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GENERAL JOSEPH EGGLESTON JOHNSTON.

This distinguished officer is a native of Prince Edward county in this State, where he was born in 1802, and died in 1862. He was the son of Judge Peter Johnston, of the General Court of Virginia, distinguished alike at the bar and on the bench, for sound practical sense and solid legal acquirements. He had been a soldier in his youth; had served in the Army of General Jackson in his celebrated campaign of 1813 in West and South Carolina—had borne himself honorably and bravely at Guilford, Canute, Estaw, and Ninety Six—and retained a strong desire to be a soldier, a prediction for his early profession, which not all his subsequent success in a profession of a very different character, could entirely obviate. It is worthy of record, that he was the First Lieutenant of the company in which the celebrated Post-Father served as a private, and that the latter, scarcely less remarkable for his gigantic strength and undaunted courage than for his keen sagacity and powerful, though uncultivated mind, retained to the close of his life a warm affection for his old comrade, as sufficient proof, since he had so often seen him tried, that he had never found him wanting. In the year of the Revolution, Judge Johnston married Miss Polly Wood, of Goschelland county, a niece of Patrick Henry, and one of the most accomplished young ladies of her day. If he had chosen his wife avowedly on the principle that she was "the prettiest girl given," "for qualities that would wear," he could scarcely have made a happier selection. Mrs. Johnston was a woman remarkable in her married life for the ability with which she discharged the duties of her station, as she was born for her peculiar attractions in her youth. They raised a large family, sons and daughters, all of whom proved to be men of great understanding. Both parents paid the strictest attention to their education, moral and physical, as well as mental; a discipline unexampled by those to whom an education of youth is entrusted. Among other things, they were taught to obtain complete mastery over their own minds; a lesson, above all others, essential to human happiness; for the mind in the soul, like fire in the material world, is the best servant, and most dangerous and most tyrannical of masters.

Of several brothers, the subject of our sketch was the youngest. When yet a small boy his father having been appointed a Judge in Arlington District, removed him to that town, and there Joseph received the rudiments of his education. At this time he was noted as a boy of quiet parts and a bold and enterprising disposition. During the progress of his life, he had an opportunity, above one of the characteristics, for which he has since distinguished above most of his contemporaries. By some accident he broke an arm. Most boys of his age would have indulged in the

lowest lamentation. Joseph, on the contrary, bore his misfortune with the most heroic fortitude. He shed not a tear and uttered not a groan. He submitted to the setting of the bone with the calmness and entire consciousness of India, making it a wise man and distinguisher among men of iron. With equal patience he bore the confinements necessary to his elision, and in every incident connected with the disease, showed a manly spirit far above his years. We mention this circumstance, because, though trivial, it is characteristic, and affords a key to his subsequent conduct

that time in the very zenith of its reputation. His application to his studies, from the moment he entered the walls of this institution, was earnest and devoted. How successful history very clearly shows. He graduated in 1829, in the upper class, with General Robert E. Lee, a circumstance well worth notice, as we intended to render that year and that class forever memorable in the annals of West Point. Cadet Johnston was immediately assigned to the 4th artillery, with the rank of 2d Lieutenant, by brevet. There was no rank or position, nor opportunity for distinction.

