

# THE SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

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No. 37.

## GENERAL BEVERLY HOLCOMBE ROBERTSON.

Gen. Robertson was born at the "Coke," in Amelia County, Va., is a son of Dr. W. H. Robertson of that county, and is now in his thirty-sixth year. He entered West Point in 1815, and was brevetted 2d Lieutenant of the 2d Dragoons, 1st of July, 1840.

At the commencement of the present war, Gen. Robertson, for a number of months, was stationed in this city, as commanding officer of Cavalry, and by his skill and untiring industry did much towards the perfection of that important arm of the Confederate service.

After the death of the gallant Turner Ashby, Gen. Robertson was appointed as his successor, which position he held within a few months past, when he was ordered to North Carolina, where he is now engaged in active service.

Gen. Robertson is a brave and skillful officer, and commands, by his uniform courtesy, the respect and admiration of all who come in contact with him.

### LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.—

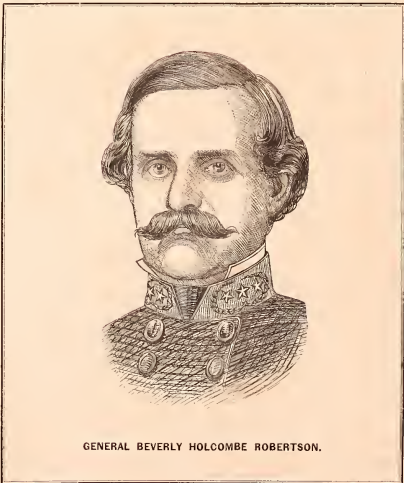
Fruits and flowers of all kinds are used to this day as a means of allegoric communication among a people so illiterate as the Turks. The rose is generally prized because the Moslems suppose it grew from the perspiration of Mahomet, and they never entered the portal of the dweller to wither on the ground. In all emblematical communications it is deemed the representation of beauty and joy; the orange flower sends hope; the marigold, despair; the amaranth, constancy; the tulip, a reproach of infidelity. It is thus that bouquets of flowers, suited volumes, supply the place of letters, and the illustrious lover conveys to his mistress feelings as if sentiments which the eloquent written language could scarcely express.—In this manner slaves hold tender communications with their mistresses, even in the presence of their terrible master. The captive Greek is generally employed as a gardener; by an ingenious arrangement of a parterre of flowers, he holds mute and eloquent discourse with her he loves, even while his jealous rival and master is looking on, and his instant death would follow a discovery.

**ARABIAN DUTYSHIP.**—An Arabian having brought a blanch to a minister's church, by the carelessness of his girls, said to her, "My looks have pleased thee in your church; why forbid me to gather there? The law permits him who sees to reap a harvest."

"blistering and progress of the masses gathered down the street, on her way to the house of God.— There, too, is the grove within. Her step is firm, and a cheerful light beams in her blue eye, and gleams on her rounded cheek. She takes life as it is, bearing its burdens with sweet cheerful faith, making the best of everything, and finding in every trial "a blessing in disguise." And there she sits, with her black robe, and red, sweet face. She is alone; but she is looking with earnest eye towards that better home where their circuit and time shall once again be overcast by the dark cloud of war. Oh! how many hearts are pining as I sit here. Mothers, fathers, wives, sisters, and brothers, all bearing in their hearts fond memories of the loved and lost. Precious dead! how say heart thrills as I think of you lying in your ancestral graves, far away from your own sweet home. Your graves are sacred and dear to every Southerner.

