. The three remaining Indians made for the canoe where the rifles were deposited, already rendered harmless by the precaution of Timothy. This gave him a good advantage, which was not altogether unnecessary, as he was much encumbered with his wet clothes, and before he reached the goal, he could hear them snapping the dry twigs close behind him. The main body had likewise got the alarm, and were but a short distance from him when he reached the headland. Those who were nearest he did not fear, unless they came to close action; and he resolved to send one more of them to his long home, before he leaped from the precipice.

"It's a burning shame to wet so much powder," said he; "I'll have one more pop at the tarnal redskins." Tim's position was quickly arranged to put his threat in execution. His rifle was presented, his eye glanced along the barrel, and the first one that showed his head, received its deadly contents.

In an instant Tim was in the water, making for the canoe. The whole party had by this time come up, and commenced a brisk fire upon the fugitives. Tim stood erect in the canoe, shouting in the voice of a Stentor, "Ye'd better take care, ye'll spile the skiff. Old Plumper's safe, and ye'll feel him yet, I tell ye."

They were quickly lost in the darkness; taking a

small circuit, they effected a landing in safety. Many a man's life verified his last threat, and Peabody lived to a good old age, having often related to his friends the adventure which gave to this place, the name of "Peabody's Leap." [Selected.]

### CONCLUSION TO "THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER."

Farewell to that Flag, though long it hath waved,  
The pride of our land and the world's admiration;  
Now sullied and shorn, its supporters enslaved,  
It flaunts but to tell of its own desecration.  
Accursed be the name,  
That hath covered with shame,  
That flag, once the emblem of glory and fame;  
For the Star Spangled Banner no longer doth wave,  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

AN Irishman's horse fell with him, throwing his rider to some distance; when the animal struggling to get up, entangled his hind leg in the stirrup.

"O, very well, sir," said the dismounted cavalier; "if you're getting upon your own back, I see there will be no room for me."

"ARE you not alarmed at the approach of the king of terrors?" said a minister to a sick man.

"O, no; I have been living six and thirty years with the queen of terrors—the king cannot be much worse."

## ROSE HILL CEMETERY.

AMONG the many pleasing attractions which the combined efforts of Nature and Art have thrown about the city of Macon, its Cemetery claims a prominent place. It is located just beyond the western limits of the city, occupying an elevated site on the southern bank of the Ocmulgee River, which, sweeping around a rocky headland, chants a perpetual requiem over the slumbering ashes on its margin. The Cemetery was opened in 1840, consequently its general appearance is quite modern.

From the heavy iron gateway, the main or central avenue leads down a gentle declivity to the river side. On either hand as we descend, are spacious lots, enclosed by rich and tasteful iron railings and adorned with choice shrubbery, from the midst of which arise the glistening marble shafts and snowy statuary, finished and draped in the highest order of art. Surrounding the whole is an air of taste and elegance which elicits the admiration of the beholder. At the terminus of the avenue, a bold, rugged mass of limestone overhangs the river some twenty feet. This rock has by some means, received the romantic appellation of Lover's Leap. From this conspicuous stand point, the eye may range over quite a variegated field. Dark groves of oak and evergreen fringe the opposite shore, while up the winding stream, the eye rests upon the broken outline of the blue horizon.

Towards the entrance, a beautiful view presents itself. Up, up, one above another, like the sweeping tiers of some vast amphitheatre, rise the long ranges of grass grown terraces, while through the clusters of ornamental trees, festooned with native ivy, we catch the gleam of spotless tombstones, standing like white robed sentinels, crowned with wreaths of creeping myrtle. Branching off from the Avenue, are innumerable graded pathways, carpeted with faded foliage and overarched by giant oaks, lacing and interlacing their long branches, till in these woodland arbors, there reigns the sombre shade of twilight, throughout the summer day.

There, on the left hand fronting the river, is a wild secluded dell, so beautiful and tranquil, that a grave in its cloistered bosom, would lose its repulsive feature, and seem a welcome retreat from the din and pains of life. Farther on, in the face of a grassy bluff, are several vaults with ornamental fronts of brick. After passing these, we enter a deep embowered glen, with shaded tombs. On either slope, while wandering through the centre from the upland, flows a noisy streamlet, now leaping over a range of rocks in miniature cascades, and now calming its ruffled surface in the clear depths of an artificial lake. On the margin of one of these sparkling mirrors, may be seen the entrance to the Chrystal Spring, babbling from the chamber of a pleasant grotto, some thirty feet in the hillside. Here and there under the trees, are rustic seats for the comfort of visitors; while high up on the bark of the old beech trees, are names

and dates of another day, weather-beaten and moss-grown, as may be the graves of many who wrote them. The sun has set and the last couples are strolling homeward, while the shadows are stealing from the forest, dancing to the music of the pine grove's melancholy vespers.

• GEN. ARNOLD.—During the traitor Arnold's predatory operations in Virginia, in 1781, he took an American captain prisoner. After some general conversation, he asked the captain, "What he thought the Americans would do with him, if they caught him." The captain declined at first, giving him an answer; but upon being repeatedly urged, "Why, sir, if I must answer the question, you will excuse my telling the truth. If my countrymen could catch you, I believe they would first cut off your lame leg, which was wounded in the cause of freedom and virtue at Quebec, and bury it with the honors of war, and afterwards hang the remainder of your body upon a gibbet."

TRUE MAGNANIMITY.—Hath any one wronged thee? Be bravely revenged; slight, and the work is begun; forgive, and 'tis finished. He is below himself, who is not above an injury.—*Selected.*

It has been estimated that a work like the great Pyramid, could not be constructed at the present day, with all the aids of modern science, for less than one hundred and thirty-five millions of dollars.

## ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA.

I am dying, Egypt, dying,  
Ebb the crimson life-tide fast;  
And the dark Plutonian shadows  
Gather on the evening blast.  
Let thine arms, O Queen, support me;  
Hush thy sobs, and bow thine ear;  
Hearken to the great heart secrets,  
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions  
Bear their eagles high no more,  
And my wrecked and scattered galleys  
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;  
Though no glittering guards surround me,  
Prompt to do their master's will;  
I must perish like a Roman,  
Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Caesar's servile minions  
Mock the Lion thus laid low;  
'Twas no foeman's hand that slew him,  
'Twas his own that struck the blow.  
Hear, then, pillowed on thy bosom,  
Ere his star fades quite away,  
Him who, drunk with thy caresses,  
Madly flung a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble  
Dare assault my fame at Rome,  
When the noble spouse Octavia,  
Weeps within her widowed home;  
Seek her, say the Gods have told me,  
Altars, Augurs, circling wings,  
That her blood with mine commingled,  
Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

And for thee, starry eyed Egyptian,  
 Glorious sorceress of the Nile,  
 Light the path to Stygian horrors,  
 With the splendor of thy smile.  
 Give this Caesar crowns and arches,  
 Let his brow the laurel twine;  
 I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,  
 Triumphant in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;  
 Hark! the insulting foeman's cry;  
 They are coming—quick, my falchion!  
 Let me front them ere I die.  
 Ah! no more amid the battle,  
 Shall my heart exultant swell;—  
 Isis and Osiris guard thee;  
 Cleopatra, Rome, farewell!

[Selected.]

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SIMPLE AND COMPOUND INTEREST.—From the birth of Christ to December 15th, 1815, one penny, at five per cent. simple interest, amounts to 7s. 3½d.: at compound interest, it would be £1,227,742,357,141,817,589,060,967,240,755,491, 9s. 6d. Allowing a cubic inch of gold to be worth £38 16s. 6d., and the above sum to be condensed into a globe of gold, its diameter will be 6,193,604 miles, 540 yards, 1 foot, 6 inches and a fraction, which would exceed in magnitude, all the planets in the solar system; and supposing this earth to be solid gold, it would not pay one hour's interest on the above sum.—Selected.

## A DESCRIPTION OF THE PERSON OF JESUS CHRIST,

*As it was found in an ancient manuscript, which was sent by Publius Lentulus, President of Judea, to the Senate of Rome.*

THERE lives at this time in Judea, a man of singular character, whose name is Jesus Christ. The barbarians esteem him a prophet, but his followers adore him as the immediate offspring of the Immortal God. He is endowed with such unparalleled virtue as to call back the dead from their graves, and to heal every kind of disease with a word or a touch. His person is tall and elegantly shaped; his aspect is amiable and reverend; his hair flows in beautiful shades, which no united colors can match; falling into graceful curls below his ears, agreeably couching on his shoulders, and parting on the crown of his head, like the head-dress of the sect of the Nazarites. His forehead is smooth, and his cheeks without a spot, save that of a lovely red. His nose and mouth are formed with exquisite symmetry; his beard is thick and suitable to the hair of his head, reaching a little below his chin, and parted in the middle like a fork; his eyes are bright, clear and serene. He rebukes with majesty, counsels with mildness, and invites with the most tender and persuasive language; his whole address, whether in word or deed, being

elegant, brave, and strictly characteristic of so exalted a being. No man has seen him laugh, but the whole world has frequently beheld him weep; and so persuasive are his tears, that the multitude cannot withhold theirs from joining in sympathy with him. He is very modest, temperate, and wise. In short, whatever this phenomenon may be in the end, he seems at present a man of excellent beauty and divine perfection; every way surpassing the children of men. [Selected.]

### THE LAST NIGHT OF THE YEAR.

'Tis almost midnight, and a wilder scene than that which now chains the wondering vision, the most enthusiastic and vivid imagination would struggle in vain to comprehend. The very soul trembles before its supernatural grandeur, and my pen shrinks back appalled from the mighty task of sketching the magnificent scenes which half bewilder the senses. Night's murky sky, like an inverted sea, with here and there a rich diamond sparkling and flashing from its bosom, is filled with black, ominous, billowy clouds, surging to and fro in a chaos unsurpassed, I imagine, by that which brooded over the wild throbbings of the creation. The untrammelled wintry blast, with shrieks and groans, is dashing its invisible tide with fearful and almost irresistible might against the trembling earth; while ever and anon the gloomy

arches of the sky are lighted up with fitful flashes of electric light, and for a moment, the whole universe seems bound in chains of liquid fire, while from cloud to cloud, and arch to arch, rolls and reverberates the sublime voice of the eternal thunders.

As I stand contemplating these wonderful convulsions of nature, the fearful scenes of Calvary arise unbidden before the mind; and the shrinking gaze is turned, half expecting to behold some re-animated dweller of the tombs, or those three bloodstained crosses, hedged in with glittering steel; the ears are unconsciously closed to those "dying groans," which filled the Roman soldiery with terror, and shook the very heavens and earth. But hark! the watchman's cry, "Twelve o'clock and all's well," now rings along the dark, deserted street, while the clear chime of brazen tongues, from out a score of lonely belfries, proclaims the hour of midnight, and also sounds the knell of a departed year. 'Tis the last night of 1863, passed away amid these terrible throes of nature. Another stone of the Temple is thrown down; another tomb appears in that mighty graveyard, the Past. And now heralded by the trumpets of the storm, and the music of the clouds, bright-eyed '64 has caught up the expiring torch and falling sceptre of his predecessor, and is calmly ascending the imperial throne. Time is an island in the boundless ocean of Eternity. Another wave has struck upon that crumbling beach, which will ere long melt away and sink into oblivion; and the dark waters will roll on without a shore.



## THE HERO OF THE PLAGUE.

WHEN the plague was raging violently at Marseilles, every link of affection was broken; the father turned from the child—the child from the father; cowardice and ingratitude no longer excited indignation. Misery is at its height, when it thus destroys every generous feeling,—thus dissolves every tie of humanity. A funeral met you at every step!

The physicians assembled at the Hotel de Ville, to hold a consultation on the fearful disease, for which no remedy had yet been discovered. After a long consultation, they decided unanimously, that the malady had a peculiar and mysterious character, which opening a corpse might develop, an operation which it was impossible to attempt, since the operator must infallibly become a victim, in a few hours, beyond the power of human art to save him, as the violence of the attack would preclude their administering the customary remedies. A dead pause succeeded this fatal declaration. Suddenly a surgeon by the name of Guyon, in the prime of life, of great celebrity in his profession, rose and said firmly, "Be it so: I devote myself for the safety of the country. Before this numerous assembly, I promise in the name of humanity and religion, that to-morrow at the break of day, I will dissect a corpse, and write down as I proceed, what I observe."

He left the assembly instantly. They admired him, lamented his fate, and doubted whether he would persist in his design. The intrepid and pious Guyon, animated by all the sublime energy that religion or patriotism can inspire, acted up to his word. He had married, and was rich; and he immediately made his will, dictated by justice and piety.

A man had died in his house within four and twenty hours. Guyon at daybreak, shut himself up in the same room; he took with him, ink, paper and a little crucifix. Kneeling beside the corpse, he wrote,—“Moldering tenement of an immortal soul, not only can I gaze on thee without terror, but even with joy and gratitude. Thou wilt open to me the gates of a glorious eternity. In discovering to me the secret cause of the terrible plague which destroys my native city, thou wilt enable me to point out some salutary remedy; thou wilt render my sacrifice useful. O, God,” continued he, “Thou wilt bless the action thou hast thyself inspired.”

He began, he finished the dreadful operation, and recorded in detail, his surgical observations. He then left the room, threw the papers into a vase of vinegar, and immediately sought the Lazaretto, where he died in twelve hours, a death ten times more glorious than the warrior, who to save his country, rushes on the enemy's ranks; since he advances with hope at least, and sustained, admired, and seconded by a whole army.

Physicians, who remain firm in the discharge of their duties, while the fears of their fellow citizens

are prompting them to fly from contagion, display that moral courage, which is as far superior to the physical energy which sustains the soldier in battle, as the mind is superior to matter.

[Selected.]

## THE TIGER'S CAVE.

AN ADVENTURE AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF QUITO.

ON leaving the Indian village, we continued to wind around Chimborazo's wide base; but its snow-crowned head no longer shone above us in clear brilliancy, for a dense fog was gathering gradually around it. Our guides looked anxiously towards it, and announced their apprehensions of a violent storm. We soon found that their fears were well founded. The fog rapidly covered and obscured the whole mountain; the atmosphere was suffocating, and yet so humid that the steel work of our watches was covered with rust, and the watches stopped. The river beside which we were traveling, rushed down with still greater impetuosity; and from the clefts of the rocks which lay on the left of our path, were suddenly precipitated small rivulets, that bore the roots of trees and innumerable serpents along with them. These rivulets often came down so suddenly and violently, that we had great difficulty

in preserving our footing. The thunder at length began to roll, and resounded through the mountain passes with the most terrific grandeur. Then came the vivid lightning, flash following flash—above, around, beneath,—everywhere a sea of fire. We sought a momentary shelter in a cleft of the rocks, while one of our guides hastened forward to seek a more secure asylum. In a short time he returned, and informed us that he had discovered a spacious cavern, which would afford us sufficient protection from the element. We proceeded thither immediately; and with great difficulty, and not a little danger, at last got into it.

The noise and raging of the storm continued with so much violence, that we could not hear the sound of our voices. I had placed myself near the entrance of the cave, and could observe through the opening which was straight and narrow, the singular scene without. The highest cedar trees were struck down or bent-like reeds; monkeys and parrots lay strewn upon the ground, killed by the falling branches; the water had collected in the path, and hurried along it like a mountain stream. From everything I saw, I thought it extremely probable that we should be obliged to pass several days in the cavern. When the storm, however, had somewhat abated, our guides ventured out in order to ascertain if it were possible to continue our journey. The cave in which we had taken refuge, was so extremely dark, that if we moved a few paces from the entrance, we could not see an inch before us; and we were

debating as to the propriety of leaving it, even before the Indians came back, when we suddenly heard a singular groaning or growling at the farther end of the cavern, which instantly fixed all our attention. Wharton and myself listened anxiously; but our daring and inconsiderate young friend, Lincoln, together with my huntsman, crept about upon their hands and knees, and endeavored to discover by groping, whence the sound proceeded. They had not advanced far into the cavern, before we heard them utter an exclamation of surprise; and they returned to us, each carrying in his arms an animal singularly marked and about the size of a cat, seemingly of great strength and power, and furnished with immense fangs. Their eyes were of a green color; strong claws were upon their feet; and a blood red tongue hung out of their mouths. Wharton had scarcely glanced at them, when he exclaimed in consternation, "Good God! we have come into the den of a——." He was interrupted by a fearful cry of dismay from our guides, who came rushing precipitately towards us, crying out, "A tiger! a tiger!" and at the same time, with extraordinary rapidity, they climbed up a cedar tree, which stood at the entrance of the cave, and hid themselves among the branches.

After the first sensation of horror and surprise, which rendered me motionless for a moment, had subsided, I grasped my fire-arms. Wharton had already regained his composure and self-possession; and he called to us to assist him instantly in blocking

up the mouth of the cave with an immense stone, which fortunately lay near it. The sense of approaching danger augmented our strength, for we now distinctly heard the growl of the ferocious animal, and we were lost beyond redemption if it reached the entrance before we could get it closed. Ere this was done, we could distinctly see the tiger bounding towards the spot, and stooping in order to creep into the den by the narrow opening.

At this fearful moment our exertions were successful, and the great stone kept the wild beast at bay. There was a small opening, however, left between the top of the entrance and the stone, through which we could see the head of the animal, illuminated by its glowing eyes, which it rolled, glaring with fury, upon us. Its frightful roarings, too, penetrated to the depths of the cavern, and were answered by the hoarse growling of the cubs, which Lincoln and Frank had now tossed from them. Our ferocious enemy attempted first to remove the stone with his powerful claws, and then to push it with his head from its place; and these efforts proving abortive, only to increase his wrath. He uttered a tremendous heart-piercing howl, and his flaming eyes darted light into the darkness of our retreat.

"Now is the time to fire at him," said Wharton, with his usual calmness. "Aim at his eyes; the ball will go through his brain, and we shall then have a chance to get rid of him."

Frank seized his double barrelled shot gun, and Lincoln his pistols; the former placed the muzzle

within a few inches of the tiger, and Lincoln did the same. At Wharton's command, they both drew the triggers at the same moment, but no shot followed. The tiger, who seemed aware that the flash indicated an attack upon him, sprang growling from the entrance; but feeling himself unhurt, immediately turned back again, and stationed himself in his former position. The powder in both pieces was wet; they therefore proceeded to draw the useless loading, while Wharton and myself hastened to seek the powder flasks. It was so extremely dark that we were obliged to grope about the cave; and at last, coming in contact with the cubs, we heard a rustling noise, as if they were playing with some metal substance, which we soon discovered was the canister we were looking for. Most unfortunately, however, the animals had pushed off the lid with their claws, and the powder had been strewed over the damp earth, and rendered entirely useless. This horrible discovery excited the greatest consternation.

"All is now over," said Wharton. "We have only now to choose whether we will die of hunger, together with these animals who are shut up with us, or open the entrance for the blood thirsty monster without, and so make a quicker end of the matter."

So saying, he placed himself close beside the stone, which for the moment defended us, and looked undauntedly upon the lightning eyes of the tiger. Lincoln raved and swore; and Frank took a piece of strong cord from his pocket, and hastened to the farther end of the cave—I knew not with what

design. We soon, however, heard a low, stifled groaning; and the tiger, who heard it also, became more restless and disturbed than ever. He went backward and forward before the entrance of the cave, in the most wild and impetuous manner, then stood still, stretching out his neck towards the forest, and broke into a deafening howl.

Our two Indian guides took advantage of this opportunity, to discharge several arrows from the tree. He was struck more than once, but the light weapons bounded back harmlessly from his thick skin. At length, however, one of them struck him near the eye, and the arrow remained sticking in the wound. He now broke anew into the wildest fury, and sprang at the tree, and tore it with his claws, as if he would drag it to the ground. But having at length succeeded in getting rid of the arrow, he became more calm, and laid himself down as before, in front of the cave.

Frank now returned from the lower end of the den, and a glance showed us what he had been doing. In each hand, and dangling from the end of a string, were the cubs. He had strangled them; and before we were aware of what he intended, he threw them through the opening to the tiger. No sooner did the animal perceive them, than he gazed earnestly upon them, and began to examine them closely, turning them cautiously from side to side. As soon as he became aware that they were dead, he uttered so piercing a howl of sorrow, that we were obliged to put our hands to our ears. When I upbraided my

hunter for the cruel action he had so harshly committed, I perceived by his blunt and abrupt answers, that he also had lost all hope of rescue, and that under the circumstances, the ties between master and servant were dissolved. For my own part, without knowing why, I could not help believing that some unexpected assistance would yet rescue us from so horrible a fate. Alas! I little anticipated the sacrifice that my rescue would cost.

The thunder had now ceased, and the storm had sunk to a gentle gale; the songs of birds were again heard in the neighboring forest; and the sunbeams sparkled in the drops that hung from the leaves. We saw through the aperture that all nature was reviving after the wild war of elements which had so recently taken place; but the contrast only made our situation the more horrible. We were in a grave from which there was no deliverance; and a monster worse than the fabled Cerberus, kept watch over us. The tiger had laid himself down beside his whelps. He was a beautiful animal, of great size and strength; and his limbs being stretched out at full length, displayed his immense power of muscle. A double row of great teeth stood far enough apart to show his large red tongue, from which the white foam fell in large drops. All at once another roar was heard at a distance, and the tiger immediately rose and answered it with a mournful howl. At the same instant, our Indians uttered a shriek which announced that some new danger threatened us. A few moments confirmed our worst fears, for another tiger

not quite so large as the former, came rapidly towards the spot where we were. "This enemy will prove more cruel than the other," said Wharton; "for this is the female, and she knows no pity for those who deprive her of her young."

The howls which the tigress gave when she had examined the bodies of her cubs, surpassed everything horrible that we had yet heard; and the tiger mingled his mournful cries with hers. Suddenly her roaring was lowered to a hoarse growling, and we saw her anxiously stretch out her head, extend her wide and smoking nostrils, and look as if she were determined to discover immediately, the murderers of her young. Her eyes quickly fell upon us, and she made a spring forward, with the intention of penetrating to our place of refuge. Perhaps she might have been enabled by her immense strength to push away the stone, had we not with all our united power, held it against her. When she found that all her efforts were fruitless, she approached the tiger who lay stretched beside his cubs, and he arose and joined in her hollow roarings. They stood together for a few moments as if in consultation, then suddenly went off at a rapid pace, and disappeared from our sight. Their howlings died away in the distance, and then entirely ceased. We now began to entertain better hopes of our condition; but Wharton shook his head.

"Do not flatter yourselves," said he "with the belief that these animals will let you escape out of their



sight till they have had their revenge. The hours we have to live are numbered."

Nevertheless, there still appeared a chance for our rescue; for, to our surprise, we saw both our Indians standing before the entrance, and heard them call to us to seize the only possibility of our yet saving ourselves by instant flight; for the tigers had only gone round the height to seek another inlet to the cave, with which they were no doubt acquainted. In the greatest haste the stone was pushed aside, and we stepped forth from what we had considered a living grave. Wharton was the last who left it; he was unwilling to leave his double barrell'd gun, and stopped to pick it up; the rest of us only thought of making our escape. We now heard once more the roaring of the tigers, though at a distance; and, following the example of our guides, we precipitately struck into a side path. From the number of roots and branches of trees with which the storm had strewn our way, and the slipperiness of the road, our flight was slow and difficult. Wharton, though an active seaman, had a heavy step, and had great difficulty in keeping pace with us, and we were obliged to slacken our own on his account.