Accordingly, we find him,

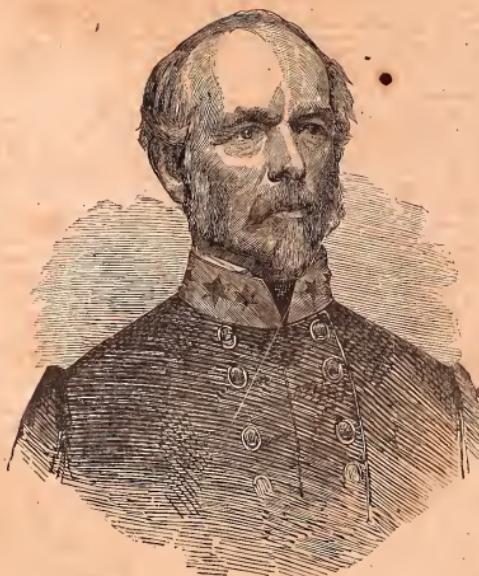
seven years after, while still a second lieutenant, Assistant Commandant of Artillery, a post which he resigned the year after, upon being appointed 1st Lieutenant of Topographical Engineers. Then followed his call when the Florida war broke out in 1838. His conduct throughout that war was such as to merit the highest praise, and to draw the eyes of the whole country upon him. Upon one occasion, having been sent, under the command of a junior officer, to make a survey or reconnaissance of a region which lay around a lake, and having got into difficulties in house-boats, the party was captured by an ambuscade of Indians, and all its officers killed or disabled by a single fire.

The men were thrown into complete confusion, and were in imminent danger of destruction, when Lieut. Johnston, with his sword, and by his coolness and determination, succeeded in rescuing them. He laid hold of a small tree to one hand, and standing holding it in face of the whole fire of the savages, called on the men to rally and form upon him. This had the effect of enabling him to subdue what was fast becoming a panic. The men returned to their duty and rendered such services that a rescue was effected, and the whole party saved.

Johnston was now promoted Captain, and was attached to the 1st Cavalry, under General Scott. Most of them were aimed directly at him, to the relief of the soldiers. Strange to say, when two of them struck the tree to which he held fast, for some time he was not touched. At last one struck him, immediately above the shoulder, through the roots of the hair, and ranged backward to the occiput, grazing the skull, the whole dislocating but not fracturing it. It lay on the ground, the brain. Lt. J. of course fell, but the troops had caught so much of his spirit, that they rendered him up, and soon put him to rights.

For his gallant conduct on this occasion, and throughout the Florida war, Lieut. J. was brevetted Captain; a very meagre recompence for so many and such arduous services, it seems to us. But promoted Captain by seniority.

The Mexican war had now begun. On the 10th February, 1847, Capt. Johnston was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the 1st Cavalry, and sent to that country, with the expedition under Gen. Scott. After the capture of Vera Cruz, when the army advanced, Colonel Johnston made a most daring reconnaissance of the enemy's line, strongly posted on the heights of Cerro Gordo. In this reconnaissance he was



GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY VANNERSON.

in some of the most trying situations that a man can be called on to encounter.

It is possible that his own inclination led him to choose arms as a profession. Naturally of sound discipline, as a boy he was fond of reading, and especially enjoyed stirring narratives of his early experience in the army of Greene; he must often have heard, it was natural that he should feel his soul stirred within him by the words of a man of action. It is remarkable to observe how little a man may be aware of the qualifications required for military life, and easily discovering the height of his son's genius, should encourage his youthful inclinations. Be that as it may, we find him in 1823, a cadet at the military academy of West Point, at

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'CONSCIENT,' ARTIST, AND "EXEMPT."

script" immediately snatched it up and began to look at it. "Exempt" jumping him in the examination. I went on deliberately to put away my pencil and to roll up my cuff—fully bent on avenging my outraged pride, and upon coming out came the inevitable acknowledgment of "Stack-up," "Squats-eye," and "Saphead!" My friends were still too busy examining my sketches to pay any attention to me. Regarding them a moment, I concluded it would be cowardly to attack "Exempt" alone. I therefore deliberately sprang a "Conscript" with one hand, and "Exempt" with the other.

The next moment, I—

When I am mad, I am deliberate; but when the fighting begins, I am not self-possessed. The fact is, I am not accustomed to fighting. How it happened I know not, but the next moment after I had sprawled my friends, I became dimly conscious of being under the water. The Indian writer has it, "The world is upon me, and piled high into infinity." It is a wonder I was not drowned, seeing I was hurled from the upper deck of the steamer. But a merciful Providence saved me, and this untoward rencontre served only to assure me in "getting married."

