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Contents

The War Between Freedom And Slavery In Missouri.

It is admitted that no man can write the history of his own times with such fullness and impartiality as shall entitle his record to the unquestioning credence and acceptance of posterity. Men are necessarily actors in the scenes amid which they live. If not personally taking an active part in the conduct of public affairs, they have friends who are, and in whose success or failure their own welfare is in some way bound up. The bias which interest always gives will necessarily attach to their judgment of current events, and the leading actors by whom these events are controlled. Cotemporaneous history, for this reason, will always be found partisan history—not entitled to, and, if intelligently and honestly written, not exacting, the implicit faith of those who shall come after; but simply establishing that certain classes of people, of whom the writer was one, acted under the conviction that they owed certain duties to themselves and their country. It will be for the future compiler of the world's history, who shall see the end of present struggles, to determine the justice of the causes of controversy, and the wisdom and honesty of the parties that acted adversely. To such after judgment, with a full knowledge of present reproach as a partisan, the writer of this article commends the brief sketch he will present of the beginning and military treatment of the great Rebellion in the State of Missouri. He will not attempt to make an episode of any part of this history, because of the supposed vigor or brilliancy of the martial deeds occurring in the time. Least of all would he take the 'Hundred Days,' which another pen has chosen for special distinction, as representing the period of heroism in that war-trampled State. Any 'hundred days' of the rebellion in Missouri have had their corresponding *nights*; and no one can be bold enough yet to say that the day of permanent triumph has dawned. Humiliation has alternated with success so far; and the most stunning defeats of the war in the West marked the beginning and the close of the hundred days named for honor. This fact should teach modesty and caution. For while justice to men requires us to admit that the greatest abilities do not always command success, devotion to principle forbids that a noble cause should be obscured to become the mere background of a scene in which an actor and popular idol is the chief figure. It is with a consciousness of such partialities as are common to men, but with an honest purpose, so far as the writer is able, to subordinate men to principles, that this review of the origin and chief incidents of the rebellion in Missouri is begun.

The close connection of the State of Missouri with the slavery agitation that has now ripened into a rebellion against the government of the United States, is a singular historical fact. The admission of the State into the Union was the occasion of vitalizing the question of slavery extension and fixing it as a permanent element in the politics of the country. It has continued to be the theatre on which the most important conflicts growing out of slavery extension have been decided. It will be the first, in the hope and belief of millions, to throw off the fetters of an obsolete institution, so long cramping its social and political advancement, and to set an example to its sister slave-holding States of the superior strength, beauty, and glory of Freedom.

The pro-slavery doctrines of John C. Calhoun, after having pervaded the democracy of all the other slave-holding States, and obtained complete possession of the national executive, legislative and judicial departments, finally, in 1844, appeared also in the State of Missouri. But it was in so minute and subtle a form as not to seem a sensible heresy. Thomas H. Benton, the illustrious senator of the Jackson era, was then, as he had been for twenty-four years, the political autocrat of Missouri. He had long been convinced of the latent treason of the Calhoun school of politicians. He was able to combat the schemes of the Southern oligarchy composing and controlling the Cabinet of President Polk; unsuccessfully, it is true, yet with but slight diminution of his popularity at home. Nevertheless, the seeds of disunion had been borne to his State; they had taken root; and, like all evil in life, they proved self-perpetuating and ineradicable. In 1849 the Mexican war, begun in the interest of the disunionists, had been closed. A vast accession of territory had accrued to the Union. It was the plan and purpose of the disunion party to appropriate and occupy this territory; to organize it in their interests; and, finally, to admit it into the Union as States, to add to their political power, and prepare for that struggle between the principle of freedom and the principle of slavery in the government, which Mr. Calhoun had taught was inevitable. But the hostility of Benton in the Senate was dreaded by the Southern leaders thus early conspiring against the integrity of the Union. The Missouri senator seemed, of all cotemporaneous statesmen, to be the only one that fully comprehended the incipient treason. His earnest opposition assumed at times the phases of *monomania*. He sought to crush it in the egg. He lifted his warning voice on all occasions. He inveighed bitterly against the 'Nullifiers,' as he invariably characterized the Calhoun politicians, declaring that their purpose was to destroy the Union. It became necessary, therefore, before attempting to dispose of the territories acquired from Mexico, to silence Benton, or remove him from the Senate. Accordingly, when the legislature of Missouri met in 1849, a series of resolutions was introduced, declaring that all territory derived by the United States, in the treaty with Mexico, should be open to settlement by

the citizens of all the States in common; that the question of allowing or prohibiting slavery in any territory could only be decided by the people resident in the territory, and then only when they came to organize themselves into a State government; and, lastly, that if the general government should attempt to establish a rule other than this for the settlement of the territories, the State of Missouri would stand pledged to her sister Southern States to co-operate in whatever measures of resistance or redress *they* might deem necessary. The resolutions distinctly abdicated all right of judgment on the part of Missouri, and committed the State to a blind support of Southern 'Nullification' in a possible contingency. They were in flagrant opposition to the life-long principles and daily vehement utterances of Benton—as they were intended to be. Nevertheless, they were adopted; and the senators of Missouri were instructed to conform their public action to them. These resolutions were introduced by one Claiborne F. Jackson, a member of the House of Representatives from the County of Howard, one of the most democratic and largest slave-holding counties in the State. The resolutions took the name of their mover, and are known in the political history of Missouri as the 'Jackson resolutions.' And Claiborne F. Jackson, who thus took the initiative in foisting treason upon the statute-books of Missouri, is, to-day, by curious coincidence, the official head of that State nominally in open revolt. But Jackson, it was early ascertained, was not entitled to the doubtful honor of the paternity of these resolutions. They had been matured in a private chamber of the Capitol at Jefferson City, by two or three conspirators, who received, it was asserted by Benton, and finally came to be believed, the first draft of the resolutions from Washington, where the disunion cabal, armed with federal power, had its headquarters.

Thus the bolt was launched at the Missouri senator, who, from his prestige of Jacksonism, his robust patriotism, his indomitable will, and his great abilities, was regarded as the most formidable if not the only enemy standing in the way of meditated treason. It was not doubted that the blow would be fatal. Benton was in one sense the father of the doctrine of legislative instructions. In his persistent and famous efforts to 'expunge' the resolutions of censure on Gen. Jackson that had been placed in the Senate journal, Benton had found it necessary to revolutionize the sentiments or change the composition of the Senate. Whigs were representing democratic States, and Democrats refused to vote for a resolution expunging any part of the record of the Senate's proceedings. To meet and overcome this resistance, Benton introduced the dogma that a senator was bound to obey the instructions of the legislature of his State. He succeeded, by his great influence in his party, and by the aid of the democratic administration, in having the dogma adopted, and it became an accepted rule in the democratic party. Resolutions were now invoked and obtained from State legislatures instructing their senators to vote for the 'Expunging Resolutions,' or resign. Some obeyed; some resigned. Benton carried his point; but it was at the sacrifice of the spirit of that part of the Constitution which gave to United States senators a term of six years, for the purpose of protecting the Senate from frequent fluctuations of popular feeling, and securing steadiness in legislation. Benton was the apostle of this unwise and destructive innovation upon the constitutional tenure of senators. He was doomed to be a conspicuous victim of his own error. When the 'Jackson resolutions' were passed by the legislature of Missouri, instructing Benton to endorse measures that led to nullification and disunion, he saw the dilemma in which he was placed, and did the best he could to extricate himself. He presented the resolutions from his seat in the Senate; denounced their treasonable character, and declared his purpose to appeal from the legislature to the people of Missouri.

On the adjournment of Congress, Benton returned to Missouri and commenced a canvass in vindication of his own cause, and in opposition to the democratic majority of the legislature that passed the Jackson resolutions, which has had few if any parallels in the history of the government for heat and bitterness. The senator did not return to argue and convert, but to fulminate and destroy. He appointed times and places for public speaking in the most populous counties of the State, and where the opposition to him had grown boldest. He allowed no 'division of time' to opponents wishing to controvert the positions assumed in his speeches. On the contrary, he treated every interruption, whether for inquiry or retort, on the part of any one opposed to him, as an insult, and proceeded to pour upon the head of the offender a torrent of denunciation and abuse, unmeasured and appalling. The extraordinary course adopted by Benton in urging his 'appeal,' excited astonishment and indignation among the democratic partisans that had, in many cases, thoughtlessly become arrayed against him.[1] They might have yielded to expostulation; they were stung to resentment by unsparing vilification. The rumor of Benton's manner preceded him through the State, after the first signal manifestations of his ruthless spirit; and he was warned not to appear at some of the appointments he had made, else his life would pay the forfeit of his personal assaults. These threats only made the Missouri lion more fierce and untamable. He filled all his appointments, bearing everywhere the same front, often surrounded by enraged enemies armed and thirsting for his blood, but ever denunciatory and defiant, and returned to St. Louis, still boiling with inexhaustible choler, to await the judgment of the State upon his appeal. He failed. The pro-slavery sentiment of the people had been too thoroughly evoked in the controversy, and too many valuable party leaders had been needlessly driven from his support by unsparing invective. An artful and apparently honest appeal to the right of legislative instructions,—an enlargement of popular rights which Benton himself had conferred upon them,—and—the unfailing weapon of Southern demagogues against their opponents—the charge that Benton had joined the 'Abolitionists,' and was seeking to betray 'the rights of the South,' worked the overthrow of the hitherto invincible senator. The Whigs of Missouri, though agreeing mainly with Benton in the principles involved in this contest, had received nothing at his hands, throughout his long career, but defeat and total exclusion from all offices and honors, State and National. This class of politicians were too glad of the prospective

division of his party and the downfall of his power, to be willing to re-assert their principles through a support of Benton. The loyal Union sentiments of the State in this way failed to be united, and a majority was elected to the legislature opposed to Benton. He was defeated of a re-election to the Senate by Henry S. Geyer, a pro-slavery Whig, and supporter of the Jackson resolutions, after having filled a seat in that august body for a longer time consecutively than any other senator ever did. Thus was removed from the halls of Congress the most sagacious and formidable enemy that the disunion propagandists ever encountered. Their career in Congress and in the control of the federal government was thenceforth unchecked. The cords of loyalty in Missouri were snapped in Benton's fall, and that State swung off into the strongly-sweeping current of secessionism. The city of St. Louis remained firm a while, and returned Benton twice to the House; but his energies were exhausted now in defensive war; and the truculent and triumphant slave power dominating, the State at last succeeded, through the coercion of commercial interests, in defeating him even in the citadel of loyalty. He tried once more to breast the tide that had borne down his fortunes. He became a candidate for governor in 1856; but, though he disclaimed anti-slavery sentiments, and supported James Buchanan for President against Fremont, his son-in-law, he was defeated by Trusten Polk, who soon passed from the gubernatorial chair to Benton's seat in the United States Senate, from which he was, in course of time, to be expelled. Benton retired to private life, only to labor more assiduously in compiling historical evidences against the fast ripening treason of the times.

The Missouri senator was no longer in the way of the Southern oligarchs. A shaft feathered by his own hands—the doctrine of instructions—had slain him.

But yet another obstacle remained. The Missouri Compromise lifted a barrier to the expansion of the Calhoun idea of free government, having African slavery for its corner-stone. This obstacle was to be removed. Missouri furnished the prompter and agent of that wrong in David E. Atchison, for many years Benton's colleague in the Senate. Atchison was a man of only moderate talents, of dogged purpose, willful, wholly unscrupulous in the employment of the influences of his position, and devoid of all the attributes and qualifications of statesmanship. He was a fit representative of the pro-slavery fanaticism of his State; had lived near the Kansas line; had looked upon and coveted the fair lands of that free territory, and resolved that they should be the home and appanage of slavery. It is now a part of admitted history, that this dull but determined Missouri senator approached Judge Douglas, then chairman of the Committee on Territories, and, by some incomprehensible influence, induced that distinguished senator to commit the flagrant and terrible blunder of reporting the Kansas-Nebraska bill, with a clause repealing the Missouri Compromise, and thus throwing open Kansas to the occupation of slavery. That error was grievously atoned for in the subsequent hard fate of Judge Douglas, who was cast off and destroyed by the cruel men he had served. Among the humiliations that preceded the close of this political tragedy, none could have been more pungent to Judge Douglas than the fact that Atchison, in a drunken harangue from the tail of a cart in Western Missouri, surrounded by a mob of 'border ruffians' rallying for fresh wrongs upon the free settlers of Kansas, recited, in coarse glee and brutal triumph, the incidents of his interview with the senator of Illinois, when, with mixed cajolery and threats, he partly tempted, partly drove him to his ruin. The Kansas-Nebraska bill was passed. What part Atchison took, what part Missouri took, under the direction of the pro-slavery leaders that filled every department of the State government, the 'border-ruffian' forays, the pillage of the government arsenal at Liberty, the embargo of the Missouri river, and the robbing and mobbing of peaceful emigrants from the free States, the violence at the polls, and the fraudulent voting that corrupted all the franchises of that afflicted territory, do sufficiently attest. It is not needed to rehearse any of this painful and well-known history.

The Territory of Kansas was saved to its prescriptive freedom. The slavery propagandists sullenly withdrew and gave up the contest. The last days of the dynasty that had meditated the conquest of the continent to slave-holding government were evidently at hand. The result of the struggle in Kansas had reversed the relation of the contesting powers. The oligarchs, who had always before been aggressive, and intended to subordinate the Union to slavery, or destroy it, found themselves suddenly thrown on the defensive; and, with the quick intelligence of a property interest, and the keen jealousy of class and caste which their slave-holding had implanted, they saw that they were engaged in an unequal struggle, that their sceptre was broken, and that, if they continued to rule, it would have to be over the homogeneous half of a dismembered Union. From this moment a severance of the Slave States from the Free was resolved on, and every agency that could operate on governments, State and National, was set to work. It was not by accident that Virginia had procured the nomination of the facile Buchanan for President in the Baltimore Convention of 1856; it was not by accident that Floyd was made Secretary of War, or that, many months before any outbreak of rebellion, this arch traitor had well-nigh stripped the Northern arsenals of arms, and placed them where they would be 'handy' for insurgents to seize. It was not by accident that John C. Breckenridge headed the factionists that willfully divided and defeated the National Democracy, that perchance could have elected Judge Douglas President; nor was it by accident that Beriah Magoffin, a vain, weak man, the creature, adjunct, and echo of Breckenridge, filled the office of governor of Kentucky, nominated thereto by Breckenridge's personal intercession. And lastly, to return to the special theatre of this sketch, it was not by accident that Claiborne F. Jackson, the original mover for Benton's destruction, was at this remarkable juncture found occupying the governor's chair, with Thomas C. Reynolds for his lieutenant governor, a native of South Carolina, an acknowledged missionary of the nullification faith to a State that required to be corrupted, and that he had, during his residence, zealously endeavored to corrupt.

We have now reached the turning point in the history of Missouri. The State is about to be plunged into the whirlpool of civil war. Undisguised disunionists are in complete possession of the State government, and the population is supposed to be ripe for revolt. Only one spot in it, and that the city of St. Louis, is regarded as having the slightest sympathy with the political sentiments of the Free States of the Union. The State is surely counted for the 'South' in the division that impends, for where is the heart in St. Louis bold enough, or the hand strong enough, to resist the swelling tide of pro-slavery fanaticism that was about to engulf the State? Years ago, when it was but a ripple on the surface, it had overborne Benton, with all his fame of thirty years' growth. What leader of slighter mold and lesser fame could now resist the coming shock? In tracing the origin and growth of rebellion in Missouri, it is interesting to gather up all the threads that link the present with the past. It will preserve the unity of the plot, and give effect to the last acts of the drama.

The first visible seam or cleft in the National Democratic party occurred during the administration of President Polk, in the years 1844-48. Calhoun appeared as Polk's Secretary of State. Thomas Ritchie was transferred from Richmond, Va., to Washington, to edit the government organ, in place of Francis P. Blair, Sr. The Jackson *regime* of unconditional and uncompromising devotion to the 'Federal Union' was displaced, and the dubious doctrine of 'States' Rights' was formally inaugurated as the chart by which in future the national government was to be administered. But the Jackson element was not reconciled to this radical change in the structure and purpose of the National Democratic organization; and, although party lines were so tensely drawn that to go against 'the Administration' was political treason, and secured irrevocable banishment from power, the close of Polk's administration found many old Democrats of the Jackson era ready for the sacrifice. The firm resolve of these men was manifested when, after the nomination of Gen. Cass, in 1848, in the usual form, at Baltimore, by the Democratic National Convention, they assembled at Buffalo and presented a counter ticket, headed by the name of Martin Van Buren, who had been thrust aside four years previously by the Southern oligarchs to make way for James K. Polk. The entire artillery of the Democratic party opened on the Buffalo schismatics. They were stigmatized by such opprobrious nicknames and epithets as 'Barnburners, 'Free Soilers,' 'Abolitionists,' and instantly and forever ex-communicated from the Democratic party. In Missouri alone, of all the Slave States, was any stand made in behalf of the Buffalo ticket. Benton's sympathies had been with Van Buren, his old friend of the Jackson times; and Francis P. Blair, Sr., of the *Globe*, had two sons, Montgomery Blair and Francis P. Blair, Jr., resident in St. Louis. These two, with about a hundred other young men of equal enthusiasm, organized themselves together, accepted the 'Buffalo platform' as their future rule of faith, issued an address to the people of Missouri, openly espousing and advocating free soil-principles; and, by subscription among themselves, published a campaign paper, styled the *Barnburner*, during the canvass. The result at the polls was signal only for its insignificance; and the authors of the movement hardly had credit for a respectable escapade. But the event has proved that neither ridicule nor raillery, nor, in later years, persecutions and the intolerable pressure of federal power, could turn back the revolution thus feebly begun. In that campaign issue of the *Barnburner* were sown the seeds of what became, in later nomenclature, the Free Democracy, and, later still, the 'Republican' party of Missouri. The German population of St. Louis sympathized from the start with the free principles enunciated. Frank Blair, Jr., became from that year their political leader; right honestly did he earn the position; and right well, even his political foes have always admitted, did he maintain it.

Frank Blair was a disciple of Benton; yet, as is often the case, the pupil soon learned to go far ahead of his teacher. In 1852, there was a union of the Free Democrats and National Democrats of Missouri, in support of Franklin Pierce. But the entire abandonment of Pierce's administration to the rule of the Southern oligarchs sundered the incongruous elements in Missouri forever. In 1856 Benton was found supporting James Buchanan for President; but Blair declined to follow his ancient leader in that direction. He organized the free-soil element in St. Louis to oppose the Buchanan electoral ticket. An electoral ticket in the State at large, for John C. Fremont, was neither possible nor advisable. In some districts no man would dare be a candidate on that side; in others, the full free-soil vote, from the utter hopelessness of success, would not be polled; and thus the cause would be made to appear weaker than it deserved. To meet the emergency, and yet bear witness to principle, the free-soil vote was cast for the Fillmore electoral ticket, 'under protest,' as it was called, the name of 'John C. Fremont' being printed in large letters at the head of every free-soil ballot cast. By this means the Buchanan electors were beaten fifteen hundred votes in St. Louis City and County, where, by a union as Benton proposed, they would have had three thousand majority. But the 'free-soilers' failed to defeat Buchanan in the State.

Nothing discouraged by this result, Blair resumed the work of organizing for the future. The Fillmore party gave no thanks to the free-soilers for their aid in the presidential election, nor did the latter ask any. They had simply taken the choice of evils; and now, renouncing all alliances, Blair became the champion and leader of a self-existing, self-reliant State party, that should accomplish emancipation in Missouri. He again established a newspaper to inculcate free principles in the State. By untiring effort, he revived and recruited his party. He gave it platforms, planned its campaigns, contested every election in St. Louis, whether for municipal officers, for State legislature, or for Congress; and always fought his battles on the most advanced ground assumed by the growing free-soil party of the Union. The powerful and rapidly-increasing German population of St. Louis responded nobly to his zeal and skillful leadership. Soon a victory was gained; and St. Louis declared for freedom, amid acclamations that reverberated throughout the States that extended from the Ohio to the lakes, and from the

Mississippi to the Atlantic. But, having wrenched victory from a people so intolerant as the pro-slavery population of Missouri, it was not to be expected that he would retain it easily. He was set upon more fiercely than ever. The loss of the city of St. Louis was considered a disgrace to the State; and the most desperate personal malignity was added to the resentment of pro-slavery wrath in the future election contests in that city. The corrupting appliances of federal power were at last invoked, under Buchanan's administration; and Blair was for the moment overwhelmed by fraud, and thrown out of Congress. But, with a resolution from which even his friends would have dissuaded him, and with a persistency and confidence that were a marvel to friend and foe, he contested his seat before Congress, and won it. And this verdict was soon ratified by his brave and faithful constituency at the polls. Such was the Republican party, such their leader in St. Louis, when the black day of disunion came. And in their hands lay the destiny of the State.

As soon as the presidential election was decided, and the choice of Abraham Lincoln was known, the disunionists in Missouri commenced their work. Thomas C. Reynolds, the lieutenant-governor, made a visit to Washington, and extended it to Virginia, counseling with the traitors, and agreeing upon the time and manner of joining Missouri in the revolt. The legislature of Missouri met in the latter part of December, about two weeks after the secession of South Carolina. A bill was at once introduced, calling a State convention, and passed. The message of Claiborne F. Jackson, the governor, had been strongly in favor of secession from the Union. The Missouri *Republican*, the leading newspaper of the State, whose advocacy had elected the traitor, declared, on the last day of the year, that unless guaranties in defence of slavery were immediately given by the North, Missouri should secede from the Union. And so the secession feeling gathered boldness and volume.

Candidates for the State convention came to be nominated in St. Louis, and two parties were at once arrayed—the unconditional Union party, and the qualified Unionists, who wished new compromises. Frank Blair was one of the leaders of the former, and he was joined by all the true men of the old parties. But the secessionists—they might as well be so called, for all their actions tended to weaken and discredit the Union—nominated an able ticket. The latter party were soon conscious of defeat, and began to hint mysteriously at a power stronger than the ballot-box, that would be invoked in defence of 'Southern rights.' To many, indeed to most persons, this seemed an idle threat. Not so to Frank Blair. He had imbibed from Benton the invincible faith of the latter in the settled purpose of the 'nullifiers' to subvert and destroy the government. And in a private caucus of the leaders of the Union party, on an ever-memorable evening in the month of January, he startled the company by the proposition that the time had come when the friends of the government must arm in its defence. With a deference to his judgment and sagacity that had become habitual, the Unionists yielded their consent, and soon the enrolment of companies began; nightly drills with arms took place in nearly all the wards of the city; and by the time of election day some thousands of citizen soldiers, mostly Germans, could have been gathered, with arms in their hands, with the quickness of fire signals at night, at any point in the city. The secessionists had preceded this armed movement of the Union men by the organization of a body known as 'minute-men.' But the promptness and superior skill that characterized Frank Blair's movement subverted the secession scheme; and it was first repudiated, and then its existence denied. The day of election came, and passed peacefully. The unconditional Union ticket was elected by a sweeping majority of five thousand votes. The result throughout the State was not less decisive and surprising. Of the entire number of delegates composing the convention, not one was chosen who had dared to express secession sentiments before the people; and the aggregate majority of the Union candidates in the State amounted to about eighty thousand. The shock of this defeat for the moment paralyzed the conspirators; but their evil inspirations soon put them to work again. Their organs in Missouri assumed an unfriendly tone towards the convention, which was to meet in Jefferson City. The legislature that had called the convention remained in session in the same place, but made no fit preparations for the assembling of the convention, or for the accommodation and pay of the members. The debate in the legislature on the bill for appropriations for these purposes was insulting to the convention, the more ill-tempered and ill-bred secession members intimating that such a body of 'submissionists' were unworthy to represent Missouri, and undeserving of any pay. The manifest ill feeling between the two bodies—the legislature elected eighteen months previously, and without popular reference to the question of secession, and the convention chosen fresh from the people, to decide on the course of the State—soon indicated the infelicity of the two remaining in session at the same time and in the same place. Accordingly, within a few days after the organization of the convention, it adjourned its session to the city of St. Louis. It did not meet a cordial reception there. So insolent had the secession spirit already grown, that on the day of the assembling of the convention in that city, the members were insulted by taunts in the streets and by the ostentatious floating of the rebel flag from the Democratic head-quarters, hard by the building in which they assembled.

Being left in the undisputed occupancy of the seat of government, the governor, lieutenant-governor, and legislature gave themselves up to the enactment of flagrant and undisguised measures of hostility to the federal government. Commissioners from States that had renounced the Constitution, and withdrawn, as they claimed, from the Union, arrived at Jefferson City as apostles of treason. They were received as distinguished and honorable ambassadors. A joint session of the legislature was called to hear their communications. The lieutenant-governor, Reynolds, being the presiding officer of the joint session, required that the members should rise when these traitors entered, and receive them standing and uncovered. The commissioners were allowed to harangue the representatives of Missouri, by the hour, in unmeasured abuse of the federal government, in open rejoicings over its supposed dissolution, and in urgent appeals to the

people of Missouri to join the rebel States in their consummated treason. Noisy demonstrations of applause greeted these commissioners; and legislators, and the governor himself, in a public speech in front of the executive mansion, pledged them that Missouri would shortly be found ranged on the side of seceded States. The treason of the governor and legislature did not stop with these manifestations. They proceeded to acts of legislation, preparatory to the employment of force, after the manner of their 'Southern bretheren.' First, it was necessary to get control of the city of St. Louis. The Republican party held the government of the city, mayor, council, and police force—a formidable Union organization. The legislature passed a bill repealing that part of the city charter that, gave to the mayor the appointment of the police, and constituting a board of police commissioners, to be appointed by the governor, who should exercise that power. He named men that suited his purposes. The Union police were discharged, and their places filled by secessionists. Next, the State militia was to be organized in the interests of rebellion, and a law was passed to accomplish that end. The State was set off into divisions; military camps were to be established in each; all able-bodied men between the ages of eighteen and fifty were liable to be called into camp and drilled a given number of days in the year; and, when summoned to duty, instead of taking the usual oath to support the Constitution of the United States, they were required only to be sworn 'to obey the orders of the governor of the State of Missouri.' These camps were styled camps of instruction. One of them was established at St. Louis, within the corporate limits of the city, about two miles west of the court-house, on a commanding eminence.

Thus the lines began to be drawn closely around the Unionists of St. Louis. The State convention had adjourned, and its members had gone home, having done but little to re-assure the loyalists. They had, indeed, passed an ordinance declaring that Missouri would adhere to the Union; but the majority of the members had betrayed such hesitancy and indecision, such a lack of stomach to grapple with the rude issues of the rebellion, that their action passed almost without moral effect. Their ordinance was treated with contempt by the secessionists, and nearly lost sight of by the people; so thoroughly were all classes lashed into excitement by the storm of revolution now blackening the whole Southern Hemisphere.

The friends of the Union could look to but one quarter for aid, that was Washington, where a new administration had so recently been installed, amid difficulties that seemed to have paralyzed its power. The government had been defied by the rebellion at every point; its ships driven by hostile guns from Southern ports; its treasures seized; its arsenals occupied, and its abundant arms and munitions appropriated. Nowhere had the federal arm resented insult and robbery with a blow. This had not been the fault of the government that was inaugurated on the fourth of March. It was the fruit of the official treason of the preceding administration, that had completely disarmed the government, and filled the new executive councils with confusion, by the numberless knaves it had placed in all departments of the public service, whose daily desertions of duty rendered the prompt and honest execution of the laws impossible. But the fact was indisputable; and how could St. Louis hope for protection that had nowhere else been afforded? The national government had an arsenal within the city limits. It comprised a considerable area of ground, was surrounded by a high and heavy stone wall, and supplied with valuable arms. But so far from this establishment being a protection to the loyal population, it seemed more likely, judging by what had occurred in other States, that it would serve as a temptation to the secession mob that was evidently gathering head for mischief, and that the desire to take it would precipitate the outbreak. The Unionists felt their danger; the rebels saw their opportunity. Already the latter were boasting that they would in a short time occupy this post, and not a few of the prominent Union citizens of the town were warned by secession leaders that they would soon be set across the Mississippi river, exiles from their homes forever. As an instance of the audacity of the rebel element at this time, and for weeks later, the fact is mentioned that the United States soldiers, who paced before the gates of the arsenal as sentinels on duty, had their beats defined for them by the new secession police, and were forbidden to invade the sacred precincts of the city's highway. The arsenal was unquestionably devoted to capture, and it would have been a prize to the rebels second in value to the Gosport navy-yard. It contained at this time sixty-six thousand stand of small arms, several batteries of light artillery and heavy ordnance, and at least one million dollars' worth of ammunition. It was besides supplied with extensive and valuable machinery for repairing guns, rifling barrels, mounting artillery, and preparing shot and shell. The future, to the Union men of St. Louis, looked gloomy enough; persecution, and, if they resisted, death, seemed imminent; and no voice from abroad reached them, giving them good cheer. But deliverance was nigh at hand.

About the middle of January, Capt. Nathaniel Lyon, of the Second Infantry, U.S.A., arrived in St. Louis with his company; and his rank gave him command of all the troops then at the arsenal and Jefferson Barracks, a post on the river, ten miles below, the department being under the command of Brigadier General Harney. Capt. Lyon had been garrisoning a fort in Kansas. He was known to some of the Union men of St. Louis; and his resolute spirit and devoted patriotism marked him as their leader in this crisis. Frank Blair at once put himself in communication with Capt. Lyon, and advised him fully and minutely as to the political situation. He exposed to him the existence of his volunteer military organization. At his request Capt. Lyon visited and reviewed the regiments; and it was arranged between them that if an outbreak should occur, or any attempt be made to seize the arsenal, Capt. Lyon should receive this volunteer force to his assistance, arm it from the arsenal, and take command for the emergency. It should be known, however, to the greater credit of the Union leaders of St. Louis, that they had already, from private funds, procured about one thousand stand of arms, with which their nightly drills, as heretofore stated, had been conducted. As soon as Capt. Lyon's connection with this organization

was suspected, an attempt was made to have him removed, by ordering him to Kansas on the pretext of a court of inquiry; but this attempt was defeated. Thus matters stood for a time, the Union men beginning to be reassured, but still doubtful of the end. After a while, Fort Sumter was opened upon, and fell under its furious bombardment. The torch of war was lit. President Lincoln issued his proclamation for volunteers. Gov. Jackson telegraphed back an insolent and defiant refusal, in which he denounced the 'war waged by the federal government' as 'inhuman and diabolical.' Frank Blair instantly followed this traitorous governor's dispatch by another, addressed to the Secretary of War, asking him to accept and muster into service the volunteer regiments he had been forming. This offer was accepted, and the men presented themselves. But Brig. Gen. Harney, fearing that the arming of these troops would exasperate the secession populace, and bring about a collision with the State militia, refused to permit the men to be mustered into service and armed. This extraordinary decision was immediately telegraphed to the government, and Gen. Harney was relieved, leaving Capt. Lyon in full command. This was the 23d of April. In a week four full regiments were mustered in, and occupied the arsenal. A memorial was prepared and sent to Washington by Frank Blair, now colonel of the first of these regiments, asking for the enrolment of five other regiments of Home Guards. Permission was given, and in another week these regiments also were organized and armed. The conflict was now at hand. Simultaneously with this arming on the part of the government for the protection of the arsenal, the order went forth for the assembling of the State troops in their camps of instruction. On Monday, the 6th of May, the First Brigade of Missouri militia, under Gen. D.M. Frost, was ordered by Gov. Jackson into camp at St. Louis, avowedly for purposes of drill and exercise. At the same time encampments were formed, by order of the governor, in other parts of the State. The governor's adherents in St. Louis intimated that the time for taking the arsenal had arrived, and the indiscreet young men who made up the First Brigade openly declared that they only awaited an order from Gov. Jackson—an order which they evidently had been led to expect—to attack the arsenal and possess it, in spite of the feeble opposition they calculated to meet from 'the Dutch' Home Guards enlisted to defend it. A few days previously, an agent of the governor had purchased at St. Louis several hundred kegs of gun-powder, and succeeded, by an adroit stratagem, in shipping it to Jefferson City. The encampment at St. Louis, 'Camp Jackson,' so called from the governor, was laid off by streets, to which were assigned the names 'Rue de Beauregard,' and others similarly significant; and when among the visitors whom curiosity soon began to bring to the camp a 'Black Republican' was discovered by the soldiers,—and this epithet was applied to all unconditional Unionists,—he was treated with unmistakable coldness, if not positive insult. If additional proof of the hostile designs entertained against the federal authority by this camp were needed, it was furnished on Thursday, the 9th, by the reception within the camp of several pieces of cannon, and several hundred stand of small arms, taken from the federal arsenal at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, which was then in the possession of the rebels. These arms were brought to St. Louis by the steamboat *J.C. Swon*, the military authorities at Cairo having been deceived by the packages, which were represented to contain marble slabs. On the arrival of the *Swon* at the St. Louis levee, the arms were taken from her, sent to Camp Jackson, and received there with demonstrations of triumph.

When Capt. Lyon was entrusted with full command at St. Louis, President Lincoln had named, in his orders to him, a commission of six loyal and discreet citizens with whom he should consult in matters pertaining to the public safety, and with whose counsel he might declare martial law. These citizens were John How, Samuel T. Glover, O.D. Filley, Jean J. Witsig, James O. Broadhead, and Col. Frank P. Blair. The last mentioned—Colonel Blair—was Capt. Lyon's confidential and constant companion. They were comrades in arms, and a unit in counsel. Their views were in full accord as to the necessity of immediately reducing Camp Jackson. Defiance was daily passing between the marshalling hosts, not face to face, but through dubious partisans who passed from camp to camp, flitting like the bats of fable in the confines of conflict. Capt. Lyon's decision, urged thereto by Col. Blair, was made without calling a council of the rest of his advisers. They heard of it, however, and, though brave and loyal men all, they gathered around him in his quarters at the arsenal, Thursday evening, and besought him earnestly to change his purpose. The conference was protracted the livelong night, and did not close till six o'clock, Friday morning, the 10th. They found Capt. Lyon inexorable,—the fate of Camp Jackson was decreed. Col. Blair's regiment was at Jefferson Barracks, ten miles below the arsenal, at that hour. It was ordered up; and about noon on that memorable Friday, Capt. Lyon quietly left the arsenal gate at the head of six thousand troops, of whom four hundred and fifty were regulars, the remainder United States Reserve Corps or Home Guards, marched in two columns to Camp Jackson, and before the State troops could recover from the amazement into which the appearance of the advancing army threw them, surrounded the camp, planting his batteries upon the elevations around, at a distance of five hundred yards, and stationing his infantry in the roads leading from the grove wherein their tents were pitched. The State troops were taken completely by surprise; for, although there had been vague reports current in camp of an intended attack from the arsenal, the cry of the visitors at the grove, 'They're coming!' 'They're coming!' raised just as the first column appeared in sight, found them strolling leisurely under the trees, chatting with their friends from the city, or stretched upon the thick green grass, smoking and reading.

Beaufort District,—Past, Present, And Future.

The sovereign State of South Carolina seems from the beginning to have been actuated by the desire not only to mold its institutions according to a system differing entirely from that of its sister States, but even to divide its territory in a peculiar manner, for which reason we find in it 'districts' taking the place of counties. The south-west of these bears the name of its principal town, 'Beaufort.' It is bounded on the west by the Savannah River, and on the south by the Atlantic. Its length from north to south is fifty-eight miles, its breadth thirty-three miles, and it contains about one and a quarter millions of acres of land and water. Considered geologically, Beaufort is one of the most remarkable sections of the United States. As recent events have brought it so prominently before us, we propose to consider its history, capacities, and prospects.

From its proximity to the Spanish settlements in the peninsula of Florida, its beautiful harbors and sounds were early explored and taken possession of by the Spaniards. It is now certain they had established a post here called 'Fort St. Phillip,' at St. Elena,[2] as early as 1566-7; this was probably situated on the south-western point of St. Helena Island, and some remains of its entrenchment can still be traced. From this fort Juan Pardo, its founder, proceeded on an expedition to the north-west, and explored a considerable part of the present States of South Carolina and Georgia.

How long the Spaniards remained here is now uncertain, but they long claimed all this coast as far north as Cape Fear. The French planted a colony in South Carolina, and gave the name Port Royal to the harbor and what is now called Broad River; but they were driven off by the Spaniards, and history is silent as to any incidents of their rule for a century. In 1670 a few emigrants arrived in a ship commanded by Capt. Hilton, and landed at what is now known as 'Hilton's Head,' the south-western point of Port Royal harbor, which still perpetuates his name. The colony was under the management of Col. Sayle; but the Spaniards at St. Augustine still claimed the domains, and the settlers, fearing an attack, soon removed to the site of Old Charleston, on Ashley River. In 1682, Lord Cardoss led a small band from Scotland hither, which settled on Port Royal Island, near the present site of Beaufort. He claimed co-ordinate authority with the governor and council at Charleston. During the discussion of this point the Spaniards sent an armed force and dislodged the English, most of whom returned to their native country. A permanent settlement was finally made on Port Royal Island in 1700. The town of Beaufort was laid out in 1717, and an Episcopal church erected in 1720. The name was given from a town in Anjou, France, the birthplace of several of the Huguenot settlers.

For many years the Spaniards threatened the coast as far north as Charleston, but the settlement increased, and extended over St. Helena and other islands. Slavery was here coeval with settlement, and the peculiar institution was so earnestly fostered, that in 1724 it was estimated that South Carolina contained 18,000 slaves to only 14,000 whites. The slaves were mostly natives of Africa of recent importation, and were poorly adapted to clear up the forests and prepare the way for extensive plantations, but their cost was small, and every year they improved in capacity and value. In the succeeding half century were laid the fortunes of the prominent families who have controlled the district, and often greater interests, to our day. Grants of land could be had almost for the asking, especially by men of influence; and fertile islands were given, containing hundreds and sometimes thousands of acres, to a single family, who have here been monarchs of all they survey, including hundreds of slaves, till *the Hegira* or *flight* A.D. 1861.

When we take into account the salubrity of the climate and the fertility of the soil, we must allow that this district has many natural advantages which can not be excelled by any section of the same extent in this country. A considerable part of the district is composed of islands, which are supposed to be of a comparatively recent formation, many of them beautiful to the eye, and rich in agricultural facilities; they are in number upwards of fifty, not less than thirty of them being of large size. Upon the sea-coast are Reynolds, Prentice, Chaplins, Eddings, Hilton Head, Dawfuskie, Turtle, and the Hunting Islands. Behind these lie St. Helena, Pinckney, Paris, Port Royal, Ladies', Cane, Bermuda, Discane, Bells, Daltha, Coosa, Morgan, Chissolm, Williams Harbor, Kings, Cahoussue, Fording, Barnwell, Whale, Delos, Hall, Lemon, Barrataria, Lopes, Hoy, Savage, Long, Round, and Jones Islands. These are from one to ten miles in length, and usually a proportional half in width. St. Helena is over twenty miles in extent, and could well support an agricultural population of twenty thousand. Port Royal is next in size, but, being of a more sandy formation, is not so fertile. These islands are all of an alluvial formation,—the result of the action of the rivers and the sea. There is no rock of any kind, not even a pebble stone, to be found in the whole district.

The soil of these islands is composed mostly of a fine sandy loam, very easily cultivated. In most of them are swamps and marshes, which serve to furnish muck and other vegetable deposits for fertilizing; but the idea of furnishing anything to aid the long over-worked soil seems to these proprietors like returning to the slave some of the earnings taken from him or his ancestors, and is seldom done till nature is at last exhausted, and then it is allowed only a few years' repose. Situated under the parallel of 32°, there is scarcely a product grown in our country, of any value, that can not be produced here. Previous to the Revolution the principal staple for market was indigo, and that raised in this district always commanded the highest price. It was from the proceeds of this plant that the planters were enabled for a long period to purchase slaves and European and northern American productions. Soon after the Revolution their attention was turned to cotton; but the difficulty of separating it from the seed seemed to make it impossible to

furnish it in any profitable quantity, for so slow was the process then followed that, with the utmost diligence, a negro could not, by hand labor, clean over a few pounds per day. The genius of Whitney, however, opened a new era to the cotton planters, who were much more eager to avail themselves of his invention than to remunerate him. It was soon perceived that the cotton raised on these islands was far superior to that produced in the interior, which is still called Upland, only to distinguish it from the 'Sea Island.' It was also noticed that while the common variety produced a seed nearly green with a rough skin, the seed of the islands soon became black with a smooth skin; the effect entirely of location and climate, as it soon resumes its original color when transported back to the interior. The cultivation of this variety is limited to a tract of country of about one hundred and fifty miles in length, and not over twenty-five miles in breadth, mostly on lands adjacent to the salt water, the finest 'grades' being confined to the islands within this district. It is true that black-seed cotton is cultivated to some extent along the coast from Georgetown, S.C., to St. Augustine, but a great part of it is of an inferior quality and staple, and brings in the market less than one-half the price of the real 'Sea Island.' This plant seems to delight in the soft and elastic atmosphere from the Gulf Stream, and, after it is 'well up,' requires but a few showers through the long summer to perfect it. It is of feeble growth, particularly on the worn-out lands, and two hundred pounds is a good yield from an acre. An active hand can tend four acres, besides an acre of corn and 'ground provisions;' but with a moderate addition of fertilizers and rotation of crops no doubt these productions would be doubled. If the yield seems small, the price, however, makes it one of the most profitable products known. The usual quotations for choice Sea Islands in Charleston market has been for many years about four times as great as for the middling qualities of Uplands,—probably an average of from thirty-five to forty-five cents per pound; and for particular brands[3] sixty to seventy cents is often paid. The writer has seen a few bales, of a most beautiful color and length of staple, which sold for eighty cents, when middling Uplands brought but ten cents per pound. It is mostly shipped to France, where it is used for manufacturing the finest laces, and contributes largely to the texture of fancy silks, particularly the cheaper kinds for the American market. After passing above the flow of the salt water, but within the rise of the tide, there is a wide alluvial range along the rivers and creeks, which, by a system of embankments, can be flowed or drained at pleasure. This is cultivated with rice, and, if properly cared for, yields enormous crops, sometimes of sixty bushels to an acre. The land is composed of a mass of muck, often ten feet deep and inexhaustible, and never suffers from drought. This land is very valuable, one hundred dollars often being paid per acre for large plantations. Much rice land, however, remains uncleared for want of the enterprise and perseverance necessary to its improvement.

Farther in the interior the land is principally of a sandy formation, most of it underlaid with clay. Very little effort is, however, made by planters to cultivate it, although it is very easily worked, and with a little manuring yields fair crops of corn and sweet potatoes. The cereal grains are seldom cultivated, but no doubt they would yield well. A large portion of the main-land is composed of swamps, of which only enough have been reclaimed to make it certain that here is a mine of wealth to those gifted with the energy to improve it. The soil is as fertile as the banks of the Nile, and nowhere could agricultural enterprise meet with such certainly profitable returns. Recurring again to the agricultural capacity of the islands, it is certain that good crops of sugar-cane can be grown on them. During the war of 1812, the planters turned their attention to it, and succeeded well, since which time many of them have continued to plant enough for their own use; but this plant soon exhausts such a soil, unless some fertilizer is used, and they therefore prefer cotton, which draws a large part of its sustenance from the atmosphere alone. The sweet and wild orange grows here, and some extensive groves are to be seen. Figs are produced in abundance from September till Christmas. Gardens furnish abundant vegetables, yielding green peas in March and Irish potatoes in May, while numerous tribes of beautiful flowers hold high carnival for more than half the year.

This seems to be the true home of the rose, which is found blooming from March until Christmas. Many of the rare climbing varieties of this flower, which we see at the North only as small specimens in green-houses, grow here in wild profusion. The grape is represented by many species indigenous to this State alone, and could, no doubt, be cultivated and produced in greater variety and perfection than elsewhere on this continent, as the climate is more equable. A species of Indian corn, called 'white flint corn,' and which when cooked is very nutritious and white as snow, seems indigenous to these islands. It is much superior to the common varieties.

Of the sylva we will only say, it is equal in value and variety to that of any section of our country. Here is the home of the palmetto[4] or cabbage tree, the only palm in our wide country. The live oak, once so abundant, has, however, been largely cut off, mostly to supply our navy-yards, and some of the ships built from it are now blockading the very harbors from which it was carried. The pitch pine is the common growth of the interior, and under a new system would form a valuable article of commerce as lumber, and as yielding the *now* so much required turpentine. Of wild animals and birds, here are to be found a large variety. The Hunting Islands and others are well stocked with deer. During the winter wild, geese and ducks abound, and a variety of fish, with fine oysters, can be had at all seasons.

We now come to consider the present inhabitants of this district. The whites are almost entirely the descendants of the earliest settlers of this State, who were English,[5] Scotch, and Protestant Irish, with a slight infusion of the Huguenot and Swiss elements. A century and a half has rendered them homogeneous. As there has never been any interest here other than agriculture, and as every man may be said to own the plantation he cultivates, there has been as little change

of property or condition as possible, and therefore the same land and system of cultivation has passed from father to son through four or five generations. Had there been any emigration or change of population, some alterations, and most likely new enterprise and vigor, would have been infused, and more modern and national feeling have been instituted for their narrow and sectional prejudices. No doubt our national character has been much influenced by the division of land. Where this has been nearly equal, as in our New England towns, a republican form of government has been almost a necessity. But at the South an entirely different arrangement has prevailed. Land was at first distributed in large bodies fitted to accommodate a state of slavery; and the consequence was that a feudal system was inaugurated from the settlement, which has continued with increasing power. This has been one of the permanent causes of Southern pride and exclusiveness.

The inhabitants of South Carolina and Virginia previous to the Revolution were very supercilious towards the North, and even to their less opulent neighbors of Georgia and North Carolina; a feeling which was often the cause of much antagonism among the officers and soldiers during the war. Charleston and Williamsburg gave the tone to good society, and it was haughty and aristocratic in the extreme. While Virginia has for the last half century been in a state of comparative decay, South Carolina has, by its culture of cotton and rice, just been able to hold its own; but the pride and exclusiveness of its people have increased much faster than its material interests. Although the Constitution of the United States guarantees to every State a republican form of government, no thinking person who has resided for a single week within the limits of South Carolina can have failed to see and feel that a tyranny equal to that of Austria exists there. The freedom of opinion and its expression were not permitted. Strangers were always under espionage, and public opinion, controlled by an oligarchy of slave-holders, overruled laws and private rights. Nowhere, even in South Carolina, was this feeling of *hauteur* so strong as in that portion of the State which we are describing. On the large plantations the owners ruled with power unlimited over life and property, and could a faithful record be found it would prove one of vindictive oppression, productive oftentimes of misery and bloodshed. Most of the wealthier planters in the district have residences at Beaufort, to which they remove during the summer months to escape the malaria arising from the soil around their inland houses. This place may be considered the home of the aristocracy. Here reside the Barnwells,[6] Heywards, Rhetts[7](formerly called Smiths,) Stuarts, Means, Sams, Fullers,[8] Elliots,[9] Draytons and others, altogether numbering about fifty families, but bearing not more than twenty different names, who rule and control the country for forty miles around. This is the most complete and exclusive approach to 'nobility' of blood and feeling on our continent. Nowhere else is family pride carried to such an extent. They look with supercilious disdain on every useful employment, save only the planting of cotton and rice. Nothing in any of our large cities can equal the display of equipages, with their profusion of servants in livery, exhibited on pleasant afternoons, when the mothers and daughters of these cotton lords take their accustomed airing. So powerfully has this feeling of exclusiveness prevailed that no son or daughter dares marry out of their circle. For a long series of years has this custom prevailed, and the consequence is that the families above named are nearly of a common blood; and it needs no physiologist to tell us the invariable effect arising from this transgression of natural laws, on the physical and mental faculties of both sexes. In such a state of society is it strange that the present generation should have grown up with ideas better suited to the castes of India than to those of republican America? As a consequence they consider their condition more elevated than that of their neighbors in the adjoining States, and of almost imperial consideration. But no language can express their bitter contempt for the people of the North, more particularly for those of New England birth.