But the bell tolls the hour of eleven—the preaching time—and I must put on my bonnet and join the throng as they hasten to their different abodes.— Come, will you go to one of the glittering parson churches that meet your gaze on every side; or will you go with me to an old fashioned church, without pews? You hate pews. Well, here is Mr. K's church, not a very beautiful or picturesque one to be seen; but it is very plain, it has no organ and it has no pews, as come in and be seated. You need not take the trouble to go up in the "pew corner." You can sit anywhere, here. No one is ashamed to sit beside you, because you have on a plain calico dress and straw bonnet. Look around you now. No one might steal through painted windows; no organ hymn is heard pealing its grand notes around you; but you feel immeasurably happy as you look at the clear light falling through the spacious windows, and hear the sweet voice of the preacher as he stands up before you and tells you of "The Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." The words melt into your heart as they fall from his lips, and your eyes fill with tears of peace and joy, and you feel that you love your Saviour and his dear people better than ever, and you say softly to yourself, truly this is the "Gate of Heaven to my soul." And so you leave that blessed home—bearing sweet memories in your soul which shall live on through all the countless ages of eternity.

LUCY PRYOR.  
Richmond.



GENERAL BEVERLY HOLCOMBE ROBERTSON.

Written for the Southern Illustrated News.

### FOREST LEAVES.

No. 2.—SERENADY IN RICHMOND.

It is Sunday morning. The deep-toned bells are sending their solemn voices out on the stillly air, calling the people up to the Temple of the living God, and as I sit at my window, hundreds of gayly dressed people hurry past on their way to church. Look! There is the gay belle of eighteen, robed in all the elegant fashions of two years ago. How daintily she trips along with her flimsy silk dress trailing in the mud. And there, just behind her, see that dame, nice old maid; how quietly she walks, how calmly her shoes and her gloves fit, and how evenly white her collar against the dark ground of her plain dress. There is a Sabbath peace about and around her, and my heart follows her with a

Believing Guard.—A young girl who had formed an attachment to a soldier in the garden at Metz, in 1794, knowing that he was indisposed, and shipped to sea on duty at Antwerp, during very inclement weather, went to see him, and finding him quite benumbed with cold, pressed on him to go and warm himself at her house, which was not far distant, while she remained in his place.—The soldier refused for some time, but at last yielded to her tender solicitations. The moment he was gone, she wrapped herself in the great coat, and began to walk. As she walked, with the frock on her shoulder. Unfortunately the road going by, the corporal asked her the order; which not being able to answer, she was detected, and taken to the guard-house. Her lover was immediately sent for, and being found almost dead, though before a good fire, he was revived by means of some cordial, and next morning sent to prison. He was afterwards tried, and pronounced to be the abettor of military law, condemned; but some intercession was made for him, that he was pardoned, and married to his faithful mistress.



Written for the Illustrated News.

OUTLINES FROM THE OUTPOST:

THE RECOLLECTIONS, REVERIES AND DREAMS OF THOMAS JONKES, GENL.

"I have... a melancholy of mind... composed of many elements, extracted from many sources..."

XI.

CAPTAIN DARRELL, AND DEEM'G AN SPECT--HOW HE TOOK UPON HIS HILL, AND KILLED HIS PICKETS.

Captain Darrell comes to see me sometimes, and as we are old companions in arms, we have a good many things to talk about. The Captain is a pleasant associate; mild in his manners, and apparently more formidable to hurt a fly. He is a terrible man after Yankees, however, and has sent many of them to Hell. When that portion of the human race monopolizes his attention, a charge passes over him; and he hurls them down with an ardor which it is truly refreshing to behold.

I am going to give some of his experiences in the service--to record some of his exploits and performances. Every hero has had his portrait first drawn, however--here is the portrait of the Captain.

He is not yet thirty, and is of medium height and thick nose. His frame is strongly knit, and his air muscular. His complexion is a pleasant one; his expression mild; black hair, dark mustache, black eyebrows, black eyes--His eyes are dark, prominent, cavity blue, and a hat with a gold tassel. Around his waist is an encircle holsters; and a pistol belt with a revolver in it. In the field he is a soldier of short talk, and a soldier. His pistol and sword were his Yankee property--they are the spoils of his war and war.