A week later, and when I got back on deck, I found my sketches all safe and my friends under arrest; for they proved to be both conscripts, on their way to a camp of instruction, in charge of an officer. A suit of dry clothes helped to make me squeamish, but there were too many questions to answer, and too much scrutiny of my humble self on the part of the passengers. My position was uncomfortable. As it made not a particle of difference with me where I stopped, I got off at the next landing, and so contrived to live in a fat of the land—game and oysters were plentiful there—and wound up my festive season by a violent attack ofague and fever. I have a picture of myself when theague was at the height, and would put it in here if I could find that it produces vertigo in every person who looks at it.

One day I had a congestive chill, which nearly laid me out. The doctor pointed down me until I could taste it in my very bones. My head felt like a full moon, and the walls flamed, and there was a ring of hell in my ears, in a Yankee jubilation over the victory at Manassas. When I got better, the doctor advised me to buy a horse and ride about in the mountains. Horse-flesh was dear, but my landlord was a judge of the article, and put me in touch with a good stable.

"That's a quartermaster here," said he, "with a lot of broken-down horses; let me pick one for you, and I will get you the best bargain you ever got in your life."

"Very well," said I. He brought me a skeleton, the very sight of which made me shudder.

"Why, landed!" I exclaimed, "that thing will break down of its own accord in less than a mile. It looks like it was going to fall to pieces anyway."

"This is the name of a prime horse!" he replied. "He's been terribly abused in the army, but if you take care of him, he will come out wonderfully. That nail will carry you as far as you will ride in a day, anything, and if you feed him high, he and you will improve together."

The landlord was correct. I got better every day, and so did the horse. I gave him now, and wouldn't take \$500 for him. "Original," who had a gallop around the town and down the streets, and the great bulk of the ladies, the admiration of small negroes, and the devotion of everybody that has got common sense, would give \$1,000 for him.

My horse and myself went gallantly on our way, making one stage at first; living well, fatiguing, strengthening, and gradually lengthening every day's journey. In process of time, we struck the tow-path of the canal, down which I had traveled in the summer. The very day came on the measurable storm, when all the great curiosities was sent by Providence for the destruction of Burnside, then on his way to Beausejour Island. What perverse inducement to

continue my journey in the rain and wind? Goodness knows! I had a thick umbrella—the cold weather seemed only to make me stronger—my horse suddenly enjoyed it; and, perhaps, Fate bad a hand in the matter.

At all events, I went on until nightfall, and found myself not exactly lost, but entirely out of my reckoning. Night came on rapidly. We pitch dark, the wind rose fiercely and the waves fell horribly. I thought, as I seemed, I had passed out of a known into an unknown country—wild, black and stormy. I felt as if I were thousands of miles from any habitation. I was alone, however, and to have been leaving from books and some little experiences that the best thing a man can do under circumstances such as these expected, it to give his horse the reins and let him go where he would. He will be sure to find the nearest house.

"Bombergay"—that is the name I had given my noble steed—had been at once, from the time I passed, and soon took me across the channel of the country. Unable to see an inch before my nose, I closed my eyes and let him go. Perhaps, an hour had passed when he stopped suddenly, and reared and reared again. I had become very chilly, very impatient, and now became very angry, and plunged the spurs into him. He darted forward with a crack, and then, at the moment, a new consciousness of the truth. I was about to proceed without stopping to investigate the matter, when I was arrested by a groan—only one groan—but all the same.

I dismounted, and, leading my horse by the bridle, went back to ascertain the extent of the injury I had unwillingly inflicted. I had not gone many steps before my foot struck the body of some one lying in the mud.

"Are you much hurt, friend?"

No question. Still no answer. I stepped forward, and out my hand to feel, as I supposed, the whiskers of the object I had struck. But I held my hand upward from the chin it sank in a depression. "His jaw is fractured," said I, "and he is stunned." Exploring still further with my fingers, I could find neither mouth, nor nose, nor eye—all was smooth—*and as I rose on my fingers rubbed my lips,*

"Words cannot convey the horror that seized me as I thought of that formless bloody corpse of something once a man. I sat there at the feet in the muddy road, while the winds were howling, the rain pouring, and the hillsides were darkening around me."