In perusing the history and progress of any portion of our country, the statistics of population become an interesting study. Let us glance over a brief table, showing what the increase has been in this district for the past forty years, and its miserable deficiency in physical means of strength and defense. In 1820 the district contained 32,000 souls, of which there were 4,679 whites and 27,339 slaves, and 141 free blacks. In 1860 there were 6,714 whites and 32,500 slaves, and 800 free blacks, making a total of 40,014,—an increase of whites of 2,035, of slaves 5,161, of free blacks 650:—total increase 7,855 in forty years. Here we have nearly the largest disproportion of whites to slaves in any part of the South. Of the 6,714 whites, about 1,000 are probably men over twenty-one years of age, and it is not to be presumed that an equal number are capable of bearing arms. Is it possible to find anywhere a community more helpless for its own protection or defense? It is one of the truths of science and philosophy that nature, when forced beyond its own powers and laws, will react, and again restore its own supremacy. So we here find a magnificent space of country, rich in all natural requisites, and unsurpassed in its capabilities of producing not only the necessaries of life, but its luxuries, having an exclusive right to some of the most valuable staples of the world, which has been for a century and a half the abode of an imperious few, who have, by tyrannical power, wrung from the bones and muscles of generations of poor Africans the means to sustain their luxury, power, and pride. They have also robbed from the mother earth the fertility of its soil to its utmost extent, leaving much of it completely exhausted. This state of things has reacted on them; it has made them proud, domineering, ambitious, and revengeful of fancied injuries. It has hurried them into rebellion against the best government the world ever saw,—and this has at last brought with it its own punishment and retribution. It has placed their soil, their mansions, their crops and poor slaves in the possession of the hated men of the North, and under the laws and control of the government they affected to despise. When the last gun had sounded from the ramparts at Port Royal, and the Stars and Stripes again resumed their supremacy on the soil of South Carolina, a new era dawned over these beautiful islands and waters, and the day that witnessed the retreat

of the rebel forces should hereafter mark, like the flight of Mahomet, the inauguration of a new dispensation for this land and its people. Let us, therefore, in continuing our chronicles, cast the horoscope, and, without claiming any spirit of prophecy, show the duties of our nation in this contingency, and the beneficial results that must flow from it, if carried out with the energy, perseverance, and practical Christianity due to our country and the age in which we live.

The accession to any government of new territory brings with it new duties, which it is always important should be performed with energy and decision, so that the greatest good, to the greatest number, may be the result. A good Providence has placed the domain under consideration in our possession. Its political condition is to us unique, and almost embarrassing. If the question is asked, 'Can we hold and dispose of a part, or whole, of a sovereign State as a conquered province?' the answer must be in the affirmative. Government is supreme, and must be exercised, particularly to protect the weak, and for the general good of the whole nation. Here is a region, as fair as the sun shines upon, now in a great measure deserted and lying waste. What is to be done with it? and what is our duty in this exigency? The first want is a government, for without a proper one no progress can be made. Let Congress then at once establish a territorial government over so much of the State as we now have in our possession, and over what we may in future obtain;—not a government to exhibit pomp, and show, but one practical and useful, with a court and its proper officers. Let every large unrepresented estate be placed in the hands of a temporary administrator, who should be a practical and honest man, and held to a strict account for all properties entrusted to his keeping, and who should act also as guardian to the slaves belonging to the estate. Then enforce the collection of a tax; and if the owner comes forward within sixty days, pays the tax, takes the oath of allegiance, and agrees to remain in the territory and assist in enforcing and executing the laws, during that and the succeeding year, let him resume his property, and be protected in all his rights. But in default of any loyal response from the proprietor, the property should be disposed of, in moderate quantities, to actual settlers, who should be bound to do duty for its defense, whenever called upon.

But then comes the great difficulty, the disposition of the slaves,—the great question which has so long been discussed as a theory, and which now has to be met as a practical measure. Let us meet it as men and patriots, and, rising above the clamor of fanatics, or the proclamations of new-fangled and demagoguing brigadiers, look at the permanent result to our whole country, and the real good of the African race.

Humanity, society, and property, all have claims and acknowledged rights; let them all be considered. It is well known that the slaves on these islands have always been kept in a state of greater ignorance of the world and all practical matters than those inhabiting the border States, or where there is a larger proportion of whites, with whom they often labor and associate. To emancipate them at once would be to do a great wrong to the white man, to the property, in whatever hands it might be, and a still greater injury to the slave. There can be but one way of disposing of this question which will satisfy the nation, and quiet the fears of the conservative, and preserve the hopes of the radical, which is, to pursue a *middle* course—a policy which shall as nearly as possible equalize the question to all parties. Let the slave be retained on the plantation where he is found; and, as no race are so much attached to their own locality, so let them remain, place them under a proper system of APPRENTICESHIP, with a mild code of laws, where every right shall be protected, where suitable instruction, civil and religious, shall be given, and where the marriage rite shall be administered and respected. Under such laws and beneficent institutions, this territory would soon be settled by men from the West, the North, and from Europe, intelligent, enterprising, and industrious, who would retrieve its worn-out fields, and introduce new systems of culture, with all the modern labor-saving utensils. With kind treatment and new hopes, the simple sons of Africa would have inducements to labor and to await with patient hope the future and its rewards. Then would Beaufort District become what the Giver of all good designed it to be—the abode of an industrious, peaceful, and prosperous community. The production of its great staple, 'Sea-Island cotton,' would be immensely increased, and its quality improved, till it rivaled the silks of the Old World. The yield of rice would be doubled, and its gardens and orchards would supply the North with fruits now known only to the tropics.

So soon as the new government was fairly inaugurated, and the condition of the land and its future cultivation settled, a movement would of necessity be made to found here a city which would be the great commercial metropolis of the South.

Charleston was 'located' at the wrong place, simply with the object of being as distant as possible from the Spanish settlements, and has always suffered from an insufficient depth of water on its bars to accommodate the largest class of merchant ships. It has barely sixteen feet of water at high tide, and ships loaded as lightly as possible have often been obliged to wait for weeks to enter or leave the port. A decrease of one or two feet in its main channel would, in its palmiest days, have been fatal to its prosperity. The sinking of a dozen ships loaded with stone has no doubt placed a permanent barrier to the entrance of all but a small class of vessels. The ships themselves may soon be displaced or destroyed by the sea-worm, but the New England granite will prove a lasting monument to the folly and madness of the rebellion. The destruction of the best part of the city by fire seems also to show that Providence has designed it to be ranked only with the cities of the past.

The productions of South Carolina have always been large and valuable, and since the completion of their system of railroad facilities they have greatly increased; therefore a commercial city is a

necessity, and Port Royal must be its locality. Here is the noblest harbor south of the Chesapeake, with a draught of water of from twenty-five to thirty feet, enough for the largest-sized ships, and sufficient anchorage room for all the navies of the world. Our government should here have a naval depot to take the place of Norfolk, since there is no more suitable place on the whole coast. In this connection the name, Royal Port, is truly significant.

The precise locality for the new city can not now be indicated, but we would suggest the point some two miles south-west of Beaufort, which would give it a position not unlike New York. It would have the straight Broad River for its Hudson, with a fine channel on the south and east communicating with numerous sounds and rivers. Its situation on an island of about the same length as Manhattan completes the parallel.

The value of the produce conveyed over the sounds and rivers connecting with Port Royal, by sloops and steamers, must be counted by millions of dollars. We may estimate the crop of Sea-Island cotton at about fifteen thousand bales, or six millions of pounds, and of rice about fifty million pounds. Yankee enterprise would soon double the amount, and add to it an immense bulk of naval stores and lumber.

But this is but a moiety of what the exports would be. A branch railroad only ten miles long would connect this port with all the railroads of South Carolina and Georgia, which, diverging from Charleston and Savannah, spread themselves over a large part of five States. This road would make tributary to this place a vast district of country.

Savannah, which has for the last few years competed with Charleston for this trade, will soon feel the power of the government, and it must yield up a large part of its business to the more favorable location of the new city.

A few short years, and what a change may come over these beautiful islands and the waters that hold them in its embrace! A fair city, active with its commerce and manufactures, wharves and streets lined with stores and dwellings, interspersed with churches and schools, inhabited by people from every section of our country, and from every part of Europe, all interested to improve their own condition, and all combining to add strength and wealth to the Union which they agree to respect, love, honor, and defend!

The Ante-Norse Discoverers Of America.

I. The Mythical Era.

Who were the first settlers in America?

Within a few years our school-books pointed to Cristoval Colon, or Columbus, and his crew, as the first within the range of history who 'passed far o'er the ocean blue' to this hemisphere. Now, however, even the school-books—generally the last to announce novel truths—say something of the Norsemen in America, though they frequently do it in a discrediting and discreditable way. However, the old Vikings have triumphed once more, even in their graves, and Professor Rafn can prove as conclusively that his fierce ancestry trod the soil of Boston as that the Mayflower Puritans followed in their footsteps. It is a dim old story, laid away in Icelandic manuscripts, and confirmed by but few relics on our soil; yet it is strong enough to give New England a link to the Middle Ages of Europe, with their wildest romance and strangest elements. It is pleasant to think that far back in the night there walked for a short season on these shores great men of that hearty Norse-Teuton race which in after times flowed through France into England, and from England through the long course of ages hitherward. Among the old Puritan names of New England there is more than one which may be found in the roll of Battle Abbey, and through the Norse-Norman spelling of which we trace the family origin of fierce sea-kings in their lowland isles or rocky lairs on the Baltic.

But there are older links existing between America and Europe than this of the Norseman. Of these the first is indeed buried in mystery—leading us back into that sombre twilight of 'symbolism,' as the Germans somewhat obscurely call the study of the early ages whose records are lost, and which can only be traced by reflection in the resemblances between mythologies which argue a common origin, and the monuments remaining, which seem to establish it. Yes, America has this in common with every country of Asia, Europe, and Africa: she has relics which indicate that at one time she was inhabited by a race which had perhaps the same faith, the same stupendous nature-worship, with that of the Old World, and which was, to reason by analogy, *possibly* identified by the same language and customs. What *was* this race, this religion, this language? Who shall answer? Men like Faber, and Higgins, and Lajard, with scores of others, have unweariedly gathered together all the points of resemblance between the religions and mythologies of the Hindus and Egyptians and Chinese, the Druids and the Phenicians, the

Etruscans and the Scandinavians, and old Sclavonic heathen, and found in and between and through them all a startling identity: everywhere the Serpent, everywhere the Queen of Heaven with her child, everywhere the cup of life and the bread and honey of the mysteries, with the salt of the orgie, everywhere a thousand fibres twining and trailing into each other in bewildering confusion, indicating a common origin, yet puzzling beyond all hope those who seek to find it. So vast is the wealth of material which opens on the scholar who seeks to investigate this common origin of mythologies, and with them the possible early identity of races and of languages, that he is almost certain to soon bury himself in a hypothesis and become lost in some blind alley of the great labyrinth.

Certain points appear to have once existed in common to nations on every part of the earth previous to authentic history, and in these America had probably more or less her share, as appears from certain monuments and relics of her early races. They are as follows:—

1. A worship of nature, based on the inscrutable mystery of generation with birth and death. As these two extremes caused each other, they were continually *identified* in the religious myth or symbol employed to represent either.

2. This great principle of action, developing itself into birth and death, was regarded as being symbolized in every natural object, and corresponding with these there were created myths, or 'stories,' setting forth the principal mystery of nature in a thousand poetic forms.

3. The formula according to which all myths were shaped was that of transition, or *the passing through*. The germ, in the mother or in the plant, which after its sleep reappeared in life, was also recognized in Spring, or Adonis, coming to light and warmth after the long death of winter in the womb of the earth. The ark, which floats on the waters, bearing within it the regenerator, signified the same; so did the cup or horn into which the wine of life was poured and from which it was drunk; so too did nuts, or any object capable of representing latent existence. The passing into a cavern through a door between pillars or rocky passes, or even the wearing of rings, all intimated the same mystery—the going into and the coming forth into renewed life.

4. But the great active principle which lay at the foundation of the mystery of birth and death, or of action, was set forth by the serpent—the type of good and evil, of life and destruction—the first intelligence. It is the constant recurrence of this symbol among the early monuments of America, as of the Old World, which proves most conclusively the existence at one time of a common religion, or 'cultus.' It was probably meant to signify water from its wavy curves, and the snake-like course of rivers, as inundation seems to have been, according to early faith, the most prolific source of the destruction of nature, and yet the most active in its revival.

There are in Brittany vast lines of massy Druidic stones, piled sometimes for leagues in regular order, in such a manner as to represent colossal serpents. Those who will consult the French *Dracontia* will be astonished at the labor expended on these strange temples. Squier has shown that the earth-works of the West represent precisely the same symbol. Mexico and South America abound, like Europe and the East, in serpent emblems; they twine around the gods; they are gods themselves; they destroy as Typhon, and give life in the hands of Esculapius.

In the United States, as in Europe and in the East, there are found in steep places, by difficult paths, always near the banks of streams, narrow, much-worn passages in rocks, through which one person[10] can barely squeeze, and which were evidently not intended for ordinary travel. The passing through these places was enjoined on religious votaries, as indicating respect for the great principle of regeneration. The peasants of Europe, here and there, at the present day, continue to pass through these rock or cave doors, 'for luck.' It was usual, after the transition, whether into a cave, where mysteries, feasts, and orgies were held, significant of 'the revival,' or merely through a narrow way,—to bathe in the invariably neighboring river; the serpent-river or water which drowns organic life, yet without which it dies.

In England, at a comparatively recent period, and even yet occasionally in Scandinavia, the peasantry plighted their troth by passing their hands through the hole in the 'Odin-stones,' and clasping them. Beads and wedding rings and 'fairy-stones,' or those found with holes in them, were all linked to the same faith which rendered sacred every resemblance to the 'passing through.' The graves of both North and South America contain abundant evidence of the sacredness in which the same objects were held. I have a singularly-shaped soapstone ornament, taken from an Indian grave, whose perforation indicates the 'fairy-stone.' The religious legends of Mexico and of Peru are too identical with many of the Old World to be passed over as coincidences; the gold images of Chiriqui, with their Baal bell-ringing figures, and serpent-girt, pot-bellied phallic idols, are too strikingly like those of *Old* Ireland and of the East not to suggest some far-away common origin. I have good authority for saying that almost every symbol, whether of cup or dove, serpent or horn, flower or new moon, boat or egg, common to Old World mythology, may be found set forth or preserved with the emphasis of religious emblems in the graves or ruined temples of ancient North America.

The mass of evidence which has been accumulated by scholars illustrative of a common origin of mythologies and a centralization of them around the serpent; or, as G.S. Faber will have it, the Ark; or, as some think, the heavenly bodies; or, as others claim, simply a worship of paternity and maternity,—is immense. Why they should claim separate precedence for symbols, all of which set forth the one great mystery how GOD 'weaves and works in action's storm,' is only explicable on

the ground that 'every scholar likes to have his own private little pet hypothesis.' Enough, however, may be found to show that this stupendous nature-worship *was* held the world over,—*possibly* in the days of a single language,—in America as in ancient Italy, or around the sacred mountain-crags of India; in Lebanon as in Ireland, in the garden-lands of Assyria, and in the isles of the South.

Yet all this is as yet, for the truly scientific ethnologist, only half-fact, indefinite, belonging to the cloud-land of fable. The poet or the thinker, yearning for a new basis of art, may find in the immense mass of legends and symbols an identification between all the forms of nature in a vast harmony and mutual reflection of every beautiful object; but for the man of facts it is unformed, not arranged, useless. We know not the color of the race or races which piled the Western mounds; their languages are lost; they are vague mist-gods, living in a dimmer medium than that of mere tradition. So ends the first period of intercommunication between Asia—the probable birthplace of the old mythology—and America.

II. The Chinese Discoverers Of Mexico In The Fifth Century.

But there is a second link, ere we come to the Norsemen, which is strong enough to merit the favorable consideration of the scientific man, for it rests on evidence worthy serious investigation. I refer to the fact that the Chinese-Annals, or Year Books,—which, according to good authority, have been well kept, and which are certainly prosaic and blue-bookish enough in their mass of dry details of embassies and expenditures to be highly credible,—testify that in the fifth century the Chinese learned the situation of the great peninsula Aliaska, which they named Tahan, or Great China. Beyond this, at the end of the fifth century,—be it observed that the advances in discovery correspond in time in the records,—they discovered a land which Deguignes long after identified with the north-west coast of America. With each discovery, the people of these new lands were compelled, or were represented at court as having been compelled, to send ambassadors wife tribute to the Central Realm, or China.

But there had been unofficial Chinese travelers in Western America, and even in Mexico itself, before this time. Those who have examined the history of that vast religious movement of Asia which, contemporary with Christianity, shook the hoary faiths of the East, while a higher and purer doctrine was overturning those of the West, are aware that it had many external points or forms in common with those of the later Roman church, which have long been a puzzle to the wise. To say nothing of mitres, tapers, violet robes, rosaries, bells, convents, auricular confession, and many other singular identities, the early Buddhist church distinguished itself by a truly catholic zeal for the making of converts, and, to effect this, sent its emissaries to Central Africa and Central Russia; from the Sclavonian frontier on the west to China, Japan, and the farthest Russian isles of the east. On they went; who shall say where they paused? We know that there are at this day in St. Petersburg certain books on black paper taken from a Buddhist temple found in a remote northern corner of Russia. It was much less of an undertaking, and much less singular, that Chinese priests should pass, by short voyages, from island to island, almost over the proposed Russian route for the Pacific telegraph to America. That they *did so* is explicitly stated in the Year Books, which contain details relative to *Fusang*, or Mexico, where it is said of the inhabitants that 'in earlier times these people lived not according to the laws of Buddha. But it happened in the second "year-naming" "Great Light" of Song (A.D. 458), that five beggar monks, from the kingdom Kipin, went to this land, extended over it the religion of Buddha, and with it his holy writings and images. They instructed the people in the principles of monastic life, and so changed their manners.'

But I am anticipating my subject. In another chapter I propose, on the authority of Professor Neumann, a learned Sinologist of Munich, to set forth the proofs that in the last year of the fifth century a Buddhist priest, bearing the cloister name of Hoei-schin, or Universal Compassion, returned from America, and gave for the first time an official account of the country which he had visited, which account was recorded, and now remains as a simple fact among the annual registers of the government.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Spur Of Monmouth.

'Twas a little brass half-circlet,
Deep gnawed by rust and stain,
That the farmer's urchin brought me,
Plowed up on old Monmouth plain;
On that spot where the hot June sunshine
Once a fire more deadly knew,
And a bloodier color reddened

Where the red June roses blew;—

Where the moon of the early harvest
Looked down through the shimmering leaves,
And saw where the reaper of battle
Had gathered big human sheaves.
Old Monmouth, so touched with glory—
So tinted with burning shame—
As Washington's pride we remember,
Or Lee's long tarnished name.

'Twas a little brass half-circlet;
And knocking the rust away,
And clearing the ends and the middle
From their buried shroud of clay,
I saw, through the damp of ages
And the thick disfiguring grime,
The buckle-heads and the rowel
Of a spur of the olden time.

And I said—what gallant horseman,
Who revels and rides no more,
Perhaps twenty years back, or fifty,
On his heel that weapon wore?
Was he riding away to his bridal,
When the leather snapped in twain?
Was he thrown and dragged by the stirrup,
With the rough stones crushing his brain?

Then I thought of the Revolution,
Whose tide still onward rolls—
Of the free and the fearless riders
Of the 'times that tried men's souls.'
What if, in the day of battle
That raged and rioted here,
It had dropped from the foot of a soldier,
As he rode in his mad career?

What if it had ridden with Forman,
When he leaped through the open door,
With the British dragoon behind him,
In his race o'er the granary floor?
What if—but the brain grows dizzy
With the thoughts of the rusted spur;
What if it had fled with Clinton,
Or charged with Aaron Burr?

But bravely the farmer's urchin
Had been scraping the rust away;
And cleansed from the soil that swathed it,
The spur before me lay.
Here are holes in the outer circle—
No common heel it has known,
For each space, I see by the setting,
Once held some precious stone.

And here—not far from the buckle—
Do my eyes deceive their sight?—
Two letters are here engraven,
That initial a hero's might!
'G.W.'! Saints of heaven!
Can such things in our lives occur?
Do I grasp such a priceless treasure?
Was this *George Washington's spur*?

Did the brave old *Pater Patrioe*
Wear that spur like a belted knight—
Wear it through gain and disaster,
From Cambridge to Monmouth flight?
Did it press his steed in hot anger
On Long Island's day of pain?
Did it drive him, at terrible Princeton,
'Tween two storms of leaden rain?

And here—did the buckle loosen,
And no eye look down to see,

When he rode to blast with the lightning
The shrinking eyes of Lee?
Did it fall, unfelt and unheeded,
When that fight of despair was won,
And Clinton, worn and discouraged,
Crept away at the set of sun?

The lips have long been silent
That could send an answer back;
And the spur, all broken and rusted,
Has forgotten its rider's track!
I only know that the pulses
Leap hot, and the senses reel,
When I think that the Spur of Monmouth
May have clasped George Washington's heel!

And if it be so, O Heaven,
That the nation's destiny holds,
And that maps the good and the evil
In the future's bewildering folds,
Send forth some man of the people,
Unspotted in heart and hand,
On his foot to buckle the relic,
And charge for a periled land!

There is fire in our fathers' ashes;
There is life in the blood they shed;
And not a hair unheeded
Shall fall from the nation's head.
Old bones of the saints and the martyrs
Spring up at the church's call:—
God grant that the Spur of Monmouth
Prove the mightiest relic of all!

The Fatal Marriage Of Bill The Soundser.

Reader, possibly you do not know what a 'Soundser' is. Then I will tell you. In the coastwise part of the State of New Jersey in which I live, numerous sounds and creeks everywhere divide and intersect the low, sea-skirting lands, wherein certain people are wont to cruise and delve for the sake of securing their products, and hence come to be known in our homely style as Soundsers. The fruitage afforded by these sounds is both manifold and of price. Throughout all the pleasant weather, they yield, with but little intermission, that gastronomic gem, the terrapin; the succulent, hard-shell clam, and the 'soft' crab; the deep-lurking, snowy-fleshed hake, or king-fish; the huge, bell-voiced drum, and that sheen-banded pride of American salt-water fishes, the sheepshead. During the waning weeks of May, and also with the continuance of dog-days, this already profuse bounty receives a goodly accession in the shape of vast flocks of willets, curlews, gray-backs, and other marine birds, which, with every ebb tide, resort to their shoaler bars and flats, to take on those layers of fat which the similarly well-conditioned old gentleman of the city finds so inexpressibly delicious. When the summer is once, over, and while the cold weather prevails, they furnish another and quite new set of dainties. Then the span-long, ripe, 'salt' oyster is to be had for the raking of their more solidly-bottomed basins; and all along their more retired nooks and harbors, the gunner, by taking proper precautions, may bring to bag the somewhat 'sedgy' but still well-flavored black duck, the tender widgeon, the buttery little bufflehead, the incomparable canvas-back, and the loud-shrieking, sharp-eyed wild goose. All this various booty is industriously secured by the 'soundsers,' to find, ere long, a ready market in the larger inland towns and cities. But united to this shooting, fishing, and oyster-catching, they have another 'trade' whose scene is on the waters, though it connects itself with the sea, rather than the sounds, and *this* is 'wrecking.' They are prompt for this service whenever the occasion requires; indeed, I sometimes think they prefer it, dangerous though it be, before all others. Inured as they are to every sort of exposure, they are of course a tough and rugged race; and what with their diversity of occupation, calling, as it does, for a constant interchange of the use of the gun, net, boat, fishing line, and some one or other arm or edge tool, they are usually, nay, almost invariably, handy and quick-witted.

By far the most notable 'soundser' our neighborhood ever bred was my hero, BILL. Physically, at least, he was a true wonder. He stood full six feet two, weighed eleven score pounds, and at the same time carried no more flesh than sufficed to hide the exact outline of his bones. Another man so strong as he I have never seen. I have repeatedly known him to lift and walk off with anchors weighing five and six hundred weight; and those big, thick hands of his could twist any horseshoe

as if it were a girl's wreath. Certainly he was not in the least graceful; that 'ponderosity' of his could in no way be repressed. But he was still of rude comeliness, his shape being squarely fitted and tolerably proportioned, while his broad, red-maned visage wore a constant glow of plain, though sincere, kindliness and good-humor.

As his physical man was uncommon, so he had uncommon mental endowments. He was the only 'soundser' I ever knew who understood farming. He had inherited a farmstead of some twenty-five or thirty acres, and this he soon had blooming as the rose. When occasion required, he wrought on it, day and night. He divided it, with truest judgment, into proper fields, experimented successfully with various kinds of novel manures (most of which he obtained from the sea), grew stock, planted, in rotation, and, with only here and there a sympathizer, gave in his full adherence to the theory of root culture. And he was a mechanic. He could build house or barn to the last beam, and ship or boat to the last joint; nay, he once devised the model of a self-righting life-boat, which I have often heard shipmasters, and even real shipwrights, descant upon in the highest terms of praise. Moreover, I can affirm that he was a navigator. It is true that the *science* of seamanship, as set forth in books, he had never mastered. But he knew right well what winds of a certain force and direction foretold, what waves of a certain height and aspect meant; and this knowledge, combined with a squint, now and then, at his pocket compass, sufficed to enable him to take a vessel with safety anywhere along our coast.

But while my old pal showed high abilities in other arts, as a 'soundser' and wrecker he was not to be matched. He brought to the first of these pursuits a clearness of observation which would have met the approbation of many an acknowledged man of science. He knew every sort of food which bird and fish fed upon, where it was to be found, and the circumstances favorable to its production. He knew why the game resorted to certain spots yesterday, and avoided them to-day; what circumstances—and they are very many—impelled it to joyousness or quietude; and what were most of its minor instincts. And all this was done *thoroughly*, withal. There was no haphazard or uncertainty in any of his conclusions. Taking thought of sundry conditions, he could tell at any time when such a thing was applicable; how many sheepsheads one could catch in the sounds; whether the *honk* of the wild goose, flying overhead, announced that he was on his way to a fresh-water pool or a bar of gravel; whether the black ducks were cooling their thirsty gizzards in a woodland pond, sitting scattered about the marshes, or huddling together on the bosom of the sea. In a word, his mind had gathered unto itself every law, of the least importance, affecting the existence of such wild creatures about us as cost any pains to bring to hand; and thus he was literally master over them, and held their lives subject to his will. That this power was really surprising, will hardly be disputed; and since we, his associates, could in no way possess ourselves of the like, it passed among us for something almost miraculous.

Still, brilliant 'soundser' as old Bill was, he was far greater as a wrecker; since I am now about to relate an occurrence in the line which proves him a veritable hero. As is perfectly well known, our American coast is often the scene of fearful storms, which deal out wide-spread destruction to mariners. With us, these gales are commonest in February, and hence this month is held in marked dread. Some years ago, in the season referred to, a storm burst upon our shores, whose like only a few of the older among us had ever known. After fitfully moaning from the northward and eastward for a day or two, the wind, one morning, finally settled due north-east,—thus sweeping directly upon the land,—and blew a hurricane. It was excessively cold, too, yet not so cold but that a fine, dry snow was falling, though from the fury of the wind this could settle nowhere, but was driven, whirling and surging, before the blast in dense clouds. In short, it was a time of truly unearthly wildness; and our hearts sank the deeper in us, since we knew what ere long must inevitably occur. At last, within an hour or two of nightfall, the sound of a ship's bell, rung hurriedly, pealed towards us along the uproar of the tempest, and by this we were made aware that a vessel had been wrecked on a certain shoal rising up in the ocean, about two miles from that part of the beach nearest our village. To go to the rescue of this vessel, at this time, was absolutely impossible. For, to say nothing of the wrath of the winds, the air was so thick with snow that, in the speedily advancing hours of darkness, in which we should not fail to be entrapped, we would be powerless to find our way at sea a foot. There was no help for it; the poor victims of the shipwreck must that very night know death in one or another most terrifying shape, 'if it was the will of the Lord.' With this mournful conviction, about twenty of us gathered at old Bill's house with the closing in of a darkness as of Tartarus, and kept its watches. The anger of the storm abated in no way whatever till morning, and then the sole change that took place was a somewhat thinner aspect of the driving snow. Yet, even when this was discerned, every man of us hastened to draw over his ordinary winter garb an oil-cloth suit which enveloped him from head to foot, and soberly announced himself ready to do his duty in the strait. That we should be exposed to the greatest dangers was absolutely certain; and whether a single survivor of the terrors of that awful night yet clung to the few frail timbers in the sea, for us to rescue, none but Heaven knew; still, the manhood of each demanded that what was possible to be done in the matter we should at least attempt.

And so we started; the leader being old Bill, who to some end, that I could not then divine, bore a boat-sail bundled on his back. Our first business was to make way to our surf or life boat. This lay about three miles from the village, reckoning as the crow flies, and was sheltered under a rude house which stood on the shores of a bay opening by an inlet into the sea. Our common way of gaining this house was through a circuitous passage of the sounds; but these we soon discovered, in consonance with a previous prediction of old Bill's, were entirely frozen over save in certain parts of their channels; and hence, this route being unnavigable for such boats as were at hand,

which, without exception, were light gunning and fishing skiffs, we were forced to avail ourselves of a barely practicable land track of which we knew, and which, as it led about among the marshes, was also circuitous. And the necessity of choosing this land path added to our difficulties, in that we were forced to provide ourselves with a small batteau and drag it behind us, to be able to cross many ditches and sloughs with which it was barred, and which, particularly along their edges, were never really frozen. After toiling and battling for a long period, and at the same time having to face the most painfully cutting wind that burst unobstructedly over the level area of the marshes, we at last reached the house wherein the life-boat lay, and when old Bill had scrutinized its oars, and stored it with a mingled collection of cordage, canvas and spars, we ran it into the water. But now another trouble arose. The bay, like the sounds of which indeed it formed a part, was covered with ice,—either in solid sheets, or that thick slush, peculiar to ocean estuaries, which is chiefly known as 'porridge ice,'—and, from its comparative shallowness, covered so densely, too, that if we had trusted to getting our boat out of it by sheer rowing, it would have taken us the entire day so to do. In this emergency nothing would serve but that we must advance bodily into the water, and, crushing and clearing away the ice with our feet, drag the boat, in a depth at least sufficient for her to float, to the entrance of the inlet, where the current ran so strongly that no ice could gather. After a severely trying amount of labor, this point was finally gained, and we stood fairly in front of the tall, thundering breakers; whereupon each man nimbly jumped to his place in the craft, that of steersman being the post of old Bill.

As we gave way on our oars, we shot along the inlet without much difficulty; and presently old Bill announced that, he caught a faint sight of the wreck in the distance—to all appearance 'most all gone but the hull.' But we had little or no opportunity to indulge in speculation or remark on the discovery, for in a moment or two we began to oppose the wildness of the open main, and the hour of our real trial set in. For the first time we could now appreciate the full force of the gale. Good Heavens, how it blew! The waters seemed alive and in direst convulsion. Everywhere huge walls of breakers were constantly upheaved to be felled and shattered with a roar as of some terrific cannonade; while the air became the arena for a helter-skelter tossing of sheets of spray, clots of froth, and spirts of brine, which plentifully assailed our poor boat in their madness, and, besides partially filling her with slush, encased every man in a complete coating of ice. If our craft had not been modeled with the very highest degree of skill, and if our steersman had not been one of a thousand, we could have made no headway at all in this appalling tumult. As it was, our advance was of the weakest, and its success seemed very doubtful, let our efforts be what they might. Not but what we could sufficiently hold our own in the swirl of the vanquished waves; but when they swooped upon us in their full stature, they not only sent the boat back as if she had been a mere feather, but with a second's awkwardness on the part of old Bill they would have flung her clean over from stem to stern, and our places among the living would have been vacant. Having strained every nerve for nearly two hours, we were still but part way through the breakers, while some of the men began to complain of fatigue; with which old Bill seized a favorable opportunity to put the boat about, and we were swept ashore on the beach as in the twinkling of an eye. Here, we secured our boat by hauling her high and dry on the strand; freed her from the slush and water which had gained in her bottom; and then retired to the leeward of a range of sand hills near by, to recruit our energies.

With full leisure to ponder over the difficulties confronting our expedition, some few of the crew now began to 'speak it foully,' and even to emit gruff proposals to return homewards. But to these waverers old Bill at once administered the sternest rebuke; and, as they at last held their peace, he averred with a gay smile (for he dearly loved the presence of danger, and could never be brought to look on it other than as a rough sort of irresponsible horse-play, over which he was sure in one way or another to gain the mastery), that he had now weighed all the conditions of the pass, and that the next time we attempted it we should assuredly prevail. This assertion, coming from such a source, encouraged one and all very greatly; and ere long we cheerfully launched our boat once more, and again began to tug at the quivering oars. In a very little while it became apparent enough that the tactics that Bill intended to adopt in our present venture were very different from those put in practice with the last. Instead of boldly facing the breakers as he had heretofore done, he now began his maneuvering by laying us directly in the trough of the sea,—planting the boat a little crosswise, however, so as to prevent an untoward swell from riding over her side and thus filling her,—and the instant he saw an advancing breaker beginning to fracture, as a prelude to its downfall and destruction, he boldly sped us, when the thing was at all practicable, straight in the teeth of the gap, and as it proceeded to widen, we shot through it, with the surf leaping and tossing on either hand high above our heads. This stroke could have been possible only to a steersman possessed of herculean strength, combined with the rarest daring and coolness; and, as the result of these qualities, it was exceedingly effective. It lessened the danger of our being capsized almost entirely. Indeed, the sole mishap that was threatened by so doing, was the liability to being swamped by the falling fragments of the breakers; but this peril old Bill declared we might safely trust he would also avert. It being the nature of humanity to experience a mood of high exaltation with the surmounting of any serious obstacle, we now worked our way with minds light and cheery, and with all thoughts of anything like fatigue completely forgotten. Though our course was on the whole a zigzag one, and though we certainly met with one or two serious rebuffs, we were constantly gaining headway, and in something over an hour forced the last line of the breakers, and stemmed what on ordinary occasions would have been simply the blue body of the Atlantic. But even here a huge commotion was reigning, though our progress was far less tedious than it had previously been; and with about another hour's labor we were alongside the wreck, and had climbed to her deck.

The plight of the vessel was mournful enough. She had evidently been built for a three-masted schooner, but, as Bill had observed when he first obtained a view of her, everything about her was well-nigh gone save her hull. Her bulwarks had been thoroughly crushed, and so the sea had successively torn away her boats, shivered her galley and wheelhouse, and filled her cabin and hold. Her masts were also destroyed, the fore and mizzen masts being carried away from their steppings, and the main-mast broken completely in twain just above the cross-trees. But a sight still more desolate, as well as harrowing, yet awaited us, as, in overhauling the sail-encumbered shrouds of the partially standing mast, we discovered several ice-bound figures rigidly hanging therein, which, being cut away and lowered to our boat, proved to be the body of a negro perfectly stark and dead, and three most pitiable white sailors, whose life was so far extinguished that they could neither move hand nor foot, nor utter more than the feeblest moans.

When we had covered the face of the dead and sheltered the well-nigh dead as best we could in the bottom of our boat, of course our chief thought was to return to the shore as swiftly as possible. But on this head there was no call to entertain the smallest solicitude; for after old Bill, from a motive that we could not yet name, had 'stepped' a mast through one of the foremost thwarts of the boat, and rigged a sail all ready to be spread, we cast off from the wreck, and presently, dropping into the full strength of the wind, were swept onward like an arrow, with scarce the least use of any other oar than that in the hands of our stalwart steersman. Speedily crossing the outer waters, we leaped and bounded over the breakers; and when old Bill, as we were rushing along the inlet, gave orders for the hoisting of the sail, we not only hastened to obey him, but immediately saw an all-important reason for the command. For we were now about entering the ice of the sounds; and as the boat flew in its midst, her stiff, tight sail drove her through the stubborn obstruction as easily and in much the same manner as the steam plow rips up the matted bosom of the prairies. In due season we reached the landing where we usually disembarked from the sounds, and where we found a wagon awaiting us, to which we bore our sad freightage, and led the way for old Bill's house. On arriving, we laid the corpse in an outbuilding and carried the sailors into a bedroom. But what was to be next done? To tell the truth, most of us knew no more than so many children. But here our leader again showed his knowledge. Strongly condemning the lighting of a fire in the apartment,—which some one was about to do,—he set us busily at work bringing him a good supply of tubs, and buckets of cold water, into which he dipped the naked persons of the sufferers; and as this treatment, combined with a patient, gentle chafing, which was also administered, at last restored the flow of their vital forces, he gave them a few spoonfuls of broth apiece, and, while they looked a gratefulness they could nowise express, lifted them like babes with his giant arms to warm beds, where they fell into what was at first a fitful, broken slumber, but finally a childlike, placid sleep. They were saved!

If the reader is now curious to know why a man like old Bill was not a patrician and captain in the campaign of life, rather than the mere private and plebeian he was, I can answer that there were several things which impeded that consummation. His character, though of wonderful height and force in some respects, was, after all, without true discipline, and presented many glaring incongruities. Thus, whatever he had of what could really be named ambition was satisfied when he had surprised us 'soundsers;' and our praise—and we lavished it upon him in full measure, as we knew he liked it—was all the praise he seemed to desire. Then, he was altogether one of us in his notions of pleasure and recreation. Like the rest of us, he cordially appreciated the sparkling product of the New England distilleries, and far more than any of us—to such a pitch did his animal spirits rule—he relished our broad sea-side jokes and songs, and as well our rattling jigs and hornpipes. As for others attempting to elevate him to a more exalted station, the thing was simply impossible. When led of his own accord to seek other society than ours, he could by no means content himself with the companionship of staid practical persons, who on account of his latent worth would have readily countenanced, and with the least opportunity even served him, but he invariably paid his court to adventurers; such creatures, for instance, as seedy 'professors' of one kind or another, who, in the inevitable shawl and threadbare suit of black, were constantly dismounting at the village tavern, with proposals either to 'lecture' on something, or 'teach' somewhat, as the case might happen to be, and who, having no affinity whatever with the brawny, awkward Viking who fondly hung on their shabby-genteel skirts, amused themselves at his greenness, or pooh-pooh'd him altogether, as they saw fit. And when, as it not unfrequently happened, official and influential individuals at a distance were moved by the story of his renown to pay him their respects in person, and listen courteously and gravely to his opinions, his discrimination stood him in no better stead, for as soon as he possibly could he bent the conference towards a sailor's revel, and astonished his stately visitants by singing the spiciest songs, and sometimes even by a Terpsichorean display in full costume; for he was excessively proud of his accomplishments in this line, and implicitly believed that the shaking of his elephantine limbs, and the whirling of his broad, coatless flanks, formed a spectacle so tasteful and entertaining, that no one could fail to enjoy it to the utmost. Assuredly I have now said enough as to old Bill's incapacities for a grander role in life. In reality that part of a lofty manhood to which he at first sight seemed fitted, was not his; for, properly speaking, he was not an actual man, but a boy—a grand and glorious boy, if you will, but yet a very boy; and at length he met the fate of a boy, as we shall learn.

Once more we were engaged upon a wreck. But this time it was in no hyperborean tempest that we were called forth, but when the very sweetest airs of June were blowing. The case demanding our aid was that of a wrecking schooner which had gaily left her moorings in New York harbor to pick up a summer's living along the coast, but had inadvertently cut up some of her capers rather

too near our beach, and so with one fine ebb tide found herself stranded. As it was an instance of sickness in the regularly graduated and scientific college itself, our whole shore was intensely 'tickled' at the accident. And again, as this doctress, like many another ailing leech, was quite incapable of curing her own suffering, her toddy-blossom-faced bully of a New York captain was pleased to salute old Bill with cup high in air, and beg that he would take a sufficient force and heave the distressed craft into deep water. Thus a crew of us were called together and set to work at the vessel. As the weather was so warm and beautiful, and as bed and board were at this time to be had on the beach, we agreed among us that our convenience would be the better served by taking up our temporary quarters near the scene of our labors. Now, the place where we were offered the necessary accommodation consisted of an ancient plank-built tenement, which stood behind a sand-ridge that a far younger Atlantic than ours had piled up, and then, retreating, abandoned. In winter this rude domicile was bare and tenantless; but in the summer months it was usually occupied by some thriftless gammer or gaffer from the main-land, who, having stocked it with a few of the coarsest household goods, and whatever provisions came to hand, offered entertainment to such wreckers and 'soundsers' as happened to be in its vicinity. The present incumbent of the hostel was a woman, claiming to be a widow, of the name of Rose; bearing in most respects no resemblance whatever to any of her predecessors. Where she was born, or had hitherto resided, none of us knew: all that gossip could, gather was that she had unexpectedly descended from a passing vessel with her effects and entered directly the abandoned house. When questioned as to the scene of her earlier life, she vaguely gave answer that she had disported herself largely in 'Philadelphy;' but as no 'Philadelphy' woman that ever walked through a doorway was or is able to compound a chowder or bake a clam pie worthy of the name, and as Madame Rose understood how to prepare both these luxuries to a charm, her statement must have been false; she was, undoubtedly, a 'coast-wise' lady, and one who knew who Jack was as well as he himself did. Her appearance was, on the whole, agreeable. She was tall, slender, of regular features, and, though indisputably on the shady side of forty, was still free from any signs that would proclaim her charms to be on the wane. I remember in particular that she had long, white and regular teeth, thereby strongly contrasting with our native women, who as a rule lose their teeth early. Her manners were very novel to us. She was invariably of a simpering, ducking turn, and interlarded her curt speech with curiously hard words. In dress she carried matters with an incomparably high hand. She wore hoops 'all day long,'—a freak then never even so much as thought of in our village,—adorned her fingers with many rings, and her throat with large florid brooches, and in the evening, after having brought her household duties to a close, sat here or there with her sewing, in silks (though perhaps not of the newest), or other highly-civilized stuffs.

Most of our crew regarded their hostess with greatly mingled feelings; but old Bill entertained but one sentiment for her,—that of unqualified admiration. As we only 'wrought' at the stranded schooner on the high water,—some five hours out of the twenty-four,—he had plenty of opportunity to dangle after his dearie, and did so unremittingly. While the rest of us were either napping, dancing the lively 'straight four,' hunting herns' eggs among the sand-hills, and so on, according to our inclination, he, in far more romantic mood, seized all possible opportunities to quickly gather fire-wood for his charmer, fill her tea-kettle, open whatever clams and oysters she was about to cook, and, above all, to recount for her delight one of those inimitable yarns of his, at whose points he himself was sure to laugh till the rafters of the house shook and the plates in the dresser rattled again. But this was merely the first stage of his passion. Before long, as is not unusual in such cases, it took another and more bodeful turn. That inextinguishable laughter of his was heard no more, or at best gave place to a feeble tittering; his stories dropped from his lips with but flat pungency; and instead of performing his lady-love's 'chores' with a mirthful readiness, he went through them in a heartsick way, the while directing towards her furtive looks of supplication. The true state of matters was now obvious to all Old Bill was another fatally-stricken victim of that spooney archer-boy who next to death holds dominion over men; and with his case, thus momentous, we could but feel a renewed interest in his behalf, and busy our tongues about him. I, for my part, thought that as he was a widower, and needful of a wife to comfort him in his advancing age, and that as the present object of his affections, if not a highly 'forcible' woman, seemed at all events to be one of whom no great harm was to be feared, there could be no valid objection to his being joined to her; particularly if nothing was divulged proving her to be other than what she seemed. But this view I found to be on the whole unacceptable to my auditory. Almost to a man they condemned the propriety of the match. It could not actually be said that they disliked Mrs. Hose, but they were jealous of her, as, in her manner and style of array, she considerably dimmed the lustre of their own women; and they distrusted her as she was a stranger; it being a marked habit with most of our folks to distrust all strangers save those from whom they expect pecuniary awards. But meanwhile, notwithstanding this criticism, the little idyl in our midst was developing itself apace. On the afternoon of one beautiful Sunday, a day in which we of course ordinarily did no work, when the dinner-table had been well cleared away, what should we see but old Bill swinging forth with his sailor gait from the house, and arrayed as jauntily as his check shirt and pea-jacket (his only suit of apparel at hand) would permit, to be speedily followed by Mrs. Rose, who with one set of finger-tips held up the light folds of a sweetly blue lawn skirt, and with the other bore aslant before her a bewitching pink parasol. Undoubtedly there was a great indulgence in sly winks and suppressed titterings on the part of such of us as chanced to be witnesses of this at once festal and sentimental sally; but the twain heeded naught whatsoever of these manifestations, but struck off along the snow-white strand where the sea was droning its hymn so lazily that it would have inevitably put itself to sleep, if the fish-hawks had not so continually disturbed it by mischievously diving headlong into its bosom. At last they returned again; and we soon became aware that the stroll had not been

without great results to both; since Mrs. Rose affected to be laboring under a high degree of emotion, and retired to the privacy of her apartment, while old Bill was by no means the dolorous swain of a few hours before, but, making his way among us, with his wide mouth stretching its best, proceeded formally to shake hands with one and all as though he had finally got back from a long and arduous voyage; and then, merrily calling for a certain brown jug which was among our stores, removed the corn-cob which served as a cork, and having wetted his great heart with a draught which I have no doubt measured a full pint, fell, entirely regardless of the day, to performing his most spirited hoe-down, while the most of us looked on with a mirth that knew no bounds.

Yes, old Bill was now 'a happy man,' Mrs. Rose could but accept such a suitor as he, if but from the fact that; his ardor and his pain were of the freshest complexion, and of an amplitude fully proportioned to that of his extraordinary physical bulk. As we tendered him our congratulations upon his happy state, he received the courtesy with extreme complacency. But, to tell the truth, those who did thus congratulate him were but few. Most of the men remained of their old mind as to the proposed match; indeed, I ere long found that they looked upon it with less favor than ever. It appeared that they had been inflamed with a rumor that Mrs. Rose intended to beguile her adorer to a foreign shore, where a scion or two of her brilliant house found happy sustenance; and that nothing but evil could accrue from such an act, was of course as clear as noonday. Now, when I came to trace this rumor to its source, I became apprised that it owed its publicity to an old man of our number known by the nickname of 'Mister,' who was remarkable for a rare amount of credulity, self-conceit, and obstinacy, and at the same time for being the invariable butt of his company. This wiseacre averred that he had succeeded in wringing from Mrs. Rose the confession that directly she and old Bill were made man and wife, they were to depart for Hatteras Inlet, on the coast of North Carolina, where the lady gay possessed 'relations;' and this narrative, wofully muttered about among our crew, and accompanied with a due amount of sighs and head-shakings, had depressed them most fearfully, not withstanding the character of the narrator.

The fact of the matter was, that most of the men were actually desirous that a betrothal, contracted directly in the face of public opinion, and without the smallest deference to anybody, as that of old Bill and Mrs. Rose had been, should come to some kind of grief or other, and they were fain to believe that it would do so. As for me, I was without true concern on the subject, as I had ever been. If it should indeed fall out that old Bill was to take a trip to Hatteras with his bride, I was convinced that he would enjoy himself famously among the great abundance of fish and game said to abound in that place, and that in the end he would return to us again, to rule over us in greater splendor than ever; as for his sweetheart or any of her like doing him any actual injury, the idea seemed so preposterous to me, that whenever an opportunity presented itself I did not fail to ridicule it to the utmost. Still, in order to do my whole duty in the matter, I hastened to impress old Bill with the importance of his becoming acquainted with the antecedents of his lady-love, and thus saving himself from the possibility of a misstep. But this counsel did no farther good than to bring a clouded brow to my dear old friend, and so I did not persist in it. Indeed, we communed together but little more in any way; for very shortly after he resigned his place as our 'boss,' and left post-haste for the main-land. Here, as was revealed to me in due season, he amazed the neighborhood by incontinently renting his farmstead to a son with whom he had been on indifferent terms for years; dispatching his daughter, who had heretofore acted as his housekeeper, off to a distant town to become an apprentice to a milliner's trade; and stowing his clothes and a shot-bag of hard money which he was known to possess into a sailor's chest, with which, together with his gun and a Methodist preacher, he again hurried off for the asylum of his beloved. Arrived once more in the witching presence, he waited till evening (yet how he was constrained so to do is more than I can tell), and then, as we made it a duty to be gathered about him once more, the wedding took place.