We had proceeded thus for about a quarter of an hour, when we found that our way led along the edge of a rocky cliff, with immeasurable fissures. We had just entered upon it, when suddenly the Indians who were before us, uttered one of their piercing shrieks, and we immediately became aware that the tigers were in pursuit of us. Urged by despair, we

rushed towards one of the breaks or gulfs in our way, over which was thrown a bridge of reeds, that sprang up and down at every step, and could with safety be trod by the light foot of the Indians alone. Deep in the hollow rushed an impetuous stream, and a thousand pointed and jagged rocks threatened destruction on every side. Lincoln, my huntsman and myself passed over the chasm in safety; but Wharton was still in the middle of the wavering bridge, and endeavoring to steady himself, when both the tigers were seen to issue from the adjoining forest, and the moment they descried us, they bounded towards us with dreadful roarings. Meanwhile, Wharton had nearly gained the safe side of the gulf, and we were all clambering the rocky cliff, except Lincoln, who remained at the reedy bridge, to assist his friend to step upon firm ground. Wharton, though the ferocious animals were close upon him, never lost his courage or presence of mind. As soon as he had gained the edge of the cliff, he knelt down, and with the edge of his sword, divided the fastenings by which the bridge was attached to the rock. He expected that an effectual barrier would thus be put to the farther progress of our pursuers, but he was mistaken; for he had scarcely accomplished his task, when the tigress, without a moment's pause, rushed towards the chasm, and attempted to bound over.

It was a fearful sight to see the mighty animal suspended for a moment in the air, over the abyss; but the scene passed like a flash of lightning. Her strength was not equal to the distance; she fell into



the gulf, and before she reached the bottom, was torn into a thousand pieces by the jagged points of the rocks. Her fate did not in the least dismay her companion: he followed her with an immense spring and reached the opposite side, but only with his fore claws, and thus clung to the edge of the precipice, endeavoring to gain a footing. The Indians again uttered a wild shriek, as if all hope had been lost; but Wharton, who was nearest the edge of the rock, advanced courageously towards the tiger, and stuck his sword into the animal's breast. Enraged beyond all reason, the wild beast collected all his remaining strength, and, with a violent effort, fixing one of his hind legs upon the edge of the cliff, he seized Wharton by the thigh. The heroic man still preserved his fortitude; he grasped the trunk of a tree with his left hand to steady and support himself, while with his right, he wrenched and violently turned the sword, that was still in the breast of the tiger.

All this was the work of an instant. The Indians, Frank and myself hastened to his assistance; but Lincoln, who was already at his side, had seized Wharton's gun which lay near upon the ground, and struck so powerful a blow with the but end upon the head of the tiger, that the animal, stunned and overpowered, let go his hold, and fell back into the abyss. All would have been well had it ended thus: but the unfortunate Lincoln had not calculated upon the force of his blow. He staggered forward, reeled upon the edge of the precipice, extended his hands

to seize upon anything, to save himself—but in vain. His foot slipped; for an instant he hovered over the gulf, and then was plunged into it to rise no more!

[ *Selected.* ]

## HUMAN GENIUS.

WHO has not admired the following beautiful sentiments from the concluding chapter of *Benlah* :

In answer to her husband's inquiry, "Where is all your old worship of genius?" the heroine replies, "I have not lost it all. I hope I never shall. Human genius has accomplished a vast deal for man's temporal existence. The physical sciences have been wheeled forward in the march of mind, and man's earthly path gemmed with all that a merely sensual nature could desire. But looking aside from these channels, what has it effected for philosophy, that great burden, which constantly recalls the fabled labors of Sisyphus and the Danaides? Since the rising of Bethlehem's Star in the cloudy sky of polytheism what has human genius discovered concerning God, Eternity, Destiny? Metaphysicians build gorgeous cloud-palaces, but the soul cannot dwell in their cold, misty atmosphere. Antiquarians mangle and write; Egypt's mouldering monuments are raked from their desert graves and made the theme of scientific debate; but has all this learned disputation contributed one iota to clear the

thorny path of strict morality? Put the Bible out of sight and how much will human intellect discover concerning our origin—our ultimate destiny? In the morning of time, sages handled these vital questions, and died, not one step nearer the truth than when they began. Now our philosophers struggle earnestly and honestly to make plain the same inscrutable mysteries. Yes, blot out the record of Moses, and we would grope in starless night; for notwithstanding the many priceless blessings it has discovered for man, the torch of science will never pierce and illumine the recesses over which Almighty God has hung his veil.”

[Selected.]

## HOME AND FRIENDS.

O, there's a power to make each hour  
As sweet as Heaven designed it:  
Nor heed we roam to bring it home,  
Though few there be that find it:  
We seek too high for things close by,  
And lose what Nature found us;  
For life hath here no charms so dear,  
As home and friends around us.

We oft destroy the present joy  
For future hopes—and praise them,  
Whilst flowers as sweet bloom at our feet,  
If we'd but stoop to raise them!  
For things afar still sweeter are,  
When youth's bright spell hath bound us;  
But soon we're taught that earth hath naught  
Like home and friends around us.

The friend who speeds in time of need,  
When Hope's last reed is shaken,  
To show you still that come what will,  
We are not quite forsaken;  
Though all were night, if but the light  
From Friendship's altar crowned us,  
'Twould prove the bliss of earth was this  
Our home and friends around us.

[Selected.]

LAST WORDS OF ROBERT EMMETT,  
THE IRISH PATRIOT.

If the spirit of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who were dear to them in this transitory life—O! ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have, even for a moment, deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now to offer up my life. My Lords, you seem impatient for the sacrifice; the blood for which you thirst is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim: it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for nobler purposes, but which you are bent to destroy for purposes so grievous, that they cry to Heaven. Be ye patient! I have but a few more words to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my

race is run; the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world—it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph, for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse. Let them and me repose in obscurity, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times; and *other men* can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, *then* and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done! [Selected.]

### A CURIOUS HISTORICAL FACT.

DURING the troubles in the reign of Charles I. a country girl came to London in search of a place as a servant girl; but not succeeding, she hired herself to carry out beer from a brew-house, and was one of those called tub women. The brewer observing a good looking girl in this low occupation, took her into his family as a servant, and after a short time married her; but he died while yet she was a young woman, and left her the bulk of his fortune. The business of the brewery was dropped, and to the young woman was recommended Mr. Hyde, as a skillful lawyer to arrange her husband's business affairs. Hyde, who was afterwards the great Earl of Clarendon, finding the widow's fortune very consid-

erable, married her. Of this marriage there was no other issue than a daughter, who was afterwards the wife of James II. and mother of Mary and Anne, Queens of England. [Selected.]

### IMMENSITY OF CREATION.

He who through vast immensity can pierce,  
See worlds on worlds compose one universe;  
Observe how system into system runs,  
What other planets circle other suns;  
What varied beings people every star,  
May tell why God has made us as we are.

POPE.

Some astronomers have computed that there are no less than 75,000,000 of suns in this universe. The fixed stars are all suns, having, like our sun, numerous planets revolving round them. The solar system, or that to which we belong, has about thirty planets, primary and secondary, belonging to it. The circular field of space which it occupies is in diameter *three thousand six hundred millions of miles*, and that which it controls much greater. That sun which is nearest neighbor to ours is called Sirius, distant from our sun about twenty-two billions of miles. Now, if all the fixed stars are as distant from each other as Sirius is from our sun; or if our solar system be the average magnitude of all the systems of the 75,000,000 of suns, what imagination can grasp the immensity of creation! Every sun of the 75,000,000 controls a field of space about 10,000,000,000 of miles in diameter. [Selected.]

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## A NOBLE REVENGE.

A YOUNG officer (in what army no matter) had so far forgotten himself, in a moment of irritation, as to strike a private soldier, full of personal dignity (as sometimes happens in all ranks,) and distinguished for his courage. The inexorable laws of military discipline forbade to the injured soldier any practical redress—he could look for no retaliation by acts. Words only were at his command, and in a tumult of indignation, as he turned away, the soldier said to his officer, that he would “make him repent it.” This, wearing the shape of menace, naturally rekindled the officer’s anger, and intercepted any disposition which might be rising within him toward a sentiment of remorse; and thus the irritation between the two young men grew hotter than before.

Some weeks after this a partial action took place with the enemy. Suppose yourself a spectator and looking down into a valley occupied by the two armies. They are facing each other, you see, in martial array; but it is no more than a skirmish which is going on, in the course of which, however, an occasion suddenly arises for a desperate service. A redoubt, which has fallen into the enemy’s hands, must be recaptured at any price and under circumstances of all but hopeless difficulty. A strong party had volunteered for the service; there is a cry for somebody to head them; you see a soldier step out

from the ranks to assume this dangerous leadership. The party moves rapidly forward; in a few minutes it is swallowed up from your eyes in clouds of smoke. For one half hour from behind these clouds you receive hieroglyphic reports of bloody strife—fierce repeating signals, flashes from the guns, rolling musketry, and exulting hurrahs advancing or receding—slackening or redoubling.

At length all is over; the redoubt has been recovered; that which was lost is found again; the jewel which had been made captive is ransomed with blood. Crimsoned with glorious gore the wreck of the conquering party is relieved and at liberty to return. From the river you see it ascending. The plume-crested officer rushes forward, with his left hand raising his hat in homage to the blackened fragments of what once was a flag, whilst with his right hand he seizes that of the leader, though no more than a private from the ranks. *That* perplexes you not; mystery you see none in *that*. For distinctions of order perish, ranks are confounded; “high and low” are words without a meaning, and to wreck goes every notion or feeling that divides the noble from the noble, or the brave man from the brave.

But wherefore is it that now, when suddenly they wheel into mutual recognition, suddenly they pause? This soldier, this officer—who are they? O reader! Once before they had stood face to face—the soldier that was struck, the officer that struck him. Once again they are meeting; and the gaze of armies is upon them. If for a moment a doubt divides them,

in a moment the doubt has perished. One glance exchanged between them publishes the forgiveness that is sealed forever. As one who recovers a brother whom he has accounted dead, the officer sprang forward, threw his arms around the neck of the soldier and kissed him, as if he were some martyr, glorified by that shadow of death from which he was returning; whilst on his part, the soldier, stepping back, carrying his open hand through the beautiful motions of the military salute to a superior, makes this moral answer—that answer which shut up forever the memory of the indignity offered to him, even while for the last time alluding to it:

“Sir,” he said, “I told you before that I would make you repent it.”

DEATH.—We thought nothing new could be said about death, but Taylor, of the *Chicago Journal*, has the following ideas: “There is a dignity about that going away alone, we call dying; that wrapping the mantle of immortality about us; that putting aside with a pale hand, the azure curtains that are drawn about this cradle of a world; that venturing away from home, for the first time in our lives, for we are not dead; there is nothing dead to speak of, and seeing foreign countries not laid down in any maps we know about. There must be lovely lands somewhere starward, for none ever return who go thither; and we very much doubt if any would if they could.”

[Selected.]

## SOLILOQUY OF THE SPIRIT OVER ITS CLAY.

[This very peculiar and original poem has an interest and a music of its own.]

’Tis wondrous strange—it looks as dead,  
And yet I feel no fear;  
My body lies upon the bed,  
And I am standing here  
With all my faculties complete—  
A perfect man from the crown of my head,  
To the soles of my feet.

Dead! dead! what an earthly word!  
Ah! now I see it all?  
I was wont to laugh at the truths I heard  
Of the life behind the pall;  
Of the death-in-life and the life-in-death—  
And held that the ceasing of the breath  
Was the final end of all.

But I have fled from what is dead,  
And will warm the clay no more,  
That lies so ceaseless on the bed,  
Deaf to those who deplore  
The absence of the living ray  
That saved the body from decay,  
And held the worm in awe.

But what will my darling say to this  
When she hears I have passed away,  
And knows the lips she was wont to kiss  
Are pallid curves of clay?  
Will she die for the want of the olden bliss,  
Or live for the heart’s decay?

My only wish is to see her now—  
 Great Heaven! and can it be!  
 There she lies with her curl-lit brow,  
 Dreaming a dream of me.  
 Dreaming a dream of the man that stands  
 Here by her side to-night;  
 And kisses the white of her heavenly hands  
 And her eyelids' vailing light.

Ah! now I know that I will go,  
 Where my true affections are,  
 And what I love below or above  
 Will be my guiding star;  
 And the light that I see cometh to me  
 Undimmed by the clay that lies,  
 Stiff and stark in the growing dark,  
 In the glow of the tropic skies.

Of narrow the space I was compassed in,  
 Chained to a lump of earth,  
 And darkened by clouds of grief and sin  
 From the moment of my birth?  
 But I am free as thought can be,  
 And am where my wishes are—  
 And pure and bright with the lucent light  
 That flows from the Lord afar,  
 Making me shine with rays divine  
 Eternity cannot mar.

[Selected.]

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## MORGAN IN NASHVILLE.

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WE learn from an authentic source, that great excitement was created in Nashville a few days since, by the report that John H. Morgan was stopping in that city, overnight, at a well known boarding house. The Federal Provost Marshal immediately ordered

out a large force for his capture. The house was surrounded in such a manner as to make escape utterly impossible, and the officer who had charge of the expedition feeling sure of his game, demanded, with some show of politeness, that the notorious Gen. Morgan should be brought out and delivered to the Federal authorities, quietly, in order to prevent bloodshed. The gallant Federalist was somewhat chagrined when he was informed that such a process would be highly detrimental to the health of John H. Morgan, who had arrived the night previous, and was *six hours old*—a patriotic lady having bestowed that honored name upon her new-born boy.

*Atlanta Confederacy.*

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## ADVENTURE OF A TRAPPER.

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SOME years ago a trapping party were on their way to the mountains, led, we believe, by old Sublette, a well known captain of the West. Among the band was John Glass, who had been all his life among the mountains, and had seen, probably, more exciting adventures and had had more wonderful and hair-breadth escapes than any of the rough and hardy fellows who make the far west their home, and whose lives are spent in a succession of perils and privations. On one of the streams running from the "Black Hills," a range of mountains northward of the Platte, Glass and a companion were, one day,



setting their traps, when, on passing through a cherry thicket which skirted the stream, the former, who was in advance, descried a large grizzly bear quietly turning up the turf with her nose, hunting for pig-nuts. Glass immediately called his companion, and both proceeding cautiously, crept to the skirt of the thicket, and taking steady aim at the animal, discharging their rifles at the same instant, both balls taking effect but not inflicting a mortal wound. The bear giving a groan of agony, jumped with all his four legs from the ground and charged at once upon his enemy snorting with pain and fury.

"Hurrah, Bill," roared out Glass, as he saw the animal rushing towards them, "we'll be made meat of, sure as shootin'!"

He then bolted through the thicket, closely followed by his companion. The brush was so thick that they could scarcely make their way through, while the weight and strength of the bear carried him through all obstructions, and he was soon close upon them. About a hundred yards from the thicket was a steep bluff; Glass shouted to his companion to make to this bluff, his only chance. They flew across the intervening open and level space like lightning. When nearly across Glass tripped over a stone and fell, and just as he rose the bear rising on his hind feet, confronted him. As he closed, Glass never losing his presence of mind, cried to his companion to close up quickly and discharge his pistol full into the body of the animal, at the same moment that the bear, with blood streaming from his nose and mouth, knocked

the pistol from his hand with one blow of its paw, and fixing its claws deep in his flesh, rolled with him to the ground. The hunter, notwithstanding his hopeless situation, struggled manfully, drawing his knife and plunging it several times into the body of the beast, which, furious with pain, tore with tooth and claw the body of the wretched victim, actually baring the ribs of flesh and exposing the bones. Weak from loss of blood, and blinded with blood which streamed from his lacerated scalp, the knife at length fell from his hand, and Glass sank down insensible and apparently dead.

His companion, who, up to this moment, had watched the conflict which, however, lasted but a few seconds, thinking that his turn would come next, and not having even presence of mind enough to load his gun, fled back to camp and narrated the miserable fate of poor Glass. The captain of the band of trappers, however, dispatched the man with a companion back to the spot. On reaching the place, which was red with blood, they found Glass still breathing, and the bear dead and stiff actually lying on his body. Poor Glass presented a horrible spectacle; the flesh was torn in strips from his bones and limbs, and his scalp hung bleeding over his face, which was also lacerated in a shocking manner. The bear, besides the three bullets in his body, bore the marks of about twenty gaping wounds in the breast and flanks, testifying to the desperate defence of the mountaineer. Imagining that if not already dead, the poor fellow could not possibly survive more than

a few moments, the men collected his arms, stripped him of even his hunting-shirt and moccasins, and merely pulling the dead bear off from the body, they returned to their party, reporting that Glass was dead and that they had buried him. In a few days the gloom which pervaded the trappers' camp, at his loss, disappeared, and the incident, although frequently mentioned over the camp-fire, at length was almost entirely forgotten in the excitement of the hunt and the Indian perils which surrounded them.

Months elapsed, the hunt was over, and the hunters were on their way to the trading fort with their packs of beaver. It was nearly sundown, and the round adobe bastions of the fort were just in sight, when a horseman was seen slowly approaching them along the banks of the river. When near enough to discern his figure, they saw a lank, cadaverous form with a face so scarred and disfigured that scarcely a feature was discernible, approaching the leading horsemen, one of whom happened to be the companion of the defunct Glass in his memorable bear scrape. The stranger, in a hollow voice, reining in his horse before them, said,

"Hurra, Bill, my boy! you thought I was 'gone under,' did you? But hand me over my horse and gun, my lad; I aint dead yet, by a long shot." What was the astonishment of the whole party, and the genuine horror of Bill and his worthy companion in the burial story, to hear the well known but now altered voice of John Glass, who had been killed by a

grizzly bear months before, and comfortably interred as the two men had reported and all had believed!

There he was, however, and no mistake; and all crowded round to hear from his lips, how after the lapse of, he knew not how long, he gradually recovered, and being without arms, or even a butcher knife, he had fed on the almost putrid carcass of the bear for several days, until he had regained sufficient strength to crawl, when, tearing off as much of the bear meat as he could carry in his enfeebled state, he crept down the river. Suffering excessive torture from his wounds and hunger and cold, he made the best of his way to the fort which was some eighty or ninety miles distant; and living mainly upon roots and berries, he after many days, arrived in a pitiable state, from which he had now recovered, and was, to use his own expression, "as slick as an onion." [*Selected.*

### THE GOLDEN SUNSET.

The golden sea its mirror spreads  
Beneath the golden skies,  
And but a narrow strip between  
Of land and shadow lies.

The cloud-like rocks, the rock-like clouds,  
Dissolved in glory float;  
And midway of the radiant flood,  
Hangs silently the boat.

The sea is but another sky,  
The sky and sea as well;  
And which is earth, and which the heavens,  
The eye can scarcely tell.

So when for us life's evening hour  
Soft and fading shall descend,  
May glory, born of earth and heaven,  
The earth and heaven blend.

Flooded with peace, the spirit floats,  
With silent rapture's glow;  
Till where earth ends and heaven begins,  
The soul shall scarcely know.

[Selected.]

## A GLIMPSE FROM MT. KENNESAW.

It is a cool, misty summer morning. In company with some three or four friends, I have halted for a moment's rest ere we commence the ascent of Mount Kennesaw, which has already become famous because of its proximity to an immortal battle field, and a still greater renown awaits it. 'Tis destined to be baptized with the blood of the freemen who are swarming about its craggy base, crouched ready for a spring upon the invading foe. Where we are standing all is quiet and harmonious. Nature is herself. How strong the contrast with the opposite plain. There the half smothered flames of battle only wait the approach of day, to burst forth with renewed vigor and unabated ferocity. After a few words of conversation, and a cooling draught from the canteen with which each one is supplied, we commence the ascent. The fog is almost impenetrable to the sight, revealing but a few yards of a winding

trail, along which we plod Indian file, now through a copse of undergrowth, and now over a ledge of sharp rocks. On and up we go, stopping occasionally to rest, to take a fresh pull at the canteen, and indulge in a joke. Said I,

"Comrades, I have been thinking we should feel rather cheap were this morning's ramble to terminate on Johnson's Island, or at Camp Chase. Who knows but that we are even now in the midst of the blue devils?" A quick, searching glance on either hand, and a clutch at the repeater, told that a sensitive chord was touched. "What think you of such a prospect, Fred?" I ask of my nearest comrade.

"O! all right if the fates so decree it," said he with affected coolness. "I hope that they will be able to furnish us with ham and hot coffee, as this tramp has sharpened my appetite amazingly."

Now on and up again, through the low, dripping clouds, till it seemed as though time enough had elapsed to have ascended Mount Blanc. But finally our trail suddenly vanished in a maze of fallen timber cut away by the signal corps, who have for some time occupied the position. Totally ignorant of a chain of pickets encircling the summit of the mountain, we struggle on over stumps and through brush piles, till the click of a musket and "Halt!" in thunder tones, bring us suddenly to a stand. Fred who is nearest to the challenging party, thinking himself the target for a Yankee rifle, drops canteen and pistol, shouting lustily, "Don't shoot, I'm your prisoner;" an act which almost crazed him with

chagrin, when he discovered that in his haste, he had surrendered to our own signal sentry. Matters were soon amicably adjusted, and we sat down upon a log to laugh over our adventure, and wait developments, for as yet the indolent mountain has not thrown off its nocturnal wrappings; but see, the sunbeams are at work, melting away the misty fetters, and now, as if with a mighty hand, the vail is rent and rolled back to the northward revealing to the eye much more than my enthusiastic imagination had pictured in anticipation. Where shall I turn? What shall I view first? The eye seems lost in a bewildering labyrinth of beauty. A world seems spread out in virgin purity at my feet. I have clambered to cragged peaks in the far West, and scanned interminable forests, broad rivers and far reaching prairies; have stood spell bound on a barren cliff, frowning upon the restless Atlantic, and have feasted the vision on the wild scenery through which surges the glancing Shenandoah when it mingles its mutterings with the music of the fair Potomac. Yet the panoramic view from the crest of Kennesaw, though simple in its contour possesses a bewitching grace, a grandeur in extent, which I have seldom seen surpassed. The view is not limited to one or two points of the compass, but the eye may sweep over a beautifully variegated landscape for a hundred miles on either hand. 'Tis one of America's fairest pictures, and when, two centuries hence the drama now being here enacted shall have grown mellow in the midst of time, when this spot

shall have become the subject of romance and poesy, it shall claim a brilliant place in historic fame.

On the South side, three miles below us in the valley may be seen the quiet village of Marietta, resting in a pleasant grove, while twenty miles beyond the soft outline of the horizon is broken by the gleaming spires and solitary dome of the Gate City. A few degrees to the east and sixteen beyond Atlanta, looms up in majestic grandeur that far famed granite pile—Stone Mountain. In its bold bare appearance it resembles some huge sea monster, rising from the waves to shake itself in the morning sunlight. And now directly east, some eight miles distant, Bush Mountain, quite a prominent peak, claims our notice, which, together with Lost Mountain, reposing in a dense forest, eight miles directly west of Kennesaw, constitutes important links in the Blue Ridge chain, which stretches away until it melts into soft blue undulations towards the rising sun. To the northward the eye flies away over farm and forest, town, river and hamlet, 'till it is lost in the shadowy peaks, among which historic Lookout may be traced against the sky. These mountains, about eighty miles to the northward of Kennesaw, mark the terminus of Alleghany's cloud-capped range, and complete the variegated panorama which sprang like magic from the morning mist to greet my wondering gaze.

But hark! the sullen sounds of battle, arising from the valley along the northern base of this grand observatory of nature, breaks the charm of a pleasant reverie and reminds us that the demon of war is rattling

his chains at our very feet. With the first clouds of morning mingles the smoke from fresh sacrifices, on crimson altars. The lines of battle, twelve miles in length, with centre resting between two and four miles from the mountain, may be distinctly traced without the aid of a glass for some three miles east and west. The trenches are crowded to their utmost capacity, and heavy musketry has commenced along the line for miles, and now a short distance to the right, two Yankee batteries open a furious fire and are answered with equal warmth by the brazen dogs who confront them. For an hour this duelling continues without intermission, and ceases as abruptly as it was commenced, leaving the silence to be broken only by the sharp and continued volleys of musketry.