A terribleague came on. Again I tried to arouse the shapeless mass that lay in the mud; failing, I sat and tried. My pale face—for I confess I was terribly frightened—my high fever, my aching, chattering teeth—for the ague fit was shaking my very bones—struck the young lady with terror, and she drew me into her arms, and I pitifully appealed, and she took me to the fire. There my story was soon told, the adventure with the horrible steamer, the road included. Imagine the rush of painful emotions in my breast, when the young lady exclaimed—

"Oh, sir! oh, sir! it's poor Uncle Phil, I know. This was his evening to come, and Aunt Abby is waiting for him."

Aunt Abby was the old man's wife.

Shall I tell how we quickly went in search of Uncle Phil—I insisted upon accompanying the party. In spite of my personal services to the inmates—how we found him—how, when I saw his poor bald head dabbled in blood, the temple was in my hands. I understood at once why his face had seemed to me formless,

horrible—how we brought him to his wife's house? Shall I tell you this?—it makes me so painful.

The old woman, patiently waiting for her husband. "It almost breaks my heart the first sight of her face, so unmerciful was it of the evil tidings that awaited

her. Now will I venture to tell what the effect was when the news was broken to her. Grief, even in the African, is severe. Indeed, I could not tell what happened for several days after I arrived at Col.—a hospitable house, for I had no place to go to, almost delirious with fever and the excitement I had undergone."

"The family were all kind to me as people could be; but the young lady, after I got strong enough to enter the parlor, was shy. To be honest, she avoided me. Disgusted as the fact was, I could not hide it. She was never in the least unhappy, unladylike. She gave me pleasure, and I understood that my presence was not pleasant to her. But the more she avoided me, the more I was drawn to her. Hopeless as my case evidently was, it seemed inevitable. I was obliged to go to see Aunt Abby.

"One morning I proposed to go to see Aunt Abby. 'No, don't; please, don't!' said my lady—so for I must now call her. "She would rather not see you."

"Oh, she knows me, does she?"

"No, but then she—she would rather not see you."

"I said no more. The same evening, however, without knowing any more about it, I went to the old woman's house. She received me politely, but that was all. I was deeply moved by her rejected looks, and most have proved by my very summer the sincerity of my sympathy. Still Aunt Abby maintained her coldness. I repeated my visit with the same evening and the next, without producing any material change in the old woman's feelings toward me."

The day drew nigh when I must leave. Forcing an interview, when I knew she would avoid me, I asked, "I remain here, with no hope, and did not exactly subscribe, but for I remained the edges of the delicate question very finely; nevertheless, I retired with a strong conviction of having been rejected."

Packed my saddle-bags immediately, and then sat down and thought of her tamely. Then I unpacked them, took out pencil and paper and drew a careful and finished likeness of "Uncle Phil." I carried it to her wife. She burst into tears the moment she saw it. "Then I repeated 'Beautiful'—by this time in splendid condition, for he had been soundly fed and admirably groomed—and went back.

There I gave myself up to dolefully-sweet repining over a lost young woman with black eyes.

"Gone, forever gone," said I, one night, as I sat gazing



AUNT ABBY.

into the others. My servant came in. "De's a boy out here want in see you."

"Bring him in."

"Who is he?"

"Name Ben, sir—longs to Col. ——. I 'tended to ye' when you was down."

"So you did. How are you, Ben? Glad to see you. All right, Ben."

"Yes, sir, 'ceptin' 'ts An' Abby.' She tolle me fat to tell you you mose' come to our house agin. 'Ts her last pras to see you for she die, and she say you won't rumpent' el you come."

"I'll come, well; I'll go. But what are you doing away up in this neighborhood?"

"I'm go a wife 'bont two miles from here."

"Ahl that accounts for it."