The occasion was one of such interest, that the preacher could but make the most of it. After the nuptial benediction had been pronounced, he straightway launched forth into a homily of such graciousness and force, that but few of us missed being forcibly wrought upon, while Mrs. Rose was stirred apparently to the depths of her being. On the day succeeding the marriage, our light-hearted Benedict abandoned himself to another jollification. But the next morning, a schooner headed in towards the beach, and, slackening the peaks of her sails, sent ashore a yawl, whose crew saluted Mrs. Rose as an old and familiar friend, and with whose apparition, without the least regard as to what shift we wreckers were to make, a great packing was begun in the house. Bedsteads were taken down, beds were bundled up in sheets, crockery was thrust away in barrels, and all borne one after the other to the yawl, where the bride, with her potent parasol full spread, and pretending to shudder at the sight of the gently heaving breakers through which she was soon to pass, mincingly threw herself in the thick of the luggage, and old Bill mounted the stern, with his huge palm extended for a good-by shake. 'Good-by, old chap,' said I, as I took his hand the last of all, 'good-by! You're not half mean enough to stay away from us forever; so in the meantime do your best to show the Hatteras boys what a nice thing it is to be somebody in the world!' And thus the boat put off, and, reaching the schooner in a few moments, was hoisted to her decks. In a few moments more the vessel had reset her sails, and, with a free wind, bore straight to the southward out of sight.

Now comes the singular part of my story. In a few weeks from the time of their sailing, we heard that old Bill and his wife had safely landed at Hatteras Inlet, and rented a small house on one of the beaches there, with the intention of opening a kind of tavern; but no sooner were they fairly

settled in their new abode than old Bill was found one morning *dead in his bed*, with evident signs of having met with foul play; though what kind of death these indications pointed at was very uncertain.

The closest and shrewdest investigation failed to attach a well-grounded suspicion to any one. Poor Bill was dead—and nothing more was ever known. Singular enough, the conduct of his widow was such as to entirely avert even from her enemies hints of complicity in the crime,—if crime there was,—though none doubted that there had been a murder, and that murder in a few attendant circumstances seemed to indicate female aid. Shortly after this catastrophe, Madame Rose made 'a vendue' of her deceased husband's gun and apparel, packed up her own worldly goods, and vanished, to be heard of no more.

And so our shore lost its best 'soundser'—a man of mark in his way, great of frame and heart, and one long to be recalled in our humble annals of wrecking and of sport. He was one of those vigorous out-croppings of sturdy Northern physique recalling in minute detail the stories told of those giant children, the Vikings and Goths of the fighting ages, and which the blood, though as healthy as ever,—witness the glorious exploits of our soldiers even as I write,—produces less frequently in these days of culture. Such as I have described was the character of Bill the Soundser, and such was literally and truly his mysterious death.

Columbia To Britannia.

VIA SHAKSPEARE.

> Thou cold-blooded slave,
> Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
> Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
> Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
> And dost thou now fall over to my foes,
> And wear a lion's hide? Doff it for shame,
> And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.
>
> KING JOHN, III. 1.

General Lyon.

To-day all the Northland shouts for joy, flashes its announcements of victory along myriad leagues of wire, hurls them from grim cannon mouths out over broad bays till the seas tremble with sympathy, huzzas in the streets, flames in bonfires, would even clash the clouds together and streak the heavens with lightning—and for what? The flag waves again in Georgia, Tennessee, Alabama, Arkansas, and the cause is safe! *The cause*—have we all learned what that means, brother Americans? Something broader than mere Union, the pass-word of so many thousands to suffering and death, something more than the freedom of the press and the ballot-box. It means Progress; and until we acknowledge this, all freedom is a vast injustice, luring men on to Beulahs which Fate—the fate they worship—will never have them reach. It would be little enough to regain our foothold upon Southern territory, or repossess Southern forts, even if forts and territory have been wrested from us by treason and perjury, if with every mile of advance we did not gain a stronghold of principle. We are not straining every nerve, struggling under immense financial burdens, wrenching away tender household ties, sacrificing cheerfully and eagerly private interests, brilliant prospects, and high hopes, only to prove that twenty millions of men are physically stronger than twelve. God forbid! This is no latter-day Olympic game, whoso victors are to be rewarded with the applause of a party or a generation. All the dead heroes and martyrs of the past will crowd forward to offer their unheard thanks; all the years to come will embalm with blessings the memory of the patriots who open the door to wide advancement, prosperous growth, and high activity of a universal intelligence.

And among these brave men, whom the world shall delight to honor, let our deepest grief and our justest pride be for LYON. We have given his honest life too little notice;—this man whose sincerity was equalled only by his zeal; who, in a rarely surpassed spirit of self-abnegation, was content to lie down and die in the first heat of the great conflict, and to leave behind for more favored comrades the triumphal arches and rose-strewn paths of victory. The world has known no truer martyr than he who fell at Wilson's Creek, August 10th, 1861.

'The history of every man paints his character,' says Goethe; and scanty and imperfect as are the recorded details of General Lyon's life, enough is known to prove him to have been high-minded and brave as a soldier, with a perseverance and a penetration that analyzed at once the platforms of contending factions, and read in their elements the principles which are to govern the future of our nation.

He came of the stout Knowlton stock of Connecticut, a family of whom more than one served England in the old French war, and afterward distinguished themselves against her in the Revolution. We hear of the gallant Captain Knowlton at Bunker Hill, throwing up, in default of cotton, the breastwork of hay, which proved such an efficient protection to the provincials during the battle. Once more he appears as colonel, at Harlem Plains, rushing with his Rangers ('Congress' Own') upon the enemy on the Plains, and, cut off shortly from retreat by reinforcements, fighting bravely between the foes before and their reserves behind, and, falling at last, borne away by sorrowing comrades, and buried at sunset within the embankments. 'A brave man,' wrote Washington, 'who would have been an honor to any country.' With the memory of such a hero engrafted upon his earliest childhood, we can not wonder at the bent of the boy Lyon's inclinations. 'Daring and resolute, and wonderfully attached to his mother,' it is easy to imagine what lessons of endurance and decision he learned from her, whose just inheritance was the stout-hearted patriotism that had flowered into valorous deeds in her kindred, and was destined to live again in her son. It was, an ordinary childhood, and a busy, uneventful youth, passed for the most part in the old red farm-house nestled between two rocky hills near Eastport, where he was born. In 1837 he entered the Military Academy at West Point, and was a graduate, with distinction, four years later. Of the years immediately following, we have little information; but we can fancy the young soldier laying, in his obscurity, the foundation for that practical military knowledge which so eminently distinguished his late brilliant career. During his years of service in the Everglades of Florida, and on our Western frontier, he had ample opportunity to gain a thorough insight into his profession.

He first appears in the history of the country in the Mexican war, is present at the bombardment of Vera Cruz, dashes after the enemy at Cerro Gordo, capturing on the crest of the hill a battery which he turns upon the discomfited foe. At Contreras his command proves as impenetrable as a phalanx of Alexander; and when at last the victorious Americans fight their way into Mexico, the city of fabulous treasures and associations well-nigh classical, for the first time he receives a wound. He was breveted captain for his gallantry at Cherubusco, and at the end of the war received the rank of full captain, and was ordered with his regiment to California. No appointment could have been more felicitous. In the guerilla mode of warfare demanded by the peculiar nature of the country and its inhabitants, his habits of quick decision, and the experience of a war with an enemy equally unscrupulous though less undisciplined, were absolutely invaluable. Here was no scope for the conception and excitation of deep-laid schemes; the movements of the enemy were too rapid. Plans that would elsewhere have been matured only in the process of a long campaign, were here often originated and completed in a single night. Simple strategy was of more avail than the most intricate display of military science, and the impulse of a moment more to be relied upon than the prudent forethought of a month. He had to combat, in the newly-acquired territory, the cunning of tribes whose natural ferocity was sharpened into vindictiveness by the encroachments upon their soil of a new and strange people; and every association with the intruders, who were for the most part men of little reputation and less principle, had developed in the Indians only the fiercest and most decided animosity. To encounter their vigilance with watchfulness as alert, to confound their swift counsels with sudden alarm, to penetrate their ambuscades and anticipate their cunning with incessant activity, to be, in short, ubiquitous, was the duty of Captain Lyon.

After years spent in the uncertain tactics of this half barbaric warfare, he was removed, in the height of political strife in Kansas, to its very centre. Here, while comparatively free from the wearisome requirements of active service such as had been demanded in California, and at a time when events the most portentous proved clearly to the great minds of the country the advance of a political crisis whose consequences must be most important, involving—should deep-laid conspiracy be successful—the bankruptcy of principle and that high-handed outrage, the triumph, of a minority,—Captain Lyon had full liberty and abundant opportunity to settle for himself the great questions mooted in the Missouri Compromises, the Lecompton Constitutions and the Dred Scott decisions of the day. To a mind unprejudiced, except as the honest impulses of every honest man's heart are always prejudiced in favor of the right, there was but a single decision. Disgusted with the heartless policy which democracy had for so many years pursued, and which now threatened to culminate either in its utter degradation at the North, or in the establishment in the South of an oligarchy which would annihilate all free action and suppress all free opinion, he severed his connection with that party,—a step to which he was also impelled by the injustice that was then seeking to force upon the people of Kansas an institution which they condemned as unproductive and expensive, to say nothing of their moral repugnance to the very A B C of its principles. It was at this time that Captain Lyon contributed to the *Manhattan Express*, a weekly journal of the neighborhood, a series of papers in which he took an earnest, manly and decided stand in favor of the principles which his thoughtful mind recognized as alone 'reliable,' and harmonious with the grand design and end of the great Republic of the West. To these articles we shall hereafter refer, at present hastening through the career, so striking and so sad, which a few brief months cut short, leaving only the memory of General Lyon as a legacy to the country his single aim and wise counsels would have saved.

The guns of Fort Sumter had flashed along our coast an appeal whose force no words can ever compute. The days had been busy with the assembling of armies, the nights restless with their solemn marches, and forge and factory rang with the strokes of the hammer and the whirr of flying shafts, whose echoes seemed measured to the air of some new Marseillaise. From our homes rushed forth sons, husbands, brothers, fathers, followed by the prayers and blessings of dear women, who yielded them early but willingly to their country. And while regiments clustered along the Potomac, and Washington lay entrenched behind white lines of tents, we find our soldier, fresh from Kansas strifes, in command of the United States Arsenal at St. Louis; and to his prompt action and decided measures at this important juncture the early success of the Union cause in Missouri is to be attributed. For a time St. Louis was the theatre of action. The police commissioners, backed by Governor and Legislature, in the demanded the removal of the Union troops from the grounds of the arsenal, claiming it as the exclusive property of the State, and asserting that the authority usurped by the general government as but a partial sovereignty, and limited to the occupation, for purposes exclusively military, of the certain tracts of land now pending in this novel court of chancery. This highly enigmatical exposition of State rights, pompous and inflated though it was, failed to convince or convert Captain Lyon, who, being unable to detect, in his occupancy of the arsenal, any exaggeration of the rights vested by the Constitution in the general government, declined to abandon his post, and proceeded to call out the Home Guard, then awaiting the arrival of General Harney, and temporarily under his command. His little army of ten thousand men was then drawn up upon the heights commanding Camp Jackson, then occupied by the Missouri militia under Col. Frost, whoso command had been increased by the addition of numerous individuals of avowed secession principles. Uninfluenced by the reception of a note from this officer asserting his integrity and his purpose to defend the property of the United States, and disavowing all intention hostile to the force at the arsenal, Captain Lyon replied by a peremptory summons for an unconditional surrender. He found it incredible that a body assembled at the instigation of a traitorous governor, and acting under his instructions and according to the 'unparalleled legislation' of a traitorous legislature, receiving under the flag of the Confederate States munitions of war but lately the acknowledged property of the general government, could have any other than the as most unfriendly designs upon its enemies. The force of Camp Jackson (which notwithstanding its professed character, boasted its streets Beauregard and Davis) being numerically inferior, and perhaps not entirely prepared to do battle for a cause whose legitimacy must still have been a question with many of them, decided, after a council of war, to comply with the demands of Capt. Lyon, and became his prisoners. A few days afterward General Harney arrived, and Captain Lyon was elected Brigadier General by the 1st Brigade Missouri Volunteers.

Convinced of the imminence of the crisis and the peril of delay, Gen. Lyon immediately commenced active operations against the secessionists at Potosi, and ordered the seizure of the steamer which had supplied the offensive army with material of war from the United States property at Baton Rouge. In the meantime, Gen. Harney, with a culpable blindness, had made an extraordinary arrangement with Gen. Price, by which he pledged himself to desist from military movements so long as the command of Gen. Price was able to preserve order in the State. Upon his removal by the authorities at Washington, nine days later, Gen. Lyon was left in command of the department. At this time the rebel general took occasion, in a proclamation to the people of Missouri, to feel assured that 'the successor of Gen. Harney would certainly consider himself and his government in honor bound to carry out this agreement (the Harney-Price) in good faith.' But his assurance was without foundation. The temper of the new commander had been tried in the Camp Jackson affair, and an interview between Price, Jackson and other prominent secessionists and Gen. Lyon, resulted, after a few hours' consultation, in the declaration of the Union general that the authority of his government would be upheld at any cost and its property protected at all hazards. Three days later, Jackson fled to Booneville, fearing an attack upon Jefferson City, which was immediately occupied by Gen. Lyon, who was received with acclamation by the citizens. Unwilling to grant by delay what he had refused to an underhand diplomacy,—opportunity to the enemy to possess the government property, or entrench themselves strongly in their new quarters,—the general, with characteristic promptness, ordered an advance upon Booneville. The rebel force was stationed above Rockport, but retreated, after a skirmish which did not assume the proportions of a battle; and the Union army, two thousand strong, entered the town, where the national colors and the welcomes of the inhabitants testified their joy at the change.

The army of General Lyon, amounting at one time to ten thousand, had decreased by the first of August—the term of enlistment of many of the soldiers having expired—to six thousand; and it was with this number that, having swept the south-west, and believing the enemy intended to attack him at Springfield, he advanced to meet them at Dug Springs. The army of the enemy was larger and their position a strong one, but they were unable to hold it, and, after a sharp skirmish, fled in disorder, while Gen. Lyon continued his march toward Springfield. His situation had now become a critical one. The reinforcements for which he had telegraphed in vain, and in vain sent messengers to entreat from the chief of the department, Gen. Fremont, then in St. Louis, did not arrive. His army was subsisting on half rations, and wearied with exhausting marches over the uneven country in the extreme heat of midsummer. And now, for the first time, hope seemed to desert the general. Under his direction the cause had hitherto triumphed in Missouri. Now, with zeal unabated and courage unflinching, he must fall before the enemy he had so successfully opposed, or retreat where retreat was disaster, disgrace, and defeat. No wonder that, as from day to day he looked for the expected aid as men in drought for the clouds that are to bless them, he grew restless and perplexed and despairing; no wonder that the face that had never before worn the lines of indecision, should now lose its accustomed cheerfulness

and glance of calm purpose, and challenge sympathy and pity for the heart that had never before asked more than admiration and respect. He felt that the hour had its demands, and that they must be met. Action, even in the face of disaster, was less a defeat than an inglorious retirement. The public, surely unaware of the fearful odds against him, clamored for an engagement; the State expected it of its hero; the government awaited it, and with a brave heart, but no hope, Gen. Lyon prepared for the attack. The result all the world knows. Was it a victory where the conquerors were obliged to retire from the field, and carry out their wounded under a flag of truce? Was it a defeat where the enemy had been thrice repulsed, once driven from the ground, had burned their baggage train, and made no pursuit of the retreating army?

But most mournful are those last moments of the faithful soldier's life; most solemn those last tones of his voice as his orders rang out on that misty morning amid the smoke and shouts of the battle-field. He stands here bare-headed, the blood streaming from two wounds which he does not heed, the cloud of perplexity settling over his face like a pall, his troubled eyes fixed upon the enemy. He turns to head a regiment which has lost its colonel—"Forward! men; I will lead you!" A moment, and he lies there: no more striving for victory here; no more anxious hours of weary watching for the succor that never came; no more goadings from an exacting public, nor any more appeals to an unheeding chief. Even the triumphant hush of life could not smooth out those lines cut by unwonted care upon his face, or answer the mute questioning of that painful indecision there. So from the West they brought him, by solemn marches, to the East, and colors hung at half-mast, and bells were tolled as the flag-draped hero was borne slowly by. And to the music of tender dirges, he, whose whole life had been, inspired by the whistling of fifes and rolling of drums, was laid to rest. A handful of clods falling upon his breast, their hollow sound never thrilling the mother heart that lay again so near her son's, a volley fired over the grave, and all was over. Of all the brave men gone, no fate has seemed to us so sad. Winthrop, young and ardent, with the tide of great thoughts rashing in upon his princely heart, died in the flush of hope with the fresh enthusiasm of poetry and undimmed patriotism shining in his eyes, and we laid our soldier to sleep under the violets. Ellsworth fell forward with the captured flag of treason in his hand, and the whole nation cheering him on in his early sally upon the 'sacred' Virginia soil. Brave and honorable, with fine powers cultured by study and earnest thought, death took from him no portion of the fame life would have awarded him. Baker rode into the jaws of death in that fatal autumn blunder; but the ignominy of defeat rested upon other shoulders. His only to obey, even while 'all the world wondered.' But he did not fall before the honor of a country's admiration and the meed of her grateful thanks were his. Soldier, orator and statesman, he had gained in a brilliant career a glory earned by few, and could well afford to die, assured of a memory justified from all reproach. But to Lyon, whom there were so few to mourn, death in the midst of anticipated defeat was bitter indeed. No time to retrieve the losses and disasters the cruel remissness of others had entailed upon him; the fruit of the anxious toil of months wrested from him even as it began to ripen; all his glad hopes chilled by suspicion, but his faith, we may well believe, still strong in the ultimate success of the cause he loved. A whole life he had given to his country, and she had not thought it worth while to redeem it from disgrace with the few thousands that he asked. He had outlived the elasticity of youth, when wrongs are quickly remedied, and new impulses spring, like phoenixes, from the ashes of the old. Uncertain whether he were the victim of a conspiracy, the tool of a faction, or the martyr to some unknown theory, he died, and as the country had been to him wife and children, he left her his all.

It was known to but few that the soldier, whose career had been rather useful than brilliant, had, when the scheming of politicians and their doubly-refined arguments threatened to deceive and ruin the country, put by his sword and taken up the pen. In a series of articles, short, concise, and to the point, he effectually canvassed the State. They are addressed to thinking men everywhere. Free from all trickery, strictly impartial, relying entirely upon the soundness of his premises for success,—for elegance of diction he had not, and he was too honest even to become a sophist,—these papers manifest at once the true patriot and the intelligent man. Thousands of adherents the Republican cause had in 1860, but not one more indefatigable or more heartily in earnest than Lyon. Outside the limits of party interests, and uninfluenced personally by the predominance of either faction, he had worked out in his own way the problem of national life, and now spread its solution before his readers. 'Our cause,' said he, 'is to honor labor and elevate the laborer.' Here we have the kernel of the whole matter; the spirit, if not the letter, of the whole republican system of government. The secret that philosophers have elaborated from the unconquerable facts of physics, ethics, and psychology, that men of genius have evolved with infinite difficulty from the mass of crude aesthetic associations that cluster around every object of nature or of art, Lyon, working and thinking alone as a citizen, has discovered, with the sole aid of common sense and the habit of practical observation. Carey and Godwin have proved by statistics for unbelievers the reasonableness of the doctrine enunciated by Lyon. Now, thanks to the untiring efforts of a few stout-hearted patriots, it is no new one to the North; but in the late presidential contest it was a strange weapon glittering in strong hands. Our society, diluted and weakened by the Southern element, revolted at first from the creed that is to prove its salvation. Not alone in our border States had the dragon crept, searing our fair institutions with his hot breath, but even upon the sturdy old Puritan stock were engrafted many of the petty notions that pass for 'principles' in Dixie. True, we were educated, all of us, into a sort of decent regard for the good old element of labor,—we call it industry,—more antique, since antiquity is a virtue, than aristocracy, for it began in Paradise. But this was a feature of our Northern character that was to be hurried out of sight, ignominiously buried without candle or bell, when the giant of Southern chivalry stalked across our borders. The bravado and gentlemanly ruffianism of youthful F.F.V-ism at college, and the supercilious condescension of incipient Southern belledom

in the seminary, impressed young North America with a respect that was indeed unacknowledged, but that grew with its growth and strengthened with its strength. But this mock romance of ancestry, this arrogant assumption by the South of all the social virtues and courtesies of which the nation, or indeed the universe, could boast, was like the flash of an expiring candle to Lyon. He had little to do with first families North or South; his mission was to the *people*. His practical mind gathered in, sheaf after sheaf, a whole harvest of political facts. He saw that the government of the United States, originally intended to be administered by the people, had been for years in the power of the minority. Against this perversion of the purpose of the founders of the republic, this outrage to the memory of men who labored for its defense and welfare, he entered his earnest protest. The shallow effort of the Democratic party to establish upon constitutional grounds the monstrous phantom of justice they called government, was met by his hearty indignation. He says, 'With the artfulness of a deity and the presumption of a fiend, our own Constitution is perversely claimed by the Democracy as the ægis for the establishment of a slave autocracy over our country.'

No element more fatal to our growth or freedom could Lyon conceive than this slave autocracy. It sapped the very foundations of republicanism, and, stealthily advancing to the extreme limits of the law, enjoyed the confidence of the people, while it plotted their subjugation. All the varied machinery of the new social system, falsely styled government, had for its object the extinction of individual rights and the deification of capital. Church and state united in the unholy effort to Crush the masses, and intriguing politicians, by dint of dazzling rhetoric and plausible promises, lured the people on to secure their own downfall at the polls. The only remedy for this Lyon saw in the elevation of the masses. 'It is the greatest political revolution yet to be effected,' he says, 'to bring the laboring man to know that honest industry is the highest of merits, and should be awarded the highest honor; and, properly pursued, contributes to his intelligence and morality, and to the virtues needed for official station.' 'The calamity,' says an eminent writer from his far Platonean heights, 'is the masses;' but liberty is a new religion that is to sweep over the world and regenerate them. And to this end Lyon boldly advocated emancipation for the sake of the white man. If to-day, when patriotism is at a premium, men tremble before the acknowledged necessity of this measure, and are either too cowardly or too indolent to meet the demands of the times, it required no little boldness in 1860 to advance a theory so decided, even in a Kansas newspaper. But Lyon knew the inefficiency of half-way measures, and the moral degradation they inevitably entail upon the community so weak or so deluded as to adopt them. The hue and cry of abolitionism did not disturb him; he was not afraid of names. Conservatism that sat in state at Washington, and pulled the wires all over the country,—a tremendous power, none the less fearful in that it was only a galvanized one,—was a dead letter to him, its dignity departed with the age that had demanded it. Conservatism would have resented no impositions, established no new landmarks, asserted no independence; would carry its mails on horseback, creep over the ocean in schooners, fight by sea in piked brigantines, and by land with spear and battle-axe; it would have emancipated no slaves in Great Britain and France, and no serfs in Russia. But if freedom means anything, it means *Progress*,—liberty to advance, never to retrograde. 'Nothing in the world will ever go backward,' said the old lizard to Heine. All the authority of a new Areopagus could never sanction that; and yet this liberty the South claims, nay, has already acted upon, so that the world may see the result of the experiment, and against its continuance Lyon protests. In the long silent years of preparation for the fray he has nursed strange thoughts on the ultimate destiny of man. He has seen in dreams, prophetic of a mighty accomplishment, his country growing great, and vigorous, and powerful, extending to struggling humanity everywhere the protection of her friendship, building up noble institutions, encouraging science and the useful arts, and leading the van in the world's great millennial march; and this not through any miraculous interposition of Providence, but by means of an exalted intelligence and the power of thought stimulating to action, and that of the noblest kind.

But you argue the unfitness of the masses for this destiny. Lyon answers,—not in any musically-rounded sentences, in phrases nicely balanced; the man is plain and outspoken,—'This is a truth of philosophy and political economy, that man rises to a condition corresponding to the rights, duties and responsibilities devolved upon him; and therefore the only true way to make a man is to invest him with the rights, duties and responsibilities of a man, and he generally rises in intellectual and moral greatness to a position corresponding to these circumstances.' It is a mistake to suppose the great body of the people ignorant of their position, or unconscious of their growing importance and dignity as representatives of a mighty empire. Vice and poverty have indeed well-nigh quenched humanity in thousands in our great cities, but these are but a drop in the ocean. Behind lies our vast West, with its teeming population, sturdy, active and energetic. All our mountain districts are alive with men who, thanks to the press, are beginning to feel their power. Every advantage of physical development their hardy life gives them, and the growing consciousness and comprehension of freedom, blooming under a munificent free-school dispensation, will do the rest. Our internal manufacturing and agricultural elements at the North, already powerful and irrepressible, will soon exercise a tremendous influence in our government. Shall it be the influence of ignorance played upon by the sophistry of demagogues and helping to rebuild the vicious doctrines that have stood firmly for so many years, or the healthful influence of intelligent industry tending to our greatness and prosperity? This our war is to decide. No peaceful solution of the great question could be made. This Lyon foresaw in the truckling of politicians North to win the unit of Southern political sympathy: the main end and aim of the South being the appointment of Southern men to the Presidency, 'as security on the one hand against unfavorable executive action toward slavery, and on the other against executive patronage adverse to its interests, the democratic party North succeeded, by trimming party sails

and decking party leaders, in suiting their fastidious Southern leaders.' The question once at issue, even a peaceful separation was impossible, though an amendment of the Constitution should sanction it. War was inevitable. The great bugbear of slavery would still exist; fugitive slave laws be forever upon the political carpet; formidable jealousies spring up between two nations founded upon such diverse principles, yet united by very natural circumstance of language and climate; internal wrangling would destroy all unity, conspiracies give the death-blow to all prosperity and all hope of advancement. All this if there were no great party at the North to rise upon the vast ground of humanity, claiming for its millions the privilege of an unfettered life, for its children a fair start in the future. Only one remedy Lyon knew, and he stood there, the early apostle of Emancipation, and preached it. His doctrine was not accepted then, it is not accepted now; but the time must come, when millions shall have been expended, and blood shall have flowed like water only to delay it, when we will fly to it for salvation. Let those who still cry 'Peace, peace,' when there is no peace, learn what is to be its price—Emancipation. It will be a bitter draught; well, so was the independence of her colonies to England. And every day makes it more bitter; the gall in the cup rises to the brim; a few more months and it will overflow; the people will take the matter into their own hands and legislate slavery into the swamps of Florida.

It is a lame and blind philanthropy that cries for a respite. 'A little more sleep, a little more slumber. After us the deluge.' And meanwhile the damnable lies gain ground, and a new generation is lost to its due development. Have we yet to learn that we are no longer individuals, but parts of a mighty nation, and responsible in some sort, every one, women and men, for its destiny? Poland has learned this lesson. Her eyes are upon us now. Shall she, still struggling, find that blood and treasure, and all the thousand dear blessings of peace, have been sacrificed in vain? If you cry 'War is an evil!' we grant it; but is it reserved for the nineteenth century to discover a creed for which there shall be no martyrs? What great gift has the world ever won that was not bought with blood? When has independence of action or thought been purchased otherwise than at the cost of persecution,—more revolution? Then let us not slander revolutions. They are the throes of nature undergoing her purification; if it is as by fire, oh! let us have courage and stand beside her in her hour of trial. St. George will not fight forever; the dragon of oppression is dying.

> 'Yes, although so slowly, he *is* dying;
> Many thousand years have fled in darkness,
> Since the sword first cut his scaly armor,
> And the red wound roused him into madness;
> But the good knight is of race immortal,
> Ever young, and passionate and fearless;
> And the strength which oozes from the dragon,
> Blooms reviving in the glorious warrior.'

And, after all, the demon of war is not so black as we have painted him. We do not shudder to-day as we read of the siege of Troy or the downfall of Carthage, or the Romance of the Cid. The song of Deborah, 'of the avenging of Israel *when the people willingly offered themselves*,' is one glorious burst of praise to God and gratitude to the martyrs. There was war in heaven when ambition was cast out:—what quiet pastoral appeals to our noblest impulses as Paradise Lost does? Wisely and well speaks the English clergyman when he says:—

'But the truth is that here, as elsewhere, poetry has reached the truth, while science and common sense have missed it. It has distinguished—as, in spite of all mercenary and feeble sophistry, men ever will distinguish—war from mere bloodshed. It has discerned the higher feelings which lie beneath its revolting features. Carnage is terrible. The conversion of producers into destroyers is a calamity. Death, and insults to women worse than death—and human features obliterated beneath the hoof of the war-horse—and reeking hospitals, and ruined commerce, and violated homes, and broken hearts—they are all awful. But there is something worse than death: cowardice is worse. And the *decay of enthusiasm and manliness is worse*. And it is worse than death, aye, worse than one hundred thousand deaths, when a people has gravitated down into the creed, that the "wealth of nations" consists, not in generous hearts, "fire in each breast, and freedom on each brow," in national virtues, and primitive simplicity, and heroic endurance, and preference of duty to life—not in *men*, but in silk and *cotton*, and something that they call "capital." Peace is blessed—peace arising out of charity. But peace springing out of the calculations of selfishness is not blessed. If the price to be paid for peace is this, that wealth accumulate and men decay, better far that every street, in every town of our once noble country, should run blood.'[11]

As we write, every telegram proves the vaunted unity of the South a sham, a visionary political bugbear, no longer strong or hideous enough to frighten the most inveterate conservative dough-face. But a few victories do not end the war; still earnestness and effort and sacrifice, for the sick man of America will fight even when his 'brains are out.' Not until we have proved to Breckenridge, the traitor, that we are not 'fighting for principles that three-fourths of us abhor,' and that the Union is not only 'a means of preserving the principles of political liberty,' but that in it is irrevocably bound up every living principle of all liberty, social, religious and individual; that in its shelter only we have security against wrong at home and insult from abroad; not until Emancipation has instituted a new order of things in society as well as in politics, will the death of the out-spoken patriot and brave man, Lyon, be avenged, and the Struggle be at an end.

'Genius is patient,' but patience has had her perfect work, and the days of Rebellion are numbered. On with the crusade!

Maccaroni And Canvas.

II.

The voice of Rome is baritone, always excepting that of the Roman locomotive,—the donkey,—which is deep bass, and comes tearing and braying along at times when it might well be spared. In the still night season, wandering among the moonlit ruins of the Coliseum, while you pause and gaze upon the rising tiers of crumbling stone above you, memory retraces all you have read of the old Roman days: the forms of the world-conquerors once more people the deserted ruin; the clash of ringing steel; hot, fiery sunlight; thin, trembling veil of dust pierced by the glaring eyes of dying gladiators; red-spouting blood; screams of the mangled martyrs torn by Numidian lions; moans of the dying; fierce shouts of exultation from the living; smiles from gold-banded girls in flowing robes, with floating hair, flower-crowned, and perfumed; the hum of thrice thirty thousand voices hushed to a whisper as the combat hangs on an uplifted sword; the—

Aw-waw-WAUN-ik! WAW-NIK! WAUN-KI-w-a-w-n! comes like blatant fish-horn over the silent air, and your dream of the Coliseum ends ignominiously with this nineteenth-century song of a jackass.

At night you will hear the shrill cry of the screech-owl sounding down the silent streets in the most thickly-populated parts of the city. Or you will perhaps be aroused from sleep, as Caper often was, by the long-drawn-out cadences of some countryman singing a *rondinella* as he staggers along the street, fresh from a wine-house. Nothing can be more melancholy than the concluding part of each verse in these rondinellas, the voice being allowed to drop from one note to another, as a man falling from the roof of a very high house may catch at some projection, hold on for a time, grow weak, loose his hold, fall, catch again, hold on for a minute, and at last fall flat on the pavement, used up, and down as low as he can reach.

But the street-cries of this city are countless; from the man who brings round the daily broccoli to the one who has a wild boar for sale, not one but is determined that you shall hear all about it. Far down a narrow street you listen to a long-drawn, melancholy howl—the voice as of one hired to cry in the most mournful tones for whole generations of old pagan Romans who died unconverted; poor devils who worshiped wine and women, and knew nothing better in this world. And who is their mourner? A great, brawny, tawny, steeple-crowned hat, blue-breeched, two-fisted fish-huckster; and he is trying to sell, by yelling as if his heart would break, a basket of fish not so long as your finger. If he cries so over anchovies, what would he do if he had a whale for sale?

Another *primo basso profundo* trolls off a wheelbarrow and a fearful cry at the same time; not in unison with his merchandise, for he has birds—quail, woodcock, and snipe—for sale, besides a string of dead nightingales, which he says he will 'sell cheap for a nice stew.' Think of stewed nightingales! One would as soon think of eating a boiled Cremona violin.

But out of the way! Here comes, blocking up the narrow street, a *contadino*, a countryman from the Campagna. His square wooden cart is drawn by a donkey about the size of, and resembling, save ears, a singed Newfoundland dog; his voice, strong for a vegetarian,—for he sells onions and broccoli, celery and tomatoes, *finocchio* and mushrooms,—is like tearing a firm rag: how long can it last, subjected to such use?

It is in the game and meat market, near the Pantheon, that you can more fully become acquainted with the street cries of Rome; but the Piazza Navona excels even this. Passing along there one morning, Caper heard such an extraordinary piece of vocalization, sounding like a Sioux war-whoop with its back broken, that he stopped to see what it was all about. There stood a butcher who had exposed for sale seven small stuck pigs, all one litter; and if they had been his own children, and died heretics, he could not have howled over them in a more heart-rending manner.

About sunrise, and even before it,—for the Romans are early risers,—you will hear in spring-time a sharp ringing voice under your window, '*Acqua chetosa! Acqua, chetosa!*' an abridgment of *acque accetosa*, or water from the fountain of Accetosa, considered a good aperient, and which is drank before breakfast. Also a voice crying out, '*Acqua-vi-ta!*' or spirits, drank by the workmen and others at an expense of a baioccho or two the table-spoonful, for that is all the small glasses hold. In the early morning, too, you hear the chattering jackdaws on the roofs; and then, more distinctly than later in the day, the clocks striking their odd way. The Roman clocks ring from one to six strokes four times during the twenty-four hours, and not from one to twelve strokes, as with us. Sunset is twenty-four o'clock, and is noted by six strokes; an hour after sunset is one

o'clock, and is noted by one stroke; and so on until six hours after, when it begins striking one again. As the quarter hours are also rung by the clocks, if you happen to be near one you will have a fine chance to get in a muddle trying to separate quarters from hours, and Roman time from your own. Another noise comes from the game of *morra*. Caper was looking out of his window one morning, pipe in mouth, when he saw two men suddenly face each other, one of them bringing his arm down very quickly, when the other yelled as if kicked, '*Dué!*' (two), and the first shouted at the top of his lungs, '*Tre!*' (three). Then they both went at it, pumping their hands up and down and spreading their fingers with a quickness which was astonishing, while all the time they kept screaming, 'One!' 'Four!' 'Three!' 'Two!' 'Five!' etc., etc. 'Ha!' said Caper, 'this is something like; 'tis an arithmetical, mathematical, etcetrical school in the open air. The dirtiest one is very quick; he will learn to count five in no time. But I don't see the necessity of saying "three" when the other brings down four fingers, or saying "five" when he shows two. But I suppose it is all right; he hasn't learned to give the right names yet.' He learned later that they were gambling.

While these men were shouting, there came along an ugly old woman with a tambourine and a one-legged man with a guitar, and seeing prey in the shape of Caper at his window, they pounced on him, as it were, and poured forth the most ear-rending discord; the old lady singing, the old gentleman backing up against a wall and scratching at an accompaniment on a jangling old guitar. The old lady had a bandana handkerchief tied over her head, and whilst she watched Caper she cast glances up and down the street, to see if some rich stranger, or *milordo*, was not coming to throw her a piece of silver.

'What are you howling about?' shouted Caper down to her.

'A new Neapolitan canzonetta, signore; all about a young man who grieves for his sweetheart, because he thinks she is not true to him, and what he says to her in a serenade.' And here she screechingly sung,—

> But do not rage, I beg, my dear;
> I want you for my wife,
> And morning, noon, and night likewise,
> I'll love you like my life.

CHORUS.

> I only want to get a word,
> My charming girl, from thee.
> You know, Ninella, I can't breathe,
> Unless your heart's for me!

'Well,' said Caper, 'if this is Italian music, I don't *see* it.'

The one-legged old gentleman clawed away at the strings of the guitar.

'I say,'*llustrissimo*,' shouted Caper down to him, 'what kind of strings are those on your instrument?'

'*Excellenza*, catgut,' he shouted, in answer.

'*Benissimo!* I prefer cats in the original packages. There's a *paolo*: travel!'

Caper had the misfortune to make the acquaintance of a professor of the mandolin, a wire-strung instrument, resembling a long-necked squash cut in two, to be played on with a quill, and which, with a guitar and violin, makes a concert that thrills you to the bones and cuts the nerves away.

But the crowning glory of all that is ear-rending and peace-destroying, is carried around by the *Pifferari* about Christmas time. It is a hog-skin, filled with wind, having pipes at one end, and a jackass at the other, and is known in some lands as the bagpipe. The small shrines to the Virgin, particularly those in the streets where the wealthy English reside, are played upon assiduously by the *pifferari*, who are supposed by romantic travelers to come from the far-away Abbruzzi Mountains, and make a pilgrimage to the Eternal City to fulfil a vow to certain saints; whereas it is sundry cents they are really after. They are for the most part artists' models, who at this season of the year get themselves up *à la pifferari*, or piper, to prey on the romantic susceptibilities and pockets of the strangers in Rome, and, with a pair of long-haired goat-skin breeches, a sheepskin coat, brown rags, and sandals, or *cioccie*, with a shocking bad conical black or brown hat, in which are stuck peacock's or cock's feathers, they are ready equipped to attack the shrines and the strangers.

Unfortunately for Caper there was a shrine to the Virgin in the second-story front of the house next to where he lived; that is, unfortunately for his musical ear, for the lamp that burned in front of the shrine every dark night was a shining and pious light to guide him home, and thus, ordinarily, a very fortunate arrangement. In the third-story front room of the house of the shrine dwelt a Scotch artist named MacGuilp, who was a grand amateur of these pipes, and who declared that no sound in the world was so sweet to his ear as the bagpipes: they recalled the heather, haggis, and the Lothians, and the mountain dew, ye ken, and all those sorts of things.

One morning at breakfast in the Café Greco he discoursed at length about the pleasure the pifferari gave him; while Caper, taking an opposite view, said they had, during the last few days, driven him nearly crazy, and he wished the squealing hog-skins well out of town.

MacGuilp told him he had a poor ear for music: that there was a charm about the bagpipes unequalled even by the unique voices of the Sistine Chapel; and there was nothing he would like better than to have all the pipers of Rome under his windows.

Caper remembered this last rash speech of Master MacGuilp, and determined at an early hour to test its truth. It happened, the very next morning at breakfast, that MacGuilp, in a triumphant manner, told him that he had received a promise of a visit from the Duchess of ——, with several other titled English; and said he had not a doubt of selling several paintings to them. MacGuilp's style was of the blood-and-thunder school: red dawns, murdered kings, blood-stained heather, and Scotch plaids, the very kind that should be shown to the sweet strainings of hog-skin bagpipes.

In conversation Caper found out the hour at which the duchess intended to make her visit. He made his preparations accordingly. Accompanied by Rocjean, he visited Gigi, who kept a costume and life school of models, found out where the pipers drank most wine, and going there and up the Via Fratina and down the Spanish Steps, managed to find them, and arranged it so that at the time the duchess was viewing MacGuilp's paintings, he should have the full benefit of a serenade from all the pifferari in Rome.

The next morning Caper, pipe in mouth, at his window, saw the carriage of the duchess drive up, and from it the noble English dismount and ascend to the artist's studio. The carriage had hardly driven away when up came two of the pipers, and happening to cast their eyes up they saw Caper, who hailed them and told them not to begin playing until the others arrived. In a few moments six of the hog-skin squeezers stood ready to begin their infernal squawking.

'Go ahead!' shouted Caper, throwing a handful of *baiocchi* among them; and as soon as these were gathered up, the pipers gave one awful, heart-chilling blast, and the concert was fairly commenced. Squealing, shrieking, grunting, yelling, and humming, the sounds rose higher and higher. Open flew the windows in every direction.

'*C'est foudroyante!*' said the pretty French *modiste*.

'What the devil's broke loose?' shouted an American.

'*Mein Gott im himmel! was ist das?*' roared the German baron.

'*Casaccio! cosa faceste?*' shrieked the lovely Countess Grimanny.

'*In nomine Domine!*' groaned a fat friar.

'*Caramba! vayase al infierno!*' screamed Don Santiago Gomez.

'*Bassama teremtete!*' swore the Hungarian gentleman.

Louder squealed the bagpipes, their buzz filled the air, their shrieks went ringing up to MacGuilp like the cries of Dante's condemned. The duchess found the sound barbarous. MacGuilp opened his window, upon which the pipers strained their lungs for the Signore Inglese, grand amateur of the bagpipes. He begged them to go away. 'No, no, signore; we know you love our music; we won't go away.'

The duchess could stand it no longer, her Servant called the carriage, the English got in and drove off.

Still rung out the sounds of the six bagpipes. Caper threw them more *baiocchi*.

Suddenly MacGuilp burst out of the door of his house, maul-stick in hand, rushing on the pifferari to put them to flight.

'*Iddio giusto!*' shouted two of the pipers; 'it is, IT IS the *Cacciatore*! the hunter; the Great Hunter!'

'He is a painter!' shouted another.

'No, he isn't; he's a hunter. *Gran Cacciatore!* Doesn't he spend all his time after quails and snipe and woodcock? Haven't I been out with him day after day at Ostia? Long live the great hunter!'

MacGuilp was touched in a tender spot. The homage paid him as a great hunter more than did away with his anger at the bagpipe serenade. And the last Caper saw of him he was leading six pifferari into a wine shop, where they would not come out until seven of them were unable to tell the music of bagpipes from the music of the spheres.

So ends the music, noises, and voices, of the seven-hilled city.

Sermons In Stones.

One bright Sunday morning in January, Rocjean called on Caper to ask him to improve the day by taking a walk.

'I thought of going up to the English chapel outside the Popolo to see a pretty New Yorkeress,' said the latter; 'but the affair is not very pressing, and I believe a turn round the Villa Borghese would do me as much good as only looking at a pretty girl and half hearing a poor sermon.'

'As for a sermon, we need not miss that,' answered Rocjean, 'for we will stop in at Chapin the sculptor's studio, and if we escape one, and he there, I am mistaken. They call his studio a shop, and they call his shop the Orphan's Asylum, because he manufactured an Orphan Girl some years ago, and, as it sold well, he has kept on making orphans ever since.

'The murderer!'

'Yes; but not half as atrocious as the reality. You must know that when he first came over here he had an order to make a small Virgin Mary for a Catholic church in Boston; but the order being countermanded after he had commenced modeling in clay, he was determined not to lose his time, and so, having somewhere read of, in a yellow-covered novel, or seen in some fashion-plate magazine, a doleful-looking female called The Orphan, he instantly determined, cruel executioner that he is, to also make an orphan. And he did. There is a dash of bogus sentiment in it that passes for coin current with many of our traveling Americans; and the thing has "sold." He told me not long since he had orders for twelve copies of different sized Orphans, and you will see them all through his asylum. Do you remember those lines in Richard the Third,—

> '"Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
> And call us orphans—wretched?"'

They found Chapin in his shop, alias studio, busily looking over a number of plaster casts of legs and arms. He arose quickly as they entered and threw a cloth over the casts.

'Hah! gudmornin', Mister Caper. Glad to see you in my studiyo. Hallo, Rocjan! you there? Why haven't you ben up to see my wife and daughters? She feels hurt, I tell you, 'cause you don't come near us. Do you know that Burkings of Bosting was round here to my studiyo yeserday: sold *him* an Orphan. By the way, Mister Caper, air you any relation to Caper of the great East Ingy house of Caper?'

'He is an uncle of mine, and is now in Florence; he will be in Rome next week.'

A tender glow of interest beamed in Chapin's eyes: in imagination he saw another Orphan sold to the rich Caper, who might 'influence trade.' His tone of voice after this was subdued. As Caper happened to brush against some plaster coming in the studio, Chapin hastened to brush it from his coat, and he did it as if it were the down on the wing of a beautiful golden butterfly.

'I was goin' to church this mornin' long with Missus Chapin; but I guess I'll stay away for once in me life. I want to show you The Orphan.'

'I beg that you will not let me interfere with any engagement you may have,' said Caper; 'I can call as well at any other time.'

'Oh, no; I won't lissen to that; I don't want to git to meeting before sermon, so come right stret in here now. There! there's The Orphan. You see I've made her accordin' to the profoundest rules of art. You may take a string or a yard measure and go all over her, you won't find her out of the way a fraction. The figure is six times the length of the foot; this was the way Phidias worked, and I agree with him. Them were splendid old fellows, them Greeks. There was art for you; high art!'

'That in the Acropolis was of the highest order,' said Rocjean.

'Yes,' answered Chapin, who did not know where it was; 'far above all other. There was some sentiment in them days; but it was all of the religious stripe; they didn't come down to domestic life and feelin'; they hadn't made the strides we have towards layin' open art to the million—towards developing *hum* feelings. They worked for a precious few; but we do it up for the many. Now there's the A-poller Belvidiary—beautiful thing; but the idea of brushin' his hair that way is ridicoolus. Did you ever see anybody with their hair fixed that way? Never! They had a way among the Greeks of fixing their drapery right well; but I've invented a plan—for which I've applied to Washington for a patent—that I think will beat anything Phidias ever did.'

'You can't tell how charmed I am to hear you,' spoke Rocjean.

'Well, it *is* a great invention,' continued Chapin; 'and as I know neither of you ain't in the 'trade' (smiling), I don't care but what I'll show it to you, if you'll promise, honor bright, you won't tell anybody. You see I take a piece of muslin and hang it onto a statue the way I want the folds to fall; then I take a syringe filled with starch and glue and go all over it, so that when it dries it'll be as hard as a rock. Then I go all over it with a certain oily preparation and lastly I run liquid plaster-paris in it, and when it hardens, I have an exact mold of the drapery. There! But I hain't explained The Orphan. You see she's sittin' on a very light chair—*that* shows the very little

support she has in this world. The hand to the head shows meditation; and the Bible on her knee shows devotion; you see it's open to the book, chapter, and verse which refers to the young ravens.'

'Excuse me,' said Caper, 'but may I ask why she has such a *very* low-necked dress on?'

'Well, my model has got such a fine neck and shoulders,' replied Chapin, 'that I re-eely couldn't help showing 'em off on the Orphan: besides, they're more in demand—the low neck and short sleeves—than the high-bodied style, which has no buyers. But there is a work I'm engaged on now that would just soot your uncle. Mr. Caper, come this way.'

Caper saw what he supposed was a safe to keep meat cool in, and approached. Chapin threw back the doors of it like a showman about to disclose the What Is It? and Caper saw a dropsical-looking Cupid with a very short shirt on, and a pair of winged shoes on his feet. The figure was starting forward as if to catch his equilibrium, which he had that moment lost, and was only prevented from tumbling forward by a bag held behind him in his left hand, while his right arm and hand, at full length, pointed a sharp arrow in front of him.