I am going to let the Captain speak for himself. He is not given to talk about his experiences without precaution, and the reader must carefully guard against the injustice of supposing him a transcriber of his own performances. He is not so ignorant of the art that I fear he will be contented with all that I shall receive was drawn from him by skilful prompting and questions. Aware to talk at first, and to afterwards the contents of attention. The first few days I was seen great animated, and his ordinary somewhat listless demeanor was replaced by ardor and enthusiasm.

I had asked how many Yankees he had killed in his career. "I don't know," he replied, "I never counted them--a good many."

"Oh yes, I can remember six officers. I never counted the men."

"The captain killed your first officer?"

"Let me see all about it," he said, "yes, at Upton's Hill, just by Upton's place."

"Tell me all about it."

The Captain smiled, and yawned. "Well," he said, "it was in the fall of '91, I think, or it might have been late summer."

"And leaning back, clasping his hands under his knees, he then commenced. I give the narrative, as I design giving others, as nearly as possible, in the words of the Captain."

"It was in the fall of that year, I think, when General Stuart was below Fairfax, and the merry occupied Munson's, Upton's Hills, and Mason's Mills. Our troops were at Falls Church, and two miles from Upton's hill, and the first night we had pickets all along in front of our position, around on our own responsibility, and used to go from one place to another, and get a shot at them whenever I could. The first South Carolina boys and the first of our men were killed or wounded; and he taken and hung as a bush-wacker's spy; but I was not afraid, and I had determined never to be taken alive."

"At the time I picked up, we used to send three or four companies down to Falls Church, on picket, to stay some days, and then they would be relieved by other companies. As I knew the whole country--every yard, and picket post--the officers used to come to me and get me to go with them and show them the neighborhood. Gen. Longstreet, whose brigade was with me, sent me a letter, which was very confidential, and I posted all the pickets at the right place regularly."

"One day it occurred to me that I could take and hold Upton's hill, if I had the right sort of men; and I offered, if they would give me a detail, to attempt it. Major Skinner, of the 1st Va., was master of the hill, and I was then with Captain Simpson, of the 12th Va., offered me as many men as I required. I thought I would only take a small number of men; but they would get me a letter, which was very confidential, and I posted all the pickets at the right place regularly."

noticed, which we could see easily from Taylor's hill, where our picket was--about 500 yards off--and the men were all under a certain cover, and I knew that they were not pickets. I got near the hill that night, their picket would be at the tree; and accordingly I went around the tree, and crept up toward it, to reconnoitre, leaving the picket about a short distance behind. I got near the tree, which I could see indistinctly, but observed nothing in the shape of a picket. To find if any was really there, I picked up a stone, and threw it at the tree; for some time there were any Yankees there, that as soon as they heard it, they would jump up and exclaim, "Hello! didn't you hear some Yankee picket?" What was that? They were naturally terrified, and would in some manner betray their presence."

"I threw the stone, and it struck the fence, bouncing off and making a tremendous noise. There was no reply; the silence remained entirely unbroken, and I was not so much surprised as I expected. I got near the tree, at least. I then advanced boldly, and reached the tree--making a signal to the men to come up. The enemy had evidently been at the spot only a short time before. There were the remains of a picket line, and a quantity of green corn lying about, taken from the field before the house, which was about two hundred yards off--and on the tree was hanging a canteen. I took it and put it on, and then cautiously approached the house, supposing that the Yankee pickets had gone to sleep. Upon was then in the Yankee Congress, and his house was vacated; and he supposed the enemy would be at a place of shelter."

"I walked noiselessly around the house, but could see no sign of any one. I thought I would try the same game before, and found a stone, which I threw against the side of the house. Knocked it went, but no one replied; and I was then very sure that I had been in the camp of my own hands. We knuckled at the door, and a sleepy voice said something--probably a negro--but we could not get in, though we tried to pry the door open."

"I had thus got possession of the hill; and the next thing was to hold it. I reflected for a moment, and then sent the man back to Captain Simpson's house, and I engaged to the effect that I had obtained possession of the place without resistance, and that if he would send me fifteen men to hold the place, I would stay there, and if they did not recapture it. The men started off, but lost their way in the darkness--they were some of those town boys not used to country work, and some arrived at last; the other went away round the whole line of the enemy, but got back only next day."