With a smile, I thought, "Well, I'm goin' to see her." The next morning early I was in the saddle, and, before dark, "Beancard" had landed me at Col. ——'s door. My reception, on the part of the old folks, was all that could ask: even the young lady seemed kind and sweet. Aunt Abby was delighted to see me; indeed, she had been waiting for my arrival. And what do you suppose made the old woman so anxious to see me again before she died, for her health was failing? Why, to draw Uncle Phil and herself seated side by side, so that she might look at while she died. Of course, I completed the picture hangs at the head of Aunt Abby's bed to this day—for her health rallied, and she aids now fair to live a hundred.

How long I stayed at Col. ——'s in this visit, low often returned, and what happened during each visit, I shall not tell you. Tost I succeeded, you already know.

Some months after I was married, I said, to my wife:

"Mary, it seems to me that you changed your opinion of me very suddenly. When I went back to Aunt Abby's, your manner was altogether different. How did this happen?"

"Aunt Abby was at the bottom of it all."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; but for her never would have had a wife."

"What do you mean? You say you, madam, there were thousands of us dying for the handsome young artist. But who about Aunt Abby?"

"Well, Aunt Abby is my 'mammy,' you know, and I always promised to marry the man she chose. After you gave her up, she, like the rest of us, had to marry some one else. She took me into her confidence and made to her, out of the kindness and goodness of heart you had shown, that she talked to me about you, and I got to thinking about you, and then—"

"And now no more, my life, my love, my adored, my darling, my—"

"My, Artie, you have been running the blockade."

"No, I haven't, you cold-blooded little wretch. I have been exiled, imprisoned and persecuted by the wonderful, mysterious, and benevolent Narrator, you have no narrative of 'Aunt Abby' at the bottom of it all." Well, that's one way of getting married."

"Do you like it?"

"I do, Artie. I only wish all the young men in the Confederacy could be as fortunate. There are pressing reasons why every young man should get married. The fact is, government should put a premium on getting married."

"Explain yourself."

"Young woman, your little brain is not strong enough to comprehend the profound problems of Matrimony."

Written for the Illustrated News,
THE DYING CHILDREN.

BY WILLIE.

The sun is very bright, mother,
The flowers are blossoming fair,
But ere the moon shall rise, mother,
Ob! I shall not be here.

My little bird that sings to me
When I am sad and lone,
Will cheer you all the while, mother,
When I am dead and gone!

The rose-bush in the garden, too,
By Spring will be in bloom—
Take from it all the roses, mother,
And plant them on my tomb.

The little birds I used to read,
When I am sad and lone,
Give to her, she will keep them well,
And often think of me!

My voice is growing weak, mother,
My pulse, 'ts hearing slow,
The chilly winds of death are near—
I feel that I must go.

Please your hand in mine, dear mother,
And kiss my aching brow,
'Tis end to set this weep, mother,
But I must leave this now.

Do you 'neath the brave old oak,
Where oft I loved to stray;
The birds will come at early dawn,
And sing their songs to me.

And when evening's quiet hour
Calls home the bird and bee,
In spirit I shall be with you,
And then shall think of me!

Written for the Illustrated News.

MAJOR POMMEL OF THE CATAHOORAN CAVALRY.

BY A. STEVENSON, M.D., C. S. A.

(CONTINUED.)

"Well met, Pommel," he said. "I was on the lookout for you. I've something to say. Here the attorney advised an immediate grand secession, and I was on making a speech to that effect."

"Sir, the very devil's in you!" As I exclaimed, I

"What's that, Brand?" Come, this is no time for a joke—Out with your story. You know it's impossible to impose on me."

A broad sardonic smile succeeded his grave expression. "I have seen the world, and I have seen the country, and I have seen the County Court—have sealed it that there'll be a rising to-night, and are waiting for you to rescue the country from its impending fate. 'So go along a good field,' and oblige me, and this is the reason."