'Can you tell me what *that* figger represents?' asked Chapin. As he received no reply, he continued: '*That* is Enterprise; the two little ruts at his feet represent a railroad; the arrow, showin' he's sharp, points ahead; Go ahead! is his motto; the bag in his hand represents money, which the keen, sharp, shrewd business man knows is the reward of enterprise. The wreath round his head is laurel mixed up with lightnin', showin' he's up to the tellygraph; the pen behind his ear shows he can figger; and his short shirt shows economy, that admirable virtoo. The wings on his shoes air taken from Mercury, as I suppose you know; and—'

'I say, now, Chapin, don't you think he's got a little too much legs, and rather extra stomach on him, to make fast time?' asked Rocjean.

'Measure him, measure him!' said Chapin, indignantly; 'there's a string. Figure six times the length of his foot, everything else in proportion. No, *sir*; I have not studied the classic for nothin'; if there is any one thing I am strong on, it's anatomy. Only look at his hair. Why, sir, I spent three weeks once dissectin'; and for more'n six months I didn't do anything, during my idle time, but dror figgers. Art is a kind of thing that's born in a man. This saying the ancients were better sculpters than we air, is no such thing; what did they know about steam-engines or telegraphs? *Fiddle!* They did some fustrate things, but they had no idee of fixin' hair as it should be fixed. No, sir; we moderns have great add-vantagiz, and we improve 'em. Rome is the Cra—'

'I must bid you good-day,' interrupted Caper; 'your wife will miss you at the sermon: you will attribute it to me; and I would not intentionally be the cause of having her ill-will for anything.'

'Well, she is a pretty hard innimy; and they do talk here in Rome if you don't toe the mark. But ree-ly, you mustn't go off mad (smiling). You must call up with Rocjan and see us; and I ree-ly hope that when your uncle comes you will bring him to my studiyo. I am sure my Enterprise will soot him.'

So Chapin saw them out of his studio. Not until Caper found himself seated on a stone bench under the ilexes of the Villa Borghese, watching the sunbeams darting on the little lizards, and seeing far off the Albanian Mountains, snowcapped against the blue sky—not until then did he breathe freely.

'Rocjean,' said he; 'that stone-cutter down there—that Chapin—'

'*Chameau!* roared Rocjean. 'He and his kind are doing for art what the Jews did for prize-fighting—they ruin it. They make art the laughing-stock of all refined and educated people. Art applied solely to sculpture and painting is dead; it will not rise again in these our times. But art, the fairy-fingered beautifier of all that surrounds our homes and daily walks, save paintings and statuary, never breathed so fully, clearly, nobly as now, and her pathway amid the lowly and homely things around us is shedding beauty wherever it goes. The rough-handed artisan who, slowly dreaming of the beautiful, at last turns out a stone that will beautify and adorn a room, instead of rendering it hideous, has done for this practical generation what he of an earlier theoretical age did for his cotemporaries when he carved the imperial Venus of Milos. Enough; *this* is the sermon *not* preached from stones.'

A Ball At The Costa Palace

One sunlight morning in February, while hard at work in his studio, Caper was agreeably surprised by the entrance of an elderly uncle of his, Mr. Bill Browne, of St. Louis, a gentleman of the rosy, stout, hearty school of old bachelors, who, having made a large fortune by keeping a Western country store, prudently retired from business, and finding it dull work doing nothing, wisely determined to enjoy himself with a tour over the Continent, 'or any other place he might conclude to visit.'

'I say, Jim, did you expect to see me here?' was his first greeting.

'Why, Uncle Bill! Well, you are the last man I ever thought would turn up. They didn't write me a

word of your coming over,' answered Caper.

'Mistake; they wrote you all about it; and if you'll drop round at the post-office, you'll find letters there telling you the particulars. Fact is, I am ahead of the mail. Coming over in the steamer, met a man named Orville; told me he knew you, that he was coming straight through to Rome, and offered to pilot me. So I gave up Paris and all that, and came smack through, eighteen days from New York. But I'm dry. Got a match? Here, try one of these cigars.'

Caper took a cigar from his uncle's case, lit it, and then, calling the man who swept out the studios, sent him to the neighboring wine-shop for a bottle of wine.

'By George, Jim, that's a pretty painting: that jackass is fairly alive, and so's the girl with a red boddice. I say, what's she got that towel on her head for? Is it put there to dry?'

'No; that's an Italian peasant girl's head-covering. Most all of them do so.'

'Do they? I'm glad of that. But here comes your man with the liquor.'

And, after drinking two or three tumblers full, Uncle Bill decided that it was pretty good cider. The wine finished, together with a couple of rolls that came with it, the two sallied out for a walk around the Pincian Hill, the grand promenade of Rome. Towards sunset they thought of dinner, and Uncle Bill, anxious to see life, accepted Caper's invitation to dine at the old Gabioni: here they ordered the best dishes, and the former swore it was as good a dinner as he ever got at the Planter's House. Rocjean, who dined there, delighted the old gentleman immensely, and the two fraternized at once, and drank each other's health, old style, until Caper, fearing that neither could conveniently hold more, suggested an adjournment to the Greco for coffee and cigars.

While they were in the café, Rocjean quietly proposed something to Caper, who at once assented; the latter then said to Uncle Bill,—

'You have arrived in Rome just at the right time. You may have heard at home of the great Giacinti family; well, the Prince Nicolo di Giacinti gives a grand ball to-night at the Palazzo Costa. Rocjean and I have received invitations, embracing any illustrious strangers of our acquaintance who may happen to be in Rome; so you must go with us. You have no idea, until you come to know them intimately, what a good-natured, off-hand set the best of the Roman nobility are. Compelled by circumstances to keep up for effect an appearance of great reserve and dignity before the public, they indemnify themselves for it in private by having the highest kind of old times. They are passionately attached to their native habits and costumes, and though driven, on state occasions especially, to imitate French and English habits, yet they love nothing better than at times to enjoy themselves in their native way. The ball given by the prince to-night is what might be called a free-and-easy. It is his particular desire that no one should come in full dress; in fact, he rather likes to have his stranger guests come in their worst clothes, for this prevents the attention of the public being called to them as they enter the palace. After you have lived some time in Rome you will see how necessary it is to keep dark, so you will see no flaring light at the palace gate; it's all as quiet and common-place as possible. The dresses, you must remember, are assumed for the occasion because they are, or were, the national costume, which is fast disappearing, and if it were not for the noble wearers you will see to-night, you could not find them anywhere in Rome. You will perhaps think the nobility at the ball hardly realize your ideas of Italian beauty and refinement, compared with the fine specimens of men and women you may have seen among the Italian opera singers at home: well, these same singers are picked specimens, and are chosen for their height and muscular development from the whole nation, so that strangers may think all the rest at home are like them: it is a little piece of deception we can pardon.'

After this long prelude, Rocjean proposed that they should try a game of billiards in the Café Nuovo. After they had played a game or two, and drank several *mezzo caldos*, or rum punches, they walked up the Corso to the Via San Claudio, No. 48, and entered the palace gate. It was very dark after they entered, so Rocjean, telling them to wait one moment, lit a *cerina*, or piece of waxed cord, an article indispensable to a Roman, and, crossing the broad courtyard, they entered a small door, and after climbing and twisting and turning, found a ticket-taker, and the next minute were in the ball-room.

Uncle Bill was delighted with the excessively free-and-easy ball of Prince Giacinti, but was very anxious to know the names of the nobility, and Rocjean politely undertook to point out the celebrities, offering kindly to introduce him to any one he might think looked sympathetic; 'what they call *simpatico* in Italian,' explained Rocjean.

'That pretty girl in *Ciociara* costume is the Condessa or Countess Stella di Napoli.'

'Introduce me,' said Uncle Bill.

Rocjean went through the performance, concluding thus: 'The countess expresses a wish that you should order a *bottiglia* (about two bottles) of red wine.'

'Go ahead,' quoth Uncle Bill; 'for a nobility ball this comes as near a dance-house affair as I ever want to approach. By the way, who is that pickpocket-looking genius with eyes like a black snake?'

'Who is *that*?' said Rocjean, theatrically. 'Chut! a word in your ear; that is An-to-nel-li!'

'The devil! But I heard some one only a few minutes ago call him Angelucio.'

'That was done satirically, for it means big angel, which you, who read the papers, know that Antonelli is *not*. But here comes the wine, and I see the countess looks dry. Pour out a half-dozen glasses for her. The Roman women, high and low, paddle in wine like ducks, and it never upsets them; for, like ducks, their feet are so large that neither you nor wine can throw them. I wish you could speak Italian, for here comes the Princess Giacinta *con Marchese*—'

'I wish,' said Uncle Bill, 'you would talk English.'

'Well,' continued Rocjean, 'with the Marchioness Nina Romana, if you like that better. Shall I introduce you?'

'Certainly,' replied the old gentleman, 'and order two more what d'ye call 'ems. It's cheap—this knowing a princess for a quart of red teaberry tooth-wash, for that's what this "wine" amounts to. I am going to dance to-night, for the Princess Giacinta is a complete woman after my heart, and weighs her two hundred pound any day.'

The nobility now began begging Rocjean and Caper to introduce them to his excellency *Il vecchio*, or the old man; and Uncle Bill, in his enthusiasm at finding himself surrounded with so many princes, Allegrini, Pelligrini, Sapgrini, and Dungreeny, compelled Caper to order up a barrel of wine, set it a-tap, and tell the nobility to 'go in.' It is needless to say that they *went* in. Many of the costumes were very rich, especially those of the female nobility; and in the rush for a glass of wine the effect of the brilliant draperies flying here and there, struggling and pushing, was notable. The musicians, who were standing on what appeared to be barrels draped with white cloth, jumped down and tried their luck at the wine-cask, and, after satisfying their thirst, returned to their duties. There was a guitar, mandolin, violin, and flute, and the music was good for dancing. Uncle Bill was pounced on by the Princess Giacinta and whirled off into some kind of a dance, he did not know what; round flew the room and the nobility; round flew barrels of teaberry tooth-wash, beautiful princesses, big devils of Antonellis. Lights, flash, hum, buzz, buzz, zzz—ooo—zoom!

Uncle Bill opened his eyes as the sunlight shed one golden bar into his sleeping-room at the Hotel d'Europe, and there by his bedside sat his nephew, Jim Caper, reading a letter, while on a table near at hand was a goblet full of ice, a bottle of hock, and another bottle corked, with string over it.

'It's so-da wa-ter,' said Uncle Bill, musing aloud.

'Hallo, uncle, you awake?' asked Caper, suddenly raising his eyes from his letter.

'I am, my son. Give thy aged father thy blessing, and open that hock and soda water quicker! I say, Jim, now, what became of the nobility, the Colonnas and Aldobrandinis, after they finished that barrel? Strikes me some of them will have an owlly appearance this morning.'

'You don't know them,' answered Caper.

'I am beginning to believe I don't, too,' spoke Uncle Bill. 'I say, now, Jim, where did we go last night?'

'Why, Uncle Bill, to tell you the plain truth, we went to a ball at the Costa Palace, and a model ball it was, too.'

'I have you! Models who sit for you painters. Well, if they arn't nobility, they drink like kings, so it's all right. Give us the hock, and say no more about it.'

Howe's Cave.

Few persons, perhaps, are aware that Schoharie County, N.Y., contains a cave said to be nine or ten miles in extent, and, in many respects, one of the most remarkable in America. Its visitors are few,—owing, probably, to its recent discovery, together with its comparative inaccessibility;—yet these few are well rewarded for its exploration.

In the month of August, 1861, I started, with three companions, to visit this interesting place.

I will not weary the reader by describing the beauty of the Hudson and the grandeur of the Catskills; yet I would fain fix in my memory forever one sunrise, seen from the summit of a bluff on the eastern bank of the river, when the fog, gradually lifting itself from the stream, and slowly breaking into misty fragments, unveiled broad, smiling meadows, dark forests, village after

village, while above all, far in the distance, rose the Catskills, clear in the sunlight.

After two days crowded with enjoyment, we arrived in Schoharie, where we passed the night. Having given orders to be called at five, we took advantage of the leisure hour this arrangement gave us to view, the next morning.

An Old Fort.

In reality, the 'fort' is a dilapidated old church, used as a shelter during the Indian wars, and also in the days of the Revolution. On the smooth stones that form the eastern side are carved the names of the soldiers who defended it, with the date, and designation of the regiment to which they belonged. I deciphered also, among other curious details, the name of the person who 'gave the favor of the ground.' I would gladly have indulged my antiquarian tastes by copying these rude inscriptions; but the eager cries of my companions compelled me to hurry on.

The western portion of the structure has also its story to tell. The traces of besieging cannon balls are still to be distinctly seen, and in one place I observed a smooth, round hole, made by the passage of a ball into the interior of the fort.

As I stood on the walls of this ancient building, surveying the valley it overlooked, with its straggling village lying at our feet, and the fair Schoharie Creek, now gleaming in the sunlight of the meadows, or darkening in the shade of the trees that overhung it, the past and the present mingled strongly in my thoughts.

The Stars and Stripes, that on this very spot had seen our fathers repelling a foreign foe, now waved over their sons, forced from their quiet homes, not to contend with the stranger and the alien, but to subdue those rebellious brothers whose sacrilegious hands had torn down that sacred flag, reared amidst the trials and perils of '76. Not less noble the present contest than the past, nor less heroic the soldier of to-day than the patriot of the Revolution. We continue to-day the fight they fought against injustice and oppression—a conflict that will end only when every nation and every race shall lift unshackled hands up to God in thanksgiving for the gift of freedom. A deeper love of my country, and a firmer trust in the God of truth and justice, sank into my heart as I turned away from those rude walls, sacred to the memory of departed valor.

We hurried back to the breakfast that awaited us, and then drove to

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The Cave

which lies six miles from the village of Schoharie. The entrance is at the base of a heavily-wooded mountain that shuts in a secluded little valley. The only opening from this solitary vale is made by a small stream that winds out from among the hills. The entire seclusion of the place has prevented its earlier discovery; but the inevitable 'Hotel' now rears its wooden walls above the cave to encourage future adventurers to explore its recesses.

In the absence of the proprietor of the hotel, who usually acts as cicerone, we took as guide a sun-burnt young man, with an economical portion of nose, closely cut hair, and a wiry little mouth, which we saw at a glance would open only at the rate of a quarter of a dollar a fact. He proved himself, however, shrewd, witty, and, withal, good-natured, and as fond of a joke as any one of us all. Bob, for so our new companion named himself, showed us at once into a dressing-room, advising us to put on, over our own garments, certain exceedingly coarse and ragged coats, hats and pants, which transformed us at once from rather fashionable young men into a set of forlorn-looking beggars. Each laughed at the appearance of the other, unconscious of his own transformation; but Bob, with more truth than politeness, informed us that we all 'looked like the Old Nick;' whence it appeared that in Bob's opinion the Enemy is usually sorely afflicted with a shabby wardrobe, and that, in the words of the sage,

> 'Poverty is the devil.'

Being furnished with small oil lamps, we descended to the mouth of the cave. This opens at once into an entrance-hall, one hundred and fifty feet in length and thirty in width, and high enough for a tall man to enter upright.

I inquired of Bob when the cave was discovered. 'In 1842,' he replied. 'And by whom?' I continued. 'Why,' rejoined our guide, 'Mister Howe was a huntin' for caves, and he came across this one.' Rather a queer thing to be hunting for, I thought, though without comment; but in future I allowed Bob to carry on the conversation as best suited himself. He plunged at once into a dissertation on the state of the country, gravely stating that 'Washington was taken.' At the involuntary smile which this astounding piece of news called forth, Bob confessed 'he might be mistaken in this respect, as his paper came but once a week, and frequently only once in two

weeks.' Finding him a stanch Union man, and inclined to serve his country to the best of his ability, we undertook 'to post him up' on the present state of affairs, for which the poor fellow was truly grateful.

Entrance Hall leads into Washington Hall, a magnificent apartment, three hundred feet long, and in the lowest part upwards of forty feet high. Our guide favored us at every turn with some new story or legend, repeated in a sing-song, nasal tone, ludicrously contrasting with the extravagance of the tales themselves. Yet he recited all alike with the most immovable gravity. It was a lively waltz of three notes.

Old Tunnel and Giant's Chapel, two fine cave-rooms, were next explored. On entering the latter, Bob favored us with the rehearsal of an old story from the Arabian Nights, which—unfortunately, not one which will bear repetition—he wished us to believe actually happened in this very locality.

I may here confess that, when we came to 'the dark hole in the ground,' I felt some slight reluctance to trust myself therein. Bob, observing this, immediately drew from his lively imagination such an astonishing increase of the perils of the way, looking complacently at me all the while, that my alarm, strange to say, took flight at once, and I pushed onward defiantly. The journey is, however, one that might justly inspire timidity. Above our heads, and on each side, frowned immense rocks, threatening at every instant to fall upon us; while the dash and babble of a stream whose course we followed, increasing in volume as we progressed, came to our ears like the 'sound of many waters.' We crossed this stream a hundred times, at least, in our journey. Sometimes it murmured and fretted in a chasm far below us; again, it spread itself out in our very path, or danced merrily at our side, until it seemed to plunge into some distant abyss with the roar of a cataract.

We emerged from the windings of our tortuous path into Harlem Tunnel, a room six hundred feet in length. In its sides were frequent openings, leading into hitherto unexplored parts of the cave; but we did not venture to enter many of these. Never have I seen such rocks as we here encountered; at one time piled up on one another, ready to totter and fall at a touch; at another, jutting out in immense boulders, sixty feet above our heads, while, in the openings they left, we gazed upward into darkness that seemed immeasurable.

From Harlem Tunnel we came into Cataract Hall, also of great length, and remarkable for containing a small opening extending to an unknown distance within the mountain, since it apparently cannot be explored. Applying the ear to this opening, the sound of an immense cataract becomes audible, pouring over the rocks far within the recesses of the mountain, where the Creator alone, who meted out those unseen, sunless waters, can behold its beauty and its terror.

Crossing the Pool of Siloam, whose babbling waters sparkled into beauty as we held our lamps above them, we entered Franklin Hall. Here the roof, although high enough in some places, is uncomfortably low in others; whereupon Bob bade us give heed to the caution of Franklin, 'Stoop as you go, and you will miss many hard thumps.'

We arrived next at Flood Hall, where a party of explorers were once put in great peril by a sudden freshet in the stream. They barely saved themselves by rapid flight, the water becoming waist-deep before they gained the entrance. We had no reason to doubt the truth of this story, as there were evidences of the rise and fall of water all about us.

Congress Hall now awaited us, but I will omit a description of it, as Musical Hall, which immediately succeeded, contains so much more that is interesting. On entering, our attention was first directed to an aperture wide enough for the admission of a man's head. Any sound made in this opening is taken up and repeated by echo after echo, till the very spirit of music seems awakened. Wave after wave of melodious sound charms the ear, even if the first awakening note has been most discordant. If the soul is filled with silent awe while listening to the unseen waterfall in Cataract Hall, it is here wooed into peace by a harmony more perfect than any produced by mortal invention. A temple-cavern vaster than Ellora with a giant 'lithophone' for organ!

The second wonder of Musical Hall is a lake of great extent, and from ten to thirty feet in depth. The smooth surface of these crystal waters, never ruffled by any air of heaven, and undisturbed save by the dip of our oars as we were ferried across, the utter darkness that hid the opposite shore from our straining sight, the huge rocks above, whose clustering stalactites, lighted by our glimmering lamps, sparkled like a starry sky, the sound of the far-off waterfall, softened by distance into a sad and solemn music, all united to recall with a vivid power, never before felt, the passage of the 'pious Æneas' over the Styx, which I had so often read with delight in my boyhood. I half fancied our Yankee Bob fading into a vision of the classic Charon, and that the ghosts of unhappy spirits were peering at us from the darkness.

At the end of the lake is Annexation Rock, a huge limestone formation in the shape of an egg. It stands on one end, is twenty-eight feet in diameter, and over forty in height.

We were now introduced into Fat Man's Misery, where the small and attenuated have greatly the advantage. We emerged from this narrow and difficult passage into the Museum, half a mile long,

and so called from the number and variety of its formations. We did not linger to examine its curiosities, but pushed on over the Alps, which we surmounted, aided partly by ladders. Very steep and rugged were these Alps, and quite worthy of the name they bear. We descended from them into the Bath-room, where a pool of water and sundry other arrangements suggest to a lively imagination its designation. It certainly has the recommendation of being the most retired bath-room ever known. That of the Neapolitan sibyl is public in comparison to it.

We then entered Pirate's Retreat. Why so named, I can not guess, for I doubt if the boldest pirate who ever sailed the 'South Seas o'er' would dare venture alone so far underground as we now found ourselves.

Leaving the Pirate's Retreat, we were obliged to cross the Rocky Mountains, similar in formation and arrangement to the Alps. The Rocky Mountains lead into Jehoshaphat's Valley, one mile in length. Like its namesake, this valley is a deep ravine, with steep, rugged sides, and a brawling brook running at the bottom.

Miller's Hall next claims our attention. Here we take leave of the brook, which, with the cave, loses itself in a measureless ravine, where the rocks have fallen in such a manner as to obstruct any further explorations.

From thence, turning to the right, we enter Winding Way, a most appropriate name for the place. The narrow passage turns and twists between masses of solid rook, high in some places, and low in others. The deathlike silence of the solitude that surrounded us impressed us with a vague feeling of fear, and we felt no disposition to tempt the Devil's Gangway, especially as, in consequence of a recent freshet, it was partly filled with water. Our guide informed us that beyond the Gangway were several rooms, among which Silent Chamber and Gothic Arch were the most noteworthy. The portion of the cave visited by tourists terminates in the 'Rotunda,' eight miles from the entrance; although explorations have been made some miles further. The Rotunda is cylindrical in shape, fifteen feet in diameter, and one hundred feet in height.

We were now in a little room six miles from the mouth of the cave, and thought the present a good opportunity to try the effect of the absence of light and sound on the mind. Extinguishing our lights, therefore, we resigned ourselves to the influences of darkness and silence. To realize such a state fully, one must find one's self in the bowels of the earth, as we were, where the beating of our own hearts alone attested the existence of life. We were glad to relight our lamps and begin our return to upper air.

I have already mentioned Annexation Rock; near it is another curious freak of nature, called the Tree of the World's History. It resembles the stump of a tree two feet in diameter, and cut off two feet above the ground, upon which a portion of the trunk, six feet in length, is exactly balanced. A singular type of the changes which time makes in the world above-ground.

In the Museum, whose examination we had postponed till our return, we were lost in a world of wonders. It were vain to attempt to describe or even enumerate half of the various objects that met us at every turn. Churches, towers, complete with doors and windows, as if finished by the hand of an architect; an organ, its long and short pipes arranged in perfect order; Lot's Wife, a figure in stone, life size; in another place two women, in long, flowing garments, standing facing each other, as if engaged in earnest conversation, and a soldier in complete armor,—these were among the most striking of the larger objects. The vegetable world was also well represented. Here was a bunch of carrots, fresh as if just taken from the ground, sheaves of wheat, bunches of grain and grass hanging from the walls and roofs. Interspersed were birds of every species, doves in loving companionship, sparrows, and hawks. I noticed also in one place a pair of elephant's ears perfect as life. Indeed it was not difficult to believe that these stony semblances had once been endowed with life, and, ere blight or decay could change, had been transmuted into things of imperishable beauty.

While waiting for our guide to unmoor the boat, which was to take us over the lake a second time, I ran up the bank to look at the stalactites that hung in the greatest profusion above the water. The light of my lamp shining through them produced an effect as surprising as it was beautiful. But no words can do justice to the scene. Imagine an immense room whose ceiling is studded with icicles forming every conceivable curve and angle, and you will have only a faint idea of the number and variety of these subterranean ornaments.

A mile from the entrance we found some stray bats,—the first living creatures we had met. We endeavored to attract them by holding up our lamps, and succeeded so well that we were glad to leave them behind us as soon as possible.

It is a singular fact, noted by other cave-explorers, and confirmed by our own experience, that while within a cave one's usual vigor and activity appears augmented. A slight reaction takes place on coming out into the upper world, and renders rest doubly refreshing and grateful.

Let me, in closing, advise other visitors to Howe's Cave to choose *fair weather, and take time enough* for their visit, as the windings of the cave and its curiosities are alike exhaustless.

Potential Moods

I sit and dream
Of the time that prophets have long foretold,
Of an age surpassing the age of gold,
Which the eyes of the selfish can never behold,
When truth and love shall be owned supreme.

I think and weep
O'er the thousands oppressed by sin and woe,
O'er the long procession of those who go,
Through ignorance, error, and passions low,
To the unsought bed of their dreamless sleep.

I wait and long
For the sway of justice, the rule of right;
For the glad diffusion of wisdom's light;
For the triumph of liberty over might;
For the day when the weak shall be free from the strong.

I work and sing
To welcome the dawn of the fairer day,
When crime and sin shall have passed away,
When men shall live as well as they pray,
And earth with the gladness of heaven shall ring.

I trust and hope
In the tide of God's love that unceasingly rolls,
In the dear words of promise that bear up our souls,
In the tender compassion that sweetly consoles,
When in death's darkened valley we tremblingly grope.

I toil and pray
For the beauty excelling all forms of art;
For the blessing that comes to the holy heart;
For the hope that foretells, and seems a part
Of the life and joy of the heavenly day.

The True Interest Of Nations.

For a litigious, quarrelsome, fighting animal, man is very fond of peace. He began to shed blood almost as soon as he began to go alone in company with his nearest relatives; and when Abel asked of Cain, 'Am I not a man and a brother?' the latter, instead of giving him the hug fraternal, did beat him to death. Cain's only object, it should seem, was a quiet life, and Abel had disturbed his repose by setting up a higher standard of excellence than the elder brother could afford to maintain. It was only to 'conquer a peace' that Cain thus acted. He desired 'indemnity for the past and security for the future,' and so he took up arms against his brother and ended him. He loved peace, but he did not fear war, because he was the stronger party of the two, his weapons being as ready for action as the British navy is ready for it to-day; and Abel was as defenceless as we were a twelvemonth ago. Cain is the type of all mankind, who know that peace is better than war, but who rush into war under the pressure of envy and pride. Ancient as violence is, it is not so old as peace; and it is for peace that all wars are made, at least by organized communities. All peoples have in their minds the idea of a golden age, not unlike to that time so vividly described by Hesiod, when men were absolutely good, and therefore happy; living in perfect accord on what the earth abundantly gave them, suffering neither illness nor old age, and dying as calmly as they had lived. Historical inquiry has so far shaken belief in the existence of any such time as that painted by the poet, that men have agreed to place it in the future. It has never been, but it is to be. It will come with that 'coming man,' who travels so slowly, and will be by him inaugurated, a boundless millennial time. In the mean time contention prevails; 'war's unequal game' is played with transcendent vigor, and at a cost that would frighten the whole human race into madness were it incurred for any other purpose. But, while fighting, men have kept their eyes steadily fixed upon peace, which is to be the reward of their valor and their pecuniary sacrifices. Every warlike time has been followed by a period in which strenuous exertions have been made to make peace perpetual. Never was there a more profound desire felt for peace than that which prevailed among the Romans of the Augustan age, after a series of civil and foreign wars yet unparalleled in the history of human struggles. One poet could denounce the first forger of the iron sword as being truly brutal and iron-hearted; and another could declare it to be the 'mission' of the Romans only to impose terms of peace upon barbarians, who should be compelled

to accept quiet as a boon, or endure it as a burden. Strange sentiments were these to proceed from the land of the legions, but they expressed the current Roman opinion, which preferred even dishonor to war. So was it after the settlement of Europe in 1815. A generation that had grown up in the course of the greatest of modern contests produced the most determined and persistent advocates of the 'peace-at-any-price' policy; and for forty years peace was preserved between the principal Christian nations, through the exertions of statesmen, kings, philanthropists, and economists, who, if they could agree in nothing else, were almost unanimous in the opinion that war was an expensive folly, and that the first duty of a government was to prevent its subjects from becoming military-mad. Perhaps there never was a happier time in Christendom than it knew between the autumn of 1815 and the spring of 1854, after Napoleon had gone down and before Nicholas had set himself up to dictate law to the world. It was the modern age of the Antonines, into which was crowded more true enjoyment than mankind had known for centuries; and they are beginning to learn its excellence from its loss,—war raging now in the New World, while Europe lives in hourly expectation of its occurrence. There were wars, and cruel wars, too, in those years, but they faintly affected Europe and the United States, and probably added something to men's happiness, for the same reason that a storm to which we are not exposed increases our sense of comfort. Their thunders were remote, and they furnished materials for the journals. So we saw a Providence in them, and thanked Heaven, some of us, that we no longer furnished examples of the folly of contention.

The friends of peace were actuated by various motives. With statesmen and politicians peace was preferred because it was cheaper than war, and all countries were burdened with debt. England has sometimes been praised because she so uniformly threw her influence on the side of peace, after she had accomplished her purpose in the war against imperial France. Time and again, she might have waged popular wars, and in which she would have probably been successful; but she would help neither the Spaniards against France and the Holy Alliance, nor the Turks against the Russians, nor the Poles against the Czar, nor the Hungarians against the Austrians, nor the Italians against the Kaiser, nor the Greeks against the Turks. She settled all her disputes with the United States by negotiation, and showed no disposition to fight with France, except when she had all the rest of Europe on her side. But this praise has not been deserved. England did not quarrel with powerful countries, because she could not afford to enter upon costly warfare. She had gone to the extent of her means when her debt had reached to four thousand million dollars, and she could not increase that debt largely until she should also have increased her wealth. Time was required to add to her means, and to lessen her debt; and to such a state had her finances been reduced, that it is now twenty years since she began to derive a portion of her revenue from an income tax, which, imposed in the time of peace, was increased when war became inevitable. The bonds she had given to keep the peace were too great to admit of her breaking it. She did not fight, because she doubted her ability to fight successfully. She had no wish to behold another suspension of cash payments by her national bank; and a general war would be sure to bring suspension. But she was as ready as she had ever been to contend with the weak. The Chinese and the Afghans did not find her very forbearing, though with neither of those peoples had she any just cause for war.

With the disunited States she has been as prompt to quarrel as she was slow to contend with the United States; and now she is one of the high contracting parties to the crusade against Mexico. We say nothing of the Sepoy war, for that was a contest for 'empire,' as Earl Russell would say. She could not, in the days of Clyde, give up what she had acquired in the days of Clive; and no one ought to blame her for what she did in India, though it can not be denied that the mutiny was the consequence of her own bad conduct in the East. With Russia, Austria, and Prussia to back her, in 1840, she went to the verge of a war with France; but, in so doing, the government did that which the English nation by no means warmly approved; and the fall of the whig ministry, in 1841, was in no small part due to Lord Palmerston's policy in the preceding year. The Russian war was brought about by the action of the English people, who were angry with the Czar because his empire had the first place in Europe. The government would have prevented that war from breaking out if it could, but popular pressure was too strong for it, and it had to give way. The event has proved that the English government was wiser than were the English people, France alone having gained anything from the departure from what had become the policy of Europe; and for France to gain is not altogether for the benefit of England.

Of the motives of the philanthropists, we have little to say. They are always respectable, and it is a pity that the world should be too wicked to appreciate them. But those of the economists are open to remark, and the more so because there has been so much claimed for them. They reduced everything to a matter of interest. Peace, they reasoned, is for the welfare of all men; and, if an enlightened self-interest could be made to prevail the world over, war would be rendered an impossibility. Wars between civilized countries have mostly grown out of mistaken views of interest on the part of governments and peoples. Once enlighten both rulers and ruled, and make them understand that war can not pay, and selfishness will accomplish what religion, and morality, and benevolence, and common sense have failed to accomplish. Cutting throats may be a very agreeable pastime; but no man ever yet paid for anything more than it was worth, with his eyes wide open to the fact that he was not buying a bargain, but selling himself. Nations would be as wise as individuals, unless it be true that the sum of intelligence is not so great as the items that compose it; and when it should have been made indisputably clear that to make war was to make losses, while peace should be as indisputably profitable, there would be no further occasion to expend, annually, immense sums upon the support of great armaments, such as were not kept up, even in times of war, by the potentates of earlier days. The reason of

mankind was to be appealed to, and they were to be made saints through the use of practical logic. Neighborhood, instead of being regarded as cause for enmity, was to be held as ground for good feeling and liberal intercourse. Under the old system it had been the custom to call France and England 'natural enemies,' words that attributed to the Creator the origin of discord. Under the new system, those great countries were to become the best of friends, as well as the closest of neighbors; and one generation of free commerce was to do away with the effects of five centuries of disputes and warfare. England was to forget the part which France took in the first American war, and France was to cease to recollect that there had been such days as Crécy and Agincourt, Vittoria and Waterloo; and also that England had overthrown her rule in North America, and driven her people from India. But it was not France and England only that were to enter within the charmed circle; all nations were to be admitted into it, and the whole world was to fraternize. It was to be Arcadia in a ring-fence, an Arcadia solidly based upon heavy profits, with consols, *rentes*, and other public securities—which in other times had a bad fashion of becoming very insecure—always at a good premium. Quarter-day was to be the day for which all other days were made, and it would never be darkened by the imposition of new taxes, by repudiation, or by any other of those things that so often have lessened the felicity of the fund-holder.

That the new Temple of Peace might be enabled to rise in proper proportions, it became necessary to destroy some old edifices, and to remove what was considered to be very rubbishy rubbish. Protection, tariffs, and so forth, once worshiped as evidences of ancestral wisdom, were to be got rid of with all possible speed, and free trade was to be substituted, that is, trade as free as was compatible with the raising of enormous revenues, made necessary by the foolish wars of the past. In due time, perfect freedom of trade would be had; but a blessing of that magnitude could not be expected to come at once to the relief of a suffering world. England, which had taken the lead in supporting protection, and whose commercial system had been of the most illiberal and sordid character, became the leader in the grand reform, pushing the work vigorously forward, and, with her usual consideration for the feelings and rights of others, ordering the nations of Europe and America to follow her example. She had discovered that she had been all in the wrong since the day when Oliver St. John's wounded pride led him to the conclusion that it was the duty of every patriotic Englishman to do his best to destroy the commerce of Holland. She was very impatient of those peoples who were shy of imitating her, forgetting that her conduct through six generations had made a strong impression on the world's mind, and that her sudden conversion could not immediately avail against her long persistence in sinning against political economy, if indeed she had so sinned; and the question was one that admitted of some dispute, free trade being but an experiment. Gradually, however, men came round to the British view, in theory at least; and among the intelligent classes it was admitted that commerce without restriction was the true policy of nations, which must be gradually adopted as the basis of all future action, due regard to be paid to those potent disturbing forces, vested interests. France was slow to yield in practice, though she had produced some of the cleverest of economical writers; for she is as little given to change in matters of business as she is ready to rush into political revolutions. But even France at last gave signs of her intention to abandon her ancient practice in deference to modern theories; and Napoleon III. and Mr. Cobden laid their wise heads together to form plans for the completion of the 'cordial understanding,' on the basis of free trade. Less than forty years had sufficed to effect a gradual change of human opinion, and protection seemed about to be sent to that limbo in which witchcraft, alchemy, and judicial astrology have been so long undisturbedly reposing.

Death, we are told, found his way into Arcadia; and disappointment was not long in coming to disturb the modern Arcadians, who had as much to do with cotton as their predecessors with wool. The dream of universal peace, a peace that was to endure because based on enlightened selfishness,—that is to say on buying in cheap markets and selling in dear ones,—was as rudely dispelled as had been all earlier dreams of the kind. Interest, it was found, could no more make men live lovingly together than principle could cause them to do so in by-gone times. If there were two nations that might have been insured not to fight each other, because interest was sufficient to prevent men from having resort to war, those nations were Russia and England. They were in no sense rivals, according to the definition of rivalry in the circles of commerce. Between them there was much buying and selling, to the great profit of both. England is an old nation, with the arts of industry developed among her people to an extent that is elsewhere unknown. The division of labor that prevails among her working people is so extensive and so minute, that in that respect she defies comparison. Other countries may have as skillful laborers as she possesses, but their industry is of a far less various character. Russia is a new country, and she requires what England has to dispose of; and England finds her account in purchasing the raw materials that are so abundantly produced in Russia. Commercially speaking, therefore, these two nations could not fall out, could not quarrel, could not fight, if they would. In all other respects, too, they could be counted upon to set a good example to all other communities. They had more than once been allies, each had done the other good services at critical tunes, and they had had the foremost places in that grand alliance which had twice dethroned Napoleon I. The exceptions to their general good understanding belong to those exceptions which are supposed to be useful in proving a given rule. When the tory rulers of England became alarmed because of the success of Catharine II. in her second Turkish war, and proposed doing what was done more than sixty years later,—to assist the Osmanlis,—the opposition to their policy became so powerful that even the strong ministry of William Pitt had to listen to its voice; which shows that the tendency of English opinion was then favorable to Russia. The hostility of Czar Paul to England, in his last days, is attributed to the failure of his mind; and the immediate resumption of good

relations between the two countries after his death, establishes the fact that the English and the Russians were not sharers in the Czar's feelings. During the five years that followed Tilsit, Russia appeared to be the enemy of England, and war existed for some time between the two empires; but this was owing to the ascendency of the French, Alexander having to choose between England and France. The nominal enemies did each other as little injury as possible; and, in 1812, they became greater friends than ever. Most Englishmen were probably of Lord Holland's opinion, that England's interest dictated a Russian connection; and in the eighteenth century England was, in some sense, the nursing mother of the new empire, though once or twice she was inclined to do as other nurses have done,—administer some punishment to the rude and healthy child she was fostering, and not without reason. So harmonious had been the relations of these two magnificent states, that an eminent Russian author, Dr. Hamel, writing in 1846, could say: 'Nearly three hundred years have now elapsed since England greeted Muscovy at the mouth of the Dwina. So great have been the benefits to trade, the arts, and industry in general, arising from the friendly relations between England and Russia, which, in 1853, will have completed the third century of their continuance, that one might expect to see this period closed, in both countries, with a jubilee to commemorate so remarkable an example of uninterrupted amicable intercourse between nations.' The year 1853 came; but, instead of being a jubilee to the old friends of three centuries' standing, it brought the beginning of that contest which is known as the Russian war. That was a proper way, indeed, to notice the happy return of the three-hundredth anniversary of the establishment of 'uninterrupted amicable intercourse' between the nations, whose soldiers were soon slaughtering each other with as much energy as if they had been 'natural enemies' from immemorial time. Interest had no power to turn aside the storm of war. The English people were angry with Russia because the iron-willed Czar had carried matters in Europe with a very high hand, and was, in fact, virtually master of the Old World, and suspected of being on uncommonly good terms with the masters of the New World. Nicholas had succeeded to the place of Napoleon in their ill graces. They liked the Cossackry of the one as little as they had liked the cannonarchy of the other. It was a case of pure jealousy. Russia was too powerful to suit the English idea of the fitness of things, and therefore it was necessary that she should be chastised and humbled. Fear of Russia there could have been none in the English mind. It has been thought that England contended for the safety of her Eastern dominions; but then the Czar offered her Egypt and Candia, possession of which would not only have much strengthened her Indian empire, but have been the means of making her more powerful at home. Nothing better could have been offered for her acceptance, if valuable territories would have satisfied her feelings; and much praise has been bestowed upon her because she did not close with the Czar's proposition 'to share and share alike' the lands of the House of Othman; but that praise is not quite deserved, the desire not to see Russia aggrandized being a stronger sentiment with her than was the desire to aggrandize herself. Had the question been left for British statesmen alone to settle,—had the British premier been as free to act for England as the Czar was for Russia,—poor, sick Turkey would have been cut and carved most expeditiously and artistically; she would have been partitioned as perfectly as Poland, and Abdul Medjid would have experienced the fate of Stanislaus Poniatowski. But English ministers hold power only on condition of doing the will of the English nation, and that nation had contracted an aversion to Russia that was uncontrollable, and before its hostility its ministers had to give way, slowly and reluctantly; and the half-measures they adopted, like the half-measures of our own government toward the secessionists, explain the disasters of the war. The English people were determined that there should be an end, for the time at least, to the Russian hegemony, and threw themselves into the arms of France with a vivacity that would have astonished any other French ruler but Napoleon III., who had lived among them, and who knew them well. The war was waged, and, when over, what had England gained? Nothing solid, it must be admitted. The territory of Russia remained unimpaired, and there is not the slightest evidence that her influence in the East was lessened by the partial destruction of Sebastopol. The Russian navy of the Euxine had ceased to exist; but as it consisted principally of vessels that were not adapted to the purposes of modern warfare, the loss of the Russians in that respect was not of a very serious character. Russia's European leadership was suspended; but her power and her resources, which, if properly employed, must soon reinstate her, were not damaged. England *had* fought for an idea, and had fought in vain.

France had as little interest in the Russian war as England, and the French people had no wish to fight the Czar. They would have preferred fighting the English, in connection with the Czar,—an arrangement that would have been more profitable to their country. But the emperor had a quarrel with his arrogant brother at St. Petersburgh, and he availed himself of the opportunity afforded by that brother's obstinacy to teach him a lesson from which he did not live to profit. Nicholas had cut the new emperor, and had caused him to be taboo'd by most of the sovereigns of Europe; and the Frenchman determined to cut his way to consideration. This he was enabled to do, with the aid of the English; and ever since the war's close he has held the place which became vacant on the death of Nicholas—that of Europe's arbiter. The French fought well, as they always do, but their heart was not in the war. The emperor had the war party pretty much to himself. Exactly the opposite state of things existed in France to that which existed in England. In the former country, the government was for war, and the people were for peace; in the latter, the government was for peace, and the people were for war. In each country power was in the hands of the war party, and so war was made, in spite of the wishes of the French people and of English statesmen. When Napoleon III. had accomplished *his* purpose, he ordered the English to make peace, and peace was made. In this way he satisfied his subjects, showing them that he had no intention of making England more powerful than she had been, or Russia weaker. He had prevented Russia from extending her dominion, but he had also prevented England from

lessening that dominion.

The Italian war was waged in opposition to the sentiments of the French people, which was one of the leading causes of its sudden termination, with its object, only half accomplished, and much to the damage of the emperor's reputation for statesmanship and courage. Whether, in a comprehensive sense, that war was entered upon for purposes adverse to the interests of France, may well be doubted; but it is certain that it was an unpopular measure in that country. The French had no objection to the humiliation of Austria; but it would be a grave error to suppose that they have any wish to behold Italy united and powerful. The kingdom of Italy, should it become all that is desired for it by its friends in this country, would be to France a source of annoyance, and probably of danger. The emperor's power was shaken by his Italian policy, and hence it was that he played the confederature game so long, to the astonishment of foreigners, and got possession of Savoy and Nice, to the astonishment and anger of England; and hence it is that he is seeking Sardinia and other portions of Italy. Thus, the Italian war was begun against the interests of the French people, or what that people believe to be their interests, though this is the age in which there is to be peace, because that is not to be broken except when popular interests require that it shall no longer be preserved.

But the most remarkable instance of the fallacy of the idea that regard for the true interests of nations must banish hostilities from the world, is afforded by the coarse of France and England toward this country since the beginning of the secession war. Both those countries have great interest not only in the preservation of peace *with* the United States, but in the preservation of peace *in* the United States; and yet they have done all that it lies in their power to do to encourage our rebels, and have been on the verge of war with us: and war with them, and with Spain, is exported by many Americans, who judge of the future by the present and the past. England had a vast trade with the American Union, buying at the South, and selling to the North, and hence any disturbances here were sure to operate adversely to her interests; but no sooner had it become apparent that our troubles were to be of a serious character, than her weight was thrown on to the side of the rebels, who never would have been able to do much but for the encouragement they have received from abroad. The trade of France was not so great with America as that of England; yet it was valuable, and the French have suffered much from its suspension, perhaps we should say its loss. The North has purchased but little from Europe for a year, and the South has sold less to Europe in that time. There has been a trade in food between the North and some European countries, in which grain has been exchanged for gold, though it would have been better for both parties could anything else than gold have been brought to America, true commerce consisting in the interchange of commodities. For all the sufferings that have been experienced by Englishmen and Frenchmen, they have none but themselves and their governments to censure. That peace has not been preserved is not our fault; and the war that has been blown into so fierce a flame has been fed from Europe; it has been fanned by breezes from France and England. When it was first seen that there was danger of civil war, the governments of those countries, if they had really had any regard for the true interests of their countries, would have discouraged the rebels in the most public and pointed manner imaginable, not because they cared for us, but for the simple reason that they were bound so to act as should best promote the welfare of their own peoples. War in America meant suffering to the artisans and laborers of Europe, who, thus far, have suffered more from the war than have any portion of the American people, except the residents of Southern cities. Napoleon III. and Lord Palmerston should have said to the agents of the Confederacy, and have taken care to publish their words, 'We can afford you neither aid in deeds nor encouragement in words. Our relations with both sections of the American nation are such, that our respective countries must suffer immensely from the course which you are about to pursue, not because you have been oppressed, or fear oppression, but because you have been beaten in an election, and power, for the time, has been taken from your hands. You ask us to act hostilely against the established government of the United States, that government having given us no cause of offense,—to become the patrons of a revolution that has no cause, but the consequences of which may be boundless. To revolutions we are averse; and one of our governments exists in virtue of opposition to the party of disorder in Europe. You ask us to do that which would lessen the means of livelihood to millions of our people; for, granting that you should succeed, still there would necessarily be so great a change produced by your action, and by our intervention in American affairs, that for years America would not be the good customer to France and England that she has been for a generation. With the merits of your cause we can have nothing to do, our true interests pointing to the maintenance of the strictest neutrality in the contest between you and the federal government; and the dictates of interest are fortified by the suggestions of principle. Your movement is essentially disorderly in its character, and it is undertaken avowedly in the interest of slavery; and not only are we the supporters of the existing order of things the world over, but we are hostile to slavery, having abolished it in all parts of our dominions. Our advice to you is, to submit to the federal government, and to seek for the redress of your grievances, if such you have, by means recognized in the constitution and laws of your country. From us you can receive no aid, and you should dismiss all expectation of it from your minds at once and forever. We are indifferent to the form of the American government, and its internal policy can not concern us; but the interests of our peoples require that we should live in peace with the people of America, whether they be of the South or of the North, slave-holders or abolitionists; and we shall not quarrel with any portion of them for the sake of facilitating the erection of a republic to be founded on the basis of the divine nature of slavery, the first time that so preposterous a pretension was ever put forward by the audacity or the impudence of men.' Had something like this been said to the agents of the rebels, and had the English press supported the same views,

the rebellion would have been at an end ere this, and the commercial relations of America and Europe would have experienced no sensible interruption. English interests, in an especial sense, demanded that the rebels should be discouraged, and discouragement from London would have rendered rebellion hopeless, and have promoted peace in Savannah and New Orleans.

But it was not in England's nature to pursue a course that would have been as much in harmony with her material interests as with that high moral character which she claims as being peculiarly her own. There appeared to have presented itself an opportunity to effect the destruction of the American Republic, and England could not resist the temptation to strike us hard: and, for almost a year, she has been to the Union a more deadly foe than we have found in the South. We do not allude to the *Trent* question, for in that we were clearly in the wrong, and Mason and Slidell should have been released on the 16th of November, and not have been detained in captivity six weeks. Secretary Seward has placed the point so emphatically beyond all doubt, that we must all be of one mind thereon, whether in England or America. England might have been moderate in her action, in view of her repeated outrages on the rights of neutrals, but no intelligent American can condemn her position. It is to other things that we must look for evidence of her determination to effect our extinction as a nation. She has, while dripping with Hindoo blood, and while yet men's ears are filled with accounts of the blowing of sepoys from the muzzles of cannon by her military executioners, absolutely demanded of us an acknowledgment of the Southern Confederacy's independence, on the ground that it is inhuman to wage war for the maintenance of our national life. She has compared our mild and forbearing government with the savage proconsulate of Alva in the Netherlands! She has charged us with waging war against civilization, because we have employed stone fleets to close entrances to the harbor of Charleston, though her own history is full of instances of their employment for similar purposes! She has encouraged her traders and seamen to furnish the rebels with arms of all kinds, and stores of every description! She has excluded our ships-of-war from her ports, refusing to allow them to coal at places at which she had granted us the privilege, in time of peace, of establishing stations for fuel! She has given shelter and protection to the privateers of the rebels, vessels that had violated her own laws almost within sight of her own shores, and certainly within the narrow seas! She has acknowledged the belligerent character of the South, which is virtually an acknowledgment of its independence, for none but nations can lawfully wage war. She has, through her Minister for Foreign Affairs, declared that our war with the secessionists is of the same character as the war which the Spaniards carried on with their American colonists, and that there is no difference between it and the attempt of the Turks to subdue the Greeks! Monstrous perversions of history for even Earl Russell to be guilty of! Her leading periodicals and journals, with few exceptions, have denounced our country, our course, and our government in the bitterest language, and to the manifest encouragement of the rebels, who see in their language the rapid growth and prompt exhibition of a sentiment of hostility to this country, and which must, sooner or later, end in war; and war between England and America would be sure to lead to the success of the Confederates, even if we should come out of it victoriously.