"I was thus left with only two men; and one of these I posted as a vidette at the house, while I returned with the other, whose name was Jackson, to the tree by the gate, where the picket line lay."

"I could not sleep that night, and I began to be very anxious for the appearance of the fifteen men. The messengers had had abundance of time to go and return, but no men! I knew the programme of the enemy now, perfectly well--they were very anxious of this time, and they were very afraid of being 'cut off,' as they called it--and every night would leave their place on the hill, retiring to the woods or to the river to prevent being cut off. I was very anxious for the picket. When day returned, they would resume their position at the picket line."

"I was very anxious, that everything depended upon getting my reinforcement promptly, or it would be too late. I could not hold the hill with one man against them all, and I don't like to think of allowing of as many men as that being put by the expedition. So I listened anxiously for sounds from the direction of Falls Church, expecting to be called to hear the footsteps of the enemy. I could hear nothing, however, and for the reason I have given--that my messenger arrived so late. Capt. Simpson, as he told me afterwards, promptly ordered out the detail I asked for; but they did not arrive in time."

"All this time I was listening attentively in the opposite direction, too. I knew that if my men did not come, the enemy would at the first attack of daylight, and I did not wish to be caught. I determined to fire and fall back, if I could not fight them--and the night was so still that I could hear the slightest sound made by a man, long before he approached me. My plan had been all arranged, counting on the arrival of the fifteen men, and it was to place every man out of the end, and to fire upon the picket line, once upon the picket line, and once upon the bank, and once upon the side of the house. I knew that they would be very much surprised, and I was very anxious to carry out the plan--but, as I said, the men did not come. If I held the hill I would have to do so with four instead of fifteen."

"Everything turned out as I expected. Just at the first flash of day, while everything was very hazy and indistinct, I heard the enemy--tramp! tramp! tramp! come up the hill. The men who were on picket line were two or three yards off, and Jackson and myself were, as I have said, at the gate near the tree, hid in the tall corn. He was armed with a Mian rifle, and I had the same arm, by using my six-shot revolver. He shot at me, and I fired at him."

"I leaned on the fence, crouching down and listening--and the trunk of the Yankee came nearer, and in the dim light, I could see a company of them, with an officer at their head, approaching. When they were about ten yards off, and I could make them out perfectly distinct, I was armed. 'Now, Jackson,' said, resting my gun on the fence. I took deliberate aim at the officer, and fired, striking him in the breast. I then dropped my rifle and picked up the six-shot revolver of the man who was wounded, the Lieutenant in command, and standing three men."

"Although the man was wounded, the Lieutenant in command, stood gallantly, and shouted to the men who had, for the most part broken, and were running: 'I don't see there fire on the squire's! halt, I say! fire on them!'"

"Some of them turned, and I heard the click of the locks as they fired. I saw a few men, and I heard the report of my rifle. I was very much surprised, and I was very anxious to carry out the plan--but, as I said, the men did not come. I know it would not do to let them discover that"

there were only two men in front, as, having no more loads in my pistol, I thought out, as, though addressing a company who had fired without orders:

"Steady, men! steady there! tell you! Hold your fire! Steady! Dress to the right!"

"This completely took them in, and made them believe that they were attacked by a large force. In spite of all that the Lieutenant could say, they broke and ran down the hill, leaving one man--the Sergeant--dead behind them."

"The Lieutenant was killed by some of the men, and taken to a house, not far from the spot. I was some time afterwards, and they told me he was shot in the left breast, just above the heart, and in the middle of the chest."

"That was the first officer ever killed, and the whole of the story."

"Knowing that the enemy would soon return with a heavy force to dislodge me, and that nothing was to be gained by remaining there longer, without reinforcements, I called to the man to the house, and took up the line of march back to Falls Church."