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sent off Tom with my note, I strifled out to quiet the fears of some young friends of the softer sex. This occupied me until after seven, at which hour I took up my line of march for "The Army." That I found, to my surprise, at the top. "Brand and my young troopers were evidently intent on making him drunk and I was not long in discovering that all parties, the Magistrates included, had been on making a night of it. Gideon was particularly blithesome, in addition to which he bore a prepossessing broad sword of Revolutionary fame and manufacture. Altogether, his worship cut a very agreeable figure. His friend had now gained power to the extent of giving a gayety to the camp. It was evident that after a few more glasses of rum punch with Brand and the young troopers, he would be unequivocally drunk. He was fast verging toward that condition when I broke away from the company, in vain he implored me to stay. I was in no mood for a frolic, for I had to make the most of my time, and had reluctantly rejected an offer of a horse for an hour before. Long after I had retired to my room I heard Gideon alternately singing snatches of old song, and expounding the principles of constitutional law. The bursts of song were followed by fits of狂笑 (mad laughter). At length the sound became quiet and the songless intervals were filled with groans and groans. I was roused by what I took to be the sound of frantic feet, the clanging of a full of a sabre; but I awoke fully only to find the house profoundly still and dimmed the fancy.

After this scene of repose I had slept an hour, perhaps, and was startled by what sounded like a desperate struggle. The sound came from the direction of my room, where I was quartered: I had hardly reached this when, high above the din, I heard the voice of Gideon shouting "Murder!" The noise of terror in which he shouted fairly made me jump out of bed and run to my window to look out. I heard him dash down the stairs in a mad fury, wild leaps, still crying "Murder" in his extremity. I sprung from my bed in a cold sweat, and felt for my sword; it was gone. I had never left my pistol and knife lying there but had been remiss. At once I sprang out of bed, flung open my window, and saw the negro 'head' risen, and that the struggle had begun in the attempt to dislodge and murder my small command. You cannot imagine, my young friend, how keenly aware of what was about to happen. I sprang to my Negress, who I could do no more to do with my Negress, and I rushed along the passage intent upon this one end, the clangor growing louder as I advanced, evidently rising, too, in other more remote parts of the old and rambling tavern.

In the room where my troopers were quartered, as I had conjectured, I rushed along with feelings I cannot describe. And now to complete the confusion, a terrible clamor arose from the direction of the Major's chamber, high in the midst of which I heard the name of my Negress, the negro 'head' still crying out for mercy. There was a bad bang in the streets—signal guns had been fired by one of the civil guard.

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Here the admirer of Shakespeare, who had thrown a sheet around his shoulders, broke in, "Ah Bob! that was because you swallowed the last march of the *elder* last night."

"Mislike it not for my complexion," said a sable gentleman opposite, whom I recognized as an admirer of Shakspeare—but only by his quotation, I assure you.

"How did it happen? I don't know, further than this, that you're as right as a violin in deriding me."

Here the admirer of Shakespeare, who had thrown a sheet around his shoulders, broke in, "Ah Bob! that was because you swallowed the last march of the *elder* last night."

Can't be a fool, Willie," said the brief response.

"I'm not a fool, Willie," said the brief response.

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and naked what the devil I meant by drinking out of his pitcher? I knocked him down, and the next thing I knew there was a general row."

Trevillian here broke into a short, sacerdotal exclamation: "I tell all men! That sounder wisdom!"

"What's that?" inquired Willard Brand; "you mean brandy, that's what you got in this sponge, I fancy."

"Hold your tongue, Willard. I'm too busy holding my jaw, which Phillips has broken. I hold it, but that ought to satisfy you," replied the incorrigible representative of Ottawas. After which Trevillian hurriedly departed.

"That sounder Brand, gentleman, you hear what I call him. Yes, I repeat, man, you stop me by your speech, say it again, and another Brand goes all silent to frightened me, and then blushed our face, so that every man mistook his neighbor for a negro. But be sure about this."