Thus we see that the attempt to establish peace on the basis of the true interests of nations has not only failed, but that it has failed signally and deplorably. The solid Doric Temple of Mammon has no more been able to stand against the storms of war than has the Crystal Palace of Sentiment. The fair fabric which was the type of materialism has fallen, and it would be most unwise to seek its reconstruction. That which was to have stood as long and as firmly as the Pyramids has fallen before the first moss could gather upon it. Nor is the reason of this fall far to seek, as it lies upon the surface, and ought to have been anticipated—would have been, only that men are so ready to believe in what they wish to believe. England, as a nation, has two interests to consult, and which do not always accord. She has her commercial interest and her imperial interest; and, when the two conflict, the last is sure to become first. Her position as a nation was threatened only by the United States and Russia. The dynastic disputes of France, which are far from being at an end, and the generally unsettled character of French politics, must long prevent that country from becoming the permanent rival of England. France is great to-day, and England acts wisely in preparing to meet her in war; but to-morrow France may become weak, and her voice be feeble and her weight light in Europe and the world. Three houses claim her throne, and the Republicans may start up into active life again, as we saw they did in 1848. Neither Austria nor Prussia can ever furnish England cause of alarm. With Russia the case is very different, as her government is solidly established; her resources are vast, and in the course of steady development, and her desire to establish her supremacy in the East is a fixed idea with both rulers and ruled. Unchecked, she would have thrown England into the background, and supposing that she had resolved not to allow that country a share of the spoil of Turkey. The hard character and harsh policy of Nicholas ended in furnishing to England an opportunity to throw Russia herself into the background for the time, and that opportunity she made use of, but not to the extent that she had determined upon, owing to her dependence upon France, which became the shield of Russia after having been the sword of England. The United States were a formidable rival of England; and, but for the breaking out of our troubles, we should have been far ahead of her by 1870, and perhaps have stripped her of all her American possessions. When those troubles began, she proceeded to take the same advantage of them that she had taken of the Czar's blunder. To sever the American nation in twain is her object, as some of her public men have frankly avowed; and she believes that the disintegrating process, once commenced, would not stop with the division of the country into the Northern Union and the Southern Confederacy. She expects, should the South succeed, to see half a dozen republics here established, and is not without hope that not even two States would remain together; and for this hope she has very good foundation. The American nation destroyed, England would become as great in the West as

she is in the East, and would hold, with far greater means at her command, the same position that was hers in the last days of George II., when the French had been expelled from America and India. She would have no commercial rival, and there would no longer be an American navy susceptible of gigantic increase. She would be truly the sea's sovereign; and whoso rules the sea has power to dictate to the land. 'Whosoever commands the sea,' says Sir Walter Raleigh, 'commands the trade of the world; whosoever commands the trade of the world, commands the riches of the world, and consequently the world itself.' England never would have gone to war with the *United States* to prevent their growth; but, now that they have instituted civil war, it is certain that she will do all that lies in her power to prevent the reconstruction of the Union. The war of words has been begun, and it is but preliminary to the war of swords. The savage music of the British press is the overture to the opera. The morality of England may be neither higher nor lower than that of all other countries,—may be no worse than our own,—but there is so much that is offensive in her modes of exhibiting her destitution of principle, that she is more hated than all other powerful countries that ever have existed. She not only sins as badly as other nations, but manages to make herself as odious for her manner of sinning as for the sins themselves. There is no crime that she is not capable of, if its perpetration be necessary to promote her own power. When Sir William Reid was governor of Malta, he said to Mr. Lushington, 'I would let them (*i.e.* the heathen) set up Juggernaut in St. George's Square (in Edinburgh), if it were conducive to England's holding Malta.' And as this time-blue Presbyterian was ready to allow the solemnization of the bloodiest rites of paganism in the most public place of the Christian city of Edinburgh, if that kind of tolerance would be conducive to England's retention of Malta,—of which she holds possession, by the way, in consequence of one of the grossest breaches of faith mentioned even in her history,—so do we find the Christian people, peers, and priests of England ready to become the allies of slave-holders and the supporters of slavery, if thereby the American Republic can be destroyed, as they believe that its existence may become the source of danger to the ascendency of their country.

The last intelligence from England allows us to believe that that country has adopted a more liberal policy, and that her government will do nothing to aid the rebels. Some of the language of Ministers is friendly, and altogether the change is one of a character that can not be otherwise than agreeable to us. France, too, has declared her neutrality as strongly as England. These declarations were made before intelligence of our military and naval successes had reached Europe, which renders them all the more weighty. Peace between America and Europe may, therefore, be counted upon, unless some very great reverses should befall our arms.

Among The Pines.

The 'Ole Cabin' to which Jim had alluded as the scene of Sam's punishment by the Overseer, was a one-story shanty in the vicinity of the stables. Though fast falling to decay, it had more the appearance of a decent habitation than the other huts on the plantation. Its thick plank door was ornamented with a mouldy brass knocker, and its four windows contained sashes, to which here and there clung a broken pane, the surviving relic of its better days. It was built of large unhewn logs, notched at the ends and laid one upon the other, with the bark still on. The thick, rough coat which yet adhered in patches to the timber had opened in the sun, and let the rain and the worm burrow in its sides, till some parts had crumbled entirely away. At one corner the process of decay had gone on till roof, superstructure, and foundation had rotted down and left an opening large enough to admit a coach and four horses. The huge chimneys which had graced the gable-ends of the building were fallen in, leaving only a mass of sticks and clay to tell of their existence, and two wide openings to show how great a figure they had once made in the world. A small space in front of the cabin would have been a lawn, had the grass been willing to grow upon it; and a few acres of cleared land in its rear might have passed for a garden, had it not been entirely overgrown with young pines and stubble. This primitive structure was once the 'mansion' of that broad plantation, and, before the production of turpentine came into fashion in that region, its rude owner drew his support from its few surrounding acres, more truly independent than the present aristocratic proprietor, who, raising only one article, and buying all his provisions, was forced to draw his support from the Yankee or the Englishman.

Only one room, about forty feet square, occupied the interior of the cabin. It once contained several apartments, vestiges of which still remained, but the partitions had been torn away to fit it for its present uses. What those uses were, a moment's observation showed me.

In the middle of the floor, which was mostly rotted away, a space about fifteen feet square was covered with thick pine planking, strongly nailed to the beams. In the centre of this planking an oaken block was firmly bolted, and to it was fastened a strong iron staple that held a log-chain, to which was attached a pair of shackles. Above this, was a queer frame-work of oak, somewhat resembling the contrivance for drying fruit I have seen in Yankee farm-houses. Attached to the rafters by stout pieces of timber, were two hickory poles, placed horizontally, and about four feet apart, the lower one rather more than eight feet from the floor. This was the whipping-rack, and hanging to it were several stout whips with short hickory handles, and long triple lashes. I took

one down for closer inspection, and found burned into the wood, in large letters, the words 'Moral Suasion.' I questioned the appropriateness of the label, but the Colonel insisted with great gravity that the whip is the only 'moral suasion' a darky is capable of understanding.

When punishment is inflicted on one of the Colonel's negroes, his feet are confined in the shackles, his arms tied above his head, and drawn by a stout cord up to one of the horizontal poles; then, his back bared to the waist, and standing on tip-toe, with every muscle stretched to its utmost tension, he takes 'de lashes.'

A more severe but more unusual punishment is the 'thumb-screw.' In this a noose is passed around the negro's thumb and fore-finger, while the cord is thrown over the upper cross-pole, and the culprit is drawn up till his toes barely touch the ground. In this position the whole weight of the body rests on the thumb and fore-finger. The torture is excruciating, and strong, able-bodied men can endure it but a few moments. The Colonel naively told me that he had discontinued its practice, as several of his *women* had nearly lost the use of their hands, and been incapacited for field labor, by its too frequent repetition. 'My —— drivers,'[12] he added, 'have no discretion, and no humanity; if they have a pique against a nigger, they show him no mercy.'

The old shanty I have described was now the place of the Overseer's confinement. Open as it was at top, bottom, and sides, it seemed an unsafe prison-house; but Jim had rendered its present occupant secure by placing 'de padlocks on him.'

'Where did you catch him?' asked the Colonel of Jim, as, followed by every darky on the plantation, we took our way to the old building.

'In de swamp, massa. We got Sandy and de dogs arter him—dey treed him, but he fit like de debil.'

'Any one hurt?'

'Yas, Cunnel; he knifed Yaller Jake, and ef I hadn't a gibin him a wiper, you'd a had anudder nigger short dis mornin'—shore.'

'How was it? tell me,' said his master, while we paused, and the darkies gathered around.

'Wal, yer see, massa, we got de ole debil's hat dat he drapped wen you had him down; den we went to Sandy's fur de dogs—dey scented him to onst, and off dey put for de swamp. 'Bout twenty on us follored 'em. He'd a right smart start on us, and run like a deer, but de hounds kotched up wid him 'bout whar he shot pore Sam. He fit 'em and cut up de Lady awful, but ole Caesar got a hole ob him, and sliced a breakfuss out ob his legs. Somehow, dough, he got away from de ole dog, and clum a tree. 'T was more'n an hour afore we kotched up; but dar he war, and de houns baying 'way as ef dey know'd wat an ole debil he am. I'd tuk one ob de guns—you warn't in de hous, massa, so I cudn't ax you.'

'Never mind that; go on,' said the Colonel.

'Wal, I up wid de gun, and tole him ef he didn't cum down I'd gib him suffin' dat 'ud sot hard on de stummuk. It tuk him a long w'ile, but—he *cum down*.' Here the darky showed a row of ivory that would have been a fair capital for a metropolitan dentist.

'Wen he war down,' he resumed, 'Jake war gwine to tie him, but de ole 'gator, quicker dan a flash, put a knife enter him.'

'Is Jake much hurt?' interrupted the Colonel.

'Not bad, massa; de knife went fru his arm, and enter his ribs, but de ma'am hab fix him up, and she say he'll be 'round bery sudden.'

'Well, what then?' inquired the Colonel.

'Wen de ole debil seed he hadn't finished Jake, he war gwine to gib him anoder dig, but jus den I drap de gun on his cocoa-nut, and he neber trubble us no more. 'Twar mons'rous hard work to git him out ob de swamp, 'cause he war jes like a dead man, and we had to tote him de hull way; but he'm dar now, massa (pointing to the old cabin), and de bracelets am on him.'

'Where is Jake?' asked the Colonel.

'Dunno, massa, but reckon he'm to hum.'

'One of you boys go and bring him to the cabin,' said the Colonel.

A negro-man went off on the errand, while we and the darkies resumed our way to the Overseer's quarters. Arrived there, I witnessed a scene that words can not picture.

Stretched at full length on the floor, his clothes torn to shreds, his coarse carroty hair matted with blood, and his thin, ugly visage pale as death, lay the Overseer. Bending over him, wiping away the blood from his face, and swathing a ghastly wound on his forehead, was the negress Sue; while at his shackled feet, binding up his still bleeding legs, knelt the octoroon woman.

'Is *she* here?' I said, involuntarily, as I caught sight of the group.

'It's her nature,' said the Colonel, with a pleasant smile; 'if Moye were the devil himself, she'd do him good if she could; another such woman never lived.'

And yet this woman, with all the instincts that make her sex angel-ministers to man, lived in daily violation of the most sacred of all laws,—because she was a slave. Will Mr. Caleb Cushing or Charles O'Conner please tell us why the Almighty invented a system which forces his creatures to break the laws of His own making?

'Don't waste your time on him, Alice,' said the Colonel, kindly; 'he isn't worth the rope that'll hang him.'

'He was bleeding to death; he must have care or he'll die,' said the octoroon woman.

'Then let him die, d—— him,' replied the Colonel, advancing to where the Overseer lay, and bending down to satisfy himself of his condition.

Meanwhile more than two hundred dusky forms crowded around and filled every opening of the old building. Every conceivable emotion, except pity, was depicted on their dark faces. The same individuals whose cloudy visages a half-hour before I had seen distended with a wild mirth and careless jollity, that made me think them really the docile, good-natured animals they are said to be, now glared on the prostrate Overseer with the infuriated rage of aroused beasts when springing on their prey.

'You can't come the possum here. Get up, you —— hound,' said the Colonel, rising and striking the bleeding man with his foot.

The fellow raised himself on one elbow and gazed around with a stupid, vacant look. His eye wandered unsteadily for a moment from the Colonel to the throng of cloudy faces in the doorway; then, his recent experience flashing upon him, he shrieked out, clinging wildly to the skirts of the octoroon woman, who was standing near, 'Keep off them cursed hounds,—keep them off, I say—they'll kill me!—they'll kill me!'

One glance satisfied me that his mind was wandering. The blow on the head had shattered his reason, and made the strong man less than a child.

'You shan't be killed yet,' said the Colonel. 'You've a small account to settle with me before you reckon with the devil.'

At this moment the dark crowd in the doorway parted, and Jake entered, his arm bound up and in a sling.

'Jake, come here,' said the Colonel; 'this man would have killed you. What shall we do with him?'

''Tain't fur a darky to say dat, massa,' said the negro, evidently unaccustomed to the rude administration of justice which the Colonel was about to inaugurate; 'he did wuss dan dat to Sam, mass—he orter swing for shootin' him.'

'That's *my* affair; we'll settle your account first,' replied the Colonel.

The darky looked undecidedly at his master, and then at the Overseer, who, overcome by weakness, had sunk again to the floor. The little humanity in him was evidently struggling with his hatred of Moye and his desire of revenge, when the old nurse yelled out from among the crowd, 'Gib him fifty lashes, Massa Davy, and den you wash him down.[13] Be a man, Jake, and say dat.'

Jake still hesitated, and when at last he was about to speak, the eye of the octoroon woman caught his, and chained the words to his tongue, as if by magnetic power.

'Do you say that, boys;' said the Colonel, turning to the other negroes; 'shall he have fifty lashes?'

'Yas, massa, fifty lashes—gib de ole debil fifty lashes,' shouted about fifty voices.

'He shall have them,' quietly said the master.

The mad shout that followed, which was more like the yell of demons than the cry of men, seemed to arouse the Overseer to a sense of the real state of affairs. Springing to his feet, he gazed wildly around; then, sinking on his knees before the octoroon, and clutching the folds of her dress, he shrieked, 'Save me, good lady, save me! as you hope for mercy, save me!'

Not a muscle of her face moved, but, turning to the excited crowd, she mildly said, 'Fifty lashes would kill him. *Jake* does not say that—your master leaves it to him, and he will not whip a dying man—will you, Jake?'

'No, ma'am—not—not ef you go agin it,' replied the negro, with very evident reluctance.

'But he whipped Sam, ma'am, when he was nearer dead than *he* am,' said Jim, whose station as

house-servant allowed him a certain freedom of speech.

'Because he was brutal to Sam, should you be brutal to him? Can you expect me to tend you when you are sick, if you beat a dying man? Does Pompey say you should do such things?' said the lady.

'No, good ma'am,' said the old preacher, stepping out, with the freedom of an old servant, from the black mass, and taking his stand beside me in the open space left for the 'w'ite folks;' 'de ole man dusn't say dat, ma'am; he tell 'em de Lord want 'em to forgib dar en'mies—to lub dem dat pursyskute em;' then, turning to the Colonel, he added, as he passed his hand meekly over his thin crop of white wool and threw his long heel back, 'ef massa'll 'low me I'll talk to 'em.'

'Fire away,' said the Colonel, with evident chagrin. 'This is a nigger trial; if you want to screen the d—— hound you can do it.'

'I dusn't want to screed him, massa, but I'se bery ole and got soon to gwo, and I dusn't want de blessed Lord to ax me wen I gets dar why I 'lowed dese pore ig'nant brack folks to mudder a man 'fore my bery face. I toted you, massa, fore you cud gwo, I'se worked for you till I can't work no more; and I dusn't want to tell de Lord dat *my* massa let a brudder man be killed in cole blood.'

'He is no brother of mine, you old fool; preach to the nigs, don't preach to me,' said the Colonel, stifling his displeasure, and striding off through the black crowd, without saying another word.

Here and there in the dark mass a face showed signs of relenting; but much the larger number of that strange jury, had the question been put, would have voted—DEATH.

The old preacher turned to them as the Colonel passed out, and said, 'My chil'ren, would you hab dis man whipped, so weak, so dyin' as he am, of he war brack?'

'No, not ef he war a darky—fer den he wouldn't be such an ole debil,' replied Jim, and about a dozen of the other negroes.

'De w'ite ain't no wuss dan de brack—dey'm all 'like—pore sinners all ob 'em. De Lord wudn't whip a w'ite man no sooner dan a brack one—He tinks de w'ite juss so good as de brack (good Southern doctrine, I thought). De porest w'ite trash wudn't strike a man wen he war down.'

'We'se had 'nough of dis, ole man,' said a large, powerful negro (one of the drivers), stepping forward, and, regardless of the presence of Madam P—— and myself, pressing close to where the Overseer lay, now totally unconscious of what was passing around him. 'You needn't preach no more; de Cunnul hab say we'm to whip ole Moye, and we'se gwine to do it, by ——.'

I felt my fingers closing on the palm of my hand, and in a second more they would have cut the darky's profile, had not Madam P—— cried out, 'Stand back, you impudent fellow: say another word, and I'll have you whipped on the spot.'

'De Cunnul am my massa, ma'am—*he* say ole Moye shall be whipped, and I'se gwine to do it—shore.'

I have seen a storm at sea—I have seen the tempest tear up great trees—I have seen the lightning strike in a dark night—but I never saw anything half so grand, half so terrible, as the glance and tone of that woman as she cried out, 'Jim, take this man—give him fifty lashes this instant.'

Quicker than thought, a dozen darkies were on him. His hands and feet were tied and he was under the whipping-rack in a second. Turning then to the other negroes, the brave woman said, 'Some of you carry Moye to the house, and you, Jim, see to this man—if fifty lashes don't make him sorry, give him fifty more.'

This summary change of programme was silently acquiesced in by the assembled darkies, but many a cloudy face scowled sulkily on the octoroon, as, leaning on my arm, she followed Junius and the other negroes, who bore Moye to the mansion. It was plain that under those dark faces a fire was burning that a breath would have fanned into a flame.

We entered the house by its rear door, and placed Moye in a small room on the ground floor. He was laid on a bed, and stimulants being given him, his senses and reason shortly returned. His eyes opened, and his real position seemed suddenly to flash upon him, for he turned to Madam P——, and in a weak voice, half-choked with emotion, faltered out, 'May God in heaven bless ye, ma'am; God *will* bless ye for bein' so good to a wicked man like me. I doesn't desarve it, but ye woant leave me—ye woant leave me—they'll kill me ef ye do!'

'Don't fear,' said the Madam; 'you shall have a fair trial. No harm shall come to you here.'

'Thank ye, thank ye,' gasped the Overseer, raising himself on one arm, and clutching at the lady's hand, which he tried to lift to his lips.

'Don't say any more now,' said Madam P——, quietly; 'you must rest and be quiet, or you won't get well.'

'Shan't I get well? Oh, I can't die—I can't die *now*!'

The lady made a soothing reply, and giving him an opiate, and arranging the bedding so that he might rest more easily, she left the room with me.

As we stepped into the hall, I saw through the front door, which was open, the horses harnessed in readiness for 'meeting,' and the Colonel pacing to and fro on the piazza, smoking a cigar. He perceived us, and halted in front of the doorway.

'So, you've brought that d—— blood-thirsty villain into my house!' he said to Madam P——, in a tone of strong displeasure.

'How could I help it? The negroes are mad, and would kill him anywhere else,' replied the lady, with a certain self-confidence that showed she knew her power over the Colonel.

'Why should *you* interfere between them and him? Has he not insulted you often enough to make you let him alone? Can you so easily forgive his taunting you with'—He did not finish the sentence, but what I had learned on the previous evening from the old nurse gave me a clue to its meaning. A red flame flushed the face and neck of the octoroon woman—her eyes literally flashed fire, and her very breath seemed to come with pain; in a moment, however, this emotion passed away, and she quietly said, 'Let me settle that in my own way. He has served *you* well—*you* have nothing against him that the law will not punish.'

'By ——, you are the most unaccountable woman I ever knew,' exclaimed the Colonel, striding up and down the piazza, the angry feeling passing from his face, and giving way to a mingled expression of wonder and admiration. The conversation was here interrupted by Jim, who just then made his appearance, hat in hand.

'Well, Jim, what is it?' asked his master.

'We'se gib'n Sam twenty lashes, ma'am, but he beg so hard, and say he so sorry, dat I tole him I'd ax you 'fore we gabe him any more.'

'Well, if he's sorry, that's enough; but tell him he'll get fifty another time,' said the lady.

'What Sam is it?' asked the Colonel.

'Big Sam, the driver,' said Jim.

'Why was he whipped?'

'He told me *you* were his master, and insisted on whipping Moye,' replied the lady.

'Did he dare to do that? Give him a hundred, Jim, not one less,' roared the Colonel.

'Yas, massa,' said Jim.

The lady looked significantly at the negro and shook her head, but said nothing, and he left.

'Come, Alice, it is nearly time for meeting, and I want to stop and see Sandy on the way.'

'I reckon I won't go,' said Madam P——.

'You stay to take care of Moye, I suppose,' said the Colonel, with a slight sneer.

'Yes,' replied the lady; 'he is badly hurt, and in danger of inflammation.'

'Well, suit yourself. Sir. K——, come, *we'll* go—you'll meet some of the *natives*.'

The lady retired to the house, and the Colonel and I were soon ready. The driver brought the horses to the door, and as we were about to enter the carriage, I noticed Jim taking his accustomed seat on the box.

'Who's looking after Sam?' asked the Colonel.

'Nobody, Cunnul; de ma'am leff him gwo.'

'How dare you disobey me? Didn't I tell you to give him a hundred?'

'Yas, massa, but de ma'am tole me notter.'

'Well, another time you mind what *I* say—do you hear?' said his master.

'Yas, massa,' said the negro, with a broad grin, 'I allers do dat.'

'You *never* do it, you d—— nigger; I ought to have flogged you long ago.'

Jim said nothing, but gave a quiet laugh, showing no sort of fear, and we entered the carriage. I afterwards learned from him that he had never been whipped, and that all the negroes on the plantation obeyed the lady when, which was seldom, her orders came in conflict with their master's. They knew if they did not, the Colonel would whip them.

As we rode slowly along the Colonel said to me, 'Well, you see that the best people have to flog their niggers sometimes.'

'Yes, *I* should have given that fellow a hundred lashes, at least. I think the effect on the others would have been bad if Madam P—— had not had him flogged.'

'But she generally goes against it. I don't remember of her having it done in ten years before. And yet, though I've the worst gang of niggers in the district, they obey her like so many children.'

'Why is that?'

'Well, there's a kind of magnetism about her that makes everybody love her; and then she tends them in sickness, and is constantly doing little things for their comfort; *that* attaches them to her. She is an extraordinary woman.'

'Whose negroes are those, Colonel?' I asked, as, after a while, we passed a gang of about a dozen, at work near the roadside. Some were tending a tar-kiln, and some engaged in cutting into fire-wood the pines which a recent tornado had thrown to the ground.

'They are mine, but they are working now for themselves. I let such as will, work on Sunday. I furnish the "raw material," and pay them for what they do, as I would a white man.'

'Would'nt it be better to make them go to hear the old preacher; could'nt they learn something from him?'

'Not much; Old Pomp never read anything but the Bible, and he don't understand that; besides, they can't be taught. You can't make "a whistle out of a pig's tail;" you can't make a nigger into a white man.'

Just here the carriage stopped suddenly, and we looked out to see the cause. The road by which we had come was a mere opening through the pines; no fences separated it from the wooded land, and being seldom traveled, the track was scarcely visible. In many places it widened to a hundred feet, but in others tall trees had grown up on its opposite sides, and there was scarcely width enough for a single carriage to pass along. In one of these narrow passages, just before us, a queer-looking vehicle had upset, and scattered its contents in the road. We had no alternative but to wait till it got out of the way; and we all alighted to reconnoitre.

The vehicle was a little larger than an ordinary hand-cart, and was mounted on wheels that had probably served their time on a Boston dray before commencing their travels in Secessiondom. Its box of pine boarding and its shafts of rough oak poles were evidently of Southern home manufacture. Attached to it by a rope harness, with a primitive bridle of decidedly original construction, was—not a horse, nor a mule, nor even an alligator, but a 'three-year-old heifer.'

The wooden linch-pin of the cart had given way, and the weight of a half-dozen barrels of turpentine had thrown the box off its balance, and rolled the contents about in all directions.

The appearance of the proprietor of this nondescript vehicle was in keeping with the establishment. His coat, which was much too short in the waist and much too long in the skirts, was of the common reddish gray linsey, and his nether garments, of the same material, stopped just below the knees. From there downwards, he wore only the covering that is said to have been the fashion in Paradise before Adam took to fig-leaves. His hat had a rim broader than a political platform, and his skin a color half way between that of tobacco-juice and a tallow candle.

'Wal, Cunnul, how dy'ge?' said the stranger, as we stepped from the carriage.

'Very well, Ned; how are you?'

'Purty wal, Cunnul; had the nagur lately, right smart, but'm gittin' 'roun.'

'You're in a bad fix here, I see. Can't Jim help you?'

'Wal, p'raps he moight. Jim, how dy'ge?'

'Sort o' smart, ole feller. But come, stir yerseff; we want ter gwo 'long,' replied Jim, with a manifest lack of courtesy that showed he regarded the white man as altogether too 'trashy' to be treated with much ceremony.

With the aid of Jim, a new linch-pin was soon whittled out, the turpentine rolled on to the cart, and the vehicle put in a moving condition.

'Where are you hauling your turpentine?' asked the Colonel.

'To Sam Bell's, at the "Boro'."'

'What will he pay you?'

'Wal, I've four barr'ls of "dip," and tu of "hard." For the hull, I reckon he'll give three dollars a barr'l.'

'By tale?'

'No, for two hun'red and eighty pound.'

'Well, *I'll* give you two dollars and a half by weight.'

'Can't take it, Cunnel; must get three dollar.'

'What, will you go sixty miles with this team, and waste five or six days, for fifty cents on six barrels—three dollars?'

'Can't 'ford the time, Cunnel, but must git three dollar a barr'l.'

'That fellow is a specimen of our "natives,"' said the Colonel, as we resumed our seats in the carriage. 'You'll see more of them before we get back to the plantation.'

'He puts a young cow to a decidedly original use,' I remarked.

'Oh no, not original here; the ox and the cow with us are both used for labor.'

'You don't mean to say that cows are generally worked here?'

'Of course I do. Our breeds are good for nothing as milkers, and we put them to the next best use. I never have cow's milk on my plantation.'

'You don't! why, I could have sworn it was in my coffee this morning.'

'I wouldn't trust you to buy brandy for me, if your organs of taste are not keener than that. It was goat's milk.'

'Then how do you get your butter?'

'From the North. I've had mine from my New York factors for over two years.'

We soon arrived at Sandy the negro-hunter's, and halted to allow the Colonel to inquire as to the health of his family of children and dogs,—the latter the less numerous, but, if I might judge by appearances, the more valued of the two.

Southern Aids To The North.

II.

If war did little else, it would have its value from the fact that it acts so extensively as an institution for the dissemination of useful knowledge. Every murmur of political dissension sends thousands to consult the map, and repair their early neglect of geography. Perhaps if atlases and ethnographical works were more studied we should have less war. And it is by no means impossible that the mutual knowledge which has been or is to be acquired by the people of the South and the North during this present war will eventually aid materially in establishing a firm bond of union.

That we have much to learn is shown in the firm faith with which so many have listened to the threats of 'a united South.' Until recently the fierce and furious assurances of the rebel press, that south of Mason and Dixon's line all were wedded heart and soul to their cause, were taken almost without a doubt. Who has forgotten the late doleful convictions of the dough-faces that the South would hold together to the last in spite of wind or weather, concluding invariably with the old refrain,—'Suppose we conquer them—what then?' Had the country at large known in detail, as it *should* have known from a common-school education, what the South *really* is,—or from experience of life what human nature really is,—it would never have believed that this boasted unanimity was based on aught save ignorance or falsehood. The Southern press itself, almost without an exception, betrays gross ignorance of its own country, and is very superficial in its statistics, inclining more than any other to warp facts and figures to suit preconceived views. We, like it, have tacitly adopted the belief that south of a certain line a certain climate invariably prevailed, and that under its influences, from the Border to the Gulf of Mexico, there has been developed a race essentially alike in all its characteristics. The planter and the slave-owner, or the city merchant, has been the type with which our writers have become familiar at the hotel and the watering-place, or in the 'store,' and we have accepted them as speaking for the South, quite forgetful that in America, as in other countries, the real man of the middle class travels but little, and when he does, is seldom to be found mingling in the 'higher circles.' Yet even this Southern man of the middle class and of 'Alleghania,' when at the North frequently affects a 'Southern' air, which is not more natural to him than it is to the youthful scions of Philadelphia and New York, who, when in Europe, so often talk pro-slavery and bowie knife, as though they

lived in the very heart of planterdom. But the truth is that when we search the South out closely we find that in reality there is a very great difference between its districts and their inhabitants, and, in *fact*, as has been very truly said, 'not only is there no geographical boundary between the free and slave States, but no moral and intellectual boundary.'

In the great temperate region which, parting from either side of the Alleghanies, extends from Virginia to Alabama, and is still continued in the pleasant level of Texas, slavery has rolled away from either mountain side like a flood, leaving it the home of a hardy population which regards with jealousy and dislike both the wealthy planter and the negro. James W. Taylor, in his valuable collection of facts, claims that through the whole extent of the Southern Alleghania slavery has relatively diminished since 1850, and that the forthcoming census tables will establish the assertion. 'The superintendent of the census,' he says, 'would furnish a document, valuable politically and for military use, if he would anticipate the publication of this portion of his voluminous budget.' If government, indeed, were to communicate to the public what information it now holds, and has long held, relative to the numbers and strength of the Union men of the South, an excitement of amazement would thrill through the North. It was on the basis of this knowledge that our great campaign was planned,—and it can not be denied that thousands of stanch Union men were greatly astonished at the revelations of sympathy which burst forth most unexpectedly in districts where the stars and stripes have been planted. But the Cabinet 'knew what it knew' on this subject. Much of its knowledge never can be revealed, but enough will come to-night to show that in our darkest hour we had an enormous mass of aid, little suspected by those weaker brethren who stood aghast at the Southern bugbear, and who, falling prostrate in nerveless terror at the windy spectre, quaked out repeated assurances that *they* had no intention of 'abolitionizing the war,' and even earnestly begged and prayed that the emancipationists might all be sent to Fort Warren,—so fearful were the poor cowards lest the united South, in the final hour of victory, might include them in its catalogue of the doomed. What would they say if they knew the number and power of the ABOLITIONISTS OF THE SOUTH,—a body of no trifling significance, whose fierce grasp will yet be felt on the throat of rebellion and of slavery? It is grimly amusing to think of the aid which the South counted on receiving from these Northern dough-faces,—little thinking that within itself it contained a counter-revolutionary party, far more dangerous than the Northern friends were helpful.

It should be borne in mind that where such an evil as slavery exists there will be numbers of grave, sensible men, who, however quiet they may keep, will have their own opinions as to the expediency of maintaining it. The bigots of the South may rave of the beauty of 'the institution,' and make many believe that they speak for the whole,—a little scum when whipped covers the whole pail,—but beneath all lies a steadily-increasing mass of practical men who would readily enough manifest their opposition should opportunity favor free speech. Such people, for instance, are not insensible to the enormously corrupting influence of negroes on their children. Let the reader recall Olmsted's experiences,—that, for example, where he speaks of three negro women who had charge of half a dozen white girls of good family, 'from three to fifteen years of age.'

> Their language was loud and obscene, such as I never heard before from any but the most depraved and beastly women of the streets. Upon observing me they dropped their voices, but not with any appearance of shame, and continued their altercation until their mistresses entered. The white children, in the mean time, had listened without any appearance of wonder or annoyance. The moment the ladies opened the door, they became silent.—*Cotton Kingdom*, vol. i. p. 222.

The Southern *Cultivator* for June, 1855, speaks of many young men and women who have 'made shipwreck of all their earthly hopes, and been led to the fatal step by the seeds of corruption which in the days of childhood and youth were sown in their hearts by the indelicate and lascivious manners and conversation of their fathers' negroes.' If we had no other fact or cause to cite, this almost unnamable one might convince the reader that there must be a groundwork somewhere in the South among good, moral, and decent people, for antipathy to slavery,—human nature teaches us as much. And such people exist, not only among the hardy inhabitants of the inland districts, who are not enervated by wealth and 'exclusiveness,' but in planterdom itself.

There are few in the North who realize the number of persons in the South who silently disapprove of slavery on sound grounds, such as I have mentioned. Does it seem credible that nearly *ten millions* of people should socially sympathize with some three hundred thousand slave-holders, who act with intolerable arrogance to all non-slave-holders? 'Even in those regions where slavery is profitable,' as a writer in the Boston *Transcript* well expresses it, 'the poor whites feel the slaveocracy as the most grinding of aristocracies.'

> In those regions where it is not profitable, the population regard it with a latent abhorrence, compared with which the rhetorical and open invectives of Garrison and Phillips are feeble and tame. Anybody who has read Olmsted's truthful narrative of his experience in the slave States can not doubt this fact. The hatred to slavery too often finds its expression in an almost inhuman hatred of 'niggers,' whether slave or free, but it is none the less significant of the feelings and opinions of the white population.

As I write, every fresh thunder of war and crash of victory is followed by murmurs of amazement at the enthusiastic receptions which the Union forces meet in most unexpected strongholds of the enemy, in the very heart of slavedom. Yet it was *known* months ago, and prophesied, with the illustration of undeniable facts, that this counter-revolutionary element existed. One single truth was forgotten,—that these Southern friends of the Union, even while avowing that slavery must be supported, had no love of it in their hearts. Emancipation has been sedulously set aside under pretence of conciliating them; but it was needless,—'old custom' had made them cautious, and mindful of 'expediency;' but the mass of them hate 'the institution.' It is for the traitorous Northern *dough-faces*, and the paltry handful of secessionists, 'on a thin slip of land on the Atlantic,' that slavery is, at present, cherished. The great area of the South is free from it,—and ever will be.

It has frequently been insisted on that the mere *geographical* obstacles to disunion are such as to render the cause of slavery hopeless in the long run. Yet to this most powerful Southern aid to the North, men seem to have been strangely blind during the days of doubt which so long afflicted us. These obstacles are, briefly, the enormous growing power of the West, and its inevitable outlet, the Mississippi river. 'For it is the mighty and free *West* which will always hang like a lowering thunder-cloud over them.'[14] On this subject I quote at length from an article, in the Danville (Ky.) *Review*, by the Rev. R. J. Breckenridge, D.D.:—

> Whoever will look at a map of the United States, will observe that Louisiana lies on both sides of the Mississippi river, and that the States of Arkansas and Mississippi lie on the right and left banks of this great stream—eight hundred miles of whose lower course is thus controlled by these three States, unitedly inhabited by hardly as many white people as inhabit the city of New York. Observe, then, the country drained by this river and its affluents, commencing with Missouri on its west bank and Kentucky on its east bank. There are nine or ten powerful States, large portions of three or four others, several large Territories—in all, a country as large as all Europe, as fine as any under the sun, already holding many more people than all the revolted States, and powerful regions of the earth. Does any one suppose that these powerful States—this great and energetic population—will ever make a peace that will put the lower course of this single and mighty national outlet to the sea in the hands of a foreign government far weaker than themselves? If there is any such person he knows little of the past history of mankind, and will perhaps excuse us for reminding him that the people of Kentucky, before they were constituted a State, gave formal notice to the federal government, when Gen. Washington was President, that if the United States did not require Louisiana they would themselves conquer it. The mouths of the Mississippi belong, by the gift of God, to the inhabitants of its great valley. Nothing but irresistible force can disinherit them.
>
> Try another territorial aspect of the case. There is a bed of mountains abutting on the left bank of the Ohio, which covers all Western Virginia, and all Eastern Kentucky, to the width, from east to west, in those two States, of three or four hundred miles. These mountains, stretching south-westwardly, pass entirely through Tennessee, cover the back parts of North Carolina and Georgia, heavily invade the northern part of Alabama, and make a figure even in the back parts of South Carolina and the eastern parts of Mississippi, having a course of perhaps seven or eight hundred miles, and running far south of the northern limit of profitable cotton culture. It is a region of 300,000 square miles, trenching upon eight or nine slave States, though nearly destitute of slaves itself; trenching upon at least five cotton States, though raising no cotton itself. The western part of Maryland and two-thirds of Pennsylvania are embraced in the north-eastern continuation of this remarkable region. Can anything that passes under the name of statesmanship be more preposterous than the notion of permanent peace on this continent, founded on the abnegation of a common and paramount government, and the idea of the supercilious domination of the cotton interest and the slave-trade over such a mountain empire, so located and so peopled?
>
> As a further proof of the utter impossibility of peace except under a common government, and at once an illustration of the import of what has just been stated, and the suggestion of a new and insuperable difficulty, let it be remembered that this great mountain region, throughout its general course, is more loyal to the Union than any other portion of the slave States. It is the mountain counties of Maryland that have held treason in check in that State; it is forty mountain counties in Western Virginia that have laid the foundation of a new and loyal commonwealth; it is the mountain counties of Kentucky that first and most eagerly took up arms for the Union; it is the mountain region of Tennessee that alone, in that dishonored State, furnished martyrs to the sacred cause of freedom; it is the mountain people of Alabama that boldly stood out against the Confederate government till their own leaders deserted and betrayed them.

It is not a strong point, but it is worth noting, that even in South Carolina there is an Alleghanian

area of 4,074 square miles, equal to the State of Connecticut, in which the diminished proportion of slaves, with other local causes, are sufficient to indicate the Union feeling which indeed struggles there in secret. These counties are:—

	FREE.	SLAVE.
Spartanburgh,	18,311	8,039
Greenville,	13,370	6,691
Anderson,	13,867	7,514
Pickens,	13,105	3,679

Slavery is here large, as compared to the other counties of 'Alleghania,' but the great proportion of free inhabitants, as contrasted with the districts near the Atlantic, makes it worth citing. In accordance with a request, I give from Jas. W. Taylor's collection, illustrating this subject, the table of population in East Tennessee:—

> The following table, from the census of 1850, presents the slave and cotton statistics of this district, in their relation to the free population:

COUNTIES.	FREE.	SLAVE.	COTTON, 400 lb. bales.
Johnson,	3,485	206	0
Carter,	5,911	353	0
Washington,	12,671	930	0
Sullivan,	10,603	1,004	153
Hancock,	5,447	202	2
Hawkins,	11,567	1,690	0
Greene,	16,526	1,093	0
Cocke,	7,501	719	3
Sevier,	6,450	403	0
Jefferson,	11,458	1,628	0
Granger,	11,170	1,035	1
Knox,	16,385	2,193	0
Union, new county,			
Claiborne,	8,610	660	0
Anderson,	6,391	503	0
Campbell,	5,651	318	1
Scott,	1,808	37	0
Morgan,	3,301	101	9
Cumberland, new county,			
Roane,	10,525	1,544	121
Blount,	11,213	1,084	6
Munroe,	10,623	1,188	0
McMinn,	12,286	1,568	2,821
Polk,	5,884	400	29
Bradley,	11,478	744	1,600
Meigs,	4,480	395	2
Hamilton,	9,216	672	0
Rhea,	3,951	436	0
Bledsoe,	5,036	827	0
Sequatche, new county,			
Van Buren,	2,481	175	2
Grundy,	2,522	236	24
Marion,	5,718	551	24,413
Franklin,	10,085	3,623	637
Lincoln,	17,802	5,621	2,576

> The geographical order of the foregoing list of counties is from the extreme north-east—Johnson—south-west to Lincoln, on the Alabama line. I have included a tier of counties the west, which embrace the summits and western slopes of the Cumberland Hills, regarding their physical and political features as more identified with East than Middle Tennessee. Such are Lincoln, Franklin, Grundy, Van Buren, Cumberland, Morgan and Scott counties.
>
> I estimate the area of this district as about 17,175 square miles, an extent of territory exceeding the aggregate of the following States:

Massachusetts,	7,800 square miles.
Connecticut,	4,674 square miles.

Rhode Island,	l,306 square miles.
	———
	13,180 square miles.

Yet it is not many months since even this Tennessee region, it was generally feared, would be false to the Union, on account of its attachment to slavery.

The reader who has studied the facts which I have cited, indicating the existence of a powerful Union party at the South (and the facts are few and weak compared to the vast mass which exist, and which are known to government), may judge for himself whether that party is Union *in spite of pro-slavery principles*, as so many would have us believe. Let him see where these Union men are found, where they have come forth with the greatest enthusiasm, and *then* say that he believes they are friends to slavery. Let him bear in mind the hundreds of thousands of acres, the vast tracts, equal in extent to whole Northern States, in the South, which are unfitted for slave labor, and reflect whether the inhabitants of these cool, temperate regions are not as conscious of their inadaptability to slave labor as he is himself; and whether *they* are so much attached to the institution which fosters the Satanic pride, panders to the passions, and corrupts the children of the planter of the low country.

Since writing the above, the long-expected declaration of President LINCOLN has appeared in favor of adopting a plan which may lead to the gradual abolishment of slavery. He proposes that the United States shall coöperate with such slave States as may desire Emancipation, by giving such pecuniary aid as may compensate for any losses incurred. No interference with State rights or claims to rights in the question is intended.

It is evident that this message is directed entirely to the strengthening and building up of the Union party of the South, and has been based quite as much on their demands and on a knowledge of their needs, as on any Northern pressure. And it will have a sure effect. It will bring to life, if realized, those seeds of counter-revolution which so abundantly exist in the South. The growth may be slow, but it will be certain. So long as the certainty exists that compensation *may* be obtained, there will be a party who will long for it; and where there is a will there is a way. The executive has finally *officially* recognized the truth of the theory of Emancipation, and thereby entitled itself to the honor of having taken the greatest forward step in the glorious path of Freedom ever made even in our history.

The Molly O'Molly Papers.

No. I.

In addressing you for the first time, you will perhaps expect me to give some account of myself and my ancestry, as did the illustrious *Spectator*.

My remote ancestors are Irish. From them I inherited enthusiasm, a gun-powder temper, a propensity to blunder, and a name—Molly O'Molly. The origin of this name I have in vain endeavored to trace in history, perhaps because it belonged to a very old family, one of the *prehistorics*. As such it might have been that of a demigod, or, according to the development theory, of a *demi-man*. Or it might have been that of an old Irish gentleman, *gentle* in truth;—in the formative stage of society it is the monster that leaves traces of himself, as in an old geologic period the huge reptile left his tracks in the plastic earth, which afterward hardened into rock.

Then, too, I have searched in vain for anything like it in ancient Irish poetry, thinking that my progenitor's name might have been therein embalmed. 'The stony science'—mind you—reveals to us the former existence of the huge reptile, the fragmentary, mighty mastodon, and, imperfect, the mail-clad fish. But, wonder of wonders, we find the whole *insect* preserved in that fossil gum amber. And even so in verse, characters are preserved for all time, that could not make their mark in history, and that had none of the elements of an earthly immortality. Did I wish immortality I would choose a poet for my friend;—an *In Memoriam* is worth all the records of the dry chronicler.

But, it is not with the root of the family tree that you have to do, but with the twig Myself.

As for my physique,—I am not like the scripture personage who beheld his face in a glass, and straightway forgot what manner of man he was. I have, on the contrary, a very distinct recollection of my face; suffice it to say, that, had I Rafaelle's pencil, I would not, like him, employ it on my own portrait.

And my life—the circumstances which have influenced, or rather created its currents, have been trifling; not that it has had no powerful currents; it is said that the equilibrium of the whole ocean

could be destroyed by a single mollusk or coralline,—but my life has been an uneventful one. I never met with an adventure, never even had a hair-breadth escape,—yes, I did, too, have one hair-breadth escape. I once just grazed matrimony. The truth is, I fell in love, and was sinking with Falstaff's 'alacrity,' when I was fished out; but somehow I slipt off the hook—fortunately, however, was left on shore. By the way, the best way to get out of love is to be drawn out by the matrimonial hook. One of Holmes' characters wished to change a vowel of the verb *to love*, and conjugate it—I have forgotten how far. Where two set out to conjugate together the verb to love in the first person plural, it is well if they do not, before the honey-moon is over, get to the present-perfect, indicative. Alas! I have thus far, in the first person singular, conjugated too many verbs, among them *to enjoy*. As for *to be*, I have come to the balancing in my mind of the question that so perplexed Hamlet—'To be, or not to be.' For, with all the natural cheerfulness of my disposition, I can not help sometimes looking on the dark side of life. But there is no use in setting down my gloomy reflections,—all have them. We are all surrounded by an atmosphere of misery, pressing on us fifteen pounds to the square inch, so evenly and constantly that we know not its fearful weight. To change the figure. Have you ever thought how much misery one life *can* hold in solution? Each year, as it flows into it, adds to it a heaviness, a weight of woe, as the rivers add salts to the ocean. I do not refer to the most unhappy, but to all. Some one says,—

'If singing breath, if echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven.'

If breath to every hidden prayer were given, could it be *singing* breath? Would it not be a wail monotonous as the dirge of the November wind over the dead summer, a wail for lost hopes, lost joys, lost loves? Or the monotony would be varied—as is the wind by fitful gusts—by shrieks of despair, cries of agony. No, no, there is no use in trying to modulate our woes,—'we're all wrong, —the *time* in us is lost.'

'Henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself,
"Enough, enough," and die.'

But why talk thus? why mourn over dead hopes, dead joys, dead loves? 'Tis best to bury the dead out of our sight, and from them will spring many humbler hopes, quieter joys, more lowly affections, which 'smell sweet' though they 'blossom in the dust,' and they are the only resurrection these dead ones can ever have. I have been reading, in Maury's Geography of the Sea, how the sea's dead are preserved; how they stand like enchanted warders of the treasures of the deep, unchanged, except that the expression of life is exchanged for the ghastliness of death. So, down beneath the surface currents do some deep souls preserve their dead hopes, joys, loves. Oh, this is unwise; this is *not* as God intended; for, unlike the sea's dead, there will be for these no resurrection.

Thus far I wrote, when the current of my thoughts was changed by a lively tune struck up by a hand-organ across the street. I am not 'good' at distinguishing tunes, but this one I had so often heard in childhood, and had so wondered at its strange title, that I could but remember it. It was 'The Devil's Dream.' Were I a poet, I would write the words to it;—but then, too, I would need be a musician to compose a suitable new tune to the words! The rattling, reckless notes should be varied by those sad enough to make an unlost angel weep—an unlost angel, for, to the hot eyes of the lost, no tears can come. 'The *Devil's* Dream'—perhaps it is of Heaven. Doubtless, frescoed in heavenly colors on the walls of his memory, are scenes from which fancy has but to brush the smoke and grime of perdition to restore them to almost their original beauty. I could even pity the 'Father of lies,' the 'Essence of evil,' the 'Enemy of mankind,' when I think of the terrible awaking. But does *he* ever sleep? Has there since the fall been a pause in *his* labors? Perhaps the reason this tune-time is so fast is because he is dreaming in a hurry,—must soon be up and doing. But it is my opinion that he has so wound up the world to wickedness, that he might sleep a hundred years, and it would have scarcely begun to run down on his awaking; when, from the familiar appearance of all things, he would swear 'it was but an after-dinner nap.' Indeed he might die, might to-day go out in utter nothingness like a falling star, and it would be away in the year two thousand before he would be missed,—we have learned to do our own devil-work so rarely. Meanwhile the well-wound world—as a music-box plays over the same tunes—would go on sinning over the same old sins. Satan is a great economist, but a paltry deviser,—he has not invented a new sin since the flood. My thoughts thus danced along to the music, when they were brought to a dead stop by its cessation; and it was time, you will think....