"If they had sent me the men, I could have held the hill, or I could have, the messengers I sent got lost."

So ended Captain Darrell's account of the killing of his first officer. Finding him in a talkative humor, I asked him where, and under what circumstances, he had killed the sergeant, and he continued as follows:

THE OCEAN.

- Likestee of Heaven! Agent of Fate: Man is thy victim-- Shipreck thy dowry! Storm thy power: From ralls and oceans, Armies and banners: And buried in thine.

What are the sides of Mexico's Bay? To the wealth that far in thy deep bosom lies? The poor soul that cover the coarcing West-- That Righteous to death with one heave of thy breast.

And where are the cities of Thibes and Tyre? Scapt from the nation, like sparks from the fire: The glory of Athens--the splendor of Rome: Devoted--and fever--like fire on thy beam.

But woe art Almighty--Erethian--Sublime-- Unwashed--unearthed--from both of Time's Flies, tempest, or nation, thy glory on bow-- As the stars first beheld thee, still elongates art thou!

But hold! When thy surges no longer shall roll-- When that frenzied's length is drawn back as scrawl-- Then, thou shalt the spirit that rights by thee now, Be more mighty--more lasting--more changes than thou!

THE WORN OF A GUANO CAVANAGE--A remembrance that is cheerful, and free from aversion and error. I have discussed. It is worth gold. I love such atoms as does not make friends belated to look upon one another next morning; nor men, but can well bear it, to record the money that they spent when they were warmed with drink. And take this for law: You may pick out such times and such companions, that you may make yourselves merrier a little than a great deal of money--for 'tis the company, and not the charge, that unites the feast."

REGULATION--A head properly constituted can accommodate itself upon whatever pilosity the vicissitudes of fortune may please to add it.

MAN AND WOMAN--A woman's head is always influenced by her heart; a man's heart is generally influenced by his head--Lolly Delongue.

Written for the Illustrated News.

ANSWER TO SHAKSPEARIAN ENIGMA, No. 4.

"What the Captain is but a choleric word, in the soldier is rank blasphemy."

ENIGMA, No. 5.

I am composed of 10 letters. My 1, 8, 12, 19, 10, is a very disagreeable part of a soldier's life. My 2, 17, 17, 18, is a celebrated hunter and beaater horse."

My 3, 7, 9, 4, 13, 19, is a large fish. My 5, 17, 13, 11, 3, is a heathen deity. My 6, 19, is an abbreviation of a common title. My 7, 3, 15, 2, 18, is a kind of theatre."

My 8, 9, 12, 11, 15, 4, is one of the Muses. My 9, 15, 12, 19, 5, 4, 12, is what the Yankees know how to do."

My 10, 12, 12, 14, 15, is what most of our soldiers are. My 11, 8, 9, 2, 19, 17, is a heathen goddess. My 12, 9, 2, 12, is a fast movement."

My 13, 16, 14, 5, 10, 4, is formerly a common sight, but now scarce a curiosity. My 14, 15, 16, 16, 13, 17, 10, is an epithet applied to the worst."

My 15, 19, 19, 8, 15, is to suffer. My 16, 15, 6, 9, is the name of a part of a man. My 17, 10, 4, is a contention."

My 18, 15, 16, 16, 15, 18, is an very useful title article. My 19, 10, 15, 3, 5, 9, is the name of a thing. My whole is about the rillying cry of the South. Answer in next number.

Written for the Illustrated News.

MEMORIAE SACRUM.

By JAMES BARROW HOFF.

Alas! he's cold!
Cold as the marsh which his fingers wrought—
Cold, but not dead, for such words—the thought
Of him, which he bore from the Ideal beyond—
To live in stone.

Galat is not dead—
Only too cease
We saw him slink
Up to the pedestal,
When fate's time came
And coming generations, in the noon
Of his sad republication, yet shall stand
To pay their homage to his noble name.