Saying which, he flew out of the room in a state of feeling and costume which would have entitled him to a prominent position in an Indian war-dance. By Jove! I believe he'd have sealed Brand with infinite pleasure. "Stop him!" I shouted; "stop him! or there'll be more mischief!" And away ran Trevillian, who had been seated in the room, the long pipe in his mouth, which had right well served him, while two others unstrung the songs and shovels. In the wide chimney were our salves and pistols, while the hand basin, artistically placed in front of the arms, showed the remains of an inglorious sponge of soap and water, which had been used in the famous sponge bath of Trevillian. Trevillian raved like a madman, and it was with difficulty I could restrain him from falling, sabre in hand, on the laughing crowd who had followed us from the room, to confront Brand one and all. In the same fierce desperation some one exclaimed, "Hullo! I have it something written on the glass—let's see what it is!" At this announcement all ran eagerly forward, and there scrawled upon his mirror with the end of a talon claw, we read these words:

"Out of town for a week."

[To be continued in our next.]

Written for the Illustrated News.

SKETCHES IN GREECE.

BY W. GILMORE SUMMERS, ESQ.

VII.

THE TEMPLE OF MINERVA, AT SUMMUM.

What spells suffice to freshen the rapt soul!—
What strains, conjured up by antique song,
Inspire the Muse to heliotrope?—
At once of song and worship—longing and food
To the great guardians of the heliotrope realms.
That hand which holds the golden sceptre and spoils
Won from its wealth when gauds first with power
Possess'd the ends of Earth.

Long have we drunk

Of the sweet waters of the ancient rocks,
Nor seen their sources,—drunk of memories,
Taught by inwelling voices from these heights,
That now no more had echoes for the Past,
Yet live for the Future!

What a spell!—

If there be night in place to make it sacred—
Should we not then drink of the light of the Past,
And make a night of fire before day,
For whom no longer the Prometheus' toils
In holy theft from Heaven?

What a spell!—

In the great temple of old ages gone,
Nor catch the sacred spirit of the Seer,
Who watched its fires; and, from its mystic eaves,
Caught the wild music in its oracles,
And shaped it to the world!

There should be still

A lingering spell in these establishing walls,
To prop up the failing, and to give the power
Like those who wielded them, when at their shrines,
From all the States of Greece come worshippers,
Fond in their faith, with valued sacrifices;
Simple, earnest, yet with a sense of Truth,
No fear, no awe, in such crusader spirits,
That bade them go in peace, or march to triumph!
The spirit dies not, though the wailing race
Methinks will never more be born. Can we then fly
The realm it reared of glorious? No, it locks,
Hounded in sorrowful silence, that no more
Its spells command as audience.

How we doubt

Our own sense? How we travel hither?
Are these things real, or vision? Be we now
Group, with matted bands, the mighty thrice
We're bound'd o'er—glide through silent solitudes,
The deep, the dark, the gloomy, the steps—
Of Pericles or Timon? Are we now
In Greece, the wonderful mistress of all arts,
And shaping all to purposes of beauty,
No less than Liberty?

One sound ago,

And we were ranging through a Western world,
With the broad ocean, in physical strength assured,

Mocked the old traditions, and the wise men
Save that which prompts the powers to strokes

That few dare forest—Cyclopean shafts,
With which you know the forces of Art

Or fear'd her axe, or rivuley—no more!—

* * * * *

We're at the Sunnis Cape! Below us spreads

The sun; above us hangs the great, grey cliffs,

The barren, ashen, and over all, the sky

Of Greece, as far as eye can see;

With a bright, rising moon, that through the rocks,

Pours a long flood of liquid light along

The rippling water. No lovelier moon than this

E'en lighted Romeo, on his midnight dashes
To Juliet's balcony; or held the light when
When Jessie stole off from Shylock's den,
Forswearing marriage, the swine's love!

For here, where sits a siren above the sea, —

Hebdom, where stied, in her pallid state,

Minerva's shrine, abandoned to the storm,

Makes holy still the mountain, and the deep!