But, permit me to remind you that my name is not *acquired*, but *inherited*.

At your service,

MOLLY O'MOLLY.

No. II.

I detest that man who bides his time to repay a wrong or fancied wrong, who keeps alive in his hardened nature the vile thing hatred, and would for centuries, did he live thus long,—as the toad

is kept alive in the solid rock. Hugh Miller says he is 'disposed to regard the poison bag of the serpent as a mark of degradation;' this venomous spite is certainly a mark of degradation, and it is only creeping, crawling souls that have it, but the creeping and crawling are a part of the curse.

Yet I have a respect for honest indignation, righteous anger, such as the O'Mollys have ever been capable of. And all the O'Molly blood in my veins has been stirred by the contemptuous manner in which some men have spoken of woman. 'Weak woman,—inconstant woman;' they have made the wind a type of her fickleness. In this they are right; for it has been proved that the seasons in their return, day and night, are not more sure than the wind. Such fickleness as this is preferable to *man's* greatest constancy. Woman weak! she's gentle as the summer breeze, I grant;—but, like this same breeze, when she's roused—then beware! You have doubtless heard of that gale that forced back the Gulf Stream, and piled it up thirty feet at its source.

Take care how you sour woman's nature,—remember that, once soured, all the honey in the universe will not sweeten it. There is such a thing as making vinegar of molasses, but I never heard of making molasses of vinegar. Do you wish to know the turning process? Grumbling—everlasting fault-finding—at breakfast, dinner, and supper, the same old tune. I don't see how the man who boards can endure it; he is obliged to swallow his food without complaint. The landlady at the head of the table is a very different-looking individual from the meek woman he afterwards calls wife,—not a word can he say, though he morning after morning, in his breakfast, recognizes, through its various disguises, yesterday's dinner. By the way, this is after Dame Nature's plan; she uses the greatest economy in feeding her immense family of boarders; never wastes a refuse scrap, or even a drop of water. If one of these boarders dies, it is true he is not, like 'the poor work-house boy,' served up as one dish, but he becomes an ingredient in many 'a dainty dish' fit to 'to set before a king.' But I am not, like 'Miss Ophelia' in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' going to explore the good dame's kitchen,—will rather eat what is set before me, asking no questions; which last, what *man* ever did, if he could help it?

For an insignificant man, originally but a cipher, who owes it to his wife that he is even the fraction that he is, to talk about 'woman knowing her place—he's head,' etc.! If he had given her the place that belonged to her, their value, not as individual figures, but as one number, would have been increased a thousand fold. I have made a calculation, and this is literally true, or rather, you will say, *figuratively* true. Well, this kind of figures can not lie.

'The rose,' the Burmese say, 'imparts fragrance to the leaf in which it is folded.' Many a man has had a sweetness imparted to his character by the woman he has sheltered in his bosom—though some characters 'not all the perfume of Arabia could sweeten;' and, strange as it seem, most women would rather be folded in a *tobacco* leaf than 'waste their sweetness on desert air.' Though it is a long time since I have been a man *lover*, I am not a man *hater*. I can not hate anything that has been so hallowed by woman's love,—*its* magnetism gives a sort of attractive power to him.

Notwithstanding all that has been said about woman's weakness, it is acknowledged that she has a pretty strong will of her own. Well, we need a strong will,—it is the great *centrifugal force* that God has given to all. Only it must be subordinate to the *centripetal force* of the universe—the Divine will.

It is said that the centripetal force of our solar system is the Pleiad Alcyon. I know not whether the other stars of that cluster feel this attraction; if they do, what a centrifugal force the lost Pleiad must have had, to break away from 'the sweet influences' which, through so immense a distance, draw the sun with all his train. This is not without a parallel—when 'the morning stars sang together' over the new-born earth, one 'star of the morning' was not there to join in the chorus.

But Old Sol will probably never so strongly assert *his* centrifugality as to set such an example of *secession* to his planets and comets.

Pardon this astronomical digression. I have just returned from hearing an itinerant lecturer, and it will take a week to get the smoke of his magic lantern out of my eyes. If there is any error in these observations, blame the itinerant, not me.

I had been low-spirited all day, had tried reading, work,—all of no avail. Dyspeptic views of life would present themselves to my mind. Some natures, and mine is of them, like the pendulum, need a weight attached to them to keep them from going too fast. But a wholesome sorrow is very different from this moping melancholy, when the thoughts run in one direction, till they almost wear a channel for themselves—when the channel is worn, there is *insanity*.

Neither are my gloomy religious views to-day those that will regenerate the world. Those lines of Dr. Watts,—

> 'We should suspect some danger nigh
> When we possess delight,'—

it is said, were written after a disappointment in love—it was 'sour grapes' that morning—with the grave divine.

As a general rule, where we possess *continued* delight, there is no 'danger nigh.' Where an enjoyment comes between us and our God, it casts on us a shadow. When we have plucked a beautiful flower, if poisonous, it has such a sickening odor that we fling it from us. We do not 'pay too dear for our whistle,' unless it costs us a sin; then it soon becomes a loathed and useless toy. Otherwise, the dearer we pay, the sweeter its music.

And even if there is 'danger nigh'—because we are pleased with the beautiful foam, need we steer straight for the breakers? Not every tempting morsel is the enemy's bait, though we should be careful how we nibble;—he is no blunderer (a proof positive that he is not Irish), never leaves his trap sprung—and we may get caught.

This is a synopsis of the arguments, or rather assertions, with which I opposed those of the blues; but, finding they were getting the better of me, I started out for a walk. It was a chilly afternoon; the whole sky, except a clear place just above the western horizon, was covered with those heavy, diluted India-ink clouds; the setting sun throwing a dreary red light on the northern and eastern mountains, adding sullenness to the gloom, instead of dispelling it. But why describe this gloomy sunset, there are so many beautiful ones?—when, as the grand, old, dying Humboldt said, the 'glorious rays seem to beckon earth to heaven?'

Well, I walked so fast that I left my blue tormentors far in the rear. On the way I met a friend, who invited me to go to the astronomical lecture. Here you have it, after many digressions. My thoughts never strike a plane surface, but always a spherical, and fly off in a tangent.

Sydney Smith says, 'Remember the flood and be brief.' You know I belong to a very old family; and from an ancestor, who lived before the flood, has been transmitted through a long line of O'Mollys a disposition to spin out. Unfortunately an antediluvian length of time was not an *heir-loom* to

Your humble servant,

MOLLY O'MOLLY.

Sketches Of Edinburgh Literati.

By A Former Member Of Its Press.

There was a time when the little hamlet of Cockpaine, ten miles from Edinburgh, in addition to the charms of its scenery, was also socially attractive from the high literary talent of several of its residents. It was situated on the banks of the Esk, whose rapid flow affords a valuable water-power. This had been improved under the enterprise of Mr. Craig, an extensive manufacturer, who became at last proprietor not only of the mills, but of the entire village. Mr. Craig was successful for several years; but the revulsions of trade during the Crimean war swept away his previous profits, and in 1854 he sank in utter bankruptcy.

The extensive domain of the Earl of Dalhousie lay next to Cockpaine, and the village site seemed all that was necessary to its completeness. As soon as the latter was offered for sale, the earl made the long-desired purchase, and then began the immediate eviction of its population. I saw four hundred operatives, of all ages, driven off on one sad occasion—a scene which reminded me most painfully of Goldsmith's lines in the 'Deserted Village:'—

> 'Good Heaven! what sorrows gloomed that parting day
> That called them from their native walks away,
> When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
> Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last,
> And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
> For seats like these beyond the western main;
> And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
> Returned and wept, and still returned to weep.'

A subsequent visit to what was once the thriving village, with its embowered cottages reflected from the waters of the Esk, its groups of romping children, its Sabbath melodies and its secular din, now changed to a nobleman's preserves, recalled the following truthful sketch from the same poem:—

> 'Thus fares the land by luxury betrayed,
> In Nature's simplest charms arrayed;
> But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
> Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
> While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
> The mournful peasant leads his humble band;

And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms, a garden and a grave.'

Among those whom Mr. Craig had numbered with the friends of his better days, the first rank might have been conceded to that most eccentric and interesting child of genius, Thomas DeQuincey.

Mr. Craig had thrown open to his use a lovely cottage and grounds, commonly known as 'the Paddock,' which DeQuincey and his family occupied for several years as privileged guests. 'The Opium-eater,' as he was universally called by the villagers, was not more remarkable in character than in appearance. His attenuated form, though but five feet six in height, seemed singularly tall; and his sharply aquiline countenance was strongly indicative of reflection. This aspect was increased by a downward cast of the eyes, which were invariably fixed upon the ground; and in his solitary walks he seemed like one rapt in a dream. Such a character could not but be quite a marvel to the literary coterie of Cockpaine, which found in him an inexhaustible subject of discussion; while the more common class of the community viewed him with solemn wonderment —'aye, there he gaes aff to th' brae—he'll kill himsell wi' ower thinkin'—glowrin all the day lang—ah, there's na gude in that black stuff; it's worse nor whiskey and baccy forbye.' Such were some of the ordinary comments on the weird form which was seen emerging from 'the Paddock' and moving in solitude towards the hills. Taciturnity was a striking feature in DeQuincey's character, and was, no doubt, owing to intense mental action. The inner life, aroused to extreme activity by continued stimulus, excluded all perceptions beyond its own limits, and the world in which he dwelt was sufficiently large without the intrusion of external things. In his walks I would often follow in his track, with that fondness of imitation peculiar to childhood, but was never the object of his notice, and never heard him converse but once. Overcome by such recluse habits, DeQuincey showed no desire to court the patronage of the great, and had but little intercourse with the lordly family of the Dalhousies. Indeed, his only intimacy was with Mr. Craig, whose hospitality had won his heart. He was at this time still consuming enormous quantities of opium, having never abated its use, notwithstanding his allusions to reform in the 'Confessions.' His two daughters, like those of Milton, cheered the domestic scenes of 'the Paddock,' and the trio formed a circle whose interest pervaded the literary world.

DeQuincey was at that time writing for Hogg's *Instructor*, a popular Edinburgh periodical, in which his articles were a leading attraction. The *Instructor* was published weekly, and in addition to the pen of the 'Opium-eater,' could boast the editorship of the brilliant George Gilfillan. The former of these devoted himself to a series of interesting miscellanies, in which he brought out many pen-and-ink portraits of striking power. At times, indeed, he was almost considered joint editor; but his use of opium was so little abated, that it forbade dependence upon his pen. The quantity of the drug consumed by him, according to report, was astonishing. In his daily walk along the Esk, his form was easily distinguished, even at a distance, by the prim black surtout, whose priestly aspect was somewhat in contrast with his 'shocking-bad' hat. DeQuincey had by this time escaped from the poverty of his early days, of which he speaks so bitterly in his 'Confessions,' and was, if not a man of wealth, at least in easy circumstances. He was reputed to own a snug little estate, called 'Lasswade;' but he abandoned it to a tenant, and gave preference to Cockpaine, which charmed him by its romantic scenery. His pay for contributions to the *Instructor* could not have been less than a guinea per page; and Hogg, its publisher (who was no relation to the Ettrick shepherd), would have given him more had it been demanded. The *Instructor* was subsequently merged into the *Titan*, and its place of publication changed to London.

Removing from Cockpaine, my initiation into Edinburgh life was through an acquaintance with the noted publishing house of the Messrs. Black, who were then getting out their splendid edition of the *Encyclopedia Brittanica*.

This vast enterprise, which cost £25,000, was highly profitable, through the energy and cleverness of Robert Black, who conducted it. Among other distinguished contributors, I frequently met in its office Mr., subsequently Lord, Macaulay, who furnished the articles on 'Pitt,' 'Canning,' and other distinguished statesmen. Although at that time a man of slender means, Mr. Macaulay refused compensation for these papers, on the score of strong personal friendship. However, he received an indirect reward, more valuable than mere gold, since Robert Black was his strong political supporter, and frequently presided at public meetings held to further Macaulay's interests. I have often seen Music Hall crowded by an enthusiastic mass while the bookseller filled the chair, and the great reviewer appeared as a public orator. Macaulay's person was very striking and impressive. He was tall, and of noble build and full development. Although one of the most diligent of readers and hard working of students of any age, his ruddy countenance did not indicate close application, and his appearance was anything but that of a book-worm. Indeed, at first glance, one would have taken him for a fine specimen of the wealthy English farmer; and to have observed his habits of good living at the social dining parties, would have added to the impression that in him the animal nature was far in advance of the intellectual. Macaulay, on all festive occasions, proved himself as elegant a conversationist as he was a writer; his tone was thoroughly English, and his pronunciation, like that of Washington Irving, was singularly correct. As a speaker, he at times rose to splendid flights of oratory, although his delivery from memory was less effective than the extemporaneous style. Macaulay never married, but was always happy in the social circle of his friends.

The Blacks were likewise publishers of Scott's novels, the demand for which was so great that

they were seldom 'off the press.' Three standard editions were issued,—one of forty-eight volumes, at a low rate, another of twenty-five volumes, at higher cost, and an additional library edition, of still greater price. Of these, one thousand 'sets' per year were the average of sale.

Shortly after this, I was in connection with the Ballantynes, who published Blackwood's Magazine, one of the most profitable periodicals in the United Kingdom. This connection led to an acquaintance with John Wilson, better known as 'Christopher North,' of 'Old Ebony.' When the printers were in haste, I have frequently walked down to his residence in Gloucester Place, and sat by his side, waiting patiently, hour after hour, for copy. The professor always wrote in the night, and would frequently dash off one of his splendid articles between supper and daybreak. His study was a small room, containing a table littered with paper, the walls garnished with a few pictures, while heaps of books were scattered wherever chance might direct. At this table might have been seen the famous professor of moral philosophy, stripped to his shirt and pantaloons, the former open in front, and displaying a vast, hirsute chest, while a slovenly necktie kept the limp collar from utter loss of place. This was his favorite state for composition, and was in true keeping with the character and productions of his genius. When in public, the professor was still a sloven; but his heavy form and majestic head and countenance—though he was not a tall man—at once commanded respect. He never appeared anything but the philosopher, and I, who saw him in the dishabille of his study, never lost my awe for his greatness. He had a worthy family, and maintained an excellent establishment. Aytoun, who is now editor of Blackwood, married one of his daughters, and has proved, by his stirring ballads, that he was worthy of such an alliance. In writing, the professor eschewed gas light, and made use of the more classic lamp. A bottle of wine was his companion, and stood at his elbow until exhausted. This will perhaps explain much of the convivial character of the 'Notes.' The old-fashioned quill pen was his preference; and as the hours advanced, and mental excitement waxed in activity, the profuse spattering of ink rattled like rain. As a matter of course, his pay was of the highest rate, and his articles were read with avidity. One reason of this may be found in the boldness with which he drags into the imaginary colloquies of *Noctes Ambrosianæ* the literati of both kingdoms. This liberty was sometimes felt keenly, and sharply resented. Poor James Hogg, the 'Ettrick Shepherd,' who was just then getting a position in the literary world, sometimes found himself figuring unexpectedly in the scenes, as the victim of relentless wit. As a retaliation, Hogg attacked Wilson in a sheet which he was then publishing in the Cowgate, under the aid and patronage of a hatter.

It was one of John Wilson's fancies to affect a love of boxing, and it was a favorite theme in the 'Ambrosial Discussions.' From this some have imagined that he was of a pugilistic turn, whereas he knew nothing of the 'science,' and only affected the knowledge in jest.

Next to old 'Kit North,' the most truly beloved contributor to Blackwood was 'Delta,' whose poetry was for years expected, almost of course, in every number. As Wilson's identity was well-nigh lost in his imaginary character, so plain Dr. Moir was, in the literary world, merged in 'Delta' of Blackwood. But to the inhabitants of Musselburg he sustained a character altogether different, and the gentle *Delta* was only known as one worthy of the title of 'the good physician.' I lived at Musselburg two years, and had ample opportunities of personal acquaintance. Dr. Moir was a man of highly benevolent countenance, and of quiet and retiring manners. His practice was very extensive, and at almost all hours he could have been seen driving an old gray horse through the streets and suburbs of the town. The ancient character of Musselburg seemed to have been as congenial to his temperament as Nuremberg was to that of Hans Sachs. Indeed, in antiquity it can glory over 'Auld Reekie,' according to the quaint couplet,—

> 'Musselboro' was a boro' when Edinburgh was nane;
> Musselboro'll be a boro' when Edinburgh is gane.'

Moir was buried at Inveresk, where his remains are honored by a noble monument; the memory of his genius will be cherished by all readers of Blackwood. He died in 1854.

While engaged on the Encyclopedia to which we have made reference, I made the acquaintance of McCulloch, the distinguished writer of finances, who furnished the article on 'Banking.'

However distinguished may have been the position of this man in point of talent, he failed utterly to command respect; and I chiefly remember his coarse, overbearing tone of boastful superiority, and his abusive language to the compositors who set up his MSS. That they found the latter difficult of deciphering is not surprising, since the sheet looked less like human calligraphy than a row of bayonets. McCulloch had edited the '*Scotsman*' with decided ability, and having attracted the attention of Lord Brougham, had received an appointment in the stationer's office. But in his promotion he quickly forgot his humble origin, and displayed his native vulgarity by lording it over the craftsmen who gave form and life to his thoughts.

Among the giants of Scotland at that time, Thomas Chalmers ranked chief, and the death of Sir Walter Scott had left him without a peer. I used to meet him as he took his early walks, and in his loving way of greeting youth he often bade me a cheerful good-morning. He was then living at Kinghorn, about eight miles from Edinburgh. Dr. Chalmers' robust stature was in keeping with the power of his intellect. He was of massive frame, and displayed a breadth of shoulder which seemed borrowed from the Farnese Hercules. Though so distinguished as a divine, there was nothing clerical in his appearance—nothing of that air of 'the cloth' which at once proclaims the preacher. His noble features were generally overspread with a benevolent smile, which seemed to shed an illumination as though from the ignition of the soul; while at other times he was

possessed with a spirit of abstraction as if walking in a dream.

As a theologian, Chalmers was great beyond any of his contemporaries; and yet, strictly speaking, his genius was mathematical, rather than theological. In this respect he resembled that famed American of whom he professed himself a disciple—Jonathan Edwards. Of the latter it is stated by no less a critic than the author of the *Eclipse of Faith* (Henry Rogers), that he was born a mathematician. Chalmers, however, was a master of all science, and it would have been difficult for even a specialist to have taken him at an advantage. As greatness is always set off by simplicity, the latter feature was one of the chief beauties in what we may call the Chalmerian Colossus. I have often seen him leaning upon the half open door of a smithy, conversing with the intelligent workmen, as they rested from the use of the sledge. Having referred to his love of children, I may add, in respect to myself, that when I, in my childhood, spoke to him in the street, I was generally favored with an apple. He was indeed an ardent lover of the young, and his genius seemed to gather freshness from his intercourse with childhood.

Edinburgh will not soon forget his interest in the welfare of the poor, in which he has been so ably seconded by the present Dr. Guthrie. I well remember beholding the two Christian reformers, standing above the slums of the city, contemplating the fields which the latter had assumed. Suddenly Chalmers clapped his friend upon the back, and exclaimed, in rude pleasantry, 'Wow, Tummus Guthrie, but ye ha a bonnie parish.' Chalmers' pronunciation was singularly broad, and not easily understood by many. Stopping once, during a tour in England, at a place where there was a seminary, a gentleman inquired of him how many Scotch boys were in attendance. 'Saxtain or savantain,' was the reply. 'Enough,' says the gentleman, *sotto voce*, to corrupt a whole school.' As regards calligraphy, Chalmers wrote the most illegible hand in Scotland. He could not even read it himself, and was frequently obliged to call his wife and daughters to his aid. Many of his discourses, when intended for the press, were copied by them. His manuscript, when fresh from his hand, looked as though a fly had fallen into the ink-stand, and then crawled over the page. When his letters were received at his paternal home, the language of the father was, 'A letter from Tummus, eh; weel, when he comes hame, he maun read it himsel.' There was something Homeric in Chalmers' mind; and Hugh Miller always considered him the bard of the Free Church, as well as its great theologian and still greater benefactor; and this, too, notwithstanding the fact that he never wrote a line of verse in his life. The simplest truths, when announced by him, took a poetic shape, and moved along with all the majesty of his towering genius. Speaking of Hugh Miller brings him before us at the time that he was writing for the *Caledonia Mercury*. He was then editor of *The Witness*, but gave to the former paper such moments as he could abstract from his more serious duties. His department in the *Mercury* was the reviewing new publications. Besides his engagement with these two journals, he was pursuing those studies which made him the prince of British geologists. Geology was his passion. Indeed, while writing leaders for the *Witness*, or turning over the leaves of hot-pressed volumes, his mind was wandering among such scenes as the 'Lake of Stromness,' and the 'Old Red Sandstone' of his native Cromarty. His geological sketches in the *Witness* were a new feature in journalism, and formed the basis of that work which so admirably refuted the 'Vestiges of Creation.' I met Miller daily for several years. He was tall, and of a well-built and massive frame, and evidently capable of great endurance, both of mind and body. Considered as one of the distinguished instances of self-made men, Hugh Miller finds his only parallel in Horace Greeley, although the path to greatness was in the first instance even more laborious than in the latter. Let any one read Miller's experiences and adventures, as described in 'My Schools and my Schoolmasters,' and he will find a renewed suggestion of the thought which Johnson so pathetically breathes in his 'London:'—

> 'The mournful truth is everywhere confessed,
> Slow rises worth by poverty depressed.'

Miller's appearance, when in trim attire, was that of the Scottish 'Dominie,' or parish schoolmaster; but, like the great American editor, he was exceedingly slovenly, both by nature and by long habits of carelessness. When in the street, he always wore the plaid, although that garment was quite out of use, and indicated at once something quaint or rustic in the wearer. At this time Miller was living in one of the suburbs of Edinburgh, called Porto Bello. When we exchanged greetings in the street, his countenance, usually overcast with the pale hue of thought, would light up with a bright and open smile, which continued as long as he was speaking, but soon yielded to returning abstraction. One of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen was the groups of youth whom Miller used to invite as companions of an afternoon walk. None were forbidden on the score of childhood, and many a 'wee bairn' trotted after the larger lads who accompanied 'the gude stane-cracker,' and 'the bonnie mon what gaes amang the rocks.' He might well be called the 'stane-cracker,' since I have seen him on Calton Hill, or Arthur's Seat, or among the crags, lecturing, in a calm, quiet tone, on the mysteries which his hammer had brought to light. These were the only recreations of one whose days and nights were, with the exception of a brief and often wakeful season of rest, given to laborious study. Had he indulged more freely in them, he might have escaped the terrible fate which overtook him. But he never could emancipate himself from the labor to which he was chained. His 'Impressions of England,' which is one of the most delightful of his books, was the product of a subsequent tour for health. If such were his recreations, what must have been his labors? Miller's domestic life did much to cheer an over-worked system. He gives, in the 'Schools and Schoolmasters,' a pleasing allusion to the fascination of his courtship; and his subsequent life was graced by one whoso appearance, as I remember her, was singularly lovely and interesting. In his home circle,

Miller was truly a happy man. I may remark, in passing, that this is a feature in Scottish genius. While Shelley, Byron, Bulwer, Dickens, and other English authors, have been wrecked by home difficulties, Scott, Chalmers, Miller, Wilson, and the whole line of Scottish authors, drank deep of domestic felicity. Perhaps this may be explained by the contrast between the warmth of Scottish character, and the saturnine and unsocial disposition of the English. Edinburgh could at that time boast of two distinguished men of the name of Miller; and the great geologist had almost his fellow in the professor of surgery. The two were very intimate, and the one found in the other not only a friend, but a faithful medical adviser. Professor Miller was then printing his leading work, and I had frequent occasion to visit him with reference to its publication. One morning, as I rang, the professor came to the door with a hurried and nervous step. As it opened, I noted that his tall form was peculiarly agitated, and his countenance was deadly pale. In a calm, subdued voice, he informed me that Hugh Miller had just committed suicide with a pistol. The terrible news overcame me with a shudder, and I almost sank to the floor. The fact was not yet generally known; and oh, when it should be made public, what a blow would be felt by the moral and scientific world! The professor knew that the affair might possibly be ascribed by some to accident, but he at once referred it to insanity. The over-worked brain of the geologist had been for some time threatened with a collapse. He had, in addition to the management of the *Witness*, been elaborating a work of deep and exhausting character, and the mental excitement which accompanied its completion was like devouring fire. I have frequently gone to his room at a late hour of the night, and found him sitting before the smouldering grate, so absorbed in thought that, as he balanced the probabilities of contending theories, he unwittingly accompanied the mental effort by balancing the poker on the bar. I have seen, on such an occasion, a greasy stream oozing from the pocket of his fustian coat, and supplied by the roll of butter which at morning market he had purchased for home use. On the table lay his MSS., so marred with interlinings and corrections, that, notwithstanding his neat and delicate hand, it was almost a complete blot. These habits could not but terminate in utter wreck, and I have ever coincided with the professor's opinion as to the cause of his death. This gentleman stated to me a fact not generally known, that a few days before the awful catastrophe, the unfortunate man called on him in great distress, and sought his advice. He complained of a pain in his head, and then added an expression of fears with regard to that which was to him of untold value. This was his mineral and geological collection in Shrub Place, which was, no doubt, the most valuable private one in the kingdom. He was haunted by apprehension of its robbery by a gang of thieves, and asked what measures of safety would be advisable. The professor endeavored to expel the absurd idea by playful remark, and supposed himself somewhat successful. The next thing he heard was the intelligence of his death. It is quite evident that the fatal revolver was purchased for the defense of his treasures. What a lesson is this of the danger of excessive application, of unreasonable toil, of late hours, and mental tension. A continued exhaustion of his energies had brought upon the geologist a state of mental horror from which death seemed the only relief. The reaction of the nervous system was, no doubt, similar to that arising from delirium tremens; and thus extremes met, and the *savant* perished like the inebriate.

The tragedy did not seem complete until another victim should be added. The professor took the revolver to Thompson's, on Leith Walk, in order to learn by examination how many shots had been fired by the unfortunate suicide. The gunsmith took the weapon, but handled it so carelessly, that it went off in his hands, and the ball caused his death.

Speaking of excessive labor, we may observe that this is the general rule among men of science or letters. They are, as a class, crushed by engagements and duties, as well as by problems and questions of which the world can not even dream.

The Edinburgh literati know but little of rest or recreation; from the editor's chair up to the pulpit, they are under a lash as relentless as that of the taskmaster of Egypt. For instance, we might refer to Buchanan, of the *Mercury*. He has sat at his desk until he has become an old man, with the smallest imaginable subtraction of time for food and sleep, writing night and day, and carrying, in his comprehensive brain, the whole details of an influential journal. This feature, however, is not confined to the Old World, and may easily be paralleled in the journalism of America. Both Raymond, of the *Times*, and Bennett, of the *Herald*, almost live in the editorial function; and the former of these, though now Speaker of the Assembly, will either pen his leaders in his desk, during the utterance of prosy speeches, or in hours stolen from sleep after adjournment. In addition to these, we might quote the caustic language of Mr. Greeley, in reference to some mechanics who had 'struck,' in order to reduce their day's labor (we think to nine hours). 'He was in favor of short days of work, and having labored eighteen hours per diem for nearly twenty years, he was now going to "strike" for fifteen during the rest of his life.' But I doubt the success of Mr. Greeley's 'strike,' and apprehend that his early application has continued with but little abatement.

Before leaving Edinburgh for the New World, it was my good fortune to become acquainted with Jeffrey. He was at this time not so much distinguished as the reviewer, as he was by his new title of Lord Jeffrey, Judge of Court Session, with a salary of £3000 per annum. Lord Jeffrey was a small man, of light but elegant make, and peculiarly symmetrical. His head was quite small, but his countenance was of an imposing character; and his eye, brilliant but not fierce, often melted into a pensive tenderness. Such was Jeffrey's appearance on the bench in his latter days. I should have little judged from it that he was the relentless critic, whoso withering sarcasm was felt from the garrets of Grub Street to the highest walk of science or university life. My intimacy with Ballantyne, who published the *Edinburgh Review*, often brought the different MSS. before me,

and I could contrast the exquisite neatness of Wardlaw with the slanting school-boy hand of Jeffrey. The tone and style of review literature have changed greatly since its inception, when each quarterly gloried in the character of a literary ogre, and dead men's bones lay round its doors, as erst about the castle of Giant Despair. Authors are not now thrown to the wild beasts for the entertainment of the multitude, as in former days; and had John Keats, or even poor Henry Kirke White, written and published fifty years later, they would never have perished by the critic's pen. Yet the same malignant assault which crushed their tender muse was the only thing which could amuse the latent powers of a far greater genius; and had not Byron been as cruelly attacked by the *Edinburgh*, he would never have given 'Childe Harold' to the world. The authorship of that most unjust and malignant *critique*, which, however brief, was sufficient to make the author of 'the Hours of Idleness,' foe the time, contemptible, was long a secret; but it is now admitted that it was by Jeffrey. Little did the murderous critic think that his challenge would bring out an adversary who would soon unhorse him, and then dash victoriously over the field under the especial patronage of fame.

The Huguenot Families In America.

III.

The Huguenots Of Ulster.

It is said that the lands of the early Huguenot settlers in Ulster County were so arranged in small lots, and within sight of each other, as to prevent surprise from the Indians whilst their owners were cultivating them. Louis Bevier, one of the most honored patentees, was the ancestor of the highly-respectable family bearing his name in that region. When he was about to leave France, his father became so exasperated, that he refused to bestow upon him the commonest civilities. Nor would he condescend to return the kind salutations of another son in the public streets, affectionately offered by the pious emigrant, and for the last time.

Another of the patentees, Deyo, visited France to claim his confiscated estates, but, failing of success, returned. Kingston, at this early period, was the only trading post or village for the French Protestants, and sixteen miles distant from their settlement, although in a straight line. Paltz was not more than eight miles west of the Hudson River; this route, M. Deyo undertook, alone, to explore—but never returned. It was thought that the adventurous Huguenot died suddenly, or was devoured by the wild beasts. A truss and buckle which he owned were found about thirty years afterwards, at the side of a large hollow tree. His life seems to have been one full of toils and dangers, having endured severe sufferings for conscience' sake, before he reached Holland from France. For days he concealed himself in hiding places from his persecutors, and without food, finally escaping alone in a fishing boat, during a terrific storm.

The descendants of the Ulster Dubois are very influential and numerous in our day, but there is a tradition that this family at one time was in great danger of becoming extinct. For a long while it was the custom of parents to visit Kingston, for the purpose of having their children baptized. M. Dubois and wife were returning from such a pious visit, and while crossing the Roundout, on the ice, it gave way, plunging the horses, sleigh and party in the rapid stream. With great presence of mind, the mother threw her infant, an only son, upon a floating frozen cake, which, like the ark of Moses, floated him safely down the stream, until he was providentially rescued. For some time this child was the only male Dubois among the Paltz Huguenots, and had he perished on that perilous occasion, his family name would also have perished with him; still there were seven females of the same house, called the *seven zuisters*, all of whom married among the most respectable French Protestant families. To no stock do more families in Ulster County trace their origin than that of Dubois. Some antiquarians deny this tradition of the seven sisters, but contend that they were *Lefevres*.

There were two Le Fevres among the Ulster patentees. Their progenitors it is said were among those early Protestants of France who distinguished themselves for intellectual powers, prominence in the Reformed Church, with enduring patience under the severest trials, and death itself. Le Fevre, a doctor of theology, adorned the French metropolis when Paris caught the first means of salvation in the fifteenth century. He preached the pure gospel within its walls; and this early teacher declared '*our religion has only one foundation, one object, one head, Jesus Christ, blessed forever. Let us then not take the name of Paul, of Apostles, or of Peter. The Cross of Christ alone opens heaven and shuts the gates of hell.*' In 1524, he published a translation of the New Testament, and the next year a version of the Psalms. Many received the Holy Scriptures from his hands, and read them in their families, producing the happiest results. Margaret, the beautiful and talented Princess of Valois, celebrated by all the wits and scholars of the time, embraced the true Christianity, uniting her fortune and influence with the Huguenots, and the Reformation thus had a witness in the king's court. She was sister to Francis the First, the reigning monarch. By the hands of this noble lady, the Bishop of Meuse sent to the king a

translation of St. Paul's Epistles, richly illuminated, he adding, in his quaint and beautiful language, 'They will make a truly royal dish of fatness, that never corrupts, and having the power to restore from all manner of sickness. The more we taste them, the more we hunger after them, with desires that are ever fed and never cloyed.'

Abraham Hasbroucq, which is the original orthography of the name among the patentees, was a native of Calais, and the first emigrant of that family to America, in 1675, with a party of Huguenot friends; they resided for a while in the Palatinate on the banks of the Rhine. To commemorate their kindness, when they reached our shores the new settlement was called '*De Paltz*,' now '*New Paltz*,' as the Palatinate was always styled by the Dutch. Here, also, the beautiful stream flowing through New Paltz was known by the name of *Walkill*, after the river Wael, a branch of the Rhine, running into Holland.

The first twelve patentees, or the '*Duzine*,' managed the affairs of the infant settlement as long as they lived, and after their death it was a custom to elect a court officer from among the descendants of each, at the annual town meetings. For a long period they kept in one chest all the important papers of their property and land titles. The pastor or the oldest man had charge of the key, and reference was made to this depository for the settlement of all difficulties about boundaries. Hence they were free from legal suits as to their lands; and to this judicious, simple plan may be traced the well-known harmony of the numerous descendants in this region,—the fidelity of their landmarks, with the absence of litigation.

We know of no region in our land where property has remained so long in the same families, as it has at New Paltz; since its first settlement, there has been a constant succession of intermarriages among the French descendants, and many continue to reside upon the venerable homesteads of their early and honored forefathers.

Devoted as the Huguenots ever had been to the worship of the Almighty, one of their first objects at New Paltz was the erection of a church. It was built of logs, and afterwards gave place to a substantial edifice of brick, brought from Holland, the place answering the double purpose of church and fort. Their third house of worship was an excellent stone building, which served the Huguenots for eighty years, when it was demolished in 1839, and the present splendid edifice placed on the venerable spot and dedicated to the service of Almighty God. It is related that a clergyman of eccentric dress and manners, at an early period, would occasionally make a visit to New Paltz, and, for the purpose of meditation, would cross the Walkill in a canoe, to some large elms growing upon a bank opposite the church; on one occasion the stream was low, and while pushing across with a pole, it broke, and the Dominie, losing his balance, pitched overboard. He succeeded, however, in reaching the shore, and proceeded to the nearest house, for the purpose of drying his clothes. This partly accomplished, he entered the pulpit and informed his congregation that he had intended to have preached a sermon on baptism; but, eyeing his garments, he observed that *circumstances* prevented, as he could now sympathize with Peter, and take the text, 'Lord, save, or I perish.'

To serve God according to the dictates of their own conscience, had ever been a supreme duty with the French Protestants, and paramount to everything else. For this they had endured the severest persecutions in France, and had sacrificed houses, lands, kindred and their native homes; they had crossed a trackless ocean, and penetrated the howling wilderness, inhabited by savage tribes—and for what?—To serve their MAKER, and the RIGHTS OF CONSCIENCE. They had been the salt of France, and brought over with them their pious principles, with their Bibles, —the most precious things. Some of these faded volumes are still to be found among the children of the American Huguenots, and we have often seen and examined one of the most venerable copies. It is Diodati's French Bible, with this title:—

LA SAINTE
BIBLE,
INTERPRETEE PAR JEAN DIODATI,
MDCXLIII.
IMPRIMEE A GENEVE.

The sacred book is 219 years old, in excellent condition, and well covered with white dressed deerskin, its ties of the same material. It was brought to America by Louis Bevier, a French Protestant of Ulster, and has been preserved as a precious family relic through nine generations. It was carried from France to Holland, and thence to New Paltz. 'Blessed Book! the hands of holy martyrs have unfolded thy sacred pages, and their hearts been cheered by thy holy truths and promises!' There is also a family record written in the volume, faintly legible, of the immediate descendants of Louis Bevier and his wife, Maria Lablau, from the year 1674 to 1684.

Above anything else did the Huguenots of France love their BIBLES. Various edicts, renewed in 1729, had commanded the seizure and destruction of *all* books used by the Protestants, and for this purpose, any consul of a commune, or any priest, might enter the houses to make the necessary search. We may therefore compute by millions the volumes destroyed in obedience to these royal edicts. On the 17th of April, 1758, about 40,000 books were burned at one time in Bordeaux; and it is also well known that at Beaucaire, in 1735, there was an auto-da-fé almost equal to that of Bordeaux. It was a truly sad day, in France, when the old family BIBLE must be given up; the book doubly revered and most sacred, because it was the WORD of GOD, and sacred too from the recollections connected with it! Grandparents, parents, and children, all,

from their earliest infancy, had daily seen, read and touched it. Like the household deities of the ancients, it had been always present at all the joys and sorrows of the family. A touching custom inscribed on the first or last pages, and at times even upon its margins, the principal events in all those beloved lives. Here were the Births, Baptisms, Marriages, and the Deaths. Now all these tender, pious records must perish at once in the flames.

But mind, immortal mind, could not be destroyed; for free thought, and truth, and instruction, among the people, were companions of the Reformation, and books would circulate among all ranks throughout Protestant France. The works generally came from Holland through Paris, and from Geneva, by Lyons or Grenoble. Inside of baled goods, and in cases and barrels of provisions, secretly, thousands of volumes were sent from north to south, from east to west, to the oppressed Huguenots. The great work which Louis XIV. believed buried beneath the ruins of his bloody edicts still went on silently. At Lausanne was established a seminary, about the year 1725, where works for the French Protestant people were printed and circulated. The Bishop of Canterbury, with Lord Warke, and a few foreign sovereigns, actively assisted in the founding of this institution. Thus did that beautiful town become the source of useful and religious knowledge to thousands, although it was conveyed far and wide in a very quiet and secret way. One man was condemned to the galleys for having received barrels, marked '*Black and White Peas*,' which were found full of 'Ostervald's Catechisms.'

How strange it seems to us, writing in our own Protestant land, that cruel authority should ever have intervened with matters of faith! What can be more plain or truthful than that there should be liberty of conscience; and that God alone has the power and the right to direct it, and that it is an abuse and a sacrilege to come between God and conscience? After the revocation of the edict of Nantes and the death of Louis XIV., his royal successor sometimes vaguely asked himself why he persecuted his Protestant subjects? when his marshal replied, that his majesty was only the executor of former edicts. He seemed to have consoled himself that he had found the system *already* established, and he only carried out the errors of his predecessor. Forty years of remorseless persecutions against his best subjects, without asking himself why! Of all the weaknesses of his reign, this was the most odious and the most guilty; his hand was most literally weary of signing cruel edicts against the Protestants of his kingdom, without even reading them, and which obedience to his mandates had to transcribe in letters of fire and blood, on the remotest parts of his realm.

Let us return to the Frenchmen of Ulster, who for some time after their emigration used their own language, until a consultation was held to determine whether this, or the English or Dutch, should be adopted in the families. As the latter was generally spoken in the neighboring places,—Kingston, Poughkeepsie and Newburgh,—and also at the schools and churches, it was decided to speak Dutch only to their children and servants. Having for a while, however, continued the use of their native tongue, some of the Huguenot descendants in the Paltz still write their names as their French ancestors wrote them more than two centuries ago. Dubois, Bevier, Deyeau, Le Fevre, Hasbroque, are well-known instances.

Petronella was once an admired name among the Huguenot ladies, and became almost extinct in Ulster at one time. The last was said to have been Petronella Hasbroque, a lady distinguished for remarkable traits of character. Judge Hasbroque, of Kingston, the father of the former President of Rutger's College, was very anxious that his son would give this name to one of his daughters. In case of compliance, a handsome marriage portion was also promised; but the parents declined the generous offer, whether from a dislike to the name, or a belief that the property would be theirs, at any rate, some day, is not known. A granddaughter, however, of a second generation, named her first-born Petronella, and thus gratifying the desire of her near kinsman, secured a marriage portion for the heir, and preserved the much-admired name from oblivion—certainly three important results.

It was a well-known and distinguished trait of the New Paltz Huguenots, that but few intermarriages have taken place among their own families (*Walloon*); they differed in this respect from all other French Protestants who emigrated to America and mingled with the other population by matrimonial alliances. In Kingston, Poughkeepsie, and other neighborhoods, near by, there is an unusual number of Dutch names—the Van Deusens, Van Benschotens, Van Kleeds, Van Gosbeeks, Van De Bogerts, Van Bewer, and others, almost *ad infinitum*, whilst for miles around the populous and wealthy town of Old Paltz scarcely a family can be found with such patronymics. Notwithstanding, somewhat like the Israelites, these Frenchmen classed themselves, in a measure, as a distinct and separate people; still, the custom did not arise from any dislike to the Hollanders,—on the contrary, they were particularly attached to that people, who had been their best friends, both in Holland and America; and these associations were ever of a most friendly and generous character. After a while, the Huguenots of Ulster adopted not only the language, but the customs and habits of the Dutch. After the destruction of the Protestant churches at Rochelle, in 1685, the colonists of that city came in such numbers to the settlement of New York, that it was necessary sometimes to print public documents not only in Dutch and English, but French also.

We do not wish to make our articles a Doomsday-book for the Huguenots, still it is pleasant for their descendants to know that they came from such honorable stock, and, with all of our boasted republicanism, we are not ashamed that we *are* so born. Here are some of the names to be found in the old records of Ulster:—Abraham Hausbrough, Nicholas Antonio, 'Sherriffe' Moses Quartain, 'Leon,' Christian Dubois, Solomon Hasbrook, Andries Lafeever, Hugo Freer, Peter Low,

Samuel Boyce, Roeleff Eltinge, 'Esq.,' Nicholas Roosa, Jacobus DeLametie, Nicholas Depew, 'Esq.,' Philip Viely, Boudwyn Lacounti, 'Capt.' Zacharus Hoofman,' Lieut.' Benjamin Smedes, Jr., 'Capt.' Christian Dugo, James Agmodi, Johannis Low, Josia Eltin, Samuel Sampson, Lewis Pontenere, Abra. Bovier, Peter Dejo, Robert Cain, Robert Hanne, William Ward, Robert Banker, John Marie, Jonathan Owens, Daniel Coleman, Stephen D'Lancey, Eolias Nezereau, Abraham Jouneau, Thomas Bayeuk, Elia Neau, Paul Droilet, Augustus Jay, Jean Cazeale, Benjamin Faneil, Daniel Cromelin, John Auboyneau, Francis Vincent, Ackande Alliare, James Laboue (Minister). In 1713-14 we find, in an address of the ministers and elders of the Huguenot Church in New York, 'Louis Rou, Minister of the French Church, in New York, John Barberie, Elder, Louis Cané, *ancien* (the older), Jean Lafont, *ancien*, André Feyneau, *ancien*.' To another religious document there are Jean la Chan, Elias Pelletrau, Andrew Foucault, James Ballereau, Jaque Bobin, N. Cazalet, Sam'l Bourdet, David Le Telier, Francois Bosset.

'Ten To One On It.'

When the Union was broken, truly then
One Southron was equal to Yankees ten.
When the Union war began to thrive,
One Southron was equal to Yankees five.
When Donaldson went, 'twas plain to see
One Southron scarce equalled Yankees three.
Now, Manassas is lost; yet, to Richmond view,
One Southron still equals Yankees two.
And lo! a coming day we see,—
And Oh! what a day of pride 't will be,—
When a Northern mechanic or merchant can
Rank square with a Dirt-eater, man for man.
Perhaps this point we may fairly turn,
And Richmond, to her amazement, learn,
When peace shall have come, and war be fled,
And its hate be the tale of time long sped,
That where there is work or thought for men,
One Yankee is equal to Dirt-eaters ten.

Literary Notices.

UNDER CURRENTS OF WALL STREET. A Romance of Business. By Richard B. Kimball, Author of 'St. Leger,' 'Romance of Student Life,' &c. New York: G.P. Putnam; Boston: A.K. Loring. 1861.

In the United States about one person in a hundred is engaged in mercantile pursuits—in other words, in 'broking,' or transferring from the producer to the consumer. Of this number, a larger proportion than in any other country are brokers in the strict sense of the word, buying, selling, or exchanging money or its equivalents, and managing credit so that others may turn it into capital. A more active, eventful, precarious and extraordinary life, or one calling more for the exercise of sharpness and shrewdness, does not exist, than that of these men. They are among regular business men what the 'free lance' is among military men, or the privateer among those of the true marine. Any one who has been familiar with one of the 'craft,' has probably heard him say at one time or another—'what I have seen would make one of the most remarkable novels you ever read;' and he spoke the literal truth.

Realizing this fact, Mr. KIMBALL, a lawyer of twenty years' standing in Wall St., and consequently perfectly familiar with all its characteristics, has devoted literary talents, which long ago acquired for him not merely an enviable American but a wide European celebrity, to describing this broker-life, with its lights and shadows. Choosing a single subject and a single class, he has elaborated it with a truthfulness which is positively *startling*. As we often know that a portrait is perfect from its manifest verisimilitude, so we feel from every chapter of this book that the author has, with strictest fidelity, adhered to real life with pre-Raphaelitic accuracy but without pre-Raphaelitic servility to any tradition or set mannerism. The pencil of a reporter, the lens of the photographer, are recalled by his sketches, and not less life-like, simple and excellent are the reflections of the business office as shown in its influence in the home circle. The reader

will recall the extraordinary popularity which certain English romances, setting forth humble unpoetic life, have enjoyed of late years. We refer to the *Adam Bede* and *Silas Marner* school of tales, in which every twig is drawn, every life-lineament set forth with a sort of DENNER minuteness—truthful, yet constrained, accurate but petty. In this novel, Mr. KIMBALL, while retaining all the accuracy of *Adam Bede*, has swept more broadly and forcibly out into life;—there are strong sorrows, great trials seen from the stand-point of a man of the world, and a free, bold color which startles us, while we, at the same time, recognize its reality.

The 'hero' of the work is a merchant, who, like many others after incurring bankruptcy, takes to Wall Street—to selling notes as an under-broker for a living. In describing his trials, the author has, with consummate skill and extraordinary knowledge of both causes and effects, pointed out the peculiarities, institutions, and good or bad workings of the American mercantile system, in such a manner as to have attracted from the soundest authority warm praise of his work, as embodying practical knowledge of a kind seldom found in 'novels.' From 'broking' to speculating —from that again to the old course—alternately buoyed up or cast down, through trials and troubles, the bankrupt, at last, in his darkest hour, lands on that 'luck' which in America comes sooner or later to every one. It is worth remarking that in all his characters, as in his scenes, the author is careful to maintain the balance of truth. He shows us that among the sharks and harpies of Wall Street there are phases of honor and generosity—that the arrogance or coldness of a bank-officer may have a rational foundation—that feelings as intense are awakened in common business pursuits as in the most dramatic and erratic lives. In this *just* treatment of character,—this avoiding of the old saint and angel system of depicting men,—KIMBALL is truly pre-eminent, and under it even the casual SOL DOWNER strikes us with an individuality and a force not inferior to that of the hero himself.

We can not take leave of this truly remarkable book without referring to the under-current of kindly, humane feelings with which it abounds. There is a delicate, tremulous sympathy for the sufferings and joys which he depicts, which reflects the highest credit on the author. There are, in this book, unaffected touches of pathos, founded on the most natural events in the world, which have never been surpassed by any novelist.