The sun is now on the zenith, pouring his fierce rays down without mercy upon those exposed lines, yet not a post is vacant in the rebel ranks; each eye is steadily fixed on its antagonist; each musket is sending forth its deadly messenger. 'Tis now four o'clock, and the scene changes. Four miles to the westward, from the borders of a grove, two mammoth batteries spring suddenly into view, pouring a torrent of shot and shell into a forest which conceals our guns. The fire is slowly shifted along the line from west to east till it reaches the centre, when a prominent battery opens for the first time, dropping an ugly shell in the midst of the blue coats. It falls like a spark into a powder magazine. Almost instantly three enormous batteries, in response, hurl a tremendous shower of hissing shot across the intervening

space. For two long hours this withering fire was concentrated upon our devoted band, who sent back an occasional fierce reply with the greatest precision.

'Tis now sunset. The last golden flush of evening is resting upon the landscape glowing with a dreamy softness through the hazy, misty atmosphere. The signal flag is waving its symbolic language from the mountain's gilded crest, while desultory shots in the valley tell that the day's fighting is passed. The visitors, some mounted and some on foot are preparing to descend to the valley. I cast one farewell glance at the scenery now growing dim and shadowy in the twilight and reluctantly leave the summit.

During the descent, our party received a charming accession, in the person of a wonderfully handsome and interesting Esculapian disciple, whose store of wit seemed inexhaustible, and who insisted upon being called Salathiel, or the Wandering Jew, a personage whom I have no doubt he very much resembled, as with a long staff in hand, he strode through the gathering shadows. At last the valley is reached, the glimmering lights of Marietta appear, and the form of Kennesaw is swallowed up in night.

June 16th, 1864.

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STARTLING RUMORS.—It is said that a Methodist preacher in South-western Virginia, in riding around his circuit, lost his way and stopped at a house for some directions. An old lady came out, and giving him the desired information, asked him if he had



any news. He said he had not; and asked her if she had any.

"Yes," said she. "There was an *exorter* came along here this morning, and said that the Yankees was a *mortifyin* over at Blacksburg, and Mr. Goslin's *critter company* come along and drove 'em away. He said the news had come on the *pettigrass* wire, to Christiansburg, that the *preserves* was all called out, and the State of Virginny was to be *vaccinated*; and while he was telling it, the *provokin* guard come along and *interested* him."

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### THE FEDERAL SPY.

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It seems to be the prevailing opinion, that the legions of evil which follow in the fiery train of war, will never succeed in storming the citadel of a heart guarded by principles of morality, or in marring the grace and tone of an upright character; that although, the man swayed by their evil influences, may have worn the guise of rectitude in the hour of peace and social sunlight, nevertheless, nourished in his breast the seeds of discord, which only needed the poisonous dews of a moral night, to animate and fully develop them. This heart enemy, who, passively slumbered in the chains of political and social restraint, comes forth with giant powers from his stronghold, to revel in the crimson tide of war, and the whirl-

wind of civil commotion. This theory will only prove true, when characters are matured and well based upon a ground-work of enlightenment. Of this fact the present political contest, this national ordeal, has furnished ample evidence, for turn the eye where ever you may, you will witness the sad wreck of many a young but promising character, dashed upon the breakers of this fanatical strife.

Woe! woe! to the land which nurses a civil fued at its breast. It will prove a viper, with the sting of death.

The subject of the following sketch, possessed by nature a depraved disposition, a clouded nature, tintured with evil. Although in youth his placid face, and mild expressive eye, would have bespoken an inoffensive character, young Wright had slumbering in his heart, passions and desires, which were one day to doom the man to abject slavery. Before he became of age, this evil nature began to illustrate itself in small thefts, and tales of deceit. His parents being simple and illiterate, were of course, incompetent to meet and baffle this growing evil. As he grew in years, he descended step by step the social scale, until he became an accomplished gambler and robber, and had stained his hands with human blood. At twenty-two he was a noted outlaw, with no home, no friends, save those who were his accomplices in crime. Once, and only once, in his wild and sinful career, he displayed a desire to reform; but ere he had taken many steps in a new course, his firmness forsook him. Old associations, and old



desires, came thronging with such force and attractiveness upon him, that he was swiftly and irretrievably, borne back to the haunts of crime and sinful dissipation.

'Twas during that temporary triumph of the better man, that Wright had been induced to take a young and thrifty wife to his new home, where, for months, naught occurred to disturb the hours of tranquility which followed his marriage. In the course of time, a little bright eyed boy was sent to bless the alliance. Little Reuben was his mother's idol; around him her affections clustered, on him her hopes were centered. He had also a strong hold upon the affections of the desperado; even in his wildest fits of rage and intoxication, the face and smiles of his cherub boy, would completely unnerve him—among the poisonous weeds in the sterile desert of his heart, there was one green spot sacred to affection. His selfish, discordant nature, possessed one cord unsnapped by the gnawings of vice; yet, these attractions, strong as they were, were not sufficient to wean him from sinful habits. He forsook all and plunged again into the mazes of sin. For weeks and months, were his family thrown upon the charity of the cold unfeeling world. O, how often has the picture of that dismal, deserted home; that pale, emaciated mother, and feeble child, arisen before my mind—like a restless phantom, haunting my memory day after day. When advised to return to her home and friends, her eyes filled with tears, and with trembling voice she replied:

"Home, did you say? O, how sweet and musical

to me that word once was. But now, alas! it only reminds me that I have no home; no parents, no friends. They are all sleeping in the church yard, while I remain to pace the dismal chamber of a living grave. Alone, alone! with a withered heart, and a smiting conscience. My God! how earnestly I have prayed to die, that I might be at rest, in a home beyond the cares, the fleeting, cheating pleasures, which have thus far mocked my miserable existence; and yet, I shudder at the approach of death. I cannot nerve myself to unclasp the seal of my being; though I fear, that in moments of despair, I should have added this guilt to my burden of sins, but for the thought of my angel babe; my darling offspring. O, I must live! I must endure, that I may guard him from harm, and teach his feet to shun the paths of sin."

None but her Maker ever knew, what anguish racked the wounded heart of that forsaken wife and mother. Even amid the darkest hours which frowned upon her thorny path, she had indulged in hopes of her husband's ultimate reformation, but in this she was doomed to disappointment.

The tocsin of war rang out its wild alarms; southern patriots rallied to their new standard, and southern blood began to flow in the cause of independence, but Wright's name never stood upon a muster roll. He never came forward to plant himself upon the frontiers of his native land, but steadily pursued his course in a field, wide extended, with but few galling restraints to check his illegal and profligate acts.

Soon after the fall of Donelson, and evacuation of Nashville, it was reported that Wright was in the service of the enemy. Although his actions were mysterious and somewhat suspicious, the report of his treachery was little credited. He very seldom made his appearance in public during the day; but at late hours of the night his horse's hoofs might often be heard clattering along the forest road leading to his cabin; where lights were burning, and shouts and bacchanalian songs broke the stillness of the night. His movements were narrowly watched, and he was fully aware of it.

He one day made his appearance at a public gathering, where, after drinking pretty freely, he became entangled in a drunken brawl. Knives and pistols were freely used, and Wright stabbed one of the party, inflicting several severe wounds, then sought safety in flight; but his enemies, like bloodhounds, were close upon his track. It was soon ascertained that he had taken refuge in his own house, and it was determined by his exasperated neighbors, not to await the slow and uncertain course of law, but to take the case in their own hands, and mete out to the desperado a just punishment for this glaring offence. So, in less than an hour, twenty sturdy, determined men, were on the trail of their prey. They did not find him napping, but as usual, on the alert. He espied them before their plans were perfected, and with rifle and pistol in hand, again endeavored to escape by flight; but as he bounded off towards a copse of hazle, the clear ring of a half dozen rifles

awoke the echoes of the forest, and his hat and clothing were pierced by as many balls. On he leaped, with redoubled speed; but suddenly, there appeared directly before him two of the party, which had endeavored to surround him. They instantly raised their pieces and demanded his surrender; but uttering a curse, he discharged his rifle at the foremost, and darted into an outbuilding, shutting and barring the door after him. A yell of triumph now went up from all quarters, in anticipation of certain success; but the hunters did not appreciate the mettle of their game, for as they gradually closed up around the building, a rifle was suddenly thrust between the logs, and a sharp report rang out, to mingle with the groans of a wounded man. At this the party fell back out of range, in angry disappointment at being thus baffled by a single adversary, who now indulged in a fiendish laugh of satisfaction and bitter curses, at the same time, bidding them resume the attack at their leisure. In vain did they strive to approach that log retreat; for as often as they made the attempt they were met, and repelled by the grinning muzzle of a rifle, with the accuracy, of which they were but too well acquainted. Night soon came on, and put to flight all hopes of the outlaw's capture for the time being; but his days were numbered, his evil race was nearly run.

A few weeks after the above occurrence, Wright was recognized while stealthily gliding about a little valley, in which the rebel leader, Morgan, was encamped while recruiting. He was challenged by

the picket, but putting spurs to his horse, he dashed away at full gallop, followed by a musket ball. As was expected the camp was attacked the next night, but being fully prepared for any such emergency, the assault was gallantly met and repelled. Conspicuous in the retreating columns of the enemy, pranced and galloped the fiery gray of Wright's. This settled the question as to who had piloted the Federal band. From this time the character of Wright bore the public seal of traitor and spy, and dire vengeance was breathed against him by his enraged countrymen. Time wore on, chaining together mighty events, arising from the sanguinary struggle, and but little was heard of Wright until the fall of 1862.

The memorable battle of Corinth had been given to the pen of the historian, and our invincible army again confronted the invaders near Murfreesboro', Tennessee. Between the armies lay a belt of neutral ground, over which the daring scouts of both forces, as well as independent guerrillas, felt that they were licensed to rove. In the midst of this unoccupied section of country, just as an autumn day was wearing to its close, two horsemen, well mounted and equipped, might have been seen riding leisurely along a winding pathway, which in many places, became almost obscured by withered foliage. They were both hale, robust looking men, with long hair and beard, and dark bronzed features, shaded by broad brimmed hats. Overcoats of gray jeans, entirely concealed their uniforms and rank. That they were soldiers was plainly indicated by their equipments, which con-

sisted of a brace of repeaters, hanging from a belt, together with a breech-loading rifle, swung over the shoulders by means of a strap. From all appearances the parties had ridden very hard, for their horses were worn and tired, and often needed the spurs to keep them in a reasonable gait. The horsemen (who were no less personages than Captain Bond, and Lieutenant Hays, of the rebel guerrillas,) had been riding for some time in perfect silence, each as if by mutual consent, wrapped in the solitude of his own thoughts. But at length Hays observed:

"Captain, where do you propose stopping over night? 'Twill require a degree of prudence to avoid getting into a hornet's nest, as I believe a majority of the settlers in this vicinity have, some from necessity, and many from choice, espoused the Federal cause."

"'Tis true," replied Bond, "we are in the midst of our enemies; but I have heard of an old tavern keeper living upon this road, who is still a firm patriot. Let me see, what is his name? Ah, I have it, Lynch is the name, Michael Lynch; more frequently called Old Mike. He cannot live far from here. With him we will find comfortable quarters, and I feel confident, that he can give me all necessary information concerning the movements of the enemy. If I am thus fortunate, to-morrow's sunset will find us near our camps again. How mild and tranquil seems the weather."

"Yes, indeed, I was only a moment since thinking that such a sunset would better become an evening

in May than October. Would to God! that such tranquility would again pervade the political atmosphere of our dear land."

"I fully appreciate your sentiment, but fear that the fires of fanaticism and discontent, which have been kindled at the North, can only be quenched by the blest blood of our country."

At this point in their conversation, they were suddenly interrupted by the unexpected appearance of a horseman, who emerged from a grove beside the road. With instinctive caution they grasped their weapons, for they were on dangerous ground, and great precaution was necessary to prevent falling into a snare; but as the individual before them appeared to be alone they rode fearlessly on. The stranger was a rough, uncouth looking being, armed with a long squirrel rifle, and a savage looking knife thrust in his girdle, and mounted upon a splendid gray horse. He did not attempt to avoid the approaching horsemen, but on the contrary, checked his own steed until they approached, when, after passing the compliments of the day, the three rode on together. After closely scanning the appearance of the new comer, the suspicions of Bond became aroused, and with a wink at Hays he began to interrogate him.

"My friend, you live near here, do you not?"

"Well, yes; that is, I have a cabin not far off where I stop some times, but the major part of the time I live in the saddle."

With a look at his companion, Bond continued:

"An agent for the government I presume."

"No sir, you've missed it there. I claim no master, but do a general trading business on my own hook."

"You find such business at this particular time, exceedingly profitable, do you not?"

"Well, stranger, that depends entirely on circumstances. Sometimes the wind blows favorable and sometimes it don't. These are mighty ticklish times for trade. But strangers, from what part of the country do you hail, if I may be so bold as to ask?"

"Well, sir," replied Bond, (becoming chief spokesman, contrary to appearances, which would indicate a connection with the army,) "we are farmers, from near McMinville, in search of some stray mules which we have tracked in this direction. Can you not give us some information concerning them?"

"Not I! I hav'nt laid eyes on a mule without a harness for many a day. But I'll tell you, I expect you are on the right trail, for Jack Summons told me yesterday, that he saw some long-eared strangers over near the Lebanon pike. Should'nt wonder if they belong to you. But, here we are at Old Mike's. Come in gents, and take something to tune your nerves; you'll find the pure article here." So saying he dismounted, threw his rein over a horse rack, and followed by Bond and his companion, approached the old tavern.

'Twas a frame building, bearing heavy lines and traces of decaying time. On a post near the door, swung an old sign, which at one time bore the representation of an eagle, with the proprietor's name under-

neath it. In a yard near by, a pet cub was rattling his chain, as he sat upon his haunches, while near by, a half dozen gaunt looking hounds were stretched upon the ground. The party entered a large apartment, serving for bar and reception room, and seating themselves around a pine table, called to the red-faced landlord, (who was none other than Old Mike,) for some choice brandy. He soon complied, with many a flourish; all the while peering sharply through a pair of green spectacles, at his new customers. Again, and again, the bottle passed round, till the party became quite merry; until Bond and Hays refused to drink more. They feared that their generous companion had some evil design in attempting to get them under the effects of liquor. So, when he cried, "drink, friends, drink!" they thanked him; but refused upon the plea, that they had already taken too much.

"O, but my jolly friend, (addressing Bond,) you *must* drink with me once more, and give us a toast for the times." So, with a wink at Hays, the Captain raising the glass on high, cried:

"Here's to the health of Uncle Abe, and the success of all his plans."

"Amen!" exclaimed Hays.

Their companion swept the faces of both, with one keen, searching glance, and then, as if reassured, he grasped them by the hand, saying, in a subdued tone:

"I was sure I could not be deceived. I caught in the flash of your eyes, the light of the old spirit. I'll trust you. Your names if you please."

They gave them, (assumed ones of course,) whereupon he replied, in the same undertone:

"My name is Reid. Meet me here to morrow, at sundown. I have an object in view which I will then explain. 'Tis worth your attention. Will you agree?"

They assented, and he resumed.

"You may think my request somewhat strange, as we are strangers to each other, but I trust we will not remain so long. I must now be off. I have much to do before another sunset. Don't fail to meet me. Good evening gentlemen." With this he passed out, and mounting, rode away.

"Well, what do you think of him, Hays?" said his companion.

"Well, from what I know of human nature, I should take him to be a grand rascal. Despite his efforts to deceive, the cloven foot will appear. Treachery has placed its indellible seal upon his face; but I mean to know more of him." So saying, he called to the landlord.

"I say, Mike, tell us what you know of that wild looking individual who has just left here. I don't fancy his looks one bit."

"Well, gentlemen, I believe I can trust you, and if you will promise not to give the source of your information, I will gratify your curiosity."

They pledged their word that any information which they derived from him, should never involve them in difficulty.

He thus began: "I have lived in this old house

over twenty years, and have known that fierce looking man since he was a boy. A more mild and peaceful fellow could not have been found in the State; but I guess the devil was asleep in his heart, or only waiting for his prey. In youth he promised well; but his parents were too careless for his good. He was soon enticed from home to where he mingled with wild reckless characters, in the hunt, the dance, and the gambling room, until now you may see a demon looking from his eyes, and well tremble for your safety. His name will bar the doors far and near, and frighten the children all out of their senses. A modern Murrell, gentlemen! a modern Murrell! in the truest sense of the word."

"His name?" exclaimed both listeners at once.

"He is called Coob Wright."

"What! Wright the traitor and spy?" cried Bond.

"The same."

"Hays, 'twill never do to let such game escape. Let's follow him and give his body to the wolves. He shall never live to boast of another game of treachery. Come, no time is to be lost."

Both started from their seats and strode towards the door, but the old landlord shuffling after them, laid his hand upon Bond's shoulder, exclaiming, "Stay, my friend! You must not act rashly in this matter. Listen to me for a moment, for I understand the difficulties which will beset you in this undertaking. Were you to succeed in finding Wright's trail, (which I think very doubtful, as it is growing dark),

you would still have innumerable odds against you; for with his perfect knowledge of the country, and his suspicions fully aroused by being so hastily tracked, he would either evade or ambush you. If my hearing did not deceive me, Wright made an appointment to meet you here to-morrow night. I would advise you to carry out your engagement as though he were Mr. Reid, and in the course of your association an opportunity will undoubtedly offer to bring him to justice. He is a dark, dangerous man, and as wary as a fox. Now, gentlemen, I have complied with your request, and shall depend upon your promise of secrecy. The head of Old Mike would not long rest upon his shoulders, should this implication of his become known to that false hearted and vindictive desperado."

"Have no fears upon that score, my friend. This matter is perfectly safe in our keeping. Now let's have some supper, and then a place to rest, for we have ridden long, and are both hungry and fatigued."

Away went the old host to stir up the servants. A smoking repast was soon spread in the long dining room adjoining the bar. Here, by the light of a flickering tallow dip, the weary scouts were satisfying their hunger, and laying schemes for the morrow, when their quick hearing caught the ring of horses feet rapidly approaching. Fully conscious of the danger which might threaten them, they arose instantly, seized their arms, and were starting for the door, when Old Mike rushed in, exclaiming:

"My God, gentlemen! a band of Federal guer-



rillas are at the door. Fly! fly! or we will all swing from the nearest limb. Haste! haste! they are calling for me. Yet, stay a moment. If you attempt to leave the place you may stumble upon a straggler and be discovered. At the left of that back door, you will find an old furnace and oven; crawl into either, and conceal yourselves until you hear from me. Now be off, or you will be trapped."

Back to the bar room, where the new comers were shouting and calling upon him, returned Old Mike, rubbing his eyes and yawning extravagantly, as though he had just been roused from a nap.

"Come, hurry up your stumps old man," cried the leader of the band. "One would suppose you were dead, or in Greenland, from the trouble we have had to rouse you. Give us some of your best liquor. Come up boys, and drink to the health of the girls you've left behind you. See here, Old Mike, how many rebs have you got aboard to-night?"

"Colonel Walker, you are unjust. Have you ever had reason to lose faith in my fidelity to the Federal cause?"

"Come, come, don't take offence; I meant no harm. I was only a little curious to know what horses made the tracks we have been tracing along the road? Have you seen no horsemen this evening?"

"Let me see. Yes, about two hours since some three or four neighboring farmers passed along this way."

"You are sure that they were only farmers, are you?"

"Most positive, sir! I could not be mistaken."

"Very well. I have the best of reasons for being thus inquisitive." The speaker was a tall, well proportioned, fair complected man, some thirty years of age; with a pair of dancing dark eyes, a black beard and moustache, and a tongue as glib as that of a mocking bird.

When all had finished their toasts and emptied their glasses, Walker gave them permission to rest awhile; but with the precaution to keep possession of their arms, so that, in case of an attack, they might be ready for immediate action. Some threw themselves upon their blankets, and were soon unconscious; while others drew forth packs of dingy cards and commenced gaming. Thus grouped about the bar room, by the fitful blaze of a half-dozen pine torches, the privates were passing the time in thoughtless gaiety.

But, apart from these scenes of hilarity, in the very room, where, but a few moments before the rebel scouts had been sitting, were two officers, seated beside a table, engaged in low conversation. There was a slight rustling without, at which the parties started.

"Did you not hear something like a footfall?" inquired one of them.

"I felt sure I heard a man's step just beside the house, but all is silent again. I doubt if it was anything more than the dogs at play, or may be, a loose

horse wandering about the yard. What were you stating concerning your plans for the morrow?"

"I had just come to the conclusion," replied Walker, (for it was he, in company with a Lieutenant,) "to abandon the scheme on which we embarked, and turn our efforts in a new direction. I have heard that, but a few miles from here there is encamped a company of rebel guerrillas, who are a perfect scourge to this section of the country, and who have given our cause many a severe wound. This band is under the command of a fiery little Captain named Bond. 'Tis my determination to strike a blow in the right place this time, to redeem the country from further molestation from this source. We'll see how these freebooters will enjoy a short stay at Johnson's Island. But before we enter upon the execution of this plan, it will be necessary to rest some, as the men and horses are both weary. I shall delay for a day or two in the adjoining county, to set all in order. Now, Williams, you know my plan. What think you of it?"

"It certainly promises well, and I believe in your hands, can be rendered safe and fruitful. These bands of independent marauders, are a disgrace to this enlightened age, and should be wiped out of existence. We leave here at an early hour, do we not?"

"Yes! I have given orders to have all in readiness at daybreak. In the meantime, we must take some rest."

They went to their respective couches, where

schemes and plans were soon forgotten. Their repose would have been less profound, could they have seen that dark figure stealing from a crevice in the side of the house, just back of the chairs where they sat conversing, and concocting their treacherous plots. Bond, as ever on the alert, had slipped from his oven retreat, and after ascertaining through the windows of the bar room, about the number of its occupants, was returning to his novel quarters, when he observed a ray of light streaming from a rent in the side of the dining room. By applying his ear to this opening, he had been enabled to discover the plot laid for his destruction. He did not consume much time in maturing his plans of operation. Hays would remain to meet and dispatch Wright, while he himself hastened back to his command, to make all necessary preparations for a warm reception of the enemy. Sunrise found Bond far on the way, by a circuitous route, to his command.

The ring of spurs and clang of sabres had died away, and the inn was once more quiet.

To Hays the day seemed to stand still. He was eager to return and be with his men in the coming attack; but the game in hand was a weighty one, and demanded attention. Wright was a dangerous foe, and his removal was of the utmost importance. How to accomplish this had been occupying the mind of Hays throughout the day; but after all he left the plan to be shaped by circumstances.

Evening came and with it the scheming traitor.

Hays accounted for the absence of his companion,

by stating that he had gone to act as guide for a guerrilla party who passed at daybreak.

"O, yes! I heard that they were to pass this way in search of that will-o-the-wisp, Bond, and his "but-ternut cavalry." Well, they have the best wishes of one for their complete success. That rebel cavalry is a treacherous crew. But now to business without delay. I judge that you are a business man, and will not refuse to engage in a paying transaction."

"You are right there. I am ever ready to operate, in storm or calm, when there is a clear prospect of fair remuneration."

That's the ring of the true metal. A man with that spirit will always be independent. But now for my proposition. Here Mike, give us some of your choice extract of rye to oil up the vocal machinery. Mighty dusty out to-day, (lowering his voice). Now, my friend, this is my plan. Old farmer Stewart, a miserly traitor, living about three miles from here, has been for several weeks engaged in collecting mules and horses, which he intends to run through the lines for the use of the rebs. A fine lot of stock it is. Too good for the accursed rebellion to appropriate, and if you will stick by me, not a beast of the drove shall cross the line."

"But can this be done without great risk of detection and punishment?"

"Just as easy as to say, Jack Robinson, (take another drink). You see I have the plan all laid, and I don't work without tools. It will be an easy matter to get the stock beyond the reach of pursuit,

and dispose of it before old Stewart returns from up the country. I want to divide the drove, and push them in different directions; make quick sales, and then lie low till the storm passes by."

"Well, Reid, I must confess that your schemes are shrewdly concocted, and seem to promise well. My confidence in them is so firm, that I herewith give you my hand as a pledge of hearty co-operation."

"Well said, well said, and you shall have no cause to regret this ready compliance with my request."

As soon as all preliminary arrangements were completed, and an extra drink had been taken to the success of their undertaking, Wright took his leave, thinking it not prudent for both to start together.

The point proposed for meeting lay upon the road some two miles from the inn, and was designated by a giant gnarled poplar, which threw its ragged old branches over the road, and far above its forest neighbors.

Just before dark Hays reloaded his repeaters, and saw them well primed; then swallowing a glass of brandy to steady his nerves, (as he remarked to Old Mike,) he mounted and started for the forest rendezvous. He reached it before Wright, as he had intended to do. Having hitched his horse some fifty yards from the road, he took from his saddle a long grape vine, with which he had supplied himself, and going back some six hundred yards on the road, he ran the vine from one side to the other, making it fast to a couple of small trees, so that in the center of the road it hung about two feet from the ground.

This done, he took his stand in the shade of a shrub near by one terminus of the line.

That was a fearful watch in the depths of that shadowy wood, waiting for a human victim, with whose blood a brother's hand would soon be crimsoned; but the conscience of Hays was calmed by the assurance, that it was a duty to act under existing circumstances; to be diligent in the removal of even a pebble which might impede the progress of his nation's interests. Yet, with all this there came, (as it always will come,) a shudder of awe, at the determination of a mortal to push a fellow being from the stage of existence; to plunge him into the waves of oblivion. To add to the gloom of such reflections, came the shrill toohoo! toohoo! of an owl perched on the limb of the old poplar. But Hays was not left long to brood over gloomy forebodings, for that ominous night voice had scarcely died away, ere the clatter of horse's feet smote the air. Hays drew back into the shade, and with repeater in hand awaited events. At first he was fearful that the approaching horseman might accidentally be a traveler passing that way; but he was soon satisfied to the contrary, as Wright's familiar gray came dashing round a turn in the road, but a few yards away. On he came, with unabated speed—nearer and nearer. One more bound, and horse and rider were thrown with a fearful shock to the earth. Hays sprang forward like a tiger towards his prey; but in his haste he tripped and fell. When he had regained his feet, his antagonist had also recovered from the fall and stood

confronting him. He instantly recognized Hays, and with a curse and die! you black hearted traitor! he fired full at his breast. The report of Hays' pistol rang out almost simultaneously. Wright giving a fearful shriek, reeled and dropped his pistol. Hays darted forward and emptied his weapon; every shot taking effect in the head of his foe, who struggled a moment, then uttering a fiendish yell, lay a rigid, motionless corpse upon the highway. Hays glanced at the blood-stained features, upturned in hideous distortion, then turning away with a shudder, secured his horse and returned to the inn.

After eating a lunch in silence and filling his canteen, he was about starting away, when he felt a sharp pain darting through his left shoulder. On going to the light he was startled to find his coat sleeve saturated with blood, which had been flowing from a severe flesh wound when he had felt the pain. It was soon well dressed and bandaged, when, turning to the landlord, he exclaimed:

"Well, Mike, there is one the less traitor taxing his villainous brain with schemes of treachery. He came near ending my career; but a miss is as good as a mile. Just notify any who may enquire for Mr. Reid *alias* Coob Wright, that his remains may be found on the road, near the old poplar. Goodbye, Old Mike! Keep up your courage; we'll be victorious yet."

"I am sure of that, and shall look for our dear old flag anxiously. Goodbye, Hays! May Providence watch over and protect you."

Hays with a wave of the hand, mounted and rode rapidly away. On through the gathering gloom went the reckless horseman, at a fierce gallop, when the ground would admit of it; but there were wild, dark streams to cross, and occasional rough declivities, over which he was necessitated to cautiously pick his way. His progress had not been such as he had hoped for, but it had been sufficient to bring him within a short distance of his destination, ere the midnight hours went by.

The close of the day had been cloudy and boisterous; but about ten o'clock, the low dripping canopy was rolled back, revealing to the eye the clear blue vault, with its tens of millions of blazing lights, throwing their mellow radiance over the universe. Hays supposing that he had left the Federal band far in the rear, and that he was nearing his own men, was riding on more leisurely, when, on turning an angle of the road, he came suddenly upon a picket standing by the roadside. Believing that he had miscalculated the distance, and that the soldier before him was one of his own men, he rode forward without mistrust, till he came within thirty yards of him, when he was challenged in gruff and unfamiliar accents. To his consternation, a close look discovered the sentinel to be none other than a stalwart blue coat, with musket drawn. What was to be done? To retreat would be running a fearful risk, while to advance was equally hazardous; but the dictates of his active mind instantly pointed the alternative, and to the challenge he replied, "a friend,

with the countersign." Then walking his horse up within five paces of his enemy, he sank the spurs into his horse's flanks, and dashed with the shock of a thunderbolt upon the awe struck soldier, trampling him into the earth.

So sudden and impetuous had been the assault, that the picket had not time to act, ere he was struck by the horse's feet. In the fall his musket was thrown with such force to the earth, that it was discharged. The clear report rang sharply on the midnight air, quickening the pace of the relief, who was near at hand, but they only arrived in time to catch the glimpse of a retreating horseman. Three muskets fiercely bellowed; three minie balls whistled after the flying fugitive, but struck wide of their mark.

Hays rode rapidly round the encampment, and soon had the satisfaction of being welcomed by his brothers in arms. He immediately sought the quarters of his leader, whom he found sitting thoughtful and alone, inspecting a rude penciling of roads and streams, in the vicinity of the present encampment. At his approach the Captain turned and starting up, exclaiming, "why, how are you, my dear old fellow? I began to fear you would not get back in time for the ball. Come, tell us how you succeeded in the work assigned you."

After relating all that had occurred, with the exception of his last adventure, he enquired into the nature of Bond's plans.

"Well, I will briefly explain. I have only remained here for the enemy to mark well our locality, and

that I feel confident they have now done. In an half hour I shall leave here and move up the road, which they must follow, some three miles, where we may ambush them in the rocky defile, you remember, near the old river ferry. Believing me to be unconscious of their approach, they will naturally be off their guard, and I am very sanguine in the hope of a complete victory."

"I can most certainly discover no defect in this little piece of strategy; but Captain, as the last hour has put me in possession of some important facts, of which you are ignorant, I would like to suggest a plan which I believe will promise more certain success. Walker with his hireling crew, is encamped in a little secluded valley, only five miles from here. This I know, for I accidentally ran into the blue varmints; but as luck would have it, came off with out loss. I have no doubt they intend to attack us to-morrow, and I would propose that we move upon them immediately, and by daylight I feel confident we will reap the fruits of a complete surprise."

"Well, Lieutenant, I am favorably impressed with your well devised scheme, and shall most gladly adopt it. Our time is short—we must be off at once."

But little delay occurred in assembling and mounting the men; so that scarcely an hour elapsed after the arrival of Hays, ere a long train of horsemen might have been seen winding quietly along through the shady depths of the forest. On they rode, with not a sound save the occasional rattle of a spur, or horse's shoe, as it struck the flinty path, for nearly

an hour, when they were halted and ordered to prepare for immediate action.

Lieutenant Hays was to take command of a portion of the troops, and by a detour gain the rear of the foe, where he was to make an attack simultaneous with that upon the front. At the same time, the horses which Hays in his night adventure had discovered near by, were to be stampeded, to prevent the flight of the enemy.

All took their positions, and at a given signal the horsemen dashed forward like an ocean wave. The pickets with one exception, were cut down before they could give the alarm. The gray dawn was just creeping over the horizon, as the attacking party reached the borders of the little valley in which the Yankee cavalry had bivouacked. The shrill notes of the bugle burst upon the morning air. Onward dashed the rebel horsemen. Bright gleamed an hundred sabres, as the cavalcade went thundering on to the crimson harvest.

Shrill rang the cry of Walker, "Steady, men! To horse!"

Judge of their consternation, when they discovered their steeds in full flight away through the forest. In vain did the Yankee leader attempt to rally and form his force. So complete had been the surprise, and impetuous the charge, that his men heeded not the command, but broke away and fled. Scarcely had they taken twenty steps to the rear, before they were confronted by the dashing Hays. Some still strove hard to escape, but in vain. They were shot



down to a man, while the majority threw down their arms and plead for mercy.

Bond rode forward to the silent and downcast Walker, and saluting him, enquired if he was in command of those men.

He replied: "I have that honor, sir."

Whereupon an unconditional surrender was demanded, granting five minutes time for consideration.

The demand was at once complied with. As Walker delivered up his splendid sword, he remarked, "Captain Bond, we are political enemies, and I had anticipated a victory over you, but the fates of war have been unpropitious. Take this sword—it was a present from my father, who fought with it in 1776. In becoming a prisoner I feel humbled; but much less than might have been, from the fact, that I have been conquered by a brave and skillful soldier." So saying he relinquished his weapon, which was returned with the reply—

"Colonel Walker, fortune has indeed made you my prisoner. Believing you to be a misguided gentleman, I return your sword, with the hope that it may not again be raised in the cause of oppression. I feel confident that ere you are released, observation will teach you more fully to appreciate the motives which prompt the sons of the South in this sanguinary contest."

The prisoners were disarmed, and after being permitted to decently bury their dead, were conducted to McMinville and delivered to the proper authorities.

That day was one long to be remembered by Bond and his brave Tennesseans. They have gained many a victory since; but the one here recorded, for completeness and brilliancy, remains unsurpassed.

By the group about the camp fire, Hays has often been called upon to relate his adventure with Wright, the Yankee Spy.

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## SADNESS.

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THE human heart like a sweet toned lyre, is full of slumbering music. Its emotions, like the magical strings, are tuned and waiting for a player; and as the gifted musician with a gentle touch wins sweet melodies from the one, so may the skillful hand awake mellow symphonies from the other; but man is not the only player. The sights and sounds that throng our senses with unseen fingers sweep the mystic cords. Nature in her shifting shades of existence, plays with marvelous power this human instrument; she breathes upon its silver strings and their vibrations precisely accord with her mood; her seasons each call forth a new responsive strain. Spring is joyous and happy, the very air she breathes seems trembling with the sounds of a new emotion; Summer in her modest beauty moves along with quiet grace, bedecked with flowery garlands, all shining

with the crystal tears of night, but Autumn, robed and crowned with the dying blushes of the year, and enthroned upon the wreck of its beauties, always appeared to me like a queen of sadness; passing away is stamped upon her every feature; her breath is like a pestilential vapor to the vegetable kingdom, drying up its very life blood. O, to trace her frosty foot-step among the flowers of the garden and the meadow, fills the breast with sad emotions. The murmuring breeze as it hurries by whispers sadness to the soul, and where'er we turn we are haunted by the echoes of this mournful strain. O, who has not felt like weeping over the death bed of the flowers, those little children of summer, whom we met at each early morn with dewy faces upturned to catch the earliest sunbeam's kiss? Their smiles made our lowly homes resemble Eden, and when I see them lying dead and scentless at my feet; when the lonely eye wanders away over the barren fields in a vain search for one bright flower; when the red oak and the yellow maple leaves circle down upon their graves, and the rude gales amid the naked branches chaunt their mournful requiem, I cannot repress tears of sorrow. Autumn! that season when the land seems lost in a dream; when a shadowy twilight steals across the heavens, and the air like a gossamer veil hanging above and about us, admits the struggling sunbeams with a subdued and softened lustre; when the voice of the merry brook becomes strange and saddened; when we hear the farewell lay of the birds as they

fly away to the sunny South. All these things tend to keep alive that sad melody of the soul.

This work of desolation meets the eye on every hand. 'Tis wide spread as Time's decaying footsteps on the gloomy plains of Egypt. One could not feel more lonely and deserted when surrounded by her crumbling, moss grown ruins of centuries, than among the wrecks of this autumnal blight.

At this season of the year we always long for solitude. How often have I buried myself in the quiet depths of the forest, where the sunbeams stealing through the variegated foliage, fell upon the ground like the mellow colored light from the stained windows of some grand old cathedral, there to sit and muse, and dream for hours, not only of the present, but of the past. The mind wanders away over buried years, uncovering scenes to which memory clings with sacred fondness. On it speeds till checked by some touching scene—it may be that of a death bed, perhaps of a fond parent, by whose coffin side we stood unconscious of our loss, since then often fully realized; and though many years have passed, yet the eye grows dim with tears now at the thought of that shrouded form, and the aching void left in our sorrowing hearts; but these events are too painful to long dwell upon. Let us draw about them their sable curtains, and say farewell to the year now trembling on the verge of that yawning grave, the Past! It will soon be gone with its joys and sorrows; gone with its good and ill, never to return; gone like the lone snowy cloud that sails away, and is lost beyond the

horizon; gone like the feathery snow flake that sinks into the bosom of the ocean, and still the winged moments fly stealthily by,

Widening the waters that roll in our rear,  
And shortening our sail to the grave.

Can man look upon the death of the year, and the wasting away of its beauties, and not feel that it is typical of his own decay; not see in it the foreshadowing of his own sure dissolution? Ah! how can we forget that life also has an Autumn; a time when all our earthly hopes and joys will be swallowed up in decay; when man in his boasted majesty must bow to that conqueror, Death, like the proud oak that is riven by the blast. But look! our bark is now approaching the wave beaten beach of the old year; behind us rolls the flood of the past, while before us, half wrapped in a veil of obscurity, dance the bright waves where fancy has painted the future. We turn and take one more view of the waters we are leaving. As we glide in upon the unknown sea we are to explore, our hearts beat high with bright anticipations. Hope flashes in letters of light from the sky in our front, while with banner and sail all set, and a song on our lips, cheerfully speed we away on our annual voyage:

But let the heart beat as light as it will,  
These solemn questions will visit us still:  
Shall I safely pass the rock and the shoal,  
Where threatening waves in majesty roll?  
Through the blinding mist can I safely steer,  
To the bright shining port of another new year?

If so, then when, and where will I reach  
Eternities broad and unlimited beach?  
Little it matters to the christian son,  
When his dark and troublesome voyage is done.  
His spirit unlike the perishing flower,  
Leaves earth but to bloom in a heavenly bower.  
His way worn bark o'er the ocean of Time,  
Will anchor in a better and fairer clime;  
Among the green isles in Heaven's bright sea;  
There to remain through all Eternity.

## LAST WORDS OF THE GREAT.

*Tete de parmec.* The head of the army!  
*Napoleon.*

I have loved God, my father, liberty!  
*De Stael.*

Let me die to the sound of delicious music!  
*Mirabeau.*

Is this your fidelity?  
*Nero.*

A king should die standing!  
*Augustus.*

I must sleep now!  
*Byron.*

Kiss me, Hardy!  
*Nelson.*

Don't give up the ship!  
*Lawrence.*

I'm shot, if I don't believe I'm dying!  
*Thurlow.*

Clasp my hands, my dear friend, I die!  
*Alficki.*

God preserve the Emperor!

*Haryder.*

The artery ceases to beat!

*Haller.*

Let the light enter!

*Goethe.*

All my possessions for a moment of time!

*Elizabeth.*

What! is there no bribing of death?

*Beaufort.*

Monks! Monks! Monks!

*Henry III.*

Be serious!

*Grotius.*

Into thy hands, O, Lord!

I have had a good time, let me sleep!

*Dante.*

*[Selected.]*

### ARE THERE NO WREATHS?

Are there no wreaths except the wreaths that deck

The brows of men who gain renown by strife—

No fame but that which rises from the wreck

Of happiness, and waste of human life?

Is there no wreath for Humble Goodness? None

For those who, meek and unambitious, glide

In quiet to the grave; their duties done

To God and man, without one pang of pride.

Ask not on earth; unblemished virtue stands

Unnoticed, unadorned, amidst mankind;

It seeks no praise, no wreaths from human hands,

Heaven warrants, and there its wreaths are twin'd.

*[Selected.]*

### RENOVN.

The battle come on, and many a crest

Was cleft to the brow by the sword;

And many a heart, thro' corslet and breast,

Was pierc'd at the shrine it adored.

There rode like a tempest of fury and speed,

A knight in the midst of the foes;

He stood in his stirrups, he bent o'er his steed,

And victory follow'd his blows.

Like Achillis he tore the proud laurels of fame

From the brows of the valient in strife,

And he won never dying renown for his name,

But the price of renown was—his life.

*[Selected.]*

TRUE GREATNESS.—When Dr. Franklin was received at the French Court, as American Minister, he felt some scruples of conscience about complying with their fashion of dress.

"He hoped," he said to the Minister, "that as he was a very plain man, and represented a plain-republican people, the king would indulge his desire to appear in court in his usual dress. Independent of this, the season of the year," said he, "renders the change from yarn stockings to fine silk ones somewhat dangerous."

The French Minister made him a bow, but said that fashion was too sacred a thing for him to meddle with, but he would do him the honor to mention it.

to his Majesty. The king smiled and returned word, that Dr. Franklin was at liberty to appear at court in any dress that he pleased.

In spite of that delicate respect for foreigners, for which the French are so remarkable, the courtiers could not help staring at first, at Dr. Franklin's Quaker dress. But it soon appeared as though he had been introduced upon this splendid theatre, only to demonstrate that great genius, like beauty, "needs not the aid of ornament." [Selected.]

POETIC.—The poetic powers of Milton's mind attracted the attention of his instructors when he was but eleven years old. An instance is recorded while attending St. Paul's school, in London, that will illustrate this:

At a public examination the scholars were each appointed to read a poetic composition. The theme chosen was the first miracle of our Savior—the turning of water into wine. Each one exerted himself to the utmost to gain the prize. Long poems were written and handed in on that subject. But young Milton grasped the sublime idea, and expressed it in a style that would have done honor to the greatest bard. He only wrote on his slate one line:

"The conscious water saw its God, and blushed."

It is said that the judges looked upon each other amazed, and without hesitation awarded him the prize. [Selected.]

AN ENCOUNTER WITH A BOA.—Mr. Mason in his work entitled, "Pictures in Mexico," relates the following circumstances which occurred to him while loitering along a shady path in the forest:

"I stepped aside for a moment to admire a rich tuft of purple flowers, my mule having plodded on about eight or ten yards ahead, when, as I turned from the flowers towards the path, a sensation as of a flash of lightning struck my sight, and I saw a brilliant and powerful snake, winding its coils around the head and body of the poor mule. It was a large and magnificent boa, of a black and yellow color; and it had entwined the poor beast so firmly in its folds, that ere it had time to utter more than one feeble cry, it was crushed to death. The perspiration broke out on my forehead, as I thought of my narrow escape; and only remaining a moment to view the movements of the monster as he began to uncoil himself, I rushed through the brushwood, and did not consider myself safe until I was entirely free from the forest. [Selected.]

PRUSSIA AND AMERICA.—It is said that a subject of the King of Prussia, a talented mechanic, being about to emigrate, was arrested and brought before his Majesty.

"Well, my good friend," said the king, "how can we persuade you to remain in Prussia?"

"Most gracious sir, only by making Prussia what America is."

He was allowed to emigrate.

[Selected.]

## A THRILLING WOLF STORY.

THE first settlers in Maine found, beside its red faced owners, other and abundant sources of annoyance and danger. The majestic forests which then waved, where now is heard the hum of business, and where a thousand villages stand, were the homes of innumerable wild and savage animals. Often at night were the farmer's family aroused from sleep by the noise without, which told that bruin was storming the sheep-pen, or pig-sty; or was laying violent paws upon some unlucky calf, and often on a cold winter evening, did they roll a large log against the door, and with beating hearts draw close around the fire, as the dismal howl of the wolves echoed through the woods. The wolf was the most ferocious, blood thirsty, but cowardly of all; rarely attacking man, unless driven by severe hunger, and seeking his victim with the utmost pertinacity.

The incident here related, occurred in the early history of Biddeford. A resident of that place, a Mr. H——, was one autumn, engaged in felling trees some distance from his house. His little son, eight years old, was in the habit while his mother was busy with the household cares, of running out into the field and woods around the house, and often going where the father was at work.

One day, after the frost had robbed the trees of their foliage, the father left his work sooner than

usual and started for home. Just on the edge of the forest he saw a curious pile of leaves; without stopping to think what had made it, he cautiously removed the leaves, when, what was his astonishment to find his own darling boy laying there sound asleep! 'Twas but the work of a moment to take up the little sleeper, put in his place a small log, carefully replace the leaves, and conceal himself among the nearest bushes, there to watch the result. After waiting there a short time, he heard a wolf's distant howl, quickly followed by another and another, till the woods seemed alive with the fearful sounds. The sounds came nearer, and in a few minutes a huge, gaunt, savage looking wolf, leaped into the opening, closely followed by the whole pack. The leader sprang directly upon the pile of leaves, and in an instant scattered them in every direction. As soon as he saw the deception, his look of fierceness and confidence changed to that of the most abject fear. He shrank back, cowered to the ground, and passively waited his fate; for the rest, enraged by the supposed cheat, fell upon him, tore him in pieces, and devoured him on the spot. When they had finished their comrade, they wheeled round, plunged into the forest and disappeared; within five minutes from their first appearance not a wolf was in sight.

The excited father pressed his child to his bosom, and thanked the kind Providence which led him there to save his dear boy.

The boy after playing till he was weary, had laid down and fallen asleep, and in that situation had the



wolf found him and covered him with leaves, until he could bring his comrades to the feast; but himself furnished the repast. [Selected.]

## ONLY A MECHANIC!

"PSHAW! He's only a mechanic!" How often do we hear this and similar expressions, falling from the lips of those who are called intelligent and charitable. Ask that rich man about the occupant of that plain, but neat little cottage beside him, and he will tell you. "O, I guess he's a very good sort of a man; clever, honest, and intelligent; but he's only a mechanic."

Day after day he will pass this poor but upright man, without bestowing upon him so much as a kind word or look. These gifts would cost him nothing, and would so brighten the shadowed pathway of the weary son of toil. In fact, the man of wealth often looks upon the mechanic, in a light not far removed from that of his horse or ox, knowing that his services are essential to his own happiness and prosperity, but deeming him unworthy of more attention or respect. The aristocratic female looks upon the woman, her equal, if not her superior in good sense, virtue and piety, with a sneering lip and frowning brow. And for what? Why, forsooth, she's a mechanic's wife, And shall this longer be held a disgrace? As well

might Eve have been condemned for being the help-mate of Adam, whom God sent forth to become, not a merchant, a lawyer, or banker, but a laborer, whose hands should grow hard with toil; who should live by the sweat of his brow. 'Twas God who instituted manual labor. Who then shall scorn it?

Listen, my haughty friend; you know that 'tis impossible for all to be rich. Then if your neighbor is of necessity poor, is he to blame? Are you not provoking God's displeasure by despising His work? To all men is not given power of intellect befitting them for high positions, but we each have a mission to fulfill, and in the sight of the Great Mechanic of the universe all honest callings are equally honorable. We are dependent one upon another; and he who strives to advance the interests of mankind, who labors for the common weal, is a nobleman.

"What is noble? Is the sabre  
Nobler than the spade?"  
There is dignity in labor  
Truer than e'er pomp arrayed."

We behold among the brightest names that flash from the Temple of Fame, those of Watt, Franklin, Whitney, Fulton, and Moore. These names will live in the grateful recollection of posterity, when the titled and laurelled destroyers of mankind shall be remembered only with detestation. "There is no ministry more honorable than that of the intelligent mechanic." He is indispensable to the advancement of your interests, and you are as much indebted to him for genius and skill as he is to you for support.

Who reared the mansion and adorned the grounds you so much admire? Who spread the sails of commerce and surrounded you with luxuries? The poor? Who make the laws of the country and sustain them, even at the point of the bayonet? The poor. From whence have sprung many of the greatest men the world ever saw but from the ranks of the poor. After wealth and position had crowned (in many an instance) their own *unaided* efforts, "low birth and iron fortune" was forgotten by the fickle, flattering tide that rolled along in homage at their feet. Tell me, who can, what change had been wrought in them? Had not the man the same God-given talent, the same warm heart and persevering industry, when he was perhaps "only a mechanic?" None can deny it; and yet you will sanction this inconsistent distinction. Why will you become slaves to the perverted tastes of fashion? Rich man, how came you by wealth? If you have come in possession of it without an effort on your part, then why should you boast? If by your own exertions you have acquired it, you are still indebted to Providence for what luck and fortune receive the credit. Wealth is only loaned to you to test your heart; to see if in the midst of prosperity you will forget whose debtor you are. Then why will you boast of what may be taken from you in an hour? Your coldness and pride kindle the fire of envy and hatred in the breasts of the poor. They cannot love you, neither will they be earnest in the promotion of your welfare.

When we pray, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will

be done on earth as it is in heaven," how can you hope that your petition will be answered so long as you continue to battle against that love and christian unity which must characterize the kingdom of heaven? How can you look for God's kingdom on earth until you banish all false, hollow pride and learn to love and encourage the honest poor. If you despise them here, provoking retaliation and stirring up the bitter waters of the heart, how can we meet as one blissful family in heaven? Here *must* be sown the seeds which are to spring up and bloom in perfection beyond the grave. How often it happens that the young man possessing that priceless jewel, a bright moral character—amiable and intelligent—whose every action bespeaks a generous soul, is repulsed, with every feeling wounded and grieved, by the woman who will welcome with smiles and flattery the idle, the profane, and senseless profligate, and why? Ah, because one has gold, though often destitute of principle, while the other has naught but his talents and a guileless heart to recommend him. If the wealthy have no excuse for pompous feelings, how much less have they who, by a reverse of Fortune's wheel, have been compelled to descend to an humble sphere. Yet in the walks of life we meet hundreds of this class who though reduced to *poverty*, will not be humbled—they still carry a high head, endeavoring to blaze by reflected light, boasting of rich ancestral blood, and the pomp of departed glory. To what are we tending when woman deserts the post to her assigned by her Maker? When she

ceases to exert that influence which is to soften and refine the harsh features of man's character, leading him into a field of active usefulness? For what may we look but discord and vice within the pale of society, when she becomes so far blinded by the mists of prejudice and evil fashion as to weigh the human character by a standard of gold and hollow sounding titles?

I have seen the poor man weaving about the hearts of his little flock the silver shield of fireside influences and kneeling with them around the home altar, while the wealthy were courting temptation at the theatre, the opera, or gaming house. I have heard the child in fine linen, on his death bed, heaping curses upon his grey-haired parents. I have seen the sons of the poor man gracing the highest offices of their country, while those of his wealthy neighbor were lying in chains or reeling home, inflamed with wine, from the haunts of sinful dissipation. Now answer your conscience, honestly, who would be more likely to possess the true riches, or could with any justice harbor feelings of pride—the man who in the bosom of his family finds pure delight dwelling in sweet communion with his God, or he whose mind is racked with anxiety, whose whole soul is enslaved by the twin-jailors of the world—Pleasure and Gain. O “rich man, have a care!” You are not to live for yourselves alone; God has placed you in the midst of the poor that you may assist and encourage them. Forget not the unveiled picture of Dives and Lazarus, speaking from the eternal realms of truth. Remember the time is

not far distant when all distinctions will be swept away, and all titles will vanish. When after life's pilgrimage is over, travel-worn and weary, you pass through the shining gates of that other country, 'twill not be in gilded and glittering array, nor will you be classed according to *birth*; but your poor disrobed spirit will, with that of your humble neighbor, be ushered into the presence of a just Judge, there to render a strict account of earthly stewardship, and then, in tones of conviction, will be echoed back the startling question—*Hast thou loved thy neighbor as thyself?*

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### THE WANDERER'S SONG.

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“Far away from my home and my kindred I'm straying,  
And though my heart often is glandsome and free,  
Yet to-night comes a voice like the voice of one praying,  
Speaking gently and lowly and praying for me;  
I list, though the ocean is rolling between us,  
For well I remember the words of that prayer,  
I watch till I fancy I see the light falling—  
Falling softly and bright on my mother's dark hair;

Blame me not if I'm silent and listless and lonely,  
To-night of all nights I'm a stranger to joy,  
I'm deaf to all voices save that of one only,  
And that is one praying for me her dear boy;  
For worlds I'd not barter the wealth of that heart—  
Every life-throb that beats in it beats but for me;  
Now calmly she rises—I shiver and start!  
Ah! would I were there in that cot by the sea.”

## TENNESSEE.

[WRITTEN JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE OF MISSIONARY RIDGE, GEORGIA.]

The wing of war that's hovering  
 O'er this bright and beauteous land,  
 Throws a dark, foreboding shadow  
 Round our faithful, fearless band.  
 Wave on wave roll o'er the breakers,  
 While dark and darker grows the sea,  
 One more weighed in the trembling balance,  
 Unveils the fate of Tennessee.

When the woodbine and the myrtle  
 O'er the silent tombs are creeping,  
 Then, a father and a sister,  
 Side by side are calmly sleeping;  
 I am left in tears of mourning,  
 It may be ne'er again to see,  
 Beside my dear deserted home—  
 Those hallowed mounds in Tennessee.

I had hoped the dread invader  
 Would ne'er pollute that sacred spot,  
 But leave its fields and silver streams  
 Untarnished by a crimson blot.  
 Yet they came with waving banners,  
 With sword and torch in fiendish glee,  
 Lighting up with burning homes,  
 The quiet vales of Tennessee.

But we'll never grow desponding,  
 Though the vandals round us crowd,  
 For our star is not declining,  
 'Tis only veiled behind a cloud.  
 Faith and steel will rend its fetters,  
 Setting the golden trembler free,  
 To warm the chilled and weary heart  
 Of the friendless refugee.

Hark! the bugle notes are sounding,  
 The fearful crisis comes at last,  
 By Heaven's help we'll scatter them  
 Like autumn leaves before the blast.  
 Then from peaceful dell and mountain,  
 Will ring the anthems of the free;  
 Hand in hand we'll meet rejoicing,  
 Around the flag of Tennessee.

## THE OLD CANOE.

Where the rocks are gray and the shore is steep,  
 And the waters below look dark and deep;  
 Where the rugged pine in its lonely pride  
 Leans gloomily over the murky tide;  
 Where the reeds and rushes are tall and rank,  
 And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank;  
 Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,  
 Lays at its moorings the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,  
 Like a sea-bird that the storm hath lopped,  
 And crossed on the railing, one o'er one,  
 Like folded hands when the work is done;  
 While busily back and forth between,  
 The spider stretches his silvery screen,  
 And the solemn owl with his dull "too hoo,"  
 Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still,  
 But the light winds play with the boat at will;  
 And lazily in and out again,  
 It floats the length of its rusty chain,  
 Like the weary march of the hands of time,  
 That meet and pass at the noontide chime;  
 And the shore is kissed at each turn anew  
 By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

O, many a time with a careless hand,  
 I've pushed it away from the pebbly strand,  
 And paddled it down where the stream runs quick,  
 Where the whirls are wild and the eddies are thick,  
 And laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side,  
 And looked below in the broken tide,  
 To see that the faces and boats were two,  
 That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

The stern, half sunk in the slimy wave,  
 Rots slowly away in its living grave,  
 And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,  
 Hiding its mouldering dust away;  
 Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,  
 Or the ivy that mantles the fallen tower;  
 While many a blossom of loveliest hue  
 Springs over the stern of the old canoe.

But now as I lean o'er the crumbling side,  
 And look below in the sluggish tide,  
 The face that I see there is graver grown,  
 And the laugh that I hear has a soberer tone,  
 And the hands that lent to the light skiff wings  
 Have grown familiar with sterner things.  
 But I love to think of the hours that flew,  
 As I rocked when the whirls their white spray threw,  
 Ere the blossom's waved or the green moss grew  
 O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

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THERE'S LOVE IN THE COLDEST HEART.

Say what you will of the coldness of man,  
 Of his soul deeply trammelled in art;  
 Still, let me believe through it all, if I can,  
 That there's love in the coldest heart.  
 Could we read the secrets of every soul,  
 Know the motives which prompted the deed,  
 Less oftener our tongues would herald the scroll,  
 Over which hearts silently bleed.

I cannot think man so utterly lost,  
 But what he has moments of shame;  
 Though reckless at times, still deep in his soul  
 Is burning a holier flame.

Some mem'ry is playing with his heart's silent strings,  
 Some blissful emotion is stirred;  
 Some hope of the blessed to which his soul clings,  
 Though his lips may utter no word.

Every soul has its griefs, every bosom its cares,  
 So 'twill be till his life shall depart;  
 Then let me believe, while life's burden it bears,  
 That there's love in the coldest heart.

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THE LAST SILVER DOLLAR.

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A PARODY.

'Tis the last silver dollar,  
 Left shining alone;  
 All its laughing companions  
 Are wasted and gone.

Not a coin of its kindred,  
 No specie is nigh,  
 To echo back softly  
 Its silvery sigh.

You must leave me, bright dollar,  
 The last of my few;  
 Since thy mates have departed,  
 Skeedaddle thou too.

Thus kindly I send thee  
 To wander afar—  
 In the night of shipplasters,  
 A glimmering star.

So soon may I follow,  
 When thou art no more;  
 And I wreck of starvation,  
 On currency shore.

When the purse never jingles,  
 And shiners have flown,  
 O who could feel wealthy,  
 On pictures alone.

## AN ADVENTURE AMONG THE INDIANS.

BY DR. I. E. NAGLE, SURGEON C. S. A.

In 1851 we were in the United States exploring service. Our fondness for adventure carried us to the far West, where the buffalo and antelope and Indian warriors roam over the pathless and boundless plains. With a choice and select party of friends and acquaintances to make the company cheerful and spirited, we necessarily sought many adventures which did not legitimately belong to our branch; our unbridled spirits often led us into dangerous places and to do rash deeds. On several occasions, small parties of us had become separated, intentionally, from the main body of the command, and falling in with bands of hostile Indians, fought them at great odds, usually being forced to make a rapid retreat on our reserves.

One evening in the latter part of summer, five of us were intently engaged in hunting antelopes, and

in the excitement of running and trying to circumvent the agile and wary animals, we wandered far from our force. The gleaming of the twilight was setting on the boundless prairies. A great sea of grass was about us. The sun had gone down away off on its western border, as it goes down on the sea, its great red eye drawing a pyramid of light from the surface to its body and dropping suddenly, shooting its rays like the beams of an immense diadem up the horizon. We sat on our horses carelessly consulting concerning our course, suddenly we were startled by an advancing cloud of horsemen. With a whoop and yell the red furies came sweeping down on us. At the moment and in that red twilight they looked like giants and like a black cloud. Fred — remarked very coolly: "Camanches! five hundred of them! We must run for it; southward! scatter."

The Indians had formed a crescent and enclosed us more than a hundred yards on each wing. Their manœuvre was a most effectual flanking. A flight of arrows came buzzing and whizzing past our ears. My horse was a splendid stallion, black as the ace of spades, and as fierce as a hungry wolf in February. He was as brave as the boldest trooper in our command, as savage as the ugliest painted barbarian on the plains, and fleet as an antelope. In a moment, there was but one chance of escape. I yelled to my comrades to wheel suddenly, fire rapidly, and dash through a weak place in their advance. In an instant they were within twenty yards. We were armed with Holt's cap-lock carbines and Allen's pepper-box



revolvers. With a yell we charged on them, firing as we went. Our fire was very effective. A number of their painted braves tumbled from their steeds, who went dashing riderless over the plain, adding confusion to the already surprised enemy. I discovered blood streaming down the left side of my face, but we had no time for surgical examinations at that moment. While the Indians were huddled and almost inextricably mingled, we pushed onward, and making a long curve southward, left them far in the rear, but pursuing us. Our party separated, the more to baffle and disconcert the pursuers. I found that about twenty of the foe were following me. They were steadily and pertinaciously pursuing me down. The foremost one, some two hundred yards in advance, rode a splendid roan horse. He came closer and closer. About fifty yards separated us. I looked back anxiously and found that his party had turned off, leaving him to follow me alone. In another instant the whiz of a ball and the crack of a rifle told me of my proximity to danger. I wheeled suddenly and confronted him. My horse stood as still as though he were a statue. Taking deliberate aim with my carbine, I fired at my enemy, at the moment he swung himself over his horse's side to hide from my shot. He was an instant too late. The ball struck him to the left of the stomach, causing him to lose his hold in the horse's mane, and there he lay at my mercy. I rode up to him, and, when within ten feet, supposing him to be dead, was in the act of dismounting to gather any spoils there might be on him, when

he suddenly turned, when whiz went an arrow over my head. He lay on one elbow, and placing his hand to his mouth, gave a long yell, the wail of his doom.

At a moment's glance I seemed to take a view of all the scene. The warrior was one of the most noble specimens of his race. Much over six feet tall, compactly built, his strong, herculean frame well knit and covered with beautifully marked and developed muscles; his head surmounted with a tuft, in which was interwoven red and white feathers; his neck elastic and strong as that of an ox; his limbs modelled in a straight and elegant mould, which would have been the delight of an artist and anatomist; his leggings of soft buckskin, was ornamented with colored and white feathers. His face was handsome, not nearly so dusky or swarthy as his race usually is. His forehead narrow and delicately formed, his keen, jet black eyes were flashing with an intensity which is only seen in the eyes of Moors or the Indians and their descendents, even through an attenuated mixture of blood. His nose had a slight aquiline curve, giving him the nobility of appearance which attaches to that Roman feature. His high cheeks and broad unexpressive mouth were the exclusively barbarian features of the Indian.

As he looked, that fierce, burning look, piercing my eyes with his intense hate of my race, I saw his belt had the trophies the warrior prizes much. In an instant I took deliberate aim with my revolver, and as his defiant death yell died faintly away, the

stoical look of his race settled upon his face; he saw his doom in my eyes, which burned as fiercely as his own, for I, too, with the blood of the Huguenot in my veins, have the burning, devilish eyes of the Moor. I fired, and fired again. A moment's struggle, and he stiffened in death.

I have seen his face and that scene a thousand miles away, at night, in my sleep. I have seen it in my waking dreams at noonday. That fight on the solitary and lonely plain has been before me a thousand times since, and at this moment it is as vivid as when it happened.

His horse stood quietly familiarizing himself to mine. He was a noble fellow. I fastened my rope noose upon his under jaw and started for the command, taking my way slowly, because of my unusual fatigue.

I had leisure to admire the splendid capture I had made. No steed of the Tartar or Ukraine or Arabian breed could have been more beautifully formed. His small, delicately curved head was a model of beauty—his broad nostrils distended like trumpet mouths to catch the music of the intoxicating air. His large, expressive eyes shone bright with an unusual intelligence. His broad forehead between the eyes would have been an admirable feature in a man. His small, straight and delicate ears gave an attractive finish to his appearance. A thin, soft mane clothed his gracefully curved neck with as much beauty as magnificent flowing hair crowns the imperial head of queenly woman. His fore arm was made

with the strength of a lion, and tapered as perfectly as the model of the Apollo Belvidere. Thin and tendinous sinews gave agility and elasticity to his beautiful leg, which was finished by a delicately turned, long and springy fetlock, as attractive to the eye of an admirer of equine beauty as though it were the exquisitely fashioned ankle of a beautiful woman. A perfect foot terminated a model hoof. Its neat and perfectly rounded, dark structure, crowned it with unwonted elegance. His rounded body had strong arched sides, on which the muscular undulations waved and delicately disappeared in strong and powerful flanks and quarters. A thick flowing tail carried as proudly and gracefully as cavalier ever did his helmet, finished the living picture. Never did Landseer or Rosa Bonheur see or imagine a more perfect animal. Their painter's art could not make anything but a caricature in comparison. Breathing the luxurious and sensuous perfume of the flowery plains, it imparted vivacity and intoxication to the movements of animal life, and in the proud, elastic step which marked his tread we found a pleasure which has always been a delightful remembrance to us.

Rapidly I bounded away from the dead Indian, anxious to reach camp and exhibit my prize. Suddenly I noticed the horses prick their ears and snuffing the air, then snorting loudly, sprung into a long, quick lope, which increased in rapidity, when a yell, as if a hundred of the fiends were on my track. On, on I dashed, the horses vying in the race. Whiz went volley after volley of arrows, and yell after yell

told how savagely the foe were pursuing me. The Southern Cross was bright in the sky, and Pleiades served me for a beacon. I fired my carbine several times at the pursuers, and also as a signal. Faintly, away off in the South, I heard the sound of a shot, and reined in that direction. Another and another, nearer and clearer they sounded. The enemy were yelling with rage and disappointment. Straight on I dashed, now and then firing parting shots at my baffled foes, and soon had the relief to discover them falling far in the rear. Panting, my fleet horses neared camp, and in a few moments I was safe in the corral, surrounded by many anxious, inquiring friends. At this moment, when the certainty of safety came over me, it only came to memory that I was wounded. A burst of exclamations told me that my ear was lacerated very much. It had been nearly entirely cut off. A bandage over the head soon held it in its proper situation, and thanks to the purity of prairie air, and its healing influence, the wound healed rapidly, though a terrible scar remains to mark its severity.

The captured horse was much admired, and enraptured me with his extraordinary points and excellence. But no one can imagine my astonishment when Quartermaster E—— coolly informed me that, as he was a capture, he must be turned over to the United States. Every one was indignant, but the fellow being a born scoundrel and innate thief, had determined to secure the horse for himself, and I had no recourse; but I determined he should never enjoy

the prize. You can imagine my intense mortification when I saw him mounted on my wind-born Camanche steed of the plains. Those who knew me well advised him to return the horse to me and beware.

One evening a bribe of whisky secured the co-operation, or rather the obliviousness of the guard to any mischief we might wish to perpetrate. I took the horse from his picket and carried him about a mile to a clump of furr brush, knowing well if I turned him loose he would return to our camp or go to the Indians again, I deliberately shot him. Such a look of distress and pitiful agony I never can see again. I sat down on his quivering, dead body and wept—wept such tears (such heartfelt grief was mine,) as no battle nor distress of war or sorrow has ever drawn from me since. Quartermaster E——, who was doubtless the most contemptible of his race, and really a coward, threatened vengeance and all that sort of thing, but finding that prudence was the better part of valor, he forebore to have me punished, though he at times annoyed me with his petty tyranny. How I eventually got a delightful revenge on him I may tell you anon.

[*Atlanta Intelligencer.*]

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## ETERNITY.

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*"Eternity has no gray hairs!"* The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies; the world lies down in the sepulchre of ages, but time writes no wrinkles on the brow of eternity.

Eternity! The ever-present, unborn, undecaying and undying—the endless chain, compassing the life of God—the golden thread, entwining the destiny of the universe.

Earth has its beauties, but time shrouds them for the grave; its honors, they are but the sunshine of an hour; its places, they are but as the gilded sepulchres; its possessions, they are toys of changing fortune; its pleasures, they are but bursting bubbles. Not so in the untried bourne.

In the dwelling of the Almighty can come no footsteps of decay. Its day will know no darkening—eternal splendor forbids the approach of night. Its fountains will never fail. They are fresh from the eternal throne. Its glory will never wane, for there is the ever-present God. Its harmonies will never cease; exhaustless love supplies the song.

## THE BATTLE FIELD OF CHICKAMAUGA.

TEN DAYS AFTER THE BATTLE.

BY DR. I. E. NAGLE, SURGEON C. S. A.

We visited the field of the great battle on yesterday, commencing on the extreme left, crossing and recrossing over the entire ground. The scenes we witnessed are seldom exhibited on earth; we will try to describe some of them.

We entered the field at the Red House, where a few dead horses only attest the evidence of a severe skirmish. The woods on the outskirts of the field

did not exhibit much evidence of battle until we reached the steam saw mill, on the road leading from Ringgold, by way of Reed's bridge, to Chattanooga. At this point several dead horses are decaying and producing a most foul stench. Several graves are visible. In an outhouse, stretched upon a litter, the dead body of a Yankee is exposed, and a most offensive stink exhales from the carcass. Along the road we saw numerous dead horses and Yankee bodies. All through the woods there were evidences of sharp skirmishing where little artillery firing had been made. To the right of the road, about a mile, and close to the old Savannah road, there are some old fields, in which batteries were placed on the highest points. Our forces charged up these small heights, and left the evidences of their valor on the field, not alone in their own tattered garments and equipments, and the graves of our dead, but also in a large number of dead and stinking Yankees. Here we met a burial party who were really sick from their exposure to the unwholesome stench. Behind this hill we met the first breastworks. They are made of logs and stones, and situated to command the most probable line of attack. The debris of the conflict shows how savagely it was contested.

Along the Chattanooga and Lafayette road, somewhat to the left of Cloud's farm, the signs of desperate strife began to indicate the battle field. The country is well cleared from the lowlands up the slopes of the broken range of hills, and some four or five farms are seen in the clearing. In the edge of

the woods on the crest of the hills; the enemy were posted with tremendous batteries, their position being about a mile long, and bristling with cannon fronting two ways. The torn, pulverized earth, and the mown weeds and corn in the path of their terrible sweeping fire, evinces the fierceness of the conflict. There is a very large corn field and field of sedge on the slope, and it was over this exposed, clear, open place, with a fence and gulley intervening, that our men charged steadily and successfully. A hundred dead horses, broken caissons, dismounted cannon, broken ammunition, torn clothes, broken knapsacks, empty haversacks, bullets, torn canteens, broken gunstocks, hundreds of torn shoes and hats, bloody bayonets, broken sabre scabbards, torn cartridge boxes, dead Yankees in piles of four, five and a dozen; a cord of cannon rammers, ropes, torn harness, numerous graves—everything which is ever seen upon a fiercely contested and bloody field of battle. All over these 1500 acres of open land, the conflict raged with a fierceness of which the evidence will long be apparent. Our forces carried the whole line of hills and the enemy's defence. Numerous wagon ways for their retreating batteries are seen, but it is evident they fell into our hands, for the paths end at short distances in the woods, and only a few battery paths are seen on the rocky slope, over whose surface down into a ravine and along the slope of the hills behind, the Yankee dead are still putrifying in the light of a bright September sun.

• Away far to the left of the opening the graves of

our men become numerous. Tennessee has her regiments marked on many. Oh! it makes me sorrow in my heart for my glorious friends and companions who are placed there. A thousand Yankee dead—some buried, many still lying in their bright blue uniforms, where our rebel bullets overtook them.