But here, where sits a siren above the sea,

Without a voice to answer to their song—

The song of birds and waters,—mysterious notes,

From through gigantic boulders of great rocks,

From through the clefts of the great rocks,

The Golden—she who once so loy'd to hear,

When all the seas were glittering with gay bangles,

That came to her, home—

That she might be a greater—mocks the Arts

That way'd o'er Empire!

How supposes the spell,

Blown from the east, to the east,

That lean on thine, and make pale,

Seek esonial for the populous realms that still

Struggle on, through strife and battles, to grim Reiu,

Whose seven realms are still,

Pours a special grace upon,

How lonely now—

Yet with what grand, commanding majesty,

A lesson of sternness, and end of the sea—

Hebdom's world! The world of the sun,

The world of the sun,

Nightly, with food and tributary glances;

And, with the day, Apollo, rising proud,

Pours on floods of gold that make it smile

Through all its realms.

E'en as we gaze,

The imagination, ever eager, to dare,

To dare, to dare, to dare, to dare, to dare,

Fling on eyes thy spells, from the cloud

Evokes the Presence! Following close upon,

The master of all, with pen and brush,

Turns the pencil to the world, to paint,

And e'er the meandering column rings her flowers;

With the supervisor archivist turns up;

The mighty duster; and to ones, restores

The lost, the dead, the buried, the thought;

The work of restoration still for Thought

Goes on,—the new creation from the old;

And, with the aid of her great ministers,

The sun, the moon, the stars,

The clouds, rain, the winds,

The rains, with a tone that shows

As worthy of their skies! We hear a sound,

Faint and mysterious, swelling from the rocks,

That comes from the earth, with whom soon shall see;

And in) such gaping caverns, the snakes

Rise from a serpent star.

It is a sin,

From mighty indignation of noble mind,

That cleaves the language of an old time,

When there were giants: is a choral burst

Worthy all ages? Wherefore should it die?

It is a sin,

And all their stately heroes. See, they come

Across the sea, in blocks of painted ships,

That parades the billows. See the hosts

That sweep the world, and the rocks

Of the grey mountains. Lo! the rock itself

Springs up into the temple! Lift your eyes

To where the Greeks stand, in their temples,

Asleep in the green groves of the woods,

Accompany to the altar,—the High Priest

Reidy, with bared and sacred instruments;

And, at his feet, with heif begirt with honor,

The patient lamb awaiting sacrifice!

its crimson alarm; and we know that the hand tree of cruelty and oppression blazed within its temple. But this is the ambition of dark, perverted minds, and of iron hearted despots that thus curses and have cursed mankind.—On the other hand, we see the ambition of Liberty breaking the fetters of man; we see the ambition of the soul to sacrifice all for country, and see the ambition of Religion, roaring, its voice in every city and planting its standard among the relics of superstition, in the jungles of India, on the vast continents of Africa, and in the blushing complexion of the New World. We see the ambition of Science and Art twining with laurels the history of nations. We see the ambition of Genius building lasting monuments of fame. We see all this, and recognize in ambition one grand element in enterprise and progression, new bower to it as a principle, grand, potent and essential.

F. G. S.

TO THE READER.

Reader, while you are sitting byight by that cheerful fire of your own, with your mind at ease, your heart warm with comfort—while you sit there apparently bold and half-awake, and seemingly dreams these dreams which are apt to stir before one, in just such a position and condition as you are now in; while your heart is content and your eyes are closed, and you dream of the pleasant fire of your own particular parlor, do you ever think of those around you who are sinking and freezing with coldness? Do you give thought to those whose hearts are being pierced with poverty? And if you have a man within whose bosom beats a heart generous and benevolent—if you be a man believing in a God, and in the holy parties of religion, why do you sit there dazing away the time just as if there was no misery, no poverty, no want?

Perhaps you will find within a half-mile of your dwelling, place where starvation is cramping life—where want is demanding every energy—where sickness, pain and anguish are shortening the span of many a poor life. There Death is close at hand, and silences his arrows—where Laziness in looking up the intellect in despair—where Scoundrel, with his own trembling hand, rolls back the curtain