We are glad that novelists are leaving romance and going to real life. One breaking into the harsh industry of the factory and market, another taking down the joys and sorrows of the humble weaver, another describing, as in this work, the strange hurrying life of the 'outside broker' to the sharpest-cut detail,—all giving us truth and observation in the place of vague imagination;—such are the best results of late literature; and prominent among these the future historian will place the Under-currents of Wall Street.

MARGARET HOWTH. A Story of To-Day. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1862.

We know of no other truly American novel into which so many elements have been forced by the strength of genius into harmony, as in *Margaret Howth*. One may believe, in reading it, that the author, wearied of the old cry that the literature of our country is only a continuation of that of Europe, had resolved to prove, by vigorous effort, that it *is* possible to set forth, not merely the incidents of our industrial life in many grades, in its purely idiomatic force, but to make the world realize that in it vibrate and struggle outward those aspirations, germs of culture and reforms which we seldom reflect on as forming a part of the inner-being of our very practical fellow-citizens. The work has two characteristics,—it breaks, with a strong intellect and fine descriptive power, into a new field, right into the rough of real life, bringing out fresher and more varied forms than had been done before, and in doing this makes us understand, with strange ability, how the thinkers among our people *think*. We all know how it flows *in* to them, from lecture and book, from the *Tribune* and school—but few, especially in the Atlantic cities, know what becomes of culture among men and women who 'work and weave in endless motion' in the counting-house, or factory, or through daily drudgery and the reverses from wealth to poverty. Others have treated a single **o [transcriber's note: illegible word] of life, dramatically and by events, as well as Miss HARDING, but no one American has dared such intricacies of thought and character in individuals—has raised them to such a height, and developed them with such a powerful will, without falling into conventionalism or improbability. Unlike most novels, its 'plot,' though excellent, is its least attraction—we can imagine that the superb pride which gleams out in so many rifts has induced the author to voluntarily avoid display of that ingeniously spinning romantic talent in which novelists excel precisely in proportion to their lack of all nobler gifts. It is a certain rule, as to literary snobs, that in proportion as the food which they give diminishes in excellence, does the plate on which it is served increase in value. But let none imagine that *Margaret Howth* lacks *interest*—it is replete with burning, vivid, thrilling interest—it has the attraction which fascinates *all* readers, based in a depth of knowledge so extraordinary that it can be truly appreciated by but few. The immense popularity which it has acquired and the general praise awarded it by the press, proves that it has gone right to the hearts of the people—whence it came.

Those who accuse *Margaret Howth* of harshness and a lack of winsomeness, have neither understood the people whom it describes nor the degree of stern strength requisite to wrest from life and nature fresh truth. The pioneers of every great natural school (and every indication shows that one is now dawning) have quite other than lute-sounding tasks in hand, however they may hunger and thirst for beauty, love, and rose-gardens. Under the current of this book runs the

keenest, painfulest craving to give freely to life these very elements—its intensest inner-spirit is of love and beauty; it throbs and burns with a sympathy for suffering humanity which is at once fierce and tearful. As regards the minor artistic defects of *Margaret Howth*, they are, if we regard it entirely, the shadows inseparable from its substance, felt by those who remain in them, but in no wise detracting from the beauty of the edifice when we regard it from the proper point of view.

> ETHICAL AND PHYSIOLOGICAL INQUIRIES, CHIEFLY RELATIVE TO SUBJECTS OF POPULAR INTEREST. By A.H. Dana. New York: Charles Scribner, 124 Grand Street; Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1862.

A delightful collection of essays of the most valuable character, in which the agreeable is throughout fully qualified with the useful. The titles of several of these chapters are of themselves attractive: Races of Men, Compensations of Life, Authorship, Influence of Great Men, Lawyers, Hereditary Character, Sensuality, Health, Narcotic Stimulants, Theology, and The Supernatural,—all of them treated with a clearness and comprehensiveness which can not fail to earn for the work extensive popularity.

> BAYARD TAYLOR'S WORKS, VOL. III. Caxton Edition. At Home and Abroad. Second Series. New York: G.P. Putnam.

The third volume of this exquisitely, printed and fully-illustrated series of the works of BAYARD TAYLOR is, in all respects, fully equal to its predecessors, both as regards typographic and literary merit.

> THOMAS HOOD'S WORKS, VOL. III. 'Aldine Edition.' Edited by Epes Sargent. New York: G.P. Putnam.

The materials of the present volume, as we are informed by the editor, have been chiefly drawn from the collections of humorous pieces published by THOMAS HOOD under the title of *Hood's Own*, *Whimsicalities*, and *Whims and Oddities*. In connection with the first volume of this series it completes the reprint of *all* of HOOD'S poems. The present volume is, like its predecessors, most exquisitely printed and bound. It contains a grotesque title-page from the pencil of HOPPIN, with a fine steel engraving of the author.

> A SOUTH CAROLINA PROTEST AGAINST SLAVERY. New York: G.P. Putnam. 1861.

A very interesting letter from HENRY LAURENS, second President of the Continental Congress, to his son, Col. JOHN LAURENS, dated Charleston, S.C., Aug. 14, 1776, now first published from the original letter. It contains a vehement plea for Emancipation, and speaks with bitter contempt of England for encouraging the slave-trade in America.

> THE REBELLION; ITS LATENT CAUSES AND TRUE SIGNIFICANCE. In Letters to a Friend abroad. By Henry T. Tuckerman. New York: Jas. G. Gregory. 1861.

An excellent work, discussing the social peculiarities of the South with great ability.

Books Received

Pamphlets On The War.

Among the many publications on the War which have from time to time found their way to our table, are the following pamphlets:—

RELATION OF THE AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS TO SLAVERY. By Charles K. Whipple. Boston: R.F. Wallcut. 1861.

WITHIN FORT SUMTER. By one of the Company. New York: N. Tibbals & Co. 1861.

A LECTURE ON THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES. By Noble Butler. Louisville, Ky.: John P. Maton. 1862.

THE WAR. Correspondence between the Young Men's Christian Association of Richmond, Va., and the City of New York. New York: G.P. Putnam. 1861.

SPEECH OF GEN. HIRAM WALBRIDGE, of New York, at Tammany Hall, Aug. 21, 1856, on the Reorganization of our Navy. New York. 1862.

THE REBELLION: OUR RELATIONS AND DUTIES. Speech of Hon. Edward McPherson, of Pennsylvania, delivered in the House of Representatives, Feb. 14, 1862. Washington. 1862.

ARE THE SOUTHERN PRIVATEERS PIRATES? Letter to the Hon. Ira Harris, United States Senator. By Charles P. Daly, LL.D., First Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the City of New York. New York: Jas. B. Kirker, 599 Broadway. 1862.

SPECIAL MESSAGE DELIVERED TO THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE STATE OF IOWA. By Governor S.J. Kirkwood. Des Moines, Iowa: F.W. Palmer. 1862.

PICTURES OF SOUTHERN LIFE—SOCIAL, POLITICAL AND MILITARY. Written for *The London Times*, by William Howard Russell, LL.D., Special Correspondent. New York: Jas. G. Gregory. 1861.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT MT. KISCO, Westchester Co., New York, July 4, 1861. By John Jay, Esq. New York: Jas. G. Gregory. 1861.

THE REJECTED STONE; or, INSURRECTION *vs*. RESURRECTION IN AMERICA. By a Native of Virginia. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. 1861.

THE INDISSOLUBLE NATURE OF THE AMERICAN UNION, considered in connection with the assumed Rights of Secession. A Letter to Hon. Peter Cooper, of New York. By Nahum Capen. Boston: A. Williams & Co. New York: Ross & Tousey. 1862.

THE UNION. An Address, by the Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson, delivered before the Literary Societies of Amherst College, July 10, 1861. New York: Jas. G. Gregory. 1861.

ALLEGHANIA. The Strength of the Union and the Weakness of Slavery in the High Lands of the South. By JAMES W. TAYLOR. Saint Paul: James Davenport. 1862.

A pamphlet deserving close study and general circulation.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY HON. GEORGE S. BOUTWELL, in Tremont Temple, Boston, Dec. 16, 1861.

This address has enjoyed great popularity, and will deservedly take place among the most characteristic and valuable pamphlets of the war.

AMERICA, THE LAND OF EMANUEL; or, CONSTITUTIONAL LIBERTY A REFUGE FOR THE GATHERING TO SHILOH. By Lorenzo D. Grosvenor, of Shaker Community, South Groton, Mass. A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington St., Boston. 1861.

SPEECH DELIVERED BY HON. J.M. ASHLEY, OF OHIO, ON THE REBELLION, ITS CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES, at the College Hall, in the City of Toledo, Nov. 26, 1861, Towers & Co.,

Washington, D.C. 1861.

An excellent pamphlet, which has been extensively and favorably noticed by the press, and been several times reprinted.

THE AMERICAN CRISIS, its Cause, Significance and Solution. By Americus. Chicago, Ill.: John R. Walsh. 1861.

A vigorous and able document.

WAR AND EMANCIPATION. A Thanksgiving Sermon preached in the Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N.Y., on Thursday, Nov. 21, 1861. By Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Philadelphia: W. Peterson & Brothers. 1861.

Concise, spirited, and full of sound ideas.

Editor's Table.

On the ninth of March President LINCOLN made the first announcement of an official endorsement of the great principle of gradual Emancipation, by transmitting to Congress a message recommending that the United States ought to coöperate with any State which may adopt a gradual emancipation of slavery, by giving to such State pecuniary aid, to be used at its discretion, to compensate for the inconvenience, public and private, which may be produced by any such change of system.

> Any member of Congress, with the census tables and the treasury notes before him, can readily see for himself how very soon the current expenditures of this war would purchase, at a fair valuation, all the slaves in any named State. Such a position on the part of the General Government sets up no claim of a right by federal authority to interfere with slavery within State limits, referring, as it does, the absolute control of the subject, in each case, to the State and its people immediately interested.

It is almost needless to point out to the reader that the views, both direct and implied, which are urged in this message, are in every respect identical with those to advance which the CONTINENTAL was founded, and for which it has strenuously labored from the beginning. There is nothing in them of the 'Abolitionism' which advocates 'immediate and unconditional' freeing of the blacks; while, on the other hand, the only persons who can object to them are those who hold that slavery is a good thing in itself, never to be disturbed. It is, in short, all that the rational friends of progress can at present desire—an official recognition of the great truth that slavery ought to be abolished, but in such a manner as to cause the least possible trouble.

It is amusing to observe the bewilderment of the pro-slavery Northern Democratic press, which has so earnestly claimed the Executive as 'conservative,' and on which this message has fallen like a thunder-clap. They have, of course, at once cried out that, should it receive the sanction of Congress, it would still amount to nothing, because no legislature of a slave State will accept it; an argument as ridiculous as it is trivial. That the South would, for the present, treat the proposal with scorn, is likely enough. But the edge of the wedge has been introduced, and emancipation has been at least *officially* recognized as desirable. While such a possible means of securing property exists, there will always be a strong party *forming* in the South, whether they attain to a majority or not, and this party will be the germ of disaster to the secessionists. There are men enough, even in South Carolina, who would gladly be paid for their slaves, and these men, while maintaining secession views in full bluster, would readily enough find some indirect means of realizing money on their chattels. It may work gradually—but it *will* work. As disaster and poverty increase in the South, there will increase with them the number of those who will see no insult or injury in the proposition to buy from them property which is becoming, with every year, more and more uncertain in its tenure.

Let it be remembered that this message was based on the most positive knowledge held by the Executive of the desires of the Union men in the South, and of their strength. The reader who will reflect for a moment can not fail to perceive that, unless it had such a foundation, the views advanced in it would have been reckless and inexplicable indeed. It was precisely on this basis, and in this manner, that the CONTINENTAL, in previous numbers, and before it the New York KNICKERBOCKER Magazine, urged the revival of the old WEBSTER theory of gradual remunerated emancipation, declaring that the strength of the Union party in the South was such as to warrant the experiment.[15] We have also insisted, in our every issue, that, while emancipation should be borne constantly in view and provided for as something which must eventually be realized for the sake of the advancing interests of WHITE labor and its expansion,

everything should be effected as gradually *as possible*, so as to neither interfere with the plans of the war now waging, nor to stir up needless political strife. We simply asked for some firmly-based official recognition of the rottenness of the 'slavery plank in the Southern platform,' and trusted that the *utmost* caution and deliberation would be observed in eventually forwarding emancipation. We were literally alone, as a publication, in these views, and were misrepresented both by the enemies who were behind us and the zealous friends who were before us. We have never cried for that 'unconditional and immediate emancipation of slavery' with which the *Liberator*, with the kindest intentions, but most erroneously, credits us. We should be glad enough to see it, were it possible; but, knowing that the immediate-action theory has been delaying the cause for thirty years, we have invariably suggested the *firm* but gradual method. That method has at last been formally advanced by the President, in a manner which can reasonably give offense to no one. The beginning has been made: it is for the country to decide whether it—the most important suggestion of the age—shall be realized.

The news of the capture of Fort Donelson had barely reached us, the roar of the guns celebrating our rapid successes had not died away, ere that fragment of the Northern ultra pro-slavery party which had done so much towards deluding the South into secession, impudently raised its head and began most inopportunely and impertinently to talk of amnesty and the rights of the South. There are things which, under certain limitations, may be right in themselves, but which, when urged at the wrong time, become wrongs and insults; and these premature cries to restore the enemy to his old social and political standing are of that nature. They are insufferable, and would be ridiculous, were it not that in the present critical aspect of our politics they may become dangerous. Since this war began, we have heard much of the want of true loyalty in the ultra abolitionists, who would make the object of the struggle simply emancipation, without regard to consequences; and we have not been sparing in our own condemnations of such a limited and narrow view,—holding, as we do, that emancipation, if adopted, should be for the sake of the *white man* and the Union, and not of the negro. But 'Abolition' of the most one-sided and suicidal description is less insulting to those who are lavishing blood and treasure on the great cause of freedom, than is the conduct, at this time, of those men who are now, through their traitorous organs, urging the cry that the hour is at hand when we must place slavery firmly on a constitutional basis; this being, as they assert, the only means whereby the Union can ever be harmoniously restored.

In view of the facts, it is preposterous to admit that this assumption is even plausible. He must be ignorant indeed of our political history during the past twenty years, or strangely blind to its results, who has not learned that a belief that the North is ever anxious to concede for the sake of its 'interests' has been the great stimulus to the arrogance of the South. While the principles of the abolitionists have been the shallow *pretence*, the craven cowardice of such men as BUCHANAN and CUSHING has been the *real* incitement to the South to pour insult and wrong on the North. Concession has been our bane. It was paltering and concession that palsied the strong will and ready act which should have prevented this war; for had it not been for such men as the traitors who are now crying out for Southern rights, the rebellion would have been far more limited in its area, and long since crushed out. No cruelties on our part, no threats to carry all to the bitter end, would so encourage the South at present, as this offer to shake hands ere the fight be half over.

When the time comes for amnesty and 'Southern Rights,' we trust that they will be considered in a spirit of justice and mercy. Till it comes let there be no word spoken of them. The South has, to its own detriment and to ours, firmly and faithfully *believed* that Northern men are cowards, misers, men sneaking through life in all dishonor and baseness. When millions believe such intolerable falsehoods of other millions of their fellow-citizens, they must be taught the truth, no matter what the lesson costs. Even now the Southern press asserts that our victories were merely the results of overwhelming majorities, and that the Yankees are becoming frightened at their own successes. There is not one of these traitorous, dough-face meetings of which the details are not promptly sent—probably by the men who organize them—all over the South to inspire faith in a falling cause. When the rebels shall have learned that these traitors have positively *no* influence here,—and the sooner they learn it the better,—when they realize that the people of the North are as determined as themselves, and their equals in all noble qualities, then, and not till then, will it be time to talk of those concessions which now strike every one as smacking of meanness and cowardice.

The day has come for a new order of things. The South must learn—and show by its acts that it has been convinced—that the North is its equal in those virtues which it claims to monopolize. But this it will only learn from the young and vigorous minds of the new school,—from its *enemies*,—and not from the trembling old-fashioned traitors, who have been so long at its feet that they shiver and are bewildered, now that they are fairly isolated, by the tide of war, from their former ruler. Politicians of this stamp, who have grown old while prating of Southern rights, can not, do not, and never will *realize* but that, some day or other, all will be restored in *statu quo ante bellum*. They expect Union victories, but somehow believe that their old king will enjoy his own again—that there will be a morning when the South will rule as before. It is this which inspires their craven timidity. They cry out against emancipation in every form,—blind to the onward and inevitable changes which are going on,—so that when the South comes in again they may point to their record and say, '*We* were ever true to you. We, indeed, urged the war, for we

were compelled by you to fight, but we were always true to your main principles.' They have wasted time and trouble sadly—it will all be of no avail. Be it by the war, be it by what means it may, the social system and political rule of the South are irrevocably doomed. It may, from time to time, have its convulsive recoveries, but it is doomed. The demands of free labor for a wider area will make themselves felt, and the black will give way to the white, as in the West the buffalo vanishes before the bee.

We are willing that the question of emancipation should have the widest scope, and, if expediency shall so dictate, that it should be realized in the most gradual manner. We believe that, owing to the experiences of the past year, more than one slave State will, ere long, contain a majority of clear-headed, patriotic men, who will be willing to legalize the freedom of all blacks born within their limits, after a certain time; and if this time be placed ten years or even fifteen hence, it will make no material difference. By that time the pressure of free labor, and the increase of manufacturing, will have rendered some such step a necessity. Should the payment of all loyal slave-holders, in the border States, for their chattels, prove a better plan,—and it could hardly fail to promptly reduce the rebellious circle to a narrow and uninfluential body,—let it be tried. If any of the arguments thus far adduced in favor of assuming slavery to be an institution which is *never* to be changed, and which *must* be immutably fixed in the North American Union, can be proved to be true, we would say, then let emancipation be forever forgotten—for the stability of the Union must take precedence of everything. But we can not see it in this light. We can not see that peace and Union can exist while the slave-holder continues to increase in arrogance in the South, and while the abolitionists every day gather strength in the North. Every day of this war has seen the enemies of slavery increase in number and in power, until to expect them to lose power and influence is as preposterous as to hope to see the course of nature change. Should a peace be now patched up on the basis of *immutable* slavery, we should, to judge from every appearance, simply prolong the war to an infinitely more disastrous end than it now threatens to assume. We should incur debts which would crush our prosperity; we should bequeath a heritage of woe to our children, which would prove their ruin. While the great cause of all this dissension lies legalized and untouched, there will continue to be a party which will never cease to strive to destroy it. The question simply is, whether we will be wounded now, or utterly slain by and by.

Meanwhile let us, before all things, push on with the war! It is by our victories that slavery will be in the beginning most thoroughly attacked. If the South, as it professes, means to fight to the last ditch, and to the black flag, all discussion of emancipation is needless; for in the track of our armies the contraband assumes freedom without further formula. But we are by no means convinced that such will be the case. The *first* ditches have, as yet, been by no means filled with martyrs to secession,—armistices are already subjects of rumor,—and it should not be forgotten that the Union men of the South are powerful enough to afford efficient aid in placing the question of ultimate emancipation on a basis suitable to all interests.

All that the rational emancipationist requires is a *legal beginning*. We have no desire to see it advance more rapidly than the development of the country requires—in short, what is really needed is simply the assurance that by war or by peace *some* basis shall be found for ultimately carrying out the views of the fathers of the American Union, and rendering this great nation harmonious and happy. Every day brings us nearer the great issue,—not of slavery and anti-slavery,—but whether slavery is to be assumed as an immutable element in America, or whether government will bring such influences to bear as will lead the way to peace and the rights of free labor. Every step is leading us to

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT.

O Lord, look kindly on this work for thee!
Yes, smile upon the side that's for the right!
To them O grant the glorious arm of might,
And in the end give them the victory!
Free principles are rushing like the sea
Which opened for the fleeing Israelite,—
Free principles, to test their worth in fight,—
And woe to them that 'twixt the surges be!
And as, O Lord, thou then did'st show thy care,
And mad'st a grave to drink thy enemy,
So now, O Father, sink him in despair—
The only blight we own—cursed Slavery.
O then will end the conflict! Yes, God, then
We'll be indeed a nation of FREE MEN!

The N.O. *Delta* is full of indignation at the Southern men who are alarmed for their property, and betrays, in its anger, the fact that these disaffected persons are not few in the Pelican State. But, plucking up courage, it declares that—

> Our people will retire into the interior, and in their mountains and swamps they will maintain a warfare which must ultimately prove successful.

Doubtful—very. In the first place, 'our people' can not very well swamp it like runaway negroes, and, secondly, they will encounter, in the mountains, the Union men of the South. Give us the cities and the level country for a short time, and we shall very soon find the Pelicandidates for comfortable quarters rolling back, by thousands, into Unionism.

As we write, there is a panic in Richmond, caused by the discovery that there is a large body of Union men in the city itself, headed by JOHN MINOR BOTTS, who seems to have determined to 'head off' the secession party in its stronghold, 'or die'—he having, since the decease of JOHN TYLER, turned his 'heading off' abilities against JEFF DAVIS. The *Examiner* mentions, in terror, the confession of the Union prisoners, that there are in Richmond 'thousands of arms concealed, and men enrolled, who would use them on the first approach of the Yankee army.' One of the arrested, a Mr. STEARNS, when led to the prison, surveyed it in a most contemptuous manner, remarking 'If you are going to imprison all the Union men in Richmond, you will have to provide a much larger jail than this.'

It is the German residents of Richmond who are said to constitute the majority of these Union men. All honor to our German friends of the South! They have received, thus far, too little credit for their staunch adherence to the principles of freedom. Let them take courage; a day is coming when we shall all be free—free from *every* form of slavery! *Noch ist die Freiheit nicht verloren*! —'Freedom is not lost as yet.' Some of them remember *that* song of old.

A paragraph has recently gone the rounds, which impudently assures the friends of Emancipation that, unless they promptly desist from further interference or agitation, they will speedily build up a Southern party in the North, which will seriously interfere with the prosecution of the war!

That is to say, that the majority of the people of the North fully acquiesce in the justice of the main principles held by the South—the only difference of opinion being whether these slavery and slavery-extension doctrines can be practically developed under our federal Union! Yet we, knowing, seeing, feeling, in this war, the enormously evil effects of the slave system on the free men among whom it exists, are expected to endure and legalize *the cause* which stirred it up! Either the South is right or wrong—there is no escaping the dilemma. Either it was or was not justly goaded by 'abolition' into secession. If the South is *quite* right in wishing to preserve slavery intact forever, surely those are in the wrong who would make war on it for wishing to secede from a government which tolerates attacks on legalized institutions! What a precious paradox have we here? Yet these virtual justifiers of the South in the great cause of the war, claim to be zealous and forward in punishing that secession which, according to their own views, is constitutional and right!

If slavery be right, then the South is right. No impartial foreigner could fail to draw this conclusion under the circumstances of this war. But *is* it right; we do not say as a thing of the past, and of a rapidly vanishing serf-system, but as an institution of the progressive present? Witness the words of G. BATELLE, a member of the Western Virginia Constitutional Convention, —as we write, in session at Wheeling,—and who has published an address to that body on the question of Emancipation, from which we extract the following:—

> The injuries which slavery inflicts upon our own people are manifold and obvious. It practically aims to enslave not merely another race, but our own race. It inserts in its bill of rights some very high-sounding phrases securing freedom of speech; and then practically and in detail puts a lock on every man's mouth, and a seal on every man's lips, who will not shout for and swear by the divinity of the system. It amuses the popular fancy with a few glittering generalities in the fundamental law about the liberty of the press, and forthwith usurps authority, even in times of peace, to send out its edict to every postmaster, whether in the village or at the cross-roads, clothing him with a despotic and absolute censorship over one of the dearest rights of the citizen. It degrades labor by giving it the badge of servility, and it impedes enterprise by withholding its proper rewards. It alone has claimed exemption from the rule of uniform taxation, and then demanded and received the largest share of the proceeds of that taxation. Is it any wonder, in such a state of facts, that there are this day, of those who have been driven from Virginia mainly by this system, men enough, with their descendents, and means and energy, scattered through the West, of themselves to make no mean State?...
>
> It has been as a fellow-observer, and I will add as a fellow-sufferer, with the members of the Convention, that my judgment of the system of slavery among us has been formed. We have seen it seeking to inaugurate, in many instances all too successfully, a reign of terror in times of profound peace, of which Austria might be ashamed. We have seen it year by year driving out from our genial climate, and fruitful soil, and exhaustless natural resources, some of the men of the very best energy, talent and skill among our population. We have seen also, in times of peace, the liberty of speech taken away, the freedom of the press abolished, and the willing minions of this system, in hunting down their victims, spare from

> degradation and insult neither the young, nor the gray-haired veteran of seventy winters, whose every thought was as free from offense against society as is that of the infant of days.

When an evil attains this extent, he is a poor citizen, a poor cowardly dallier with opinions, whatever his fighting mark may be, who can make up his mind to calmly acquiesce in establishing its permanence, or to stiffly oppose every movement and every suggestion tending in the least towards its abrogation.

In the present number of the CONTINENTAL will be found an article on General LYON, in which reference is made to the generally credited assertion, that the deceased hero was not reinforced as he desired during the campaign in Missouri. This is one of the questions which time alone will properly answer. In accordance with the principles involved in *audi alteram partem*, we give on this subject the following abridgment of a portion of General FREMONT'S defense, published in the New York *Tribune* of March 6:—

> Lyon's and Prentiss's troops were nearly all three months men, whose term of enlistment was about expiring. Arms and money were wanted, but men offered in abundance. The three months men had not been paid. The Home Guards were willing to remain in the service, but their families were destitute. Gen. Fremont wrote to the President, stating his difficulties, and informing him that he should peremptorily order the United States Treasurer there to pay over to his paymaster-general the money in his possession, sending a force at the same time to take the money. He received no reply, and assumed that his purpose was approved.
>
> Five days after he arrived at St. Louis he went to Cairo, taking three thousand eight hundred men for its reinforcement. He says that Springfield was a week's march, and before he could have reached it, Cairo would have been taken by the rebels, and perhaps St. Louis. He returned to St. Louis on the 4th of August, having in the meantime ordered two regiments to the relief of Gen. Lyon, and set himself to work at St. Louis to provide further reinforcements for him; but he claims that Lyon's defeat can not be charged to his administration, and quotes from a letter from General Lyon, dated on the 9th of August, expressing the belief that he would be compelled to retire; also, from a letter written by Lyon's adjutant general, in which he says 'General Fremont was not inattentive to the situation of General Lyon's column.'

A daily cotemporary, in an onslaught on Emancipation, contains the following:—

> Delaware has recently had a proposition before the legislature to abolish the scarcely more than nominal slavery still existing in it; but the legislature adjourned without even listening to it, though it contemplated full pecuniary compensation.

Yes; and the legislature of Delaware, a few years ago, legalized lotteries,—one of the greatest social curses of the country,—and made itself a hissing and a by-word to all decent men by sanctioning the most widely-destructive method of gambling known. The Delaware legislature indeed!

We are indebted to a friend for the following paragraph:—

> It is deeply significant that since the late Federal victories, the Southern press, even in Richmond itself, speaks nervously and angrily of the Union men among them, and of their increasing boldness in openly manifesting their sentiments. A few months since, this belief in Union men in the South was abundantly ridiculed by those who believed that all the slave-holding States were unanimous in rebellion, and that therefore it would be preposterous to hope to reconcile them to emancipation. Now that the Union strength in that region is beginning to manifest itself, we are informed that we shall lose it if we do aught contrary to Southern rights. And this too, although the Southern Union men have never been spoken of by their rebel neighbors as aught save 'the abolitionists in our midst!'

The following communication from a well-known financier and writer on currency can not fail to be read with interest by all:—

THE SINEWS OF WAR.

These are, men and money, but especially MONEY, for on the money depends the men. In a good cause, with an educated, intelligent people, every man able to discern for himself the right side of the question presented, there is no difficulty about men; the state has only to say how many are needed, and the want will be promptly supplied. The experience of the last six months gives us evidence sufficient on this point: an army of six hundred thousand men drawn together without an effort, every man a volunteer,—a spectacle never before exhibited to the world,—puts at rest all doubt upon it; and not only that, it settles beyond all cavil the superiority of self-government, based on the broadest principles of freedom and the broadest system of education, over any other form which has ever been adopted. Passing from this, however, as a fact which needs no argument or illustration, we come to the more difficult question of how to raise the other sinew—money.

In calling for men the state relies upon the intelligence and patriotism of its citizens; upon their intelligence to understand the cause, on their patriotism to respond to its call. It offers them no inducements in the shape of pay, nothing more than to feed and clothe them, to aid them hereafter if wounded, to keep their families from starvation if they are killed. This is all; and this is enough. But these assumed obligations of the state must be sacredly and promptly kept. Our noble volunteers must be fed, and clothed, and cared for, and to this end the state must have the requisite means. And to obtain the needed supply without oppressive taxation on the one hand, or placing a load on posterity too heavy to be borne on the other hand, is a question of difficult solution; and yet we shall see that there is in the present administration the ability and the will to solve it.

It is said that our expenditures in this great struggle will, by the first of June, amount to the enormous sum of $600,000,000. It is said by the arch traitor at the head of the rebels that under this load of debt we shall sink. It is said by the leading papers of England that we have no money, have exhausted our credit, must disband our armies, and make the best terms we can with rebellion. Doubtless, our credit in Europe is at a low ebb just now, and we are thrown upon our own resources, and on these we must swim or sink. There is nothing to reject in this. We have shown the world how a free state can raise troops and create a navy out of its own materials; and now we will show the world how a free state can maintain its army and navy out of its own resources; and if the result proves —as it will prove—that our free institutions are the safest, strongest, and best for the people in war as well as in peace, then the great struggle we are now going through with will be worth more to the true interests of humanity everywhere than all the battles which have been fought since the dawn of the present century. For a hundred years, openly or covertly, but without intermission, has war been going on between despotism and freedom, with varied success, but on the whole with a steady gain for freedom; and now here, on the same field where it originated, is the long strife to be finally settled. On these same fields the same freedom is to culminate in unquenchable splendor, or to set forever, leaving mankind to grope in darkness and ignorance under the misrule of despotic tyranny. We are in arms not only to suppress an odious uprising of despotism against freedom within our own borders, but to show by our example, to all the nations of the earth, what freedom is and what freedom means.

In seeking aid of the money power, we go beyond the line where patriotism gives us all we need, promptly and liberally, into the cold region of selfishness, whose people are too much absorbed in adding to and counting up their gains to be able to spare much time or thought on country or freedom. No voluntary sacrifices to be expected here. What we want we must buy, and pay for; it is only to see that we do not pay too much for it. Selfish, timid, grasping, these people are a skittish set to deal with. Nobody understands better the game of 'the spider and the fly,' and they are as ready to play it with the state as with smaller opponents, if the state will but let them. From his first visit to this region, to the present time, our able Secretary of the Treasury was, and continues to be, '*master of the position*.'

When the Secretary held his first sociable with the representatives of the money power, neither he nor they had a very keen perception of what they wanted of each other; the rebellion was not then developed in the gigantic proportions it has since assumed; and it was hoped and expected, with some show of reason, that two or three hundred millions would be enough to put it down. This amount the power could and would willingly furnish for a 'consideration,' the half presently, on condition that it should be allowed the refusal of the other half when it should be wanted; and so a bargain was quickly struck, to the mutual content of both parties. But, as the thunder grew louder and the storm fiercer, it

became evident that our wants would soon be doubled, at least. The money power hung back; the 7-3/10 remained in the banks. The representatives said they were only agents, the agents stopped payment, and the whole circulation of gold fell to the ground at once, not only putting a sudden check upon all business operations, but leaving the Treasury without any sort of currency to pay out: a sad state of things enough. The money power drew in its head, pretending not to see anything, waiting for propositions, expecting to reap a rich harvest out of the state's necessities, by making its own terms. How could it be otherwise? must not the state have several hundred millions? must not the astute Secretary sell the state's promises to pay, *secured by a first mortgage on all Uncle Sam's vast possessions*, on their own terms?

It was not a pleasant predicament for a nervous or a faint-hearted man to be placed in. But then Mr. Chase is neither nervous nor faint-hearted, and when Congress came together he not only told his wants frankly, but proposed a neat little plan for supplying them without selling notes at fifty per cent. discount. Taking into view the want of a sound currency for business purposes, and the want of some currency to pay out from the Treasury instead of the gold which had disappeared and left a vacuum, he proposed to borrow $150,000,000, by issuing Treasury Notes, payable on demand, without interest, and making them a *legal tender for the payment of all debts*, with a proviso that any parties who should at any time have more on hand than they wanted should be allowed to invest them in bonds bearing six per cent interest. It was a very simple proposition—almost sublime for its simplicity; there was no mystery about it; and yet it was the very turning point of the ways and means of crushing the rebellion, without being ourselves crushed under an unbearable burden of debt. The money power stood aghast, and hardly recovered breath in time to oppose its passage through Congress; but the common sense of the people hailed Mr. Chase as a deliverer, and Congress endorsed common sense. Seriously, this splendid invention of the Secretary has given a new face to our financial affairs by placing the money power where it always should be,—in subservience to the people,—instead of allowing it to become a grinding task-master. The importance of this measure can hardly be appreciated yet. A member of Congress, himself a merchant, and an able financier, says:

'My theory in regard to it is, that as the currency is increased by the addition of these notes to its volume, prices generally will rise, including the price of U.S. bonds, until they reach par; at that point, these notes, being convertible into bonds, the rise in the price of bonds will stop, because further additions to the currency, whether of these notes, bank notes, or coin, will only stimulate the conversion of notes into bonds; and that conversion will check the increase of currency. The *excess* of notes will then be gradually withdrawn from circulation for conversion,—leaving only such an amount in circulation as a healthy and natural condition of the currency will require.'

A theory in which we fully concur. We see growing out of it a restoration of business: government creditors paid in a currency equal to gold; low prices for all government contracts; a consequent diminished expenditure for supplies, and an annual payment for interest on the debt we shall owe, which can be easily met without heavy taxation. However it may turn out in the conduct of the war,—and we have full faith in that also,—it is very certain that in the conduct of the finances we have found the man for the times. The whole country feels this, and breathes easier for it. The arch rebel, in a recent address to his satellites, admits that he altogether underestimated the patriotism and loyalty of the men of the North, but takes fresh courage from the certainty that we shall shortly back down under our load of debt. A little further on and he will find that he has just as much mistaken our power in that respect,—that as his own worthless promises, based upon nothing, fall to nothing, the notes of the Union will stand as firm and as fair in the money market as her banner will on the battle-field.

Men and money are the sinews of war. In our first trial, patriotism has furnished the men, and the presiding genius of the Treasury has clearly pointed out the means for obtaining the money. *Laus Deo*!

Note.—For the benefit of those of our readers who do not understand currency facts and theories, we make the following explanation. The relation of currency, or circulation medium, to the industry and business of the state, is similar to that of steam in an engine: a certain amount is required to keep up a regular and natural movement; an excessive amount causes too rapid motion, and a deficiency the reverse. Currency is made up of several things. Bank deposits, circulating by checks, bank notes, and coin, are the most important and best understood. The aggregate amount of these three items before the suspension of specie payments was above $450,000,000; and this sum is required to give a healthy movement to business affairs. Take away any portion of it, and prices fall and labor languishes,

because the motion from it is too small for the work required; add considerably to it, and prices rise, because the motive power, being superabundant, is too freely used. When specie payment was suspended this motive power was reduced; the circulating medium fell from four hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty millions, perhaps less; and unless this loss is replaced it is quite clear that prices must fall and the employment of labor be curtailed. The issue of treasury notes will fill the gap, making the business motive power of the same strength and ability as before. Thus it will be seen that the emission of treasury notes plays an important part upon the industry and business of the state, which, under existing circumstances, can hardly be over-valued, as well as in the national finances.

The Darwin-development theory has of late attracted no little attention. One of our contributors favors us with *his* views in the following 'wild-verse,' which is itself rather of the transition order: —

MODERN ANSWERS TO ANCIENT RIDDLES.

'Whar did ye come from? Who d'ye belong to!'—*Ethiops*.

Philosophers say, deny it who may,
That the man who stands upright so bravely to-day,
Once crawled as a reptile with nose to the sod,
His grandfather Monad a bit of a clod.

To be sure, man's descent is not made out quite plain,
But one or two *guesses* might piece out the chain;
If the chain is quite long a few links won't be missed;
Or, if you must join it, *just give it a twist*.

A bold Boston doctor, by stride superhuman,
Makes only a step from a snake to a woman;
Or, inspect your best friends by Granville's good glass,
And the difference's as small 'twixt a man and an ass.

'From the company he keeps we may learn a man's nature;'
If he will play with monkey, dog, cat, or such creature,
The schoolmen will say, as a matter of course,
'Cum hoc ergo propter hoc.' Notice its force!

If with doubts you're still puzzled, and wonder who can
Answer all your objections, why Darwin's your man.
He can bridge o'er a chasm both broad and profound;
The last thing he needs for a theory is *ground*.

Bring your queries and facts, no matter how tough;
Development doctrine makes light of such stuff.
One example of these will perhaps be enough:—
'These crawlers,' for instance, 'should they be still here,'
'Not yet become bipeds?' The answer is clear:

In our strangely unequal organic advance,
He is the most forward who has the best chance.
By braving the weather and struggling with brother,
The one who survives it all gains upon t'other.

The old Bible 'myth,' now, of Jacob and Esau,
Is the struggle 'twixt species, the monkey and man law;
One hairy, one handsome, one favored, one cursed;
And sometimes the last one turns out to be first.

Still, through cycles enough let the laggard persist,
Let the weak be suppressed since he can not resist,
And, proceeding by logic which none may dispute,
Can't we safely infer there's an end to the brute?

You may, if you please, supersede Revelation,
By wholly new methods of ratiocination;
Though, since head and heart *need be* in contradiction,
Why should reason hold faith under any restriction?
Shut your eyes, and guess down heaven's good pious fiction.

Noah's ark was superfluous. Where were his brains,

For those beasts and those sons to provide with such pains,
When they might to a deluge cry Fiddle di dee,
And sprout fins and scales, if they took to the sea?

Well, perhaps in those days they had not yet known
That *by need of new functions new organs are grown*.
Those drowned chaps were sure a 'degenerate' crew,
Or else, on their plunge into element new,
Some 'law of selection' had rescued a few.
And, 'if wishes were fishes' I think one or two
Would have *wished*, and swam out of their scrape, do not you?
Can it be that those 'Fish Tales' of mermen are true?

No wonder that racing was always in fashion,—
All orders of beings were born with the passion—
But it seems that at length Genus Man will be winner.
You cry 'Lucky dog!' But what now about dinner?

No oysters, no turtle, fresh salmon, fried sole,
No canvas duck nor fowl casserole.
All these he has seen disappear from the stage,
A sacrifice vast growing age after age.

Their successive growth upward he's watched with dismay;
They have come to be men, having all had their day!
Though he took, while its lord, quite a taste of the creature,
By rule Epicurean 'dum vivim.,' etcetera.

In Paradise, Adam and Eve, to be sure,
Since they didn't have flesh, ate their onion sauce pure,
But, as our old friend John P. Robinson he
Said, 'they didn't know everything down in Judee.'

Now the better taught modern he very well knows
What to beef and to mutton society owes.
What are homes without hearths? What's a hearth without roasts?
Or a grand public dinner with *nothing* but toasts?

Yet, what government measure, or scheme philanthropic,
Or learned convention in hall philosophic,
But is mainly sustained upon leasts and collations?
At least, it is so in all civilized nations.

Here's a fix! Yet indeed, soon or late, the whole race
Must the problem decide on, with good or ill grace.
We cannot go hungry; what are we to do?
Shall we pulse it, like Daniel, that knowing young Jew?
Letting Grahamite doctors our diet appoint,
Eat our very plain pudding without any joint?

Or, shall we the bloody alternative take,
And cannibal meals of our relatives make,
Put aside ancient scruples (for what's in a name?)
And shake hands with the dainty New Zealander dame,
Who thought that she really might relish a bit
Of broiled missionary brought fresh from the spit?

'Twere surely most cruel in Nature our nurse,
Man's march of improvement so quick to reverse.
Will she offer a choice which we may not refuse,
When we're sure to turn savage however we choose?

We may slowly creep up to a lofty position,
Then go back at one leap to the lower condition.
Even so, my good friend, in a circle he goes,
Who would follow such theories on to their close.
If you've started with Darwin, as sure as you're born,
You're in a dilemma; pray take either horn.

T.

Who has not belonged in his time to a debating society? What youth ambitious of becoming 'a perfect *Hercules* behind the bar?'—as a well meaning but unfortunate Philadelphian once said in a funeral eulogy over a deceased legal friend—has not 'debated' in a club 'formed for purposes of mutual *and* literary improvement of the mind?' All who have will read with pleasure the following

letter from one who has most certainly been there:—

DEAR CONTINENTAL:

I am a man that rides around over the 'kedn'try.' In the little village where I am now tarrying, the school-house bell is ringing to call together the members of that ancient institution peculiar to villages, the debating society. A friend informs me that the time-honored questions—Should capital punishment be abolished?—Did Columbus deserve more praise than Washington?—Is art more pleasing to the eye than nature?—have each had their turn in their regular rotation, and that the question for to-night is—as you might suppose—Has the Indian suffered greater wrongs at the hands of the White man than the Negro? As I have a distinct recollection of having thoroughly investigated and zealously declaimed on each of the above topics in days lang syne, I shall excuse myself from attendance this evening, on the ground that I am already extensively informed on the subject in hand, and my mind is fully made up. But I hereby acknowledge my indebtedness to the good fellow who told me the object of the ringing of the bell—for he has unconsciously started up some of the most amusing recollections of my life. Sitting here alone in my room, I have just taken a hearty laugh over a circumstance that had well-nigh given me the slip. The question was the same Negro-Indian-White-man affair. One of the orators, having, a long time previously, seen a picture in an old 'jography' of some Indians making a hubbub on board certain vessels, and reading under it, *Destruction of Tea in Boston Harbor*, brought up the circumstance, and insisting with great earnestness that the white man had received burning wrongs at the hands of the Indian, and that the latter had *no reason at all to complain*, dwelt with great emphasis on the ruthless destruction of the white man's tea in Boston Harbor by the latter, in proof of his 'point.'

I remember also a debating society in the little village of R——, which numbered some really very worthy and intelligent members, but of course included some that were otherwise, among whom was a silly young fellow, who had mistaken his proper calling—(he should have been a wood-chopper), and was suffering under an attack *at* medicine. The question for debate on one occasion was—Is conscience an infallible guide? Being expected to take part in the discussion, he was bent on thorough preparation, and ransacked his preceptor's professional library—(almost as poor a place as a lawyer's) for a work on *conscience*. He found abundance of matter, however, for a lengthy chapter on the subject, as he supposed, occurring in several of the dusty octavos, and he thumbed the leaves with most patient assiduity. He had misspelled the word however, and was reading all the while on *consciousness*—a subject which would very naturally occur in some departments of medicine. But it was all one to him, he didn't see the difference, and the ridiculous display he made to us of his 'cramming' on consciousness can be better imagined than described.

Years after found me inside college walls—but colleges in the West, be it remembered, sometimes include preparatory departments, into which, by the courtesy of the teachers, many young men are admitted who would hardly make a respectable figure in the poorest country school, but who by dint of honest toil finally do themselves great credit.

I 'happened in' on a number of such, one evening, whose affinities had drawn them together with a view to forming a debating society, to be made exclusively of their own kind. I listened with much interest and pleasure to the preliminaries of organization, and smiled, when they were about to 'choose a question,' to see them bring out the same old coaches mentioned in the beginning of this article; when one of their number arose, evidently dissatisfied with the old beaten track, and seemed bent on opening a new vein. He was a good, honest, patient fellow, but his weakness in expressing himself was, that, although his delivery was very slow, he didn't know how he was going to end his sentences when he began them. 'Mr. President,' said he, 'how would this do? Suppose a punkin seed sprouts in one man's garden, and the vine grows through the fence, and bears a punkin on another man's ground—now—(a long pause)—the question is—whose punkin —*does it belong to?*' The poor fellow subsided, as might be supposed, amid a roar of voices and a crash of boots.

There is a legal axiom which would settle the pumpkin-vine query—that of *cujus est solum ejus est usque ad coelum*—'ownership in the soil confers possession of everything even as high as heaven.' Our friends in Dixie seem determined to prove that they have also fee simple in their soil downwards as far as the other place, and by the last advices were digging their own graves to an extent which will soon bring them to the utmost limit of their property!

Does the reader remember Poor Pillicoddy, and the mariner who was ever expected to turn up again? Not less eccentric, as it seems to us, is the re-apparition chronicled in the following story by a friend:—

TURNING UP AGAIN!

'You were all through that Mexican war, and out with Walker in Niggerawger.—Well, what do you think 'bout Niggerawger? Kind of a cuss'd 'skeeter hole, ain't it?'

'Tain't so much 'skeeters as 'tis snaiks, scorpiums and the like,' answered the gray-moustached corporal. 'It's hot in them countries as a Dutch oven on a big bake; and going through them parts, man's got to move purty d——d lively to git ahead of the yaller fever; it's right onto his tracks the hull time.'

'Did you git that gash over your nose out there?'

'Yes, I got that in a small scrimmage under old GRAY EYES. 'Twas next day *after a fight* though, cum to think on it. We'd been up there and took a small odobe hole called Santa Sumthin', and had spasificated the poperlashun, when I went to git a gold cross off an old woman, and she up frying-pan of *frijoles* and hit me, so!' Here the corporal aimed a blow with his pipe at the face of the high private he was talking with;—the latter dodged it.

'That was a big thing, that fight at Santa Sumthin'; the way we went over them mud walls, and wiped out the Greasers, was a cortion. I rac'lect when we was drawed up company front, afore we made the charge, there was a feller next me in the ranks—I didn't know him from an old shoe, 'cause he'd ben drafted that morning into us from another company. Says he,—

'We're going into hair and cats' claws 'fore long, and as I'm unbeknownst amongst you fellers, I'd like to make a bargain with you.'

'Go it,' says I; 'I'm on hand for ennything.'

'Well,' says he, 'witchever one of us gits knocked over, the tother feller 'll look out for him, and if he ain't a goner 'll haul him out, so the doctor can work onto him.'

'Good,' says I, 'you may count me in there; mind you look after ME!'

The fight began, and when we charged, the fust thing I knowed the feller next me, wot made the bargain, he went head over heels backwards; and to tell the honest trooth, I was just that powerful egsited I never minded him a smite, but went right ahead after plunder and the Greasers, over mud walls and along alleys, till I got, bang in, where I found something worth fighting about it. 'Bout dusk, when we was all purty full of *agwadenty*, they sent us out to bury our fellers as was killed in the scrimmage; and as we hadn't much time to spare, we didn't dig a hole more'n a foot or two deep, and put all our fellers in, in a hurry. Next morning airly, as I was just coming out of a church where I'd ben surveyin' some candle-stix with a jack-knife to see ef they were silver, [witch they were not,—hang em!]—as I was coming out of the church I felt a feller punch me in the back—so I turned round to hit him back, when I see the feller, as had stood by me in the ranks the day before, all covered over with dirt, and mad as a ringtail hornet.

'Hello!' said I.

'Hello! yourself,' said he. 'I want ter know what yer went and berried me for, afore I was killed for?'

I never was so put to for a answer afore in all my life, 'cause I wanted to spasificate the feller, so I kind of hemmed, and says I—'Hm! the fact was, this dirty little hole of a town was *raythe*r crowded last night, and I—just to please you, yer know—I lodged you out there; but I swear I was this minute going out there to dig you up for breakfuss!'

'If that's so,' said he, 'we won't say no more 'bout it; but the next time you do it, don't put a feller in so deep; for I had a oncommon hard scratch turning up again!'

H.P.L.