Our Part of the Quarter only sleeps:
He clift his gateway up the future's steps,
And now rests from his labors,
Himself, 'tis I say.
For him there is no death—
Only the stepping of the palms and breath.

But slaps! breath is not the all in all—
Man hath it but in common with the brutes—
Life is in action, and in better pursuits,
By what we dream, and having dreamt, dare do,
We look our places in the world's large view,
And still have part in the affairs of men.

He dreamt, and made his dreams perceptible things,
Fit for the rugged cells of penalitians' cells,
Or halls of sumptuous kings,
And showed himself a poet in his art—
He charmed Lycius with a touch to love,
With such a tender beauty of his line,

But Psyche—soft in beauty and in placid grace—
Waits for ice lover in the Western breeze—
And a rare smile irradiates her face,
As though she heard him whisper in the trees.

Eschastus, but her vice-crowned hand,
Leaps to the nymph's nomenclature dancer,
With such a pansion in her air—
Upon her look—upon her lips—
As thrills you to the finger tips,
And fascinates your glances.

There are, as 'twere, two of his songs in stone—
The one full of the tenderness of love,
Speaking of musarion and the song-bird's call—
The other, of our laughter and the tone
Of fatal music, on whose rise and fall
Soft-footed dancers follow.

Not her than
Sweet Lycus dreamt 'neath the summer trees,
He's worked some life studies out,
To leave them incomplete, his chiefest pain,
When the low pulsing of his falling heart
Announced him of death.

Aye! he had eared upon a lady wing
Wet with the purple and dew-drenched rain
Of dreams whose clouds had discolored 'er his brain
Until it ached with glad glories.

If you would see the Epichus, go—
Go with the student from the dim arcade,
Halt where the Statues\* stand staid in the hall,
And mark how courteous roses bank and fall,
And all light talk to rousful poems brought,
When fringed with the web's tye of thought
He bowed to glad Curran.

View his Columbus, here, grand and meek!
Paced in the bath's long prostrated trunk,
Faint and Salvador stamped on his front—
A second Atlas bearing on his brow
A new world just discovered,
Go see Virginia's wile, majestic face,
With some faint shadow of her coming wax
Writ on the breast, expressive, virgin new
Of her imperial forehead.

Just as though
Some disembodied prophetic-hand
The sculptor's chisel—that tool had held,
Pretoroaching her coming tye of them.

Her crown and her great glory,
Thou of the man! but they are enough—
Enough to show that I have rightly said,
The marble's snow from him bids back decay—
He stoops long, but sleeps not with the dead
Who die and are forgotten ere the day
Draped over them both harkened in the sun.

Thus much of GALT, the Artist—

Of the man
Pain would I speak, had it not been
A loss.
Now for the weeks wandering to tell
How he was loved, or yet how well
He did deserve it.

All things of beauty were to him delight—
The sterner's clouds, the terror rest apart,
The stars which glitter in the noon of night,
Spoke with one voice unto his mind and heart—
His love of Heaven made him love of Art.

Of life he never thought, but had rarely done
Such noble things that he
Like to a starting eagle would have been
At last lost in the sun.

\* His Jefferson at the University of Virginia.

Written for the Illustrated News.

YULIA STANLEY'S GENEALOGY.

By AGNECY WASHINGTON.

I was young when I left the little home, that since my parents' death, had been the home of Reginald and I. I was young in years, and untutored in the ways of the world, when I became a governess in the household of a nobleman. I trusted upon no, my new duties at the grand mansion of my Aier with trepidation; but the sweet faces and gentle manners of my two pupils reassured me. Sophie, the older, was a pretty girl—a plump, dark-haired, dark eyes, laughter-loving 'savage,' with lovely dimples in her cheeks and chin, and with smiles ever creeping about her ruby lips and dancing eyes.

"Perfice her beauty was,
Fashioned her grace,
Wanted not to excel,
In all of true grace."
Lydia, my younger pupil was neither pretty nor engaging. She was a stouping little girl, with slightly bent head, and homely face, half shaded by drooping curls of dark brown. Her only claim to beauty.

Sophie was as the sunshine of the house, and Lydia was as the shadow. Sophie's words of childish singing cheered my drooping heart, and her peals of joyous laughter made my heart feel glad; and I prepared to love the little human, as full of spirit and joy.

Mr. Roberts brought his own treasures to the room, which was to be the schoolroom, and where I was seated awaiting their arrival. I arose as he entered. Mr. Roberts was a mild, thoughtful looking man, with carefully kept hair, apparently arrived in years; his hair was thickly sprinkled with the honors of years.

"His name," he said, "is Reginald, and he added, with a smile, for which in my heart I thanked him, "I am sure that they will love you, they could not do otherwise."

I now look back with a melancholy pleasure, with a smile and a tear, upon the hours spent as the governess of Sophie and Lydia Roberts; they dearly loved me, and I loved them. Such being the case, how could the time pass otherwise than happily.

At the end of my first quarter, Mr. Roberts announced himself perfectly satisfied with the new governess—Mrs. Roberts—the proud, elegant, and fashionable Mrs. Lacoste Roberts, said nothing. Silence with her was equivalent to being pleased.

Reginald, my noble brother, wrote to me that he was getting on finely in his new home, and hoped that it was happily situated. His brotherly loving letter was the only thing needed to fill to the brim the cup of my happiness. Yes, I felt that I was happy, because contented.

The days numbered into weeks, and passed on adown the river of Time. I had been an inmate of Mrs. Roberts' grand mansion, and governess to Sophie and Lydia half a year, when I was told that the lady and only one of Mr. Roberts was coming home. I had only heard the name of Leon Roberts mentioned once or twice by his little sisters, as traveling on the Continent; and it surprised me to hear that he was coming home. His history was related to by the housekeeper—a talkative matron, and a would-be matchmaker—thus: "His fat and fitly."

Mr. Roberts had matched—wood, iron, and wedded a poor maid—poor in goods of the world, but rich in nature's wealth, beauty—against the expressed wish of his proud mother. His lady wife was a delicate looking, and died shortly after the marriage was made. Since that time, three years before, Leon Roberts had been absent from the home of his boyhood, holding little intercourse with his parents.

"The son was coming home. I sat alone in my room, hardly dismissed my pupils. "He may come to-day, he may come to-morrow," thought I, "but my home is the home of one who had been very dear to him—dearer than any of the home circle, and he will think of the time, the many times, beneath the soft beams of the young moon, he had held her hand within his own, and listened to her loving tones. But reality will bring him back from the part to the sober present, and tell him that the flame ever alive in the breast of her loved, had been long extinguished by the hard heart of death; that death had led away with him the radiant form. I sang in a low tone, not repeating or wishing any ear to hear my song save mine own."

"And should he seek his once loved home,
Where is the child that crept in his bowers?
Unborn, until death's repose he found—
Cald is the earth within their bowers,
So silent and like death, and 'neath the tree
Would sound his voices of the dead."

In a few moments I heard steps descending the stairs, and I knew that he was gone.

It was dinner time: I must go down stairs and meet the gentleman who had occupied my thoughts. I had no time to meet him in the parlor just as dinner was announced, and, as soon as his father introduced me, he gave me his arm to lead me into the dining-room. "And now sit down, my dear, in the face, when his father introduced me, for I remembered that he had heard my song, and I was overtimid before strangers." At the dinner table I was seated opposite to him, and I was glad to meet my eyes. At last he was dining decent, he spoke to me.

"I love do you like my home, Miss Stanley?" I raised my eyes, and shaded, fathered, and, recovering myself, replied, and entered into conversation with the gentleman. He was of a slight, but elegant form; his air and manner were distinguished; but his kind, earnest look, that he had a word and look of kindness for all; a broad, intellectual brow, the dazzling whiteness of which contrasted strongly with his sun-burned cheek; his locks, waving hair, eyes, soft and jet black, and a beautiful formed mouth, around which trembled sweet smiles. His eyes were glaucous men, and several times I imagined that they gazed in my direction with an inquiring glance, and then I remembered my song, and I am sure I blushed until my face was very red. Mr. Leon Roberts smiled as if he understood why I blushed.

In the evening, after returning from an afternoon stroll with my pupils, I generally remained in the parlor, and performed on the piano or harp, as Mrs. Roberts desired—this was when there was no company.

I was eagerly surprised upon the afternoon of Mr. Leon Roberts' coming to dine, and accompanied by his sister, "that her brother had had her tell me not to consider him, and that he was merely at home. And she continued, 'you must not think of going to the parlor for tea as usual, for brother is passionately fond of music.'" The evening came, and I was in the parlor as usual. I did not offend my sister, and I felt that she was not being deeply engaged in conversation—speaking of a country across the sea. I sat in silence on one side of the room, the grand piano on the other, and I listened eagerly to the rich music of his voice, and, listening to his tones, I drank in strong, rich feelings of love.

I was unaware of the fact, and wondered when Mrs. Roberts, tired of Bulwer's lyric, had desired me to play "Something lively," and as arose from his seat to lead me to the instrument, I felt a shudder of joy run through my frame, as his hand lightly touched mine.

"His form and face appeared in my dreams that night. I was considerably surprised to find that he was at home, and did not grieve for the one he had lost.

Days and weeks passed on, and I found great pleasure in the country, and in the society of my pupils, and myself in our afternoon strolls, and I even came to my school-room, to see, he said, how his little sisters progressed under my instructions. In an extraordinary manner, he had been seen in Europe—of Rome, and of the artists there, and their works. I was delighted to listen to him. I would sit and listen to him in the morning, and he would come to me at his own voice. I felt that this man of the world was attracted towards me, and found pleasure in my company. I often wondered how he had become so interesting in my simple ways, and not beautiful face, but it was with joy I heard it, and I felt it so.

I had been 'governess one year—had that morning received a letter from my brother Reginald.

"In a month, my dear sister, I shall be a married man, and will come and bring you to my home. You shall no longer be a governess for strangers."

Thus he wrote, and I sat in my school-room, with the letter before me, thinking of many things. My two pupils had not made their appearance. A shadow fell upon the written page.

"A letter from your brother's chosen?" I exclaimed a voice I never full well.

"Of course," replied I, in a serene tone, but jesting. "In a moment he was by my side.

"Yuk, do you love another?" I asked, and let me know the truth." "I said proudly, "As from one I love deeply is it in my heart to be another?"

"Thank God!" he exclaimed fervently.

And there!—I will draw the curtain upon that scene! He told me of his love, and I loved me, even before he saw me, ever since he had heard me sing upon the day of his arrival.

Gladly linked my destiny with his. Six months passed swiftly and happily, and then I became his wife.

Twelve years passed, and now I promise to 'fore honor and they him. Before we could be married, I told him that I was now, nor do I ever look back save with joy, upon the days of my home life.

Euse College, Arkansas.
SOCETY.—In the ordinary commerce of one human being with another, which takes place in the every-day routine of that dull machine which is called society, especially in large cities, we are so much surrounded by the interests and the human beings with whom we are brought in temporary contact. A cynic said, that language was made to conceal our ideas; and this I declare. This is the result of the expression of the human countenance was intended to convey false impressions. A great part of the truth is unspoken, because the eye is so naturally quick, and the heart, or very nearly the rest, is hurried under lies that the liar thier the most successful. Thus, when we think of the great part of our ordinary acquaintance, and see ourselves what are their views, purposes, opinions, thoughts, feelings, dispositions, and what they may well say with it. It is, in fact, a world of deception, and it is not that, but it should be feared, that if from society in general we were to take away any all the truth that we have seen, we should be nothing but a pantomime in dumb show, performed by very stiff automata.