Going northward to the left of the roadway and along the brow of the hill, where the tremendous battery had done such fearful execution, we see where the enemy's right was turned towards his centre, and through the defiles and ravines the fighting must have been awful. In one little dell at the head of a small ravine and directly opposite the old home used by the Yankees as a hospital, situated at the upper end of the opening, there are a large number of our dead. South Carolina here has representatives from several of her noble regiments. A number of graves of Mississippians are marked at various points in this vicinity. The place is easily found by noticing the accurate points I am giving. On both sides of the ravine are evidences of the terrible conflict which raged. This was the front of the enemy's centre. Hundreds of dead Yankees attest the close character of the combat and the invincible efforts of our troops. Back of this point is the highest hill, on which the Yankee centre was entrenched on all sides. They had a large number of guns in battery on the brow of the hill, and down its slope they showered the storm of leaden and iron hail which cut lanes through the woods as though a tornado had passed over it. Trees two feet thick are cut off;

limbs are hanging in all directions; tons of metal—balls, bombs, grape and slugs—are lying thick over the whole wooded surface. Thousands of balls have scarred every tree, shrub and bush; stones are torn into fragments; over nearly a mile in length in front of the battery, and all around it within range, every foot of the ground has been torn and ploughed with shot and shell. On the right hand northern slope of the hill a little farm was cleared, and near the crest a thick peach orchard once stood; behind this is a log house, the house of the proprietor, Mr. Snodgrass. This Snodgrass' hill was the proper centre of the enemy's line. At the foot of the hill fronting toward the Chattanooga road there is a deep well, and to the right of this are three rows of breastworks made of rails, logs and stones. The enemy used the house as a hospital. Around it are the marks of war's destruction. Death, in his most horrible, mangling and disfiguring shape, was there on Sunday, and wagon loads of buried arms and legs and dead, attest the fury and carnage of the demon of destruction. The hospital itself was untouched; its flag was respected by our forces on the centre and right. The centre was charged several times. Finally, Breckenridge's troops assaulted across the point where the well is seen, over the works, up the hill, through the orchard and amongst the trees, to the top of the hill, and here are the evidences of their valor. Right where their noble and desperate courage carried them they have erected a monument. It is composed of Kentucky's dead. Over the spot the roar of a hundred cannon

deafened the senses. The thin, pulverized earth and the beaten round spots show the despair and obstinacy of the Yankee cannoniers. It was from this point the Yankee centre broke and retreated in consternation and panic, throwing away their guns, accoutrements—everything which might impede their progress and retreat. Our troops did not pursue from this point until Monday, from what we could learn.

The evidences of their disorder and retreat is shown in the beaten woods. It has the appearance for miles as though thousands and thousands of cattle and horses had stampeded. Along its course thousands of guns and equipments were found. Our gleaning parties and visitors have cleaned the ground so that not an article of value or use can now be found. It is very much so, however, over the whole field. From this hill we look down over a corn field and through the woods where our right wing came on like a hurricane. In the field there is a large number of dead Yankees, whose black and swollen bodies glistening in the sunlight, are not either pleasant to the eyes, nor is the odor they emit a delightful perfume, except as an incense to our gratified soul that they are destroyed. They are our mortal enemies; that is reason enough for our want of charity.

From this point we travelled Northeast and East, towards Ringgold and Graysville. Passing over the flat or slightly rolling ground between Snodgrass' home and Kelly's farm, the woods is literally torn into shreds. Horses and dead Yankees are lying



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promiscuously about. The conflict all along the road, passing by Kelly's house and a half mile on either side, is more terrible in appearance than any other part of the field. The woods are thick and the land nearly level, which explains the matter—every shot on such ground showing more plainly than on open ground. We found Mr. Kelly packing up his household goods. Numerous dead Yankees and horses are scattered about his house. One man had a leg amputated and apparently died under the operation. The leg was thrown across his body, and there he lay, a most disgusting, yet extraordinary sight. Passing up the wood toward Chattanooga, the evidences of the fight present horrors upon horrors. The ground is nearly level, and the road very broad, with occasionally a field. As far as the eye can see on either side, and at some places a mile in width, the conflict was close, almost hand to hand. All the destruction which can be imagined as attending the terrible carnage of a battle field, is here in all its horror. The dust is thicker than we ever saw it anywhere, and over all the woods for miles in length and width, there is cast a mantle of impalpable dust which makes the gray forest more sad and melancholy in the long slanting rays of the setting sun. We leave the Chattanooga road and turn to the right. An open, narrow space in the woods, which seems to have been cut out for an old road, and may have been made a pasture field, attracts our attention. We ride along the avenue, and on every side, thickly strewn, are the marks of the sharpshooters' skill,

and the terrible effects of shell and grape from masked battery. The loss was not alone, however, with us, but the foe met his fate. He has left the dreadful evidences in many dead bodies. In the woods near the upper end of this opening, we saw one of the blue habited dead, sitting with his back against a log, his arms on his knees, and his fingers dove-tailed together. Apparently he had sat down deliberately to die. The worms were feasting on him. His jaw hanging down; his black and glistening body, which had swollen until it burst off his clothing, was one of the most horrible and disagreeable sights we ever witnessed. Close by, another had crawled along a log, and placing his back against a bush, and resting his head on his hand, the elbow bent, the body in a reclining position, he had pulled his cap over his eyes and given up his spirit from the battle field. We crossed Kelly's farm, passing from the house back, across the field. A series of breastworks ranged in line on various parts of the field, but they seem to have been of but little service. At the back part of the field, sweeping eastward and south of east, was a large and destructive battery. The worn places where each gun was placed indicate that ten or more guns were in battery there. The dead horses and Yankees lying about tell how vengeful the assault was and how successful. But from the hill where this battery cast its storm and rain of shot, and shell, and canister, and grape, the evidences of a terrific fire are more apparent here than anywhere else on the field. The woods are very thick in trees and bushes, and the

limbs, trunks and branches, as they lie cut off and torn in all directions, made an abatis, through which our forces rushed and charged to silence the loud-throated voices of those death-dealing engines. We pass through the path of the artillery storm, and here and there are the graves of our fierce soldiers. On the second hill, with trees and limbs lying thick about, evidences of the terrible passion of man, the graves of many brave Texans, 24th and others, rest calmly, marked by the careful hands of friends; back of these are a number of Georgians. Thence we turn to the left and follow the Savannah road. At intervals the open woods show signs of the conflict being more severe than in the thickly wooded spots. It is along here, we are told, General Hood and his men made such terrible onset and slaughter. They and that portion of our army which advanced from the Red House, and along the road to the right of the saw mill, did execution which is perfectly fearful. The carnage was awful; every avenue has been swept as by a broad besom of destruction in the hands of Hecate. Battery paths are innumerable. Here they fought, there they retreated, leaving dead horses, men, broken caissons, piles of ammunition, rent clothes and destruction generally. On one point on the rise of a hill, we saw the body of a large Newfoundland dog. He evidently was the pet of some battery, and was shot while following it up. Close by him we counted thirty-eight dead Yankees, nearly thirty dead horses, saw more than a ton of shells, shot and canister, and all the broken and abandoned paraphernalia of a

strong battery, all within the space of eighty feet square. The trees and bushes and undergrowth everywhere evince the furious encounter and desperate struggle which had transpired. The paths where our batteries followed up, and at various points were placed in position, are numerous, and showed they were worked rapidly, doing fearful execution. Over this part of the field; about a mile from the saw mill, there are evidences of most desperate and long continued fighting. The ground is slightly rolling and rocky, and the chances for open, fair fighting about equal. The left wing of the enemy resisted our onset there, and sullenly, but certainly, they gave way until they were doubled in their centre, and on Sunday night retreated back from Snodgrass' house toward Chattanooga. The evidences of the conflict are more apparent and numerous on the entire field than on any battle field we ever visited. All over it, breadth and length, the same terrible marks of desolation are visible. The fell spirit of destruction seems to have rioted in uncontrolled madness, farms are destroyed, houses are deserted—fields are waste—no beasts, no birds, not even a buzzard, can be seen anywhere. The only signs of life are the visiting and occasional burying parties.

The whole country for many miles about is completely deserted. Their fields of corn have been destroyed, and the people are obliged to leave to get subsistence. The entire field of nearly eight miles in length and from three to five miles in width, has been stripped of everything that our army needed

or required, as trophies of war. Thousands of visitors have gleaned and picked, until there are only found a few torn and broken articles of no value except as *souvenirs*. Over all the extent of the field the marks of shot are visible on every tree. We are certain that not a *single tree* has escaped. All are scarred with from one to hundreds of marks, minnie, grapnel, grape, canister, bombs, solid shot, grenades and all the rest of the infernal appliances of war have clipped, cut, scarred, blasted, scathed, torn and broken the forest.

We expended over one and a half millions of ammunition, and nearly nine thousand heavy ordnance on the field. The enemy must have expended a much greater quantity, they having the advantage of fixed positions during the action, and the only wonder with us is, that where not even a single tree or bush escaped, how our men were saved.

The evidences of the destruction rained on the enemy, and that his loss was very great, are plainly exhibited on the field. Notwithstanding his boasts and all the history they make, the charnel house their own corpses make, the stench which arises from their yet unburied dead tells in plain and unmistakable, though dreadful numbers, the horrid carnival of blood and the immense sacrifice they made before the valor and bravery of our Southern arms.

The dead bodies of the Yankees which yet remain unburied are scattered in large numbers on various parts of the field. Our burial parties had not entirely buried our own dead after the lapse of ten days, but

were rapidly doing the work. The appearance the Yankees present in their closely buttoned uniforms of blue, is peculiar. They have swollen to the size of mules, and in many instances have burst their clothing. They are all glossy and black as their own hearts or the gloomiest ebony Ethiopian whom in life they pretended to love so well. It may be some consolation to their surviving comrades to know they turn to that color for which they are fighting, the blacks on earth, black in death, black in hell.

The stench emitted over the field is intolerable. Putrefaction and decay has poisoned the air for miles, yet like all dreadful things, people become used to it, and thousands continue to visit.

We noticed one large room near the middle of the field, in which arms and legs were piled five feet high and over the whole floor. From Gordon's mills toward Chattanooga, on either side of the road, is the best route for the visitor. The nearest way to get to it from the W. & A. Railroad is from Graysville to the steam mill by way of Reed's bridge, and then up that broad road. Or go to Alexander's bridge past Gordon's mills, and follow up the Chickamauga to the left, crossing and recrossing the road as curiosity advises. To the left of the road, along the hills the most desperate and bloody work was made.

From Graysville or Ringgold the distance is about twelve miles to the field.

## THE END OF GREAT MEN.

Happening to cast my eyes upon a printed page of miniature portraits, I perceived that the four personages who occupied the four most conspicuous places, were Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar and Bonaparte. I had seen the same unnumbered times before, but never did the same sensations arise in my bosom as my mind glanced over their several histories.

Alexander, after having climbed the dizzy heights of his ambition, and with his temples bound with chaplets dipped in the blood of countless nations, looked down upon a conquered world and wept that there was not another world for him to conquer, set a city on fire, and died in a scene of debauch.

Hannibal, after having, to the astonishment and consternation of Rome, passed the Alps; after having put to flight the armies of this "Mistress of the world," and stripped three bushels of golden rings from the fingers of her slaughtered knights, and made her very foundations quake, fled from his country, being hated by those who once exultingly united his name with that of their God and called him Hanni Baal; and died at last by poison administered by his own hands, unlamented and unwept, in a foreign land.

Cæsar, after having conquered eight hundred cities and dyed his garments in the blood of one million of his foes; after having pursued to death the only rival

he had on earth, was miserably assassinated by those he considered his nearest friends, and in that very place the attainment of which had been his greatest ambition.

Bonaparte, whose mandate kings and popes obeyed, after having filled the earth with the terror of his name; after having deluged Europe with tears and blood, and clothed the world in sackcloth, closed his days in lonely banishment—almost literally exiled from the world, yet where he could sometimes see his country's flag waving over the deep, but which would not, or could not, bring him aid.

Thus those four men, who, from the peculiar situation of their portraits, seemed to stand as the representatives of all those who the world calls *great*—those four, who each in turn made the earth tremble to its very centre by their simple tread, severally died—one by intoxication, or, as some suppose, by poison mingled in his wine; one a suicide; one murdered by his friends; and one a lonely exile. "How are the mighty fallen!"

ABSENCE OF MIND.—Lessing, the celebrated German poet, was remarkable for a frequent absence of mind. Having missed money at different times without being able to discover who took it, he determined to put the honesty of his servant to the test, and left a handful of gold upon the table.

"Of course you counted it," said one of his friends.

"Counted it," said Lessing, rather embarrassed, "no, I forgot that."

## THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

The most stupendous work of this country is the great wall that divides it from Northern Tartary. It is built exactly upon the same plan as the wall of Pekin, being a mound of earth eased on either side with brick or stone. The astonishing magnitude of the fabric consists not so much in the plan of the work as in the immense distance of fifteen hundred miles over which it is extended—over mountains of two and three thousand feet in height, across deep vallies and deep rivers.

The materials of all the dwelling houses in Scotland and England, supposing them to amount to one million eight hundred thousand, and to average, on the whole, two thousand cubic feet of masonry or brick work, are barely equivalent to the bulk or solid contents of the great wall of China. Nor are the projecting massy towers of stone and brick included in this calculation. These alone, supposing them to continue throughout at bowshot distance, were calculated to contain as much masonry and brick work as all London.

To give another idea of the mass of matter in this stupendous fabric, it may be observed that it is more than sufficient to surround the circumference of the earth on two of its great circles, with two walls, each six feet high and two thick. It is to be understood, however, that in this calculation is included the earthy part in the middle of the wall.

## THE SPIRIT OF UNREST.

To illustrate the difficulty of being contented with one's lot, Dr. Franklin gave an apple to a little child. This filling one hand, he gave it a second, which filled the other. He then offered it a third—larger, rosier and more beautiful than the other two. Failing to hold all three it burst into tears. In the principle thus illustrated, we discover one of the strongest contributors to man's happiness and unhappiness in this life. Discontented with our present state, we are ever seeking "solid bliss by trying something new." Impelled by the spirit of "unrest," man is constantly seeking for something beyond his present grasp, and he who has experienced the joy of the inventor or discoverer, can believe us when we say there is no earthly joy like that which ascends in the glad "Eureka" shout with which one heralds his triumph. Men believe that in earthly fame and glory is to be found the boon of happiness, yet when these are once attained, they always fail—with the false man, because it is not in his nature to be filled—with the true man, because those feeble lights are lost in the brighter glory which he experiences, the inward satisfaction of having taken a step in advance of his age. Appealing to him through the sentiment—"What man has done, man can do," this spirit of "unrest" reveals to him the hidden things beyond the bounds of present knowledge, and teaches to the soul the grandeur, the beauty of creation. This

"unresting" in the present, once revealed a great idea to a man, and for twelve long years—years of disappointed hope, of failure and accounted madness—this man sought to embody his idea, and behold now in every dwelling the record of the labors and triumph of Daguerre. Men, fellow-men with you and I, have conquered hidden ideas, and in their jubilant glee have lacked the means of proclaiming their triumphs to the world; and lo! greater inventions have given them publicity. Steam cried, "Harness *me* down with your iron bands," and it was done. The lightning laughed in hoarse thunder notes at the impotence of man, and defied him, and lo! it has been chained to the chariot of thought, and now vies with the speed of light in its haste to do man's bidding.

The spirit of "unrest"—the soul of progress, and the inspiration of genius—is well nigh invincible. Let an idea but once laugh in its face, and no matter how vague, no matter how dimly seen far down the corridors of the unattained, and it pursues that idea, "unhasting, yet unresting."

"O'er steep, through straight, rough, dense or rare,  
And swims or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies,"

steady in the pursuit until it overtakes and drags it forth for the inspection of the world. Are there great men living? Study them, and you will find their spirit, united with industry and unwavering perseverance, at the bottom of all their success. The joy of Hope lights their pathway, until it becomes the joy of the attained, only to break forth again in first-born glory, to light them once more. But not

thus alone has it blessed the world. It is a favorite pastime with many to bewail the devastation caused by ambition, conquest, and that "insatiate grasping for power" manifested by the world's tyrants. Are they tyrants? Who would affirm that Cæsar's conquests did not more for the savage nations of the North than the preachers of peaceful civilization would have done for them to the present? Who would declare that Napoleon, with all his insatiate ambition, then embodied spirit of "unrest," did not more for the progress, the liberty of Europe, than all the peace associations the world ever saw? Did he act from an ambition that was purely ungodly? There are those who say he did, and there are those who are willing to put faith in the good spirit of his heart, and say he truly sought the good of his country and of Europe. Let him who would accomplish much, be careful lest he be ready to *rest* in the present.

The spirit of which we have spoken calls to us daily, hourly, in the voice of duty, obligations to God, our fellows, and to self, commanding us to *rest* not, but "seek that which is good." If disobeyed, it punishes, for who more miserable than he who is willing to sit down quiet and inert, satisfied with the attained, beholding no good in the future, but ease, inactivity and ingloriousness. He is happiest who, rather than be tossed by this spirit as by an angry sea, is willing to work, to keep in advance of its restless surging; for by that very spirit, which seems the tyrant of his life, he is enabled to overcome—to conquer for himself a kingdom.



A HIGHLANDER'S LESSON.—A Highland piper having a scholar to teach, disdained to crack his brain with the names semibreves, minims, crotchets and quavers. "Here, Donald," said he, "take your pipes, lad, and gie 's a blast. So, verra weel blawn, indeed; but what's a sound, Donald, without sense. You may blaw forever without making a tune o't, if I dinna tell ye how the queer things on the paper maun help ye. Ye see that big fellow, wi' a round open face, (pointing to a semibreve between the two lines of a bar;) he moves slowly from that line to this, while ye beat ane wi' your fit, and gie a lang blast; if now ye put a leg to him, ye make twa of him, and he'll run twice as fast; and if ye black his face he'll run four times faster than the fellow wi' the white face; but if after blacking his face, ye'll bend his knee, or tie his legs, he'll hop eight times faster than the white faced chap that I showed you first. Now, whene'er ye blaw yer pipes, Donald, remember this, that the tighter those fellows' legs are tied the faster they'll run, and the quicker they're sure to dance.

### HOME.

Sing a sweet melodious measure,  
Waft enchanting lays around;—  
Home—a theme replete with pleasure,  
Home—a grateful theme resound.  
Home, sweet home—an ample treasure!  
Home with every blessing crowned;  
Home, perpetual source of pleasure;  
Home, a noble strain resound.

### GEMS.

Oh, man! so prodigal of words; in deeds  
Oft wise and wary, lest thy brother worm  
Should hang thereon his echo taunt of shame,  
How dar'st thou trifle with all-fearful thought?  
Beware of thoughts; they whisper to the ravers.  
How mute to thee, they prompt the diamond pen  
Of the recording angel.

Make them friends—

Those dread seed-planters of eternity,  
Those sky-reporting heralds. Make them friends.

Alas! how vain

The wreath that Fame would bind around our tomb!  
The winds shall waste it, and the worms destroy,  
While from its home of bliss, the disrobed soul  
Looks not upon its greenness, nor deploras  
Its withering loss. Thou who hast toiled to earn  
The fickle praise of posterity,  
Come weigh it at the grave's brink, here with me,  
If thou canst weigh a dream.

Hath not memory stores whereon to feed,  
When joy's young harvest fails; as clings the bee  
To the sweet calyx of some smitten flower.

They who sit

On gilded throne, with rubied diadem,  
Caparisoned and guarded round, till death  
Doth stretch them 'neath some gorgeous canopy,  
Yet leave no foot prints in the realm of mind—  
Call them not kings—they are but crowned men.

Though time thy youth is stealing,  
There's still beyond his art,  
The wild-flower wreath of feeling,  
The sunbeam of the heart.

## MY VALENTINE.

O, some may think me crazy,  
And others deem me rash;  
But truly I must doctor  
My fainting young moustache.

Yes, straightway to the barber,  
This moment I will fly,  
And test the healing virtue  
Of patent whisker dye.

\* \* \* \* \*

As sure as I am living,  
The barber's not a quack;  
He's turned them from a yellow,  
To a bright glossy black.

O, now in winning beauty,  
How gracefully they curl!  
I'll surely be admired  
By every witty girl.

Deceitful gents, remember  
The ladies know your pains;  
That hair is often given  
More plentiful than brains.  
You talk of patent blushes  
That ladies love to wear,  
And all the while you're sailing  
Under colors false as fair.  
Now don't my duck imagine,  
As you lounge along the street,  
That you are just the fancy  
Of every girl you meet.  
But one thing yet is lacking,  
To fit you for the skies;—  
You next must get the painter  
To color up your eyes.

## HOME.

Home, sweet home! 'tis a cherished spot,  
To every heart held dear,  
Round which fond mem'ry twines a wreath,  
To bud and bloom each year.

'Tis a precious mine—a pure shrine—  
A haven bright and fair;—  
How oft our barks with shattered sail,  
Return to anchor there.

No matter where our feet may rove,  
The heart will fondly cling  
To the dear scenes that gilded o'er  
Life's joyous, sunlit spring.

They come but once in a human life,  
Then but to pass away,  
Giving to all a foretaste here  
Of heaven's noonless day.

Be that home a marble mansion,  
Or but a lowly cot;  
As turns the needle to its pole,  
Will memory seek the spot.

Yes, through the mist of circling years,  
Our thoughts by grief oppressed  
Will wander back o'er smiles and tears,  
To find that golden rest.

Our thirsting hearts by nature seek  
A pure and changeless stream,  
A realm of bright upfading light,  
Above life's fickle dream:—

A home of homes, not made with hands,  
Where love and peace shall dwell;  
Where sounds of discord shall ne'er arise,  
To break the magic spell.

## THE REVEILLE.\*

## A PARODY.

The rebel guns were hushed at last,  
And o'er the field of battle passed,  
A lad who bore not over nice,  
A daily with this gay device—  
The Reveille!

His brow was bright, his eye below  
Gleamed like a gem in virgin snow,  
And like a strain from harp or lute,  
Arose on high his gay salute—  
The Reveille!

By snowy tents he saw the light,  
Of red camp fires flash warm and bright,  
Like the smiles from the fiery zone,  
And from his lips escaped a groan—  
The Reveille!

"Try not the line," the picket said;  
"Mark yonder bones of sainted dead;  
That path with martyrs' blood is dyed,"  
But still that childish voice replied—  
The Reveille!

"O remain," said a vivandiere,  
"And seek repose,—you've nought to fear."  
A tear sprang from his beaming eye,  
And yet he answered in reply—  
The Reveille!

"Beware the bushwhacker's cruel shot;  
Beware the prisoner's gloomy lot;"  
This was the sentry's last good-night,  
The lad replied far out of sight—  
The Reveille!

\*Written for the first number of a paper called "The Reveille."

At early dawn, as from a tramp,  
The weary scout returned to camp,  
Leading his faithful, gallant bay,  
A voice broke o'er the misty way—  
The Reveille!

A traveler stretched on the frozen ground,  
In the freezing arms of death was found,  
Still grasping in a hand of ice,  
The daily with the strange device—  
The Reveille!

There in the twilight cold and gray,  
In the long, dreary sleep he lay,  
While through the morning's dreary spell,  
Dropped a voice like a screaming shell—  
The Reveille!

## THE COAT OF MAIL.

Just before Napoleon set out for the court of Belgium he sent to the cleverest artizan of his class in Paris, and demanded of him whether he would engage to make a coat of mail, to be worn under the ordinary dress, which should be absolutely bullet-proof; and that if so, he might name his own price for such a work.

The man engaged to make the desired object if allowed proper time, and he named eighteen thousand francs as the price of it. The bargain was concluded, and in due time the work was produced, and its maker honored with a second audience of the Emperor. "Now" said his Imperial majesty, "put it on." The man did so. "As I am to stake my life

on its efficacy, *you* will, I suppose, have no objection to do the same." And he took a brace of pistols, and prepared to discharge one at the astonished artizan. There was no retreating, however, and half dead with fear, he stood the fire, and, to the infinite credit of his work, with perfect impunity. But the Emperor was not content with *one* trial; he fired the second pistol at the back of the trembling artizan, and afterwards discharged a fowling-piece at another part of him, with similar effect. "Well," said the Emperor, "you have produced a capital work, undoubtedly; what is the price of it?" "Eighteen thousand francs was named as the agreed sum." "There is an order for them," said the Emperor "and here is another for an equal amount for the fright I have given you."

## A GEM.

The waves came dancing o'er the sea,  
In bright and glittering bands;  
Like little children wild with glee,  
They linked their dimpled hands—  
They linked their hands, but ere I caught  
Their sprinkled drops of dew,  
Away the ripples flew.  
The twilight hours like birds flew by,  
As lightly and as free;  
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,  
Ten thousand in the sea;  
For every wave with dimple face,  
That leaped up in the air,  
Had caught a star in its embrace,  
And held it trembling there.

[Selected.]

## THE HUNGARIAN HORSE-DEALER.

## FROM THE LIFE OF A ROBBER.

On the third night after his departure from Vienna, he stopped at a quiet inn, situated in the suburbs of a small town. He had never been there before, but the house was comfortable, and the appearance of the people about it respectable. Having first attended to his tired horse, he sat down to supper with his host and family. During the meal he was asked whence he came, and when he said from Vienna, all were anxious to know the news. The dealer told them all he knew. The host then enquired what business had carried him to Vienna. He told them that he had been there to sell some of the best horses that were ever taken to that market. When he heard this, the host cast a glance at one of the men of the family, who seemed to be his son, which the dealer scarcely observed then, but which he had reason to recall afterwards. When supper was finished the fatigued traveller requested to be shown to his bed. The host himself took up a light, and conducted him across a little yard at the back of the house, to a detached building, which contained two rooms tolerably decent for an Hungarian hotel. In the inner of these rooms was a bed, and here the host left him to himself. As the dealer threw off his jacket and loosened the girdle around his waist where his money was deposited, he thought he might as well see whether it

was all safe. Accordingly, he drew out an old leather purse that contained his gold, and then a tattered parchment pocket-book that enveloped the Austrian bank notes, and finding that both were quite right, he laid them under the bolster, extinguished the light, and threw himself on the bed, thanking God and the saints that had carried him thus far homeward in safety. He had no misgivings as to the people he had fallen among to hinder his repose, and the poor dealer was soon enjoying a profound and happy sleep.

He might have been in this state of beatitude an hour or two, when he was disturbed by a noise like that of an opening window, and by a sudden rush of cool night air. On raising himself on the bed, he saw peering through an open window—which was almost immediately above the bed—the head and shoulders of a man, who was evidently attempting to make his ingress into the room that way. As the terrified dealer looked, the intruding figure was withdrawn, and he heard a rumbling noise, and then the voices of several men, as he thought, close under the window. The most dreadful apprehensions, the more horrible as they were so sudden, now agitated the traveller, who, scarcely knowing what he did, but utterly despairing of preserving his life, threw himself under the bed. He had scarcely done so when the hard breathing of a man was heard at the open window, and the next moment a robust fellow dropped into the room, and, after staggering across it, groped his way by the walls to the bed. Fear

had almost deprived the horse dealer of his senses, but yet he perceived that the intruder, whoever he might be, was drunk. There was, however, slight comfort in this, for he might only have swallowed wine to make him more desperate, and the traveller was convinced that he had heard the voices of other men without, who might climb into the room to assist their brother villain in case any resistance might be made. His astonishment, however, was great and reviving when he heard the fellow throw off his jacket, on the floor, and then toss himself upon the bed under which he lay. Terror, however, had taken too firm a hold of the traveller to be shaken off at once; his ideas were too much confused to permit his imagining any other motive for such a midnight intrusion on an unarmed man with property about him, save that of robbery and assassination, and he lay quiet where he was until he heard the fellow above him snoring with all the sonorousness of a drunkard. Then, indeed, he would have left his hiding place, and gone to rouse the people in the inn, to get another resting place instead of the bed of which he had been dispossessed in so singular a manner; but just as he came to this resolution, he heard the door of the outer room open—then stealthy steps across it—then, the door of the very room he was in was softly opened, and two men, one of whom was the host, and the other his son, appeared on the threshold.

"Leave the light where it is," whispered the host, "or it may disturb him and give us trouble."

"There is no fear of that," said the young man, also in a whisper: "we are two to one; he has nothing but a little knife about him—he is dead asleep, too! Hear how he snores."

"Do my bidding," said the old man, sternly, "would you have him wake and rouse the neighborhood with his screams?"

As it was, the horror-stricken dealer under the bed could scarcely suppress a shriek, but he saw that the son left the light in the outer room, and then, pulling the door partially after them, to screen the rays of the lamp from the bed, he saw the two murderers glide to the bedside, and then heard a rustling motion as of arms descending on the bed-clothes, and a hissing, and then a grating sound, that turned his soul sick, for he knew it came from knives or daggers penetrating to the heart or vitals of a human being like himself, and only a few inches above his own body. This was followed by one sudden and violent start on the bed, accompanied by a moan. Then the bed, which was a low one, was bent by an increase of weight, caused by one or both of the murderers throwing themselves upon it, until it pressed on the body of the traveller. Then there was an awful silence for a moment or two, and then the host said:

"He is finished—I have cut him across the throat; take the money; I saw him put it under the bolster."

"I have it—here it is," said the son, "a purse and a pocket book."

The traveller was then relieved from the weight

which had oppressed him almost to suffocation; and the assassins, who seemed to tremble as they went, ran out of the room, took up the light and disappeared from the apartment. No sooner were they gone, than the poor dealer crawled from under the bed, took one desperate leap, and escaped through the little window by which he had seen enter the unfortunate wretch who had evidently been murdered in his stead. He ran with all his speed into the town, where he told his horrid story and miraculous escape to the night-watch. The night-watch conducted him to the burgomaster, who was soon aroused from his sleep and made acquainted with all that had happened.

In less than half an hour from the time of his escape from it, the horse-dealer was again at the murderer's inn, with the magistrate and a strong force of the horror-stricken inhabitants, and the night-watch, who had run thither in the greatest silence.

In the house, all seemed as still as death; but, as the party went round to the stables, they heard a noise. Cautioning the rest to surround the inn and the out-houses, the magistrate, with the traveller and some half dozen armed men, ran to the stable door. This they opened, and found within the host and his son digging a grave. The first figure that met the eyes of the murderers was that of the traveller. The effect of this on their guilty souls was too much to be borne; they shrieked, and threw themselves on the ground, and though they were immediately seized by hard grappling hands of real flesh and blood, and



heard the voices of the magistrate and their friends and neighbors denouncing them as murderers, it was some minutes ere they could believe that the figure of the traveller that stood among them was other than a spirit. It was the hardier villain, the father, who, on hearing the stranger's voice continuing in conversation with the magistrate, first gained sufficient command over himself to raise his face from the earth. He saw the stranger still pale and haggard, but evidently unhurt. The murderer's head spun round confusedly; but at length, rising, he said to those who held him—

"Let me see that stranger nearer; let me touch him—only let me touch him!"

The poor horse-dealer drew back in horror and disgust.

"You may satisfy him in this," said the magistrate, "he is unarmed and unnerved, and we are here to prevent his doing you harm."

On this, the traveller let the host approach him and pass his hand over his person, which, when he had done, the villain exclaimed:

"I am no murderer! Who says I am a murderer?"

"That shall we see anon," said the traveller, who led the way to the detached apartment, followed by the magistrate, by the two prisoners, and all the party which had collected in the stable on hearing what passed there.

Both father and son walked with considerable confidence into the room, but when they saw, by the

lamps the night-watch and others held over it, that there was a body, covered with blood, lying upon the bed, they cried out—

"How is this! Who is this!" and rushed together to the bedside.

The lights were lowered; their rays fell upon the ghastly face and bleeding throat of a young man. At the sight, the younger of the murderers turned his head, and swooned in silence; but the father, uttering a shriek so loud, so awful, that one of the eternally damned alone might equal its effects, threw himself on the bed, on the gashed and bloody body, and murmured in his throat, "My son! I have killed my own son!" also found a temporary relief from the horrors of his situation in insensibility.

The next minute the wretched hostess, who was innocent of all that had passed, and who was, without knowing it, the wife of a murderer—the mother of a murderer, and the mother of a murdered son—of a son killed by a brother and father—ran to the apartment and would have increased ten-fold its already insupportable horrors, by entering there, had she not been prevented by the honest towns-people. She had been roused from sleep by the noise made in the stable, and then by her husband's shriek, and was now herself, shrieking and frantic, carried back, into the inn by main force.

The two murderers were forthwith bound and carried to the town jail, when, on the examination, which was made the next morning, it appeared from evidence that the person murdered was the youngest

son of the landlord of the inn, and a person never suspected of any crime more serious than habitual drunkenness; that instead of being in bed as his father and brother had believed him, he had stolen out of the house and joined a party of carousers in the town; of these boon companions, all appeared in evidence, and two of them deposed that the deceased, being exceedingly intoxicated, and dreading his father's wrath, should he rouse the house in such a state, and at that late hour, had said to them that he would get through the window into the little detached apartment, and sleep there, as he had often done before, and they two had accompanied him, and assisted him to climb to the window. The deceased had reached the window once, and, as they thought, would have got safely through it, but drunk and unsteady as he was, they had some difficulty in inducing him to climb again; for, in the caprice of his intoxication, he said he would rather go and sleep with one of his comrades. However, he had at last effected his entrance, and they, his two comrades, had gone to their respective homes.

The wretched criminals were executed a few weeks after the commission of the crime. They had confessed everything, and restored to the horse-dealer the gold and the paper money they had concealed, and which had led them to do a deed so much more atrocious than even they had contemplated.

## MUNCHAUSEN.

Mon ami. Would you believe it, we met him. Yes *Munchausen redivivus*. Met him on the cars on the State road. He was dressed in quiet sober style. Had on a neck tie as white as purity is supposed to be, (why?) and had a clerical countenance entirely which forbid, at first sight, the presentation at him of a bottle of exquisite *eau de vie*; we learned better, however, afterward. Discovered he was from Arkansas last, though a cosmopolite generally. We modestly suggested the fact that the trees in the Mississippi valley grew to enormous height, some that we had seen being ten feet in diameter. This was moderate, but we had struck his peculiar *forte*.

"Ah!" said he, "ten feet, my dear sir. We make houses in the hollows of the huge sycamores, in Western Arkansas. We have everything there on a magnificent scale. Why, my dear fellow, we built a church in our place so high, that the people standing on the street below, had to yell very loud when they read the inscription over the belfry: the painter not being able to construct a ladder long enough, found himself obliged to take hold of his breeches seat and lift himself up to paint the spire. He fell from the place one day, and the distance was so great he passed into thin air, and nothing was left when he reached the ground."

"Will you have a drink?"

"With all my pleasure. Your good health."

"You are rather a fast community, I expect, out there. The same system in everything, eh?"

"Yes, sir. Our railroads are the slowest things there." The trains only run eighty miles an hour. They beat us in Eastern Europe. Why I saw trial trips of a large engine there once, that ran a hundred miles an hour. The engineer was found dead on the box; the fast running had taken away his breath, and when we stopped we found several small engines in the fire box of our big one; we had picked the little fellows up along the road. But we can beat the world for thieves in Arkansas. I had a cousin who kept a saw mill, and once whilst I was preaching on that circuit, I became cognizant of a cute trick some thieves done.

Cousin had some very fine walnut logs at his mill, and night after night they were stolen. One night he set a watch of two men. They sat on a fine large log, and drank whisky and played cards by moonlight, until they fell asleep. Next morning, when they waked, they found that some thieves had driven a wedge into one end of the log they had been asleep upon, and with some oxen, had driven away with the log, leaving them sitting on the bark.

The stream cousin lived on was a thundergust affair, and it was only by being so crooked that it kept water in it at all. Why, within a mile from the mill it crossed itself four times, and at one place, ran up hill some distance."

"We presume it nevertheless went dry occasionally."

"Aye! about as dry as I am on the present occasion. Your good health, gents, hah! hah!"

At this moment he spied an acquaintance with a "Helloa, Jim! what are you doing now?"

"Oh, I'm on a detail down here at Atlantar."

"What sort of detail have you got on?"

"Why, whar I gits lots to eat and certain sure coffee to drink, and 'casional drinks when the doctors don't watch too close, or drink it themselves. I'm a nussin' in the —— Horsepittle."

We retired with a sorrowful, lingering look at our Munchausen. [*Dr. I. E. Nagle, Surgeon C. S. A.*]

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### ESTRANGED.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Ah!—well, we're wiser at last;  
The charming delusion is over;  
Your dream of devotion is past,  
And I—am no longer a lover.  
But, darling, (allow me the phrase,  
For simple civility's sake,)  
Don't think, in this calmest of lays  
I've any reproaches to make.

Ah, no!—not a querulous word  
Shall fall from my passionless pen;  
The sharp little scolding you've heard,  
I never shall utter again.  
But if in this final adieu,  
Too chilly for even a kiss,  
I venture a comment or two,  
You surely won't take it amiss.

I'm thinking, my dear, of the day,  
 (Well, habit is certainly queer,  
 And still in a lover-like way,  
 I call you "my darling" and "dear!")  
 I'm thinking, I say, of the time  
 I vowed you were charmingly clever,  
 And raved of your beauty in rhyme,  
 And promised to love you forever!

Forever!—a beautiful phrase,  
 Suggestive of heavenly pleasure  
 That millions and millions of days  
 Were wholly unequal to measure!  
 And yet, as we sadly have seen,  
 The case is remarkably clear,  
 'Tis a word that may happen to mean  
 Rather less than a calendar year.

Yet I never have broken my vow,  
 Although I admit that I swore  
 To love you forever, and now  
 Confess that I love you no more:  
 For since you're no longer the same,  
 (Heaven pardon and pity us both),  
 To be loving you now, I proclaim,  
 Were really breaking my oath!

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### SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE.

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Point me not to the temple of beauty,  
 Where worshipers kneel at a shrine,  
 Which remains but a moment to dazzle,  
 Then ceases forever to shine;  
 For a smile on the lips of a statue,  
 Made fair by the chisel of art,  
 May enchant; but 'neath all of its splendor,  
 There's nought but a cold marble heart.

So may the magical, tri-colored arch,  
 Which rests on the brow of the storm,  
 Awaken each slumbering sense,  
 With the hues of its beautiful form.

But while we are gazing in wonder,  
 On the beams of this brilliant array,  
 The form of the dream-like creation  
 Is melting and fading away.

Thus will all graces save those of the mind,  
 Like the flashes of the meteor's light,  
 For a moment bewilder and blind us,  
 But the sooner to vanish in night.

Oh! then with the pearls that are lasting,  
 Be virtue and knowledge combined,  
 That our heavenly crown may be flashing,  
 With the star-lit beauties of mind.

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### COGITATIONS.

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Oh, I would I were a poet!  
 I'd weave a net of rhymes,  
 And in it I would tangle  
 A picture of the times.  
 I'd hang it in the heavens,  
 And bid the nations view,  
 Within this magic mirror,  
 Reflections which are true.  
 How patriotic farmers  
 Our infant nation aid,  
 When for each pound of produce,  
 "Just compensation's" paid.  
 And men behind the counter  
 Would be ashamed to thrive,  
 For they only make enough

To keep themselves alive;  
 And dash about the city  
 Upon that fancy bay,  
 Or in a livery carriage,  
 At forty slugs a day.  
 They take the best Havanna,  
 With now and then a drink,  
 They spout upon the currency,  
 And tell you what they think;—  
 If they but had the power,  
 They'd lead us through the sea,  
 They'd bring a brighter hour,  
 And set the people free.  
 But have you seen the Colonel,  
 With that hair upon his face;—  
 With a double row of buttons,  
 And forty yards of lace?  
 Oh, truly he's a beauty!  
 Besides he's very brave;  
 To Fashion or to Yankees,  
 He'll never be a slave.  
 A paragon of courage,  
 He'll shout the battle cry,  
 And prove to any barber,  
 He's not afraid to die.  
 He pockets his commission,  
 And promenades the street,  
 To show his fancy trappings,  
 And watch the ladies' feet.  
 'Tis thus these gallant gentry  
 May revel in the rear,  
 While "but the humble private,"  
 Isn't furloughed once a year.  
 Had each one done his duty,  
 And striven to agree,  
 Our torn and bleeding nation  
 Had long ago been free.

## THE SOLDIER'S TRIALS.

None, save those who have been taught by bitter experience, can even imagine the innumerable trials and hardships that color the soldier's life. I could not accurately describe them if I would; words are too feeble to express half the truth. Could I find expressions vivid enough to paint the fearful gnawings of hunger, the pangs of a burning thirst, the fever's consuming fire, or the chilling horrors of the battle field—even then the liveliest conception would be as far from the reality, as is the electric from its dull imitation on canvass. I would not have you think me desponding; far from it. God help me to meet my duties cheerfully—help me to consider it a privilege as well as a duty to "Strike for our altars and our fires."

Yet I would have you fully appreciate the soldier's services; and to do this, you should hear his sad farewell, when, with tearful eye, he leaves his home and heart-treasures, for the camp and the field; you should be near, when, upon the rugged march, he sinks to the earth from exhaustion, and writhing under the tortures of thirst, he would sell his own right hand for a cup of water; and think of him, when faint and weary he is drawn up in line of battle! What scenes now rise before his vision! Behind him are home and dear ones—before him may be wounds, imprisonment or death. He falters for a moment, but is only for a

moment, the thought of grey-haired parents, of wife and little ones, and the dangers to which they are exposed, fills him with courage. With a prayer in his heart and a shout on his lips, he bares his breast to the hail-storm of death. Look again upon that scene after this fiery shock is passed. Where now are the ranks of brave men which moved in the strife? They are broken and shattered like the angry billows that lash the rocky shore. Many of them have sunk to rise no more; they will be laid coffinless and shroudless in the soldier's shallow grave, far from home and friends, amid the shrieks and groans of wounded comrades, who are stretched upon the crimson sod, wrapped in the dust and smoke of the battle plain. Such are some of the dangers and trials of the brave defenders of our soil. Oh, remember, you who are at home, living in luxury, remember, I entreat you, the poor and needy. The strong arms which would shield them from want, are even now linked together like bands of steel upon our threatened border, for the protection of your well filled cribs, as well as their own humble possessions. The providing hand has been withdrawn from the wife and helpless babes to grasp the sword in defence of our liberty, and it is your sacred duty to share with the sufferers that which you have saved by their sacrifices, and if you give, call not that giving charity, for as God liveth it is but the discharge of a just debt.

## LINES

WRITTEN IN ATLANTA, ON THE APPROACH OF THE ENEMY.

Hark! heard ye not those sullen guns,  
That throbbing of the pulse of war;  
Now again come the thunderings  
Of Death's crimson battle-car,  
Onward rumbling, with horrid din,  
Along the gory, trembling plain,  
Scattering curses, shrieks and groans,  
O'er a way paved with victims slain.  
Upward surge the tides of sulphurous smoke,  
To stain the fields of virgin air,  
Like the hot breath from the vexed throat  
Of some volcano's seething lair.  
Again the cannon's lurid smile  
Is at play, with a savage gleam,  
O'er forest, cot and city spire,  
O'er towering mount and gliding stream.  
Georgians rise! yon vaunting Northman  
Has rudely passed the outer gate,  
And now, his mongrel minions  
Pollute the proud old Empire State.  
Mark his red invading footsteps—  
The ashes, the pall and the tomb,  
And read in characters of blood  
Your own dismal impending doom;  
Yours, if now, you fail to meet him  
Face to face, with venging steel,  
To free again your natal soil  
From the despot's iron heel.  
In the pride of Southern freemen  
Rise and smite the greedy slave,  
Granting to each grovelling vandal  
A welcome and a nameless grave.



## MY HOME.

Dear is my home on the river's  
 Wild adamant shore,  
 And the wealth of dame nature's  
 Unlimited store.  
 Where the voice of the water's  
 Perpetual flow,  
 Like a strain of sad music  
 Floats up from below.  
 And the clouds as they hover  
 In fathomless space,  
 With a wing overshadows  
 The mountainous place.  
 Where the note of the sea-bird's  
 Prophetic cry,  
 Like a spirit of evil  
 Inhabits the sky;  
 And the boom of the billow's  
 Tempestuous surge,  
 Rolls away from the cliffs  
 Like a funeral dirge.  
 Till the earth and the heavens  
 Seem fraught with a charm,  
 That awakes in each bosom  
 A blissful alarm.  
 O, 'twas there that my childhood's  
 Bright hours went by;  
 It is there I would linger,  
 And there I would die.  
 That the harp-strings of nature's  
 Harmonious band,  
 May my lone grave encircle  
 With requiems grand.

## TO W. F. HARRIS.

My friend, I heard you wishing  
 That you could wield a pen,  
 To win the admiration  
 Of frail and fickle men.  
 A poet's soul you'd covet,  
 That you might catch the strain,  
 Which wafted down from ages,  
 Will like a golden chain,  
 Still pave its way with sunlight,  
 Through centuries yet to come;  
 And light a living halo  
 Around the poet's tomb.  
 O, envy not the being,  
 Who like yourself is frail,  
 Yet may possess the power  
 To lift the mystic veil  
 Where move the secret workings  
 Of every throbbing heart,  
 And awake to happy numbers  
 The minstrel's magic art.  
 For linked with all the pleasure,  
 Which poets glean from life,  
 Comes a train of weary hours,  
 With pain and sorrow rife.  
 Then grieve not to be famous,  
 The gift may ne'er descend;  
 But you may yet be destined  
 To some more glorious end.

A false friend is like a shadow on a dial; it appears  
 in fair weather, but vanishes as soon as a cloud  
 approaches.

## TO MY BROTHERS IN THE ARMY.

Two brothers in the army,  
 Contending for the right,  
 O may the angels guard them  
 This cheerless wint'ry night.  
 Long weary months have vanished,  
 Since with a tear-dimmed eye,  
 They left us for the army,  
 And breathed a last good-bye.

How wildly in my dreaming  
 Has rung the battle-cry,  
 When troops were onward rushing  
 To conquer or to die;  
 And there among the foremost,  
 From morn till set of sun,  
 Was Charlie in the saddle,  
 And Amos by his gun.

And again, I've seen them sleeping,  
 Tentless, on the frozen ground,  
 Or pacing in the forest  
 The picket's lonely round,  
 Until the starry clock-work  
 Its silent course had run,  
 Then Charlie's in the saddle,  
 And brother's by his gun.

They've fought, and toiled, and suffered,  
 Like vet'ran men of yore,  
 In battling with the billows,  
 To gain the promised shore.  
 Fresh laurels Fame is twining,  
 For deeds of valor done,  
 By Charlie in the saddle,  
 And Amos by his gun.

A mother's choicest blessing  
 Will welcome home again,  
 Her gallant sons who've acted  
 So well the part of men;  
 And hist'ry will exalt them,  
 For battles fought and won,  
 By Charlie in the saddle,  
 And Amos by his gun.

## MY TREASURES.

In a lonely, silent church-yard,  
 Where the river's sullen roar  
 Floats away in mournful echoes,  
 Up and down the pebbly shore;

Where the ivy-mantled statue  
 With its gleaming, snowy crest,  
 Throws a wierd and ghostly shadow  
 O'er the cold and pulseless breast;

Where the Court of Death is pending,  
 And around his gloomy throne,  
 Are stored the seeds of past decay,  
 By his swift-winged angels sown.

There, I've oft in sadness wandered,  
 Down those lonely, silent ways,  
 Wholly lost in solemn musing,  
 Through those dreamy autumn days,

Till, beside two humble tombstones  
 I have knelt in fervent prayer,  
 And have paid a tearful tribute  
 To my treasures hidden there.

One by one the faded leaflets  
 Circled round each voiceless home—  
 Each a sad, impressive warning  
 Of life's autumn days to come.

## TELL ME, YE WINGED WINDS:

Soon our hopes and joys will wither—  
 Dust to dust, must be our doom;  
 Soon we'll pass that dread tribunal,  
 And be laid within the tomb.

## TELL ME, YE WINGED WINDS:

Tell me, ye winged winds,  
 That round my pathway roar,  
 Do you not know some spot  
 Where mortals weep no more?  
 Some lone and pleasant dell,  
 Some valley in the West,  
 Where, free from toil and pain,  
 The weary soul may rest?  
 The loud wind softened to a whisper low,  
 And sighed for pity as it answered "No!"

Tell me, thou mighty deep,  
 Whose billows round me play,  
 Know'st thou some favored spot,  
 Some island far away,  
 Where weary man may find  
 The bliss for which he sighs,  
 Where sorrow never lives  
 And friendship never dies?  
 The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,  
 Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer, "No!"

And thou, serenest moon,  
 That with such hazy face,  
 Dost look upon the earth,  
 Asleep in night's embrace,  
 Tell me, in all thy round  
 Hast thou not seen some spot  
 Where miserable man  
 Might find a happier lot?  
 Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,  
 And a voice sweet, but sad, responded, "No!"

## AN OLD MAN WHO SHOT SIXTY PERSONS. 185

Tell me, my secret soul,  
 O, tell me, Hope and Faith,  
 Is there no resting-place  
 From sorrow, sin and death?  
 Is there no happy spot,  
 Where mortals may be blessed;  
 Where grief may find a balm,  
 And weariness a rest?

Faith, Hope and Love—best boons to mortals given,  
 Waved their bright wings, and whispered, "Yes, in Heaven!"  
*Selected.*

AN OLD MAN WHO HAS SHOT SIXTY PERSONS.—  
 At one point on the Tennessee river there is a place  
 that has become a terror to steamboat men, and in  
 passing it they always find some place to secure  
 themselves till the boat passes. At this point an  
 old man, sixty odd years of age, has made his head-  
 quarters a long time, and the peculiar "crack of his  
 gun" is familiar to river-men, and sends a thrill of  
 terror wherever it is heard. He has a long heavy-  
 barreled gun, originally a squirrel rifle, which has  
 been bored out three different times, until now the  
 largest thumb can easily be turned in the muzzle,  
 and the aim of the old man is one of deadly cer-  
 tainty. The sentinel is always faithfully upon his  
 watch, and his retreat has so far baffled all to catch  
 him, from the fact that he is so surrounded with  
 dense swamps and deep ravines. Well informed  
 river men estimate that this old man has killed in  
 this way not less than sixty persons; and yet he per-  
 forms his work with as much earnestness and vigor  
 as when he first commenced. *[Selected.]*

## MAJ. GEN. PATRICK R. CLEBURNE.

"Cleburne is dead," and as we hear the words repeated, our eyes fill as we look back over the associations that cluster around his name, and his noble heroism in the defense of his adopted land.

There was no officer in the army more universally beloved for his gallantry and gentle bearing than he; and his loss will be deeply felt, not only by those with whom he has been so long associated, but by the whole country, for his name and fame was as broad as our own sunny land.

At the beginning of the war he was engaged in the practice of law in Helena, Arkansas, where he located when he emigrated from Erin's Green Isle; and when the tocsin of war sounded, he was the first to offer his services as a private in the Helena Rifles, but his well known merits and qualifications were recognized, and he was selected to command the company; and when the Fifteenth Arkansas Regiment was formed at Mound City, he was unanimously elected Colonel, and at Shiloh amid the storm of shot and shell, he won his wreath and the lasting friendship of Gen. Hardee, who saw and recognized his merits, and has ever since remained his steadfast friend.

Well do we remember his words when the wily Joe Hooker attempted to seize Dug Gap near Dalton, last Spring. "Tell Cleburne to go, to go himself;

he must be there," and the wild shout of his noble Division, as he rode like Sidney down the lines, and took his place at their head, and pointed with his gleaming sword to the spot where "Cerro Gordo" Williams was struggling against the hosts, and his clear cry of "Forward men!"

But he is dead! No more will his form be seen where the battle rages thickest, calm and grand of his own proud disregard of the leaden rain and iron hail that fell around him, yet ever mindful of those he commanded. But in after years his grave will be visited by those for whom he poured out his life-blood that they might be free.

Weep for the hero that is no more, save in the rich memories of the past, but whose fame shall endure wherever the deeds that ennoble men in a great cause, are spoken, and whose name will be perpetuated as a synonym of all that is great and good. [Selected.]

FRANKLIN'S TOAST.—Long after Washington's victories over the French and English had made his name familiar over all Europe, Dr. Franklin chanced to dine with the English and French ambassadors, when the following toasts were drunk:

By the British ambassador—"England: the sun, whose beams enlighten and fructify the remotest corners of the earth."

The French ambassador, glowing with national pride, drank—France: the moon, whose mild, steady, cheering rays are the delight of nations."

Dr. Franklin then rose, and with his usual dignified simplicity, said — "George Washington: the Joshua, who commanded the sun and moon to stand still and they obeyed him."

## FEMALE SOLDIERS.

The Central cars on Friday night, brought down to Richmond, two girls named Mary Bell and Mollie Bell, who were dressed in soldier clothes. They claim to be cousins, and state that before the war they lived with their uncle in south-western Virginia; but about two years since, he left them and went over to the Yankees. They then attired themselves in male apparel, and were admitted into a cavalry company attached to the Confederate service. A few months after their enlistment, they encountered a force of Yankees, were defeated and captured with the rest of the company; but subsequently, General John H. Morgan with reinforcements, overtook the Yankees who had them in charge, causing such a precipitate retreat that they were compelled to abandon their prisoners. After three months' service in the cavalry, they joined the Thirty-sixth Virginia Infantry, and have been with it up to the present time. On one occasion Mollie killed three Yankees while on picket, and on her return to the brigade, was promoted for gallantry to a corporalecy. The corporal has missed but one battle,—that of Cedar

Creek—she having been sent off on duty at the time. Once she was slightly wounded in the arm by a piece of shell.

From the time these girls entered the service, up to the fight which took place between Early and Sheridan on the 19th instant, the secret of their sex was only known to the Captain of the company to which they belonged. At this battle he was taken prisoner, and they finding it necessary to have some protector, confided their secret to the Lieutenant commanding the company; but he did not keep it two days before he reported it to General Early himself, who ordered them to be taken to Richmond. In the interview with the General which ensued in consequence of the information imparted to him by said Lieutenant, Mollie stated that there were six other females in disguise in the army; but she refused to tell who or where they were.

These girls were known in the army by the names of Tom Parker and Bob Morgan, and were acknowledged by all the soldiers with whom they were associated, to be valiant soldiers, having never been known to straggle or shirk duty.

As they appeared in the chief-of-police office on Friday night, there was nothing in their appearance to excite suspicion that they were other than what they appeared to be, Confederate soldiers. They are modest in demeanor, and were always known as quiet and orderly members of their command. Mollie, *alias* Bob Morgan, did most of the talking, and displayed evident marks of education and refine-

ment; Mary, *alias* Tom Parker, was taciturn and moody, but yet not altogether uninteresting. Mollie says that Tom, as she called her cousin, was never intended to be a soldier; she is too modest and backward.

They were both committed to Castle Thunder to await further arrangements for their welfare.

*Selected.*

## GATEWOOD, THE REGULATOR.

The recital of deeds of the loyal men and the tories of this section reminds one forcibly of the legends of the partisan warfare of the Carolinas in the old revolution.

The Francis Marion, the great regulator, of this mountain region, is a man by the name of Gatewood. To him the citizens declare they owe the safety of their lives and property. He is called Captain, though he is not regularly commissioned in our army, nor are his men regularly enlisted. His sphere of operations extends from eighty to one hundred miles between the Coosa and Lookout Mountain. He has been operating here ever since our army fell back last Spring. His band consists of sixty or seventy men tried and true. He will admit no others. He is a terror to Yankee tories, and all evil-doers alike. His headquarters are at Gaylesville. A band of Texan deserters, known as Colbert's men, are his most deadly foes. McLemore's cove is the strong-

hold of another large band. The scoundrels make raids upon the loyal, taking from them their cattle and horses, and every article of food, destroy their clothing and beds, sometimes applying the torch to their houses. In short, they commit every conceivable act of the most horrid vandalism.

The following will serve as an instance of their villainy, and of female heroism. Not long since five of Colbert's men went to the house of an old gentleman by the name of Bernard. His wife and three grown daughters were with him. They told him to show them where his horses were concealed, or they would kill him. His wife told them they should neither have his horses nor kill him, and if they laid their hands on them it would be at the peril of their lives. Suiting the action to the word, she drew a repeater, two of the daughters seized a shot gun each, and one a rifle, which they had provided for such an emergency—and it is said they are good shots. They leveled them, and the villains quailed. Still they said he must go with them. But she told them he should not go with them, and if they tried to force him away, they were dead men. Without attempting to use force, they left. The brave women saved the old man and his horses.

These raids sometimes occur two or three times a week. When Gatewood knows of their coming, he sends his men to forewarn the people, that they may secure their property the best way they can. If he hears of a band of sixty, he will not hesitate to attack them, if he has but twenty, and he rarely fails



to rout them. He is a desperate fighter. Out of thirty-two Yankees, sent against him at Lafayette just before our approach, he killed, wounded and captured eighteen. When he captures tories—who are no better than highway robbers—he metes out summary justice to them. They and the Yankees have sworn never to take him alive. Within the last three weeks, he succeeded in capturing nineteen. He hung every one of them between Lafayette and Rock Spring Church, along the road about three hundred yards apart. Just before our arrival, he caught a most notorious scamp named John Burton. He hung him, stating that he would hang any man, woman or child in the same place, who cut the body down. It was still hanging near Lafayette when we passed.

It detracts much from Capt. Gatewood's character that he himself is a deserter from our cavalry. But in leaving his command, he seems to have been actuated by motives which induce few men to do so, viz: the desire to be near the enemy and free to satisfy his revenge. I am told that when Wheeler passed through this country to join us, he had this guerrilla chief arrested, but released him on account of a petition of the citizens representing the great service he had done them, and that he told Gen. Wheeler that the Yankees had brutally outraged and killed a sister of his, and he had sworn to bushwhack them as long as he lived—that they had sworn never to take him alive, and he must fight them on equal terms. Thirst for vengeance has made him what he is. He is said

to be a Tennessean. These facts have been given me by trustworthy citizens of the region through which he operates. [Selected.]

## FOOTPRINTS.

It was only a footprint made in the soft snow at which I paused to look, a tiny footprint; but it was made by a shoeless, stockingless little foot. I did not know, had never seen its owner; yet that simple mark in the cold snow told a touching story. Ah! it spoke of a comfortless home, whose threshold the sunlight of joy never crossed; of lonely hours and bitter tears; of innocent childhood uncared for and unloved; of a joyless past, a dark present and a dreary and blighted future. A dark picture fancy had painted; and after all it was only a footprint; yet its language could not be mistaken. And there are other footprints too that speak quite as plainly. "Footprints of Angels." Yes, when some loved one is gone, when the hands are folded and the dear eyes closed, and our treasure has faded from our sight—then how memory clings to each loving word and gentle deed; they are precious footprints left on earth, and oh how dear they are! We speak of our loved ones as in heaven; yet all that tells us this is their footprints—these marks on their life-paths are traced heavenward. Footprints! We are all marking

them on the shores of time. The aged and weary one who quietly sinks to rest leaves behind him the traces of his pilgrimage, and the smallest child never lays its little head beneath the sod until it has left its footprint. Yes, we are all leaving them, so deeply graven too, that the waves of oblivion can never quite obliterate them. Tread carefully, then, oh traveller on life's journey! Let your footprints be found in the narrow path, so that to those who shall come after you they may be guiding footprints:

Footprints that perhaps another  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

[Selected.]

## BLINDNESS.

BY DR. I. E. NAGLE, SURGEON, C. S. A.

A long time ago an intimate friend was threatened with blindness. The terror of such a misfortune, the horror of such a sad condition, was ever present to cast its gloom over life. Whilst anxiously awaiting the result and suffering intense agony of mind and body, the following sentences were written. Its fast wailing cry rings in memory like a weird echo from the spirit world:

To think a drop serene, shuts out the beauteous light of sun, and moon and stars, and every lovely thing. The bright-eyed Iris, whose heaven-painted

bow shines in the rain drops and glitters in the deep hued zone that spans the tearful cloud, and all the glorious views which sparkle in the eye like diamonds and priceless gems, and visions of beauty, divinity and heaven, are lost to me.

Oh! glorious light! Thou pristine work of the Almighty mind; now dear to me, because the world is dark, and light only remains a dream within me. My soul revels in sensuous felicity, where the perfumed, voiceless eloquence of delicious flowers and the fluttering leaf, and the mute moon, and the laughing stars, are telling their tales of love and speaking to the heart a glorious romance, that enchants like the spell of beauty and the thrall of heaven's choicest loves and sweetest truths.

How exquisitely charming is this bright and glorious inner world. I sit and listen to the laughing music in my own heart, whilst this more than heaven opens up the dearest beauties of earth and imagination before my mental gaze.

The wind harp and its thousand echoes of the pines' moaning chords sigh in unison with saddening memories. Now the deep rolling bursts of orchestral symphonies anon, the sweet monotones and melodies of long forgotten songs, again the strains are soft, and on their downy wings childhood sports adown the mystic aisles and through the enchanting vistas, which were then so green, so varied, so colored, so beautiful. But with that wailing note, which floats away solemnly as a death-knell, there comes deep,

unutterable despair. I shudder with horror that mantles the heart like a cold shroud.

Oh God! I see but from the dreary tomb. Oh! how I force away the sad view of the truth, yet it comes, unbidden comes, dark and despairing, full of midnight gloom and chaos.

Pity, oh! pity me. I'm blind! blind!

### A THRILLING RENCONTRE.

#### CAPT. SPEKE'S ADVENTURE WITH A BOA CONSTRICTOR.

\* \* \* At the earliest possible moment after our camp had been pitched, a hunt was set afoot. Captain Grant, myself and some attendants, were seen making our way to "the path." There were no animals there when we arrived, except a few hipotami, and we were, therefore, obliged to await the coming of some more palatable game. Our patience, however, was severely tasked; and after a long delay we were about to "bag" a hipotamus when one of our attendants, perched in a tree about a half mile distant, began waving his blanket. This was a signal that game was approaching. We immediately drew into cover, and awaited the coming of the latter.

We were not delayed long, for presently a long column of animals, from the elephant to the hoo-doo, appeared in view, trotting at a good pace to the river. Their flanks were soon presented to us, and each

selecting his object, fired. McColl shot a fine young buffalo cow, while Captain Grant was equally successful with a hoo-doo; and several spears cast by our attendants, stopped the career of one or two different animals of the herd.

At this juncture, however, occurred an expected adventure that finished our sport, at least for that day. I had sprung forward, immediately after firing, in order to obtain a fair shot at a huge elephant that I wanted to shoot on account of his immense tusks. I got the desired aim, and pulled the trigger of my second barrel. At the moment of my doing so a wild cry of alarm, uttered by one of the blacks, called my attention. Glancing round, my eye chanced to range up into the foliage of the tree beneath which Capt. Grant and myself had lain for several hours previous. My feelings may possibly be imagined, as I beheld an enormous boa constrictor, whose hideous head and neck projected, some distance into view, showed that he was about to make a fatal spring. His direction was certainly toward me; and, as he flashed from his position like a thunderbolt, I gave myself up, for ere aid could reach me, fold after fold of the monster would have crushed my strong frame into a quivering pulp. I fell, seemingly caught in a whirlwind of dust, and a strange, indescribable scuffle ensued.

In the midst of this terrible strife, I suddenly became conscious of a second victim, and even after the time that had elapsed since then, I still recollect with what vividness the thought shot across my mind

that the second victim was Captain Grant, my noble companion. At last, after being thus whirled about for several seconds, each second seemed to be interminable, there ensued a lull, a stillness of death, and I opened my eyes, expecting to look upon those unexplored landscapes which are seen only in the country beyond the tomb. Instead of that I saw Captain Grant levelling his rifle towards me, while standing beside and behind him, were the blacks, in every conceivable attitude of the most intense suspense.

In a moment I comprehended all. The huge serpent had struck a young buffalo cow, between which and him I had unluckily placed myself at the moment of firing upon the elephant. A most singular good fortune had attended me, however, for instead of being crushed into a mangled mass with the unfortunate cow, my left fore-arm had only been caught in between the buffalo's body and a single fold of the constrictor. The limb laid just in front of the shoulder at the root of the neck, and thus had a soft bed of flesh, into which it was jammed, as it were, by the immense pressure of the serpent's body, that was like iron in hardness. As I saw Grant about to shoot a terror took possession of me, for if he refrained, I might possibly escape, after the boa released his folds from the dead cow. But should he fire and strike the reptile, it would in its convulsions crush or drag me to pieces.

Even as the idea came to me I beheld Grant pause. He appeared to comprehend all. He could see how

I was situated, that I was still living, and that my delivery depended on the will of the constrictor. We could see every line on each other's face, so close were we, and I would have shouted or spoken, or even whispered at him, had I dared. But the boa's head was reared within a few feet of mine, and the wink of an eyelid would perhaps settle my doom; so I stared, stared, like a dead man at Grant and at the blacks.

Presently the serpent began very gradually to relax his folds, and after retightening them several times as the crushed buffalo quivered, he unwound one fold entirely. Then he paused. The next iron like band was loosed which held me prisoner; and as I felt it unclasping, my heart stood still with hope and fear. Perhaps, upon being freed, the benumbed arm, uncontrolled by my will, might fall upon the cushion-like bed in which I lay. And such a mishap might bring the spare fold around the neck or chest, and then farewell to Nile. O, how hardly, how desperately I struggled to command myself! I glanced at Grant and saw him handling his rifle anxiously. I glanced at the negroes, and they were gazing, as though petrified with astonishment. I glanced at the serpent's loathsome head and saw its bright, deadly eyes watching for the least sign of life in its prey. Now then, the reptile loosened its fold on my arms a hair's breadth, and now, a little more, until a half an inch of space separated my arm from its mottled skin. I could have whipped out my hand, but dared not take the risk.

Atoms of time dragged themselves into ages, and a minute seemed eternity itself! The second fold was removed entirely, and the next one was easing. Should I dash away now, or wait a more favorable opportunity? I decided upon the former; and, with lightning speed I bounded away toward Grant, the crack of whose piece I heard at the same instant. For the first time in my life I was thoroughly overcome; and sinking down, I remained in a semi-unconscious state for several minutes.

When I fully recovered, Grant and the overjoyed negroes held me up, and pointed out the boa, who was still writhing in his death agonies. I shuddered as I looked upon the effects of his tremendous strength. For yards around where he lay, grass and bushes, and sapplings, and in fact everything except the more fully grown trees, were cut clean off, as though they had been trimmed by an immense scythe. This monster, when measured, was fifty-one feet two inches and a half in extreme length, while around the thickest portion of his body the girth was nearly three feet, thus proving, I believe, to be the largest serpent ever authentically heard of.

*Selected.*

A CURIOSITY.—The enchanted mountain in Texas is an immense oval rock, three hundred feet high, situated about eighty miles north of Bastrop. Its surface is polished, and in sunshine dazzles the beholder at a distance of three or four miles. Those who ascend it have to wear moccasins, or stockings, and, like those who went up to Mount Horeb, pull off their shoes.

### A LAMENT IN THE NORTHERN LAND.

Speed swiftly Night! wild Northern Night  
Whose feet the arctic islands know,  
When stiffening breakers, sharp and white,  
Gird the complaining shores of snow.  
Send all thy winds to sweep the world,  
And howl in mountain passes far;  
And hang thy banners, red and cold,  
Against the shield of every star!

For what have I to do with morn,  
Or summer's glory in the vales?  
With the blithe ring of forest horn,  
Or beckoning gleam of snowy sails?  
Art thou not gone, in whose blue eye  
The fleeting summer dawned to me?  
Gone like the echo of a sigh  
Beside the loud resounding sea!

Oh, brief that time of song and flowers,  
That blest through thee the Northern land!  
I pine amidst its leafless bowers,  
And on the bleak and lonely strand.  
The forest walls the starry bloom  
Which yet shall pave its shadowy floor,  
But down my spirit's aisles of gloom  
Thy love shall blossom never more.

And never more shall battled pines  
Their solemn triumph sound for me;  
Nor morning fringe the mountain lines,  
Nor sunset flush the heary sea,  
But night and winter fill the sky,  
And load with frost the shivering air,  
Till every blast that hurries by  
Chimes wilder with my own despair.

The leaden twilight, cold and long,  
Is slowly settling o'er the wave;  
No wandering blast awakes a song  
In naked bows above thy grave.  
The frozen air is still and dark,  
The numb earth lies in icy rest  
And all is dead, save this one spark  
Of burning grief within my breast.

Life's darkened orb shall wheel no more  
 To love's rejoicing summer back;  
 My spirit walks a wintry shore,  
 With not a star to light its track.  
 Speed, swifter Night! thy gloom and frost  
 Are free to spoil and ravage here;  
 This last wild requiem for the lost  
 I pour in thy unheeding ear.

*Selected.*

### FLIRTING WITH THE GALS.

Some write in hopes of glory,  
 Others at duty's call;  
 Some write for pleasure only,  
 And some don't write at all.  
 Some love to go a courting  
 Their Katies and their Sals,  
 But gracious! nought's so pleasant  
 As flirting with the gals.  
 How charming, how delightful,  
 When you wish to cut a shine,  
 Just to have a slight flirtation!  
 It's really very fine;  
 There's nothing gives more pleasure,  
 As any fellow knows,  
 And, pahaw! it's twice as pleasant  
 As flirting with the beaux.  
 So thinks a handsome fellow;  
 He curls his moustache nice,  
 Steps in amongst the ladies.  
 And charms them in a trice.  
 With noble air and aspect,  
 And very rich attire  
 They take him for some nobleman,  
 Or wealthy country squire.  
 He woos a healthful coquette,  
 And deep in love he falls,  
 Escorts her to the opera,  
 And sees her to the balls.  
 When she thinks it's time to pop it,  
 He tells her square and flat,  
 Why, Miss, I'm only flirting,  
 There is no harm in that.

Next comes a dashing widow,  
 With neither wealth nor brain;  
 She thinks not of the fellow,  
 But the gold which she will gain.  
 He wins her, unsuspecting,  
 And if her love she tells,  
 He tells her very plainly  
 He's just a flirting with the gals.

Next a stylish good-for-nothing,  
 With Madame to her name,  
 Comes up so very charming,  
 And thinks to win the game.  
 He woos her and he wins her,  
 And deep in love he falls,  
 When ah! alas! she finds he's just  
 A flirting with the gals.

Other chaps may court their Pollys,  
 Their Mollys, and their Sals,  
 But as for me, I'd rather go  
 A flirting with the gals.  
 I appeal to you, kind reader,  
 Surely every reader knows,  
 Don't you think it's quite as pleasant,  
 As flirting with the beaux.

*Selected.*

### THE ROSE-BUSH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND:

A child sleeps under the rose-bush fair,  
 The buds swell out in the soft May air;  
 Sweetly it rests, and on dream wing flies,  
 To play with the angels of Paradise—  
 And the years glide by.

A maiden stands by the rose-bush fair,  
 The dewy blossoms perfume the air;  
 She presses her hand to her throbbing breast,  
 With love's first wonderful rapture blest—  
 And the years glide by.



## WE HAVE NO WILLIE NOW.

A mother kneels by the rose-bush fair,  
 Soft sigh the leaves in the evening air;  
 Sorrowing thoughts of the past arise,  
 And tears of anguish bedim her eyes—  
 And the years glide by.

Naked and alone stands the rose-bush fair,  
 Whirled are the leaves in the Autumn air;  
 Withered and dead they fall on the ground,  
 And silently cover the new-made mound—  
 And the years glide by.

*Selected.*

## WE HAVE NO WILLIE NOW.

I hear the soft wind sighing  
 Through every bush and tree,  
 Where now dear Willie's lying,  
 Away from love and me.  
 Tears from my eyes are starting,  
 And sorrow shades my brow,  
 Oh, weary was our parting,  
 We have no Willie now.

I see the pale moon shining  
 On Willie's white head-stone;  
 The rose-bush 'round it 'twining,  
 Is here like me—alone.  
 And just like me are weeping  
 Those dew-drops from the bough;  
 So long has he been weeping—  
 We have no Willie now!

My heart is ever lonely,  
 My life is drear and sad,  
 'Twas his dear farewell only  
 That made my spirit glad.  
 From morning until even,  
 Care rests upon my brow;  
 He's gone—he's gone from me to heaven—  
 We have no Willie now!

*Selected*