We are indebted to the same writer for the following Oriental market-picture—we might say scene in a proverb:

PROVERBIALLY WISE.

ACHMET sat in the bazaar, calmly smoking: he had said to himself in the early morning,—'When I shall have made a hundred piastres I will shut up shop for the day, and go home and take it easy, *al'hamdu lillah*!' Now a hundred piastres in the land of the faithful, where the sand is and the palms grow, is equal to a dollar in the land of Jonathan: and the expression he concluded his sentence with is equivalent to—Praise be to Allah!

Along came a blind fakir begging; then ACHMET gave him five paras, although his charity was unseen; neither did he want it to be seen, for he said to himself,—

'Do good and throw it into the sea—if the fishes don't know it, God will.'

And as he handed the poor blind fakir the small coin, he said to him, in a soothing voice,—

'*Fa'keer*' (which in the Arabic means poor fellow), 'the nest of a blind bird is made by Allah.'

Then along came SULIMAN BEY, who was high in office in the land of Egypt, and was wealthy, and powerful, and very much hated and feared. And ACHMET bowed down before him, and performed obeisance in the manner of the Turks, touching his own hand to his lips, his breast, his head:—and the SULIMAN BEY went proudly on. Then ACHMET smiled, and YUSEF, who had a stall in the bazaar opposite to him, winked to ACHMET, saying, in a low voice,—

'Kiss ardently the hands which you can not cut off:'—

and they smiled grimly one unto the other.

'Did you hear the music in the Esbekieh garden yesterday?' asked YUSEF of ACHMET. 'I think it was horrible.'

'It cost nothing to hear it,' quoth ACHMET: 'there was no charge made.'

'*Aio*! true,' answered YUSEF; 'but there were too many drums; I wouldn't have one if I were Pacha.'

'Welcome even pitch, if it is gratis.'

'Wanting to make the eyebrows right, pull out the eyes,' said ACHMET, contentedly. 'And as for your disliking the music,—A cucumber being given to a poor man, he did not accept it because it was crooked!'—'Come, let us shut up shop and go to the mosque. It is fated that we sell no goods to-day. *Wajadna bira'hmat allah ra'hah*—By the grace of Allah we have found repose!'

Our correspondent gives us a pun in our last number over again. It is none the worse, however, for its new coat, as set forth in

GETTING AHEAD OF TIME.

'Well now, I declare, this is too bad. Here it is five minutes past ten and BUDDEN ain't here. Did anybody ever know that man to keep an engagement?'

'Yes,' replied the Doctor to the Squire, 'I knew him to keep one.'

'Let it out,' said the Squire.

'An engagement to get married.'

'Hm!' replied the Squire, looking over his spectacles with the air of one who had been deceived. At this moment JERRY BUDDEN, a jolly-looking, fat, middle-aged man entered the office quietly and coolly, having all the air of one who arrived half an hour before the appointed time of meeting.

'Got ahead of time this morning, any way,' said Jerry.

'The devil you did!' spoke the Squire, testily; 'you are seven minutes behind time this morning; you would be behindhand to-morrow and next day, and so on as long as you live. Confound it, Jerry, you make me mad with your laziness and coolness. Ahead of time! why look at that watch!'—Here the Squire, pulling out a plethoric-looking, smooth gold watch, about the size of a bran biscuit, held it affectionately in the palm of his right hand. 'Look at *that* watch!'

'Nice watch,' said Jerry, 'very nice watch. The best of watches will sometimes get out of order though. How long since you had it cleaned?'

The Squire looked indignant, and broke out, 'I've carried that watch more'n thirty year; I have it cleaned regularly, and it is always right to a minute, always! It's *you* that want regulating.'

'Can't help it,' spoke Jerry; 'I got ahead of time this morning.'

'Bet you a hat on it,' said the Squire.

'Done!' answered Jerry. And, putting his hand in his pocket, he deliberately produced the torn page of an old almanac, and, pointing to part of an engraving of the man with an hour-glass, said to the Squire,—

'Hain't I got a Head of Time—this morning?'

Jerry now wears a new hat!

'What poor slaves are the American people!' says the Times' own RUSSELL. 'They may abjure kings and princes, but they are ruled by hotel-keepers and waiters.' The following translation from the Persian shows, however, that a man may be a king or a prince and a hotel-keeper at the same time.

A ROYAL HOTEL-KEEPER.

FROM THE PERSIAN. BY HENRY P. LELAND.

IBRAM BEN ADHAM at his palace gate,
Sits, while in line his pages round him wait;
When a poor dervish, staff and sack in hand,
Straight would have entered IBRAM'S palace grand.
'Old man,' the pages asked, 'where goest thou now?'
'In that hotel,' he answered, with a bow.
The pages said,—'Ha! dare you call hotel
A palace, where the King of Balkh doth dwell?'
IBRAM the King next to the dervish spoke:
'My palace a hotel? Pray, where's the joke?'
'Who,' asked the dervish, 'owned this palace first?'
'My grandsire,' IBRAM said, while wrath he nursed.
'Who was the next proprietor?' please say.
'My father:' thus the king replied straightway.
'Who hired it then upon your father's death?'
'I did,' King IBRAM answered, out of breath.
'When you shall die, who shall within it dwell?'
'My son,' the King replied. 'Why ask'st thou? Tell!'
'IBRAM!' then spoke the dervish to him straight,
'I'll answer thee, nor longer make thee wait.
The place where travelers come, and go as well,
Is, really, not a palace, but—hotel!'

Yea, friends; and, as another genial poet has discovered, life itself is but a hostelrie or tavern, where some get the highest rooms, while others, of greater social weight, gravitate downwards into the first story, sinking like gold to the bottom of the hotel pan,—that is O.W. HOLMES', his idea, reader, not ours. *Apropos* of HOLMES and kings—his thousands of reader friends have ere this seen with pleasure that the Emperor of all the French was not unmindful of one of his brother-potentates,—in the world of song,—when he paid OLIVER WENDELL the courteous compliment which has of late gone the rounds, and which conferred as much honor on the giver as the taker thereof.

The Spring poems have begun. *Vide licet*.

TO AN EARLY BIRD.

In homely phrase we oft are told
'Tis early birds that catch the worms;
But certainly that Spring bird there
Don't half believe the aforesaid terms.

He's sorry that he hither flew,
In hopes a forward March to find,
And towards warm climates, whence he came,
To backward march is sore inclined.

Lured by one ray of sunlight, he

Flew northward to our land of snow;
And now, with frozen toes, he stands
On frozen earth:—the worms—below!

Tu whit! whit! whit! he tries in vain
To whistle in a cheerful way;
He feels he's badly sold, and that—
He came *too early* in the day.

I sprinkle seed and crumbs around;
He quickly flies and famished eats:—
He would have starved to death had he
Relied on proverb-making cheats.

Of the same up-Springings, in higher vein, we have the following:—

APRIL.

BY ED. SPRAGUE RAND.

Now with the whistling rush of stormy winds,
'Mid weeping skies and smiling, sunny hours,
Comes the young Spring, and scatters, from the pines,
O'er the brown—woodland soft, balsamic showers.

Wake, azure squirrel cups, on grassy hills!
Peep forth, blue violets, upon the heath!
The epigræa from the withered leaves
Sends out the greeting of her perfumed breath.

Nodding anemones within the wood
Shake off the winter's sleep, and haste to greet;
Where in the autumn the blue asters stood,
The saxifrage creeps out, with downy feet.

Nature is waking! From a wreath of snow,
Close by the garden walls, the snowdrop springs;
And the air rings with tender melodies,
Where thro' the dark firs flash the bluebird's wings.

A few days hence, and o'er the distant hills
A tender robe of verdure shall be spread,
And life in myriad forms be manifest,
Where all seemed desolate, and dark, and dead.

E'en now, upon the sunny woodland slopes,
The fair vanessa flits with downy wing;
And in the marshes, with the night's approach,
The merry hylas in full chorus sing.

Patience and *faith*, all will be bright again.
Take from the present, for the future hours,
The tendered promise. In the storm and rain,
Remember suns shine brighter for the showers.

To us, my countrymen, the lesson comes;
Our night of winter dawns in brightest day;
The storm is passing, and the rising sun
Dispels our doubts, drives cloudy fears away.

The sun of freedom, veiled in clouds too long,
Sheds o'er our land its rays of quickening life;
And liberty, our starry banner, waves,
Proclaiming freedom mid the battle's strife.

STRIKING TURPENTINE.

Not a bad story that of the physician, who, vaccinating several medical students, 'performed the ceremony' for a North Carolinian from the pitch, tar and turpentine districts. The lancet entering the latter's arm a little too deep, owing to the Corn-cracker jerking his arm through nervousness, one of the medical students called out,—

'Take care there, doctor, if you don't look out you'll strike turpentine.'

The Corn-cracker—full of spirit—wanted to fight.

We should have handed this anecdote over to X., who travels through the Pines, that he might pronounce on its authenticity. The following, however, we know to be true—on the word of a very *spirituelle* dame, long resident in the Old North State. When the present war first sent its murmurs over the South, an old bushman earnestly denied that it 'would ruin everything.' 'Kin it stop the turpentime from running?' he triumphantly cried. 'In course not. Then what difference *kin* it make to *the country*?'

The following sketch, 'Hiving the Bees and what came of it,' from a valued friend and correspondent in New Haven, is a humorous and truthful picture of the old-fashioned rural 'discipline' once so general and now so rapidly becoming a thing of the past:—

HIVING BEES AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

When a boy at school in the town of G—— I became acquainted with old Deacon Hubbard and his wife—two as good Christian people as could be found, simple in their manners and kind-hearted. The deacon was 'well to do in the world,' having a fine farm, a pleasant house, and, with his quiet way of living, apparently everything to make him comfortable.

He took great delight in raising bees, and the product of his hives was every year some hundreds of pounds of honey, for which there was always a ready market, though he frequently gave away large quantities among his neighbors.

One Sunday morning, when passing the place of Deacon Hubbard on my way to meeting, I saw the deacon in his orchard near his house, apparently in great trouble about something in one of his apple trees. I crossed the road to the fence and called to him, and asked him what was the matter. He was a very conscientious man, and would not do anything on the Lord's day that could be done on any other; but he cried, 'Oh, dear! my bees are swarming, and I shall surely lose them. If I was a young man I could climb the tree and save them, but I am too old for that.' I jumped over the fence, and as I approached him he pointed to a large dark mass of something suspended from the limb of an apple tree, which to me was a singular-looking object, never having before seen bees in swarming time. I had great curiosity to see the operation of hiving, and suggested that perhaps I could help him, though at the time afraid the bees would sting me for my trouble. The gratification to be derived I thought would repay the risk, and calling to mind some lines I had heard,—

'Softly, gently touch a nettle,
It will sting thee for thy pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
Soft and harmless it remains,—'

I told him that I would assist him. He assured me that if I could only get a rope around the limb above and fasten it to the one on which the bees were, then saw off that limb and lower it down, he could secure them without much trouble.

With saw and rope in hand I ascended the tree, and, after due preparation, severed the limb and carefully lowered it within the deacon's reach. I was surprised, and felt repaid for my trouble, to see with what ease and unconcern Dea. Hubbard, with his bare hands, scooped and brushed the swarm of bees into a sheet he had prepared, and how readily he got them into a vacant hive. Many thanks did the deacon proffer me for my timely assistance, and moreover insisted on my staying with him to dine. It seemed to me that I was never in a more comfortable house, and I am sure I never received a more cordial greeting than that bestowed upon me by his venerable spouse.

The place where I boarded with several other boys was with a widow lady by the name of White, who was very kind to me, but who had the misfortune to have had three husbands, and her daughters did not all revere the memory of the same father, and consequently there were oftentimes differences among them.

For several days after this transaction I had noticed on the table at our daily meal a nice dish of honey, an unusual treat, but to which we boys paid due respect.

My term at school expired, and I went home to my father's, a distance of some thirty miles, and assisted him on the farm during the fall months, employing much of my leisure time in studying.

My father was a stern, straight-forward man—a member of the Orthodox church, and one who professed to believe in all the proprieties of life, and endeavored to impress the same on the minds of his children.

One day, after dinner, he said to me, in his stern way of speaking,—'Gilbert, what kind of scrape did you get into in G——?'

For my life I could not tell what I had been doing, and had but little chance to think, ere he tossed a letter across the table and said, 'Read that, and tell me what it means!' The letter was directed to me, but he had exercised his right to open and read it for me. It was from G——, and signed by the four deacons of the church there, asking explicit answers to the following questions:—1st. Did you help Deacon Hubbard hive his bees? 2d. If so, did you receive any remuneration from him for your services? 3d. Will you state what it was? You are expected to answer the questions fully.'

'What have you to say to that, young man?' said my father, with more than usual sternness; and I began to think that I had got into some kind of difficulty.

I told him that I would answer the letter, so went to my room and wrote, saying that I *did* help Deacon Hubbard hive his bees, and that I *had* been paid a thousand times by the many acts of kindness of himself and wife, and should always feel happy in doing anything for them that I could.

As my father read this letter I had written, I noticed a smile on his countenance, which lasted but an instant, when he said, 'You may send it; but I want to know what this scrape is, and I will.'

A few days after the reply was sent, another letter arrived from the four deacons, stating that I had not been explicit enough in my answer, and wanted me to say, 1st. Whether I had helped Deacon Hubbard hive his bees on Sunday. 2d. Whether I had ever received from him a large pan of honey in the comb? 3d. Whether my father was a member of the church? 4th. Whether he would give his consent for me to come to G—— on business of great importance if they would pay my expenses, and how soon I could come?

It was cold weather, several months after I left G——, when this letter came to hand, and I did not fancy a ride of thirty miles at that time; I however had permission to promise that I would be there on the first Monday in May, which was the day of 'General Training,' and a great day at that period. In my answer to the second letter I said that I thought I had answered their first question sufficiently before; and in answer to the second I would say, that I had never received any honey from Deacon Hubbard; to the third, that my father was a member of the church; and to the fourth, that I would come there on the day named above.

The first Monday in May was a bright and lovely day, and at an early hour I mounted a horse and started for G——, arriving there before noon. On my way into the village I had to pass the house of Deacon Hubbard, who, knowing that I was expected that day, was looking for my approach, and as I drew near the house I saw his venerable form in the road. It was my intention to pass his house without being seen, but that was impossible. He insisted on my going into the house. His good wife met me at the door with a cordial greeting, but, with tearful eyes, said she feared there was some dreadful trouble in store for me, for the deacons of the church had been watching for me all the morning. After explaining as well as I could the reason of my visit, with the little information I had, Deacon Hubbard exclaimed—'Well, I don't know but they'll make you walk the church aisle, for there's some trouble somewhere.' We had but little time for conversation before Mrs. H. saw the venerable deacons approaching the house; and I shall never forget the solemn look and steps with which they advanced, the senior deacon, Flagg, leading the procession. As they were ushered into the front room they seated themselves in a row according to their respective ages, each wearing the solemn countenance of a Pilgrim father. When I entered the room they all arose and took me by the hand, thanking me for faithfully keeping my promise, and hoped the Lord would reward me therefor. Deacon Flagg, after a few preliminary remarks, said: 'Young man, there has been a grievous sin committed among the Lord's anointed in our church, and we have sent for you that we may be enabled to detect the erring one! and we hope you will so far consider the importance of the matter as to answer truly the questions that may be propounded to you. My young friend, will you have the goodness to say, in the hearing of our good brother, Deacon Hubbard, whether or not you ever received from him a present of a large pan of honey for helping him hive his bees?'

I answered that I never had. All eyes were turned on Deacon H., and an audible groan came from Deacon Harris as I made my reply. Deacon Flagg addressed me as follows:—'My youthful friend, will you be willing to accompany these

gentlemen to the house of sister White, and say the same before her?' I was willing, provided my friend Deacon Hubbard would go along, which he consented to do, and we started.

It was but a short way across the Common, and ours was a solemn, silent procession, and I must have appeared like a very culprit. On nearing the house, Deacon Flagg said he would first enter and inform sister White of our business, and return when she was ready to receive us. He returned in a short time, with a longer face than before, and as he approached us, clasping his hands, he said with an agonized tone, 'Dear brethren, Oh! it is all too true! Satan entered her heart,—she coveted the honey,—and fell.' A groan of holy horror came from all the good old men. It was not necessary for us to enter the abode of wickedness, he said, for she would confess all.

The whole proceeding had been a mystery to me, but I soon learned that the next day after hiving the bees, Deacon Hubbard had sent a large pan of honey to sister White's house, intended for me, but she gave us boys a little for a few days and put the rest away; or, as she afterwards said, she coveted it, and said nothing to me about it; and I should probably have known nothing of it had it not been for a disagreement between herself and daughters about a division of the honey, which finally got to be a church matter.

Deacon Hubbard insisted on my going to dine with him; so, with a parting shake of the hand with the other four venerable men, we started for his house. Such a feast as dame Hubbard had provided on that occasion boys do not often see; substantial food enough for half a score of men, aside from the pies and plum pudding which made their appearance in due course; and in front of the dish assigned to me was a dish of the purest honey. After dinner Deacon Hubbard took me to see his bees, and explained many things in relation to them curious and instructive, promising more information on the subject if he could prevail upon me to remain in G—— till the next morning. The fatigue of the long ride that day, and my desire to see a little of the 'Training,' decided me to remain over night.

In the morning my horse was fresh, having been well taken care of by my friend; so, after a hearty breakfast, I bade adieu to the good couple, with a pleasant recollection of their hospitality and kindness. When ready to start, dame Hubbard, with the best intentions, brought me a large pail of honey, wishing I would carry it home to my parents, but as it was impossible for me to carry it on horseback, I had to decline.

It was near noon the next day when I reached home, and my first greeting from my father was, 'Well, Gilbert, now let me know about the scrape you got into last summer in G——.'

I told him all I had learned about the matter, to which be expressed his pleasure that it was no worse, and gave me much good advice as to the future.

A few weeks after I readied home there was a large tub of honey left at my father's house, with a letter for me, informing me that sister White had been expelled from the church in G—— for covetousness; that my friends the Hubbards were well; that the four deacons spoke very highly in my praise, and hoped I would *feel rewarded* for the trouble I had taken. Years have passed since the matters here mentioned took place, but up to this time nothing has been said to me about 'paying my expenses.'

JAY G. BEE.

Mrs. Malaprop founded a school which has been prolific in disciples. From one of these we learn that—

Old Mr. P. died a short time ago, much to the regret of his many friends, for he was a good neighbor, and had always lived honestly and uprightly among his fellow-men. At the time of his funeral Mrs. L. was sorrowing for his loss, with others of her sex, and paid the following tribute to his memory:

'Poor Mr. P., he was a good man, a kind man, and a Christian man—he always lived *according to* HOYLE, and died with the hope of a blessed immortality.'

'Played the wrong card there.'

ADAM'S FAMILY JARS.

IN CRACKED NUMBERS.

One fact is fundamental,
One truth is rudimental;
Before man had the rental
Of this dwelling of a day,
He was in nothing mental,
But an image-man of clay.

In the ground
Was the image found;
Of the ground
Was it molded round;
And empty of breath,
And still as in death,
Inside not a ray,
Outside only clay,
Deaf and dumb and blind,
Deadest of the kind,
There it lay.

Unto what was it like? In its shape it was what?
The world says 'a man,'—but the world is mistaken.
To revive the old story, a long time forgot,
'Twasn't man that was made, but a pot that was baken.

And what if it was human-faced like the Sphinx?
There's no riddle to solve, whate'er the world thinks:
The fiat that made it, from its heels to its hair,
Wasn't simply 'Be man!' but 'Stand up and Be Ware!'

And straightway acknowledging its true kith and kin
With that host of things known to be hollow within,
It took up a stand with its handles akimbo,
Bowels and bosom in a cavernous limbo.

Curving out at the bottom, it swelled to a jig;
Curving in at the top, narrow-necked, to the mug;
Two sockets for sunshine in the frontispiece placed,
A crack just below—merely a matter of taste;
A flap on each side hiding holes of resounding,
For conveyance within of noises surrounding;

And a nozzle before,
All befitted to snore,
Was a part of the ware
For adornment and air.

Now for what was this slender and curious mold?
Had it no purpose? Had it nothing to hold?
A world full of meaning, my friend, if 'twere told.
You remember those jars in the Arabian Night,
As they stood 'neath the stars in Al' Baba's eyesight:
Little dreamed Ali Baba what ajar could excite—
For how much did betide
When a man was inside!
When from under each cover a man was to spring,
Where then was the empty, insignificant thing?
It was so with this jar,
'Twasn't hollow by far;
Breathless at first as an exhausted receiver,
When the air was let in, lo! man, the achiever!

But an accident happened, a cruel surprise;
How frail proved the man, and how very unwise!
As if plaster of Paris, and not Paradise,
No more of clay consecrate,
He broke up disconsolate,
Pot-luck for his fortune, though the world's potentate.

It brings to our memory that Indian camp,
Where men lay in ambush, every one with a lamp,
Each light darkly hid in a vessel of clay,
Till the sword should be drawn, and then on came the fray.

'Twas so in the fortunes of this queer earthen race,
(It happened before they were more than a brace).
The fact of a fall
Did break upon all!
The lamp of each life being uncovered by sin,
The pitcher was broken, and the devil pitched in!

So much for his story to the moment he erred,
From what dignified pot he became a pot-sherd.
Since that day the great world,
Like a wheel having twirled,
Hath replenished the earth from the primitive pair,
And turned into being every species of ware.

There are millions and millions on the planet to-day,
Of all sorts, and all sizes, all ranks we may say;
There's a rabble of pots, with the dregs and the scum,
And a peerage of pots, above finger and thumb.

Look round in this pottery, look down to the ground,
Where bottle and mug, jug and pottle abound;
From the plebeian throng see the graded array;
There is shelf above shelf of brittle display,
As rank above rank the poor mortals arise,
From menial purpose to princely disguise.

See vessels of honor, emblazoned with cash,
Of standing uncertain, preparing to dash.
See some to dishonor, in common clay-bake,
Figure high where the fire and the flint do partake.

There's the bottle of earth by glittering glass,
As by blood of the gentlest excelling its class,
Becoming instanter
A portly decanter!

There's the lowly bowl, or the basin broad,
By double refinement a punch-bowl lord!
There's the beggarly jug, ignoble and base,
By adornment of art the Portland vase!

But call them, title them, what you will,
They're bound to break, they are brittle still;
No saving pieces, or repairing,
No Spaulding's glue for human erring;
All alike they will go together,
And lie in Potter's field forever.

At length the whole secret of life is told:
'Tis because we're earth, and not of gold,
'Tis because we're ware that beware we must,
Lest we crack, and break, and crumble to dust.

What wonder that men so clash together,
And in the clash so break with each other!
Or that households are full of family jars,
And boys are such pickles in spite of papas!
That the cup of ill-luck is drained to the dregs,
When a man's in his cups and not on his legs!
That meaning should be in that word for a sot,
He's ruined forever—he's going to pot!

So goes the world and its generations,
So go its tribes, and its tribulations;
Crowding together on the stream of time,
It almost destroys the chime of my rhyme,
While they strike, and they grind, and rub and dash,
And are sure to go to eternal smash.
Lamentable sight to be seen here below!
Man after man sinking,—blow after blow,—
A bubble, a choke,—each blow is a knell,—
Broken forever! There's no more to tell.

There *is* more to tell, of a promise foretold;
Though now 'tis a vessel of homeliest mold,
Yet 'tis that which will prove a crock of gold,

When the crack of doom shall the truth unfold.

'Tis hard to believe, for so seemeth life,
A cruse full of oil, with nothing more rife;
Yet what saith the prophet? It never shall fail:
Life is perennial, of immortal avail.

'Tis hard to believe, for to dust we return,
To lie like the ashes in a burial urn;
But look at the skies! see the heavenly bowers!
The urn is a vase—the ashes are flowers!

'Tis hard to believe; like a jar full of tears,
Life is filled with humanity's griefs and fears;
'Tis a tear-jar o'erflowing, close by the urn,
Even weeping for those in that gloomy sojourn.
And yet, when with time it has crumbled away,
The omnipotent Potter will in that day
Turn again to the pattern of Paradise,
Will fashion it anew and bid it arise,
A jar full adorned and with richest designs,
With tracery covered, and heavenly signs,
With jewels deep-set, and with fine gold inlaid,
Enamel of love,—yes, a nature new made.
And then from the deep bottom, as from a cup
Of blessing, there ever will come welling up
The living waters of a pellucid soul,
A gush of the spirit, from a heart made whole.

So, like the water-pots rough, by the door at the East,
Our purpose will change, and our power be increased,
When we stand in the gate of the Heavenly Feast:
The word will be spoken: we'll flow out with wine
The blood of the true Life, pressed from the true Vine,
Perpetual chalice, inexhaustible bowl,
Of pleasures immortal, overflowing the soul!

Dust we are and to dust we must return—but, as the old epitaph said of Catherine Gray, who sold pottery,—

'In some tall pitcher or broad pan
She in life's shop may live again,'—

so, in a higher sphere we may all become vases unbreakable, filled with the wine of life.

Were the enemy in their senses they would probably admit that the annexed proposal is far from being deficient in common-sense:—

DEAR CONTINENTAL:

I see that it is proposed by the Southern press that the rebels, as they retreat, shall burn all their tobacco.

I have a proposition to make.

Let General McCLELLAN send a flag of truce and inform them that if they need any assistance in that work, nothing will give me greater pleasure than to assist in the consummation.

I have an enormous meerschaum and a corps of friends equally well piped. If the seceders have no time to ignite the weed, we are quite ready, and a great deal more willing, considering the late frightful rise in Lynchburg, to do it for them. I can answer for burning one pound a day myself. What do you think of it? It isn't traitorous in me, is it, to thus desire to aid and assist the enemy?

Yours truly,

RAUCHER.

A CURE FOR STEALING.

Far back among the days of yore
There's many a pleasing tale in store,
Rich with the humor of the time,

That sometimes jingle well in rhyme.
Of these, the following may possess
A claim on 'hours of idleness.'
When Governor Gurdon Saltonstall,
Like Abram Lincoln, straight and tall,
Presided o'er the Nutmeg State,
A loved and honored magistrate,
His quiet humor was portrayed
In Yankee tricks he sometimes played.
The Governor had a serious air,
'Twas solemn as a funeral prayer,
But when he spoke the mirth was stirred,—
A joke leaped out at every word.
One morn, a man, alarmed and pale,
Came to him with a frightful tale;
The substance was, that Jerry Style
Had *stolen wood* from off his pile.
The Governor started in surprise,
And on the accuser fixed his eyes.
'He steal my wood! to his regret,
Before this blessed sun shall set,
I'll put a final end to *that*.'
Then, putting on his stately hat,
All nicely cocked and trimmed with lace,
He issued forth with lofty grace,
Bade the accuser; duty mind,'
And follow him 'five steps *behind*.'
Ere they a furlong's space complete,
They meet the culprit in the street;
The Governor took him by the hand—
That lowly man! that Governor grand!—
Kindly inquired of his condition,
His present prospects and position.
The man a tale of sorrow told—
That food was dear, the winter cold,
That work was scarce, and times were hard,
And very ill at home they fared,—
And, more than this, a bounteous Heaven
To them a little babe had given,
Whose brief existence could attest
This world's a wintry world at best.
A silver crown, whose shining face
King William's head and Mary's grace,
Dropped in his hand. The Governor spoke,—
His voice was cracked—it almost broke,—'If
work is scarce, and times are hard,
There's a *large wood-pile in my yard;*
Of that you may most freely use,
So go and get it when you choose.'
Then on he walked, serenely feeling
That there he'd put an end to stealing.
The accuser's sense of duty grew
The space 'twixt him and Governor too.

'The Anaconda is tightening its folds,' and at every fold the South cries aloud. The following bit of merry nonsense, which has the merit of being 'good to sing,' may possibly enliven more than one camp-fire, ere the last fold of the 'big sarpent' has given the final stifle to the un-fed-eralists.

THE 'ANACONDA.'

Won't it make them stop and ponder?
Yes! 't will make them stop and ponder!
What?—The fearful Anaconda!
(All.) Yes! The fearful Anaconda!
(Chorus.) Stop and ponder!—Anaconda!
Big and fearful; big and fearful,
Big and fearful Anaconda!

Is not that the Rebel South?
Yes! that is the Rebel South.
Arn't they rather down in month?
(All.) Yes! they're rather down in mouth!
(Chorus.) Rebel South, down in mouth,

Stop and ponder!—Anaconda!
Big and fearful, &c, &c.

Is not that the traitor DAVIS?
Yes! that is the traitor DAVIS!
Don't he wish he could enslave us?
(All.) Yes! he wanted to enslave us!
(Chorus.) Traitor DAVIS, can't enslave us.
Rebel South, down in mouth,
Stop and ponder!—Anaconda!
Big and fearful, &c. &c.

Isn't that the gallows high there?
Yes! that is the gallows high there!
And JEFF DAVIS that I spy there?
(All.) 'Tis JEFF DAVIS that you spy there.
(Chorus.) Hanging high there, DAVIS spy there.
Traitor DAVIS, you enslave us!
Rebel South, down in mouth,
Stop and ponder!—Anaconda!
Big and fearful, big and fearful,
BIG AND FEARFUL ANACONDA!

Our ever-welcome New Haven friend re-appears this month, with the following jest:—

> The other day lawyer JONES, of Hartford, Conn., wrote a letter to my friend PLOPP, whom he supposed to be in Hartford at the time. The missive was forwarded to PLOPP, who is in Newport. It requested him to 'step in and settle.' PLOPP replied:
>
> My dear JONES:—
>
> Yours of 10th is rec'd. I reply,—
>
> 1st. I can't step in, because I am not in Hartford.
>
> 2d. I can't settle, because I am not in the least riled.
>
> 3d. I notice you spell Hartford without a *t.* This is an error. Allow me, as per example, to suggest the correct orthography, to wit, Hartford.
>
> I shall always he glad to hear from you.
>
> Yours,
>
> I. PLOPP.

The present aspect of the great question is well set forth by a correspondent, 'LEILA LEE,' in the following sketch:—

> OUR OLD PUMP.
>
> The writer was once placed in circumstances of peculiar interest, where a word in season was greatly needed, and that word was not spoken, because it would have been thought unseemly that it should fall from the lips of a woman. Our supply of water had failed. The well was deep, and, like Jacob's well, many had been in the habit of coming thither to draw. My father had called in advisers, men of experience, and they decided that the lower part of the pump was rotten, and must be removed. It had probably stood there more than fifty years, and had been so useful in its day, that it was like an old and familiar friend.
>
> The work was commenced, and all the family stood by the closed window, the children's faces pressed close to the glass, as with eager eyes we all watched the heavy machinery erected over the old well. A mother came out of a neighboring house, and stood with a babe in her arms to see the work. A large rope was firmly placed around the pump, and made fast to the derrick. Then came the tug of war, and with a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together, the wooden pump rose up gradually from its hiding-place of years.
>
> 'Oh, mother! mother!' I exclaimed; 'see, the derrick is not long enough to raise the pump out of the well! Why don't they saw it off, and take out the old pump in

two or three pieces?'

Just then papa screamed to Mrs. Rice, 'Run out of the way, quick, with your baby!'

There stood all the workmen in dismay. What was to be done? My father had no idea that he had undertaken such a tremendous job, and now he was in great perplexity. Who, indeed, could have believed that the well was deep enough to hold a pump of such immense size as this, that had become so old and rotten? Oh, for ropes longer and stronger! Oh, for muscle and nerve! Oh, for men of herculean strength to meet this terrible crisis! At that moment, a timely suggestion, from any quarter, would have been welcome. But, even then, it might have been too late; for the pump fell with a tremendous crash, carrying with it all the machinery. Papa fell upon the ground, but the derrick had safely passed over him, prostrating the fences, and endangering the lives of the workmen.

This scene, which was soon almost forgotten, is recalled by the fearful crisis that is now upon us. While we rejoice in our recent victories, and believe that this wicked rebellion will soon be subdued, we must rejoice with trembling, so long as SLAVERY, the acknowledged *casus belli*, still remains. The unsightly monster, in all its rottenness and deformity, is drawn up from the hiding-place of ages, and it can no more be restored to its former *status*, than, at the will of the workmen, our old pump could be thrust back, when, suspended in the air, it threatened their destruction. God forbid that our rulers should desire it! What, then, is to be done? No giant mind has yet been found to grapple successfully with this great evil—no body of men who can concentrate a moral power sufficient to remove this worn-out system, without endangering some interest of vital importance to our beloved country.

Zion must now lengthen her cords and strengthen her stakes, for the wisdom of the wise has become foolishness, that God alone may be exalted. He will surely bring down every high thought, and every vain imagination, and his own people must learn what it is 'to receive the kingdom of God as little children.' How shall liberty be proclaimed throughout the length and breadth of the land, to all the inhabitants thereof, and, in obedience to the will of God, this year become a year of jubilee to the poor and oppressed of our nation? How shall the emancipation of slavery conduce to the best interest of the master, no less than to the happiness of the slave?

Probably some very simple solution will be given to this question, in answer to the earnest cry of God's people. Should it please him to hide this thought for the crisis from the wise and prudent, and reveal it unto babes, God grant that it may be in our hearts to respond, 'Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight.'

The simple solution has already been begun by our Executive, in recognizing the *principle*—its extraordinary advance among all classes will soon fully develop it. In illustration of this we quote a letter which the editor of the New Haven *Journal and Courier* vouches to come from an officer in the navy, known to him:—

From what we see and know of the operations of the rebels in this part of the South (the Southern coast, where he has been stationed), and from what we see perfidious Englishmen doing for the rebels, we are fast becoming strong abolitionists. We feel that *now* Slavery must receive its death-blow, and be destroyed forever from the country. You would be surprised to see the change going on in the minds of officers in our service, who have been great haters of abolitionists; and the Southerners in our navy are the most bitter toward those who have made slavery the great cause of war. They freely express the opinion that the whole system must be abolished, and even our old captain, who is a native of Tennessee, and who has hitherto insisted that the abolitionists of the North brought on this war, said last night, 'If England continues to countenance the *institution*, I hope our government will put arms in the hands of the slaves, and that slavery will now be the destruction of the whole South, or of the rebels in the South.' He further said, 'The slave-holder has, by the tacit consent and aid of England, brought on the most unjustifiable, iniquitous and barbarous war ever known in the history of the world.'

Too far and too fast—it is not Abolition, or the good of the black, but Emancipation, or the benefit of the *white* man, which is really progressing so rapidly with the American people. But whatever causes of agitation are at work, whether on limited or general principles of philanthropy and political economy, one thing is at least certain—the day of the triumph of free labor is dawning, while the cause of progress

'Careers with thunder speed along!'

It is almost a wonder that the late offer of the king of Siam to stock this land with elephants was not jumped at, when one remembers the American national fondness for the animal, and how copiously our popular orators and poets allude to a sight of the monster. Among the latest elephantine tales which we have encountered is the following, from our New Haven correspondent:—

> Dr. H., of this pleasant city of Elms, has been noted for many years for always driving the gentlest and most sober, but at the same time the most fearfully 'homely' of horses. His steeds will always stand wherever he pleases to leave them, but they have rather a venerable and woful aspect, that renders them anything but pleasant objects to the casual observer. A few years ago there came a caravan to town, and several horses were badly frightened by the elephants, so that quite a number of accidents took place. A day or two after, old Dr. Knight met Dr. H., and speaking of the accidents, Dr. Knight remarked that he had not dared to take his horse out while the procession was passing through the streets. 'Oh, ho!' said Dr. H., 'why, I took my mare and drove right up alongside of them, and she wasn't the least bit scared!'
>
> 'Hum—yes,' says Dr. K., '*but how did the elephant stand it*?'

By particular request we find room for the following:—

> Hon. —— then read his Poem entitled the 'Boulder,' which must be heard before we can form an idea of the genius of the poet. First we are reminded of the style of the sweet songs of Pherimorz as his enchanting strains fell upon the enraptured soul of the fair Lady of the Lake. Then away, on painted wings of gratified imagination, is the mind carried to the zephyr wooings of the dying sunset, over the elevated brow of the dark Maid of the Forest, as she reclines upon her couch of eagles' feathers, and down from angles wings, hearing the last whisper of the falling echo from the world of sound.
>
> Whether the wild chaos of storm and whirlwind which madly raged over the benighted earth before 'light was,' rushed to the dark caverns where the fettered earthquake lay, when order was demanded by the Father of Lights, we can not tell; but surely it is a pleasing thought for the mind engulfed in the unfathomed darkness of uncreated light, to be brought out and suffered to rest on the peaceful bosom of the new creation. Whether 'the world that then was' was overflown and perished by the causes set forth, we can not tell. We regret that we can not now give a more extended and particular notice of this poem; let us hope that ere long we may enjoy the delight of reading its printed form.

That must indeed have been a poem which could inspire *such* poetry in others.

The Boston *Courier* published, over the signature of 'MIDDLESEX,' during the months of February and March, a number of articles entitled, *Through the Gulf States*. So far as we have examined and compared the series, it appears to be a literal reprint, with a few trivial alterations of dates and statistics, of the *Letters from the Gulf States*, originally published in the *Knickerbocker New York Monthly Magazine*, in 1847.

THE KNICKERBOCKER

FOR 1862.

In the beginning of the last year, when its present proprietors assumed control of the Knickerbocker, they announced their determination to spare no pains to place it in its true position as the leading *literary* Monthly in America. When rebellion had raised a successful front, and its armies threatened the very existence of the Republic, it was impossible to permit a magazine, which in its circulation reached the best intellects in the land, to remain insensible or indifferent to the dangers which threatened the Union. The proprietors accordingly gave notice, that it would present in its pages, forcible expositions with regard to the great question of the times,—*how to preserve the* UNITED STATUS OF AMERICA *in their integrity and unity*. How far this pledge has been redeemed the public must judge. It would, however, be mere affectation to ignore the seal of approbation which has been placed on these efforts. The proprietors gratefully

acknowledge this, and it has led them to embark in a fresh undertaking, as already announced,—the publication of the CONTINENTAL MONTHLY, devoted to Literature and National Policy; in which magazine, those who have sympathized with the political opinions recently set forth in the KNICKERBOCKER, will find the same views more fully enforced and maintained by the ablest and most energetic minds in America.

The KNICKERBOCKER, while it will continue firmly pledged to the cause of the Union, will henceforth be more earnestly devoted to literature, and will leave no effort untried to attain the highest excellence in those departments of letters which it has adopted as specialties.

The January number commences its thirtieth year. With such antecedents as it possesses, it seems unnecessary to make any especial pledges as to its future, but it may not be amiss to say that it will be the aim of its conductors to make it more and more deserving of the liberal support it has hitherto received. The same eminent writers who have contributed to it during the past year will continue to enrich its pages, and in addition, contributions will appear from others of the highest reputation, as well as from many rising authors. While it will, as heretofore, cultivate the genial and humorous, it will also pay assiduous attention to the higher departments of art and letters, and give fresh and spirited articles on such biographical, historical, scientific, and general subjects as are of especial interest to the public.

In the January issue will commence a series of papers by CHARLES GODFREY LELAND, entitled "SUNSHINE IN LETTERS," which will be found interesting to scholars as well as to the general reader, and in an early number will appear the first chapters of a NEW and INTERESTING NOVEL, descriptive of American life and character.

According to the unanimous opinion of the American press, the KNICKERBOCKER has been greatly improved during the past year, *and it is certain that at no period of its long career did it ever attract more attention or approbation*. Confident of their enterprise and ability, the proprietors are determined that it shall be still more eminent in excellence, containing all that is best of the old, and being continually enlivened by what is most brilliant of the new.

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J.R. GILMORE, 532 Broadway, New York.

C.T. EVANS, General Agent, 532 Broadway, New York.

All communications and contributions, intended for the Editorial department, should be addressed to CHARLES G. LELAND, Editor of the "Knickerbocker," care of C.T. EVANS, 532 Broadway, New York.

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PROSPECTUS

OF

The Continental Monthly.

There are periods in the world's history marked by extraordinary and violent crises, sudden as the breaking forth of a volcano, or the bursting of a storm on the ocean. These crises sweep away in a moment the landmarks of generations. They call out fresh talent, and give to the old a new direction. It is then that new ideas are born, new theories developed. Such periods demand fresh exponents, and new men for expounders.

This Continent has lately been convulsed by an upheaving so sudden and terrible that the relations of all men and all classes to each other are violently disturbed, and people look about for the elements with which to sway the storm and direct the whirlwind. Just at present, we do

not know what all this is to bring forth; but we do know that great results MUST flow from such extraordinary commotions.

At a juncture so solemn and so important, there is a special need that the intellectual force of the country should be active and efficient. It is a time for great minds to speak their thoughts boldly, and to take position as the advance guard. To this end, there is a special want unsupplied. It is that of an Independent Magazine, which shall be open to the first intellects of the land, and which shall treat the issues presented, and to be presented to the country, in a tone no way tempered by partisanship, or influenced by fear, favor, or the hope of reward; which shall seize and grapple with the momentous subjects that the present disturbed state of affairs heave to the surface, and which CAN NOT be laid aside or neglected.

To meet this want, the undersigned have commenced, under the editorial charge of CHARLES GODFREY LELAND, the publication of a new Magazine, devoted to Literature and National Policy.

In POLITICS, it will advocate, with all the force at its command, measures best adapted to preserve the oneness and integrity of these United States. It will never yield to the idea of any disruption of this Republic, peaceably or otherwise; and it will discuss with honesty and impartiality what must be done to save it. In this department, some of the most eminent statesmen of the time will contribute regularly to its pages.

In LITERATURE, it will be sustained by the best writers and ablest thinkers of this country.

Among its attractions will be presented, in an early number, a NEW SERIAL of American Life, by RICHARD B. KIMBALL, ESQ., the very popular author of "The Revelations of Wall Street," "St. Leger," &c. A series of papers by HON. HORACE GREELEY, embodying the distinguished author's observations on the growth and development of the Great West. A series of articles by the author of "Through the Cotton States," containing the result of an extended tour in the seaboard Slave States, just prior to the breaking out of the war, and presenting a startling and truthful picture of the real condition of that region. No pains will be spared to render the literary attractions of the CONTINENTAL both brilliant and substantial. The lyrical or descriptive talents of the most eminent *literati* have been promised to its pages; and nothing will be admitted which will not be distinguished by marked energy, originality, and solid strength. Avoiding every influence or association partaking of clique or coterie, it will be open to all contributions of real merit, even from writers differing materially in their views; the only limitation required being that of devotion to the Union, and the only standard of acceptance that of intrinsic excellence.

The EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT will embrace, in addition to vigorous and fearless comments on the events of the times, genial gossip with the reader on all current topics, and also devote abundant space to those racy specimens of American wit and humor, without which there can be no perfect exposition of our national character. Among those who will contribute regularly to this department may be mentioned the name of CHARLES F. BROWNE ("Artemus Ward"), from whom we have promised an entirely new and original series of SKETCHES OF WESTERN LIFE.

The CONTINENTAL will be liberal and progressive, without yielding to chimeras and hopes beyond the grasp of the age; and it will endeavor to reflect the feelings and interests of the American people, and to illustrate both their serious and humorous peculiarities. In short, no pains will be spared to make it the REPRESENTATIVE MAGAZINE of the time.

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J.R. GILMORE, 110 Tremont Street, Boston.

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Notes

1. An incident that occurred at Palmyra, in Marion County, of which the writer was a witness, may be given as a fair illustration of Benton's insulting and insufferable manner in this celebrated canvass. During the delivery of his speech, in the densely-crowded court-house, a prominent county politician, who was opposed to Benton, arose and put a question to him. 'Come here,' said Benton, in his abrupt and authoritative tone. The man with difficulty made his way through the mass, and advanced till he stood immediately in front of Benton. 'Who are you, sir?' inquired the swelling and indignant senator. The citizen gave his well-known name. 'Who?' demanded Benton. The name was distinctly repeated. And then, without replying to the question that had been proposed, but with an air of disdain and annihilating contempt that no man in America but Benton could assume, he proceeded with his speech, leaving his interrogator to retire from his humiliating embarrassment as best he could. At the close of the address, some of his friends expressed surprise to Benton that he had not known the man that interrupted him. 'Know him!' said he; 'I knew him well enough. I only meant to make him stand with his hat in his hand, and tell me his name, like a nigger.'

2. See Historical Mag., Vol. 4, p. 230.

3. Among the cotton lately arrived from Port Royal was a number of bales marked with the form of a coffin. It was the growth of 'Coffin's Island,' which is usually of the highest grade.

4. The palmetto is a straight, tall tree, with a tuft of branches and palm leaves at its top. The new growth is the centre as it first expands somewhat resembles a cabbage. It is often used for boiling and pickling. The wood of the tree is spongy, and is used for building wharves, as it is impervious to the sea-worm. It is said that a cannon ball will not penetrate it. It is a paltry emblem for a State flag, as its characteristics accurately indicate pride and poverty. When used for wharves, it, however, becomes a veritable '*Mudsill*.'

5. Before 1700 a colony from Dorchester, Mass., made a settlement on Ashley River, and named it for their native town; afterwards, they sent an offshoot and planted the town of Midway, in Georgia. For more than a century they kept up their Congregational Church, with many of their New England institutions. Their descendants in both States have been famed for their enterprise, industry, and moral qualities down to the present day.

6. The Barnwells can trace their pedigree back about one hundred and fifty years to a Col. Barnwell who commanded in an Indian war. Subsequently the name appears on the right side in the Revolution. This is a long period to trace ancestry in Carolina; for while nearly all New England families can trace back to the Puritans, more than two hundred years, the lordly Carolinians generally get among the 'mudsills' in three or four generations at the farthest.

7. Some thirty years ago, R. Barnwell Smith made a figure in Congress by his ultra nullification speeches, and was then considered the greatest fire-eater of them all. He was not 'to the manor born,' but was the son of a Gen. Smith, who founded and resided in the small and poverty-stricken town of Smithville, N.C., at the mouth of the Cape Fear River. As his paternal fortune was small, and some family connection existed with the Barnwells, he emigrated to Beaufort, and there practiced as a lawyer. He was followed by two brothers, who had the same profession. He was the first who openly advocated secession in Congress. They have all been leading politicians and managers of the Charleston *Mercury*, which, by its mendacity and constant abuse of the North, and its everlasting laudations of Southern wealth and power, has done much to bring on the present war.

   Desirous to stand better with the aristocracy, some years ago the family sunk the plebeian patronymic of Smith and adopted that of Rhett, a name known in South Carolina a century previous.

8. During Nullification times the Fullers were Union men. Doctor Thomas Fuller, who, a short time since, set fire to his buildings and cotton crop to prevent their falling into Yankee hands, is well known as a kind-hearted physician, and better things might have been expected of him.

   His brother is a celebrated Baptist clergyman in Baltimore. He was formerly a lawyer, and afterwards preached to an immense congregation, mainly of slaves, in his native place.

9. Many years ago the Elliots were staunch Union men, and Stephen Elliot, a gentleman of talent, wrote many very able arguments against nullification and in favor of the Union. He always thought that Port Royal must some day be the great naval and commercial depot of the South. He may yet live to see his former anticipations realized, though not in the way he desired.

10. An Inquiry laid by me it few years ago before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania elicited information as to several of these 'gates' in that State. I have not the work by me, but I believe that FALES DUNLAP, Esq., of New York, asserts on Rabbinical authority, in an appendix to *Sod or the Mysteries*, that the Hebrew word commonly translated as 'passover' should be rendered 'passing through.'

11. *Robertson's Lectures and Addresses.* Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

12. The negro whippers and field overseers.

13. Referring to the common practice of bathing the raw and bleeding backs of the punished slaves with a strong solution of salt and water.

14. *Words to the West. Knickerbocker Magazine*, Oct., 1861.

15. *Continental Magazine*, March, 1862. See article, *Southern Aids to the North*.

16. Don't speak of quacks; just take your dose;
    Why should you try to mend it,
    If Doctor H—— concocts the pill,
    And *Parsons* recommend it?

    See *Amer. Jour. of Sci.*, Vol. xxx., 2d Scr., pages 10-12.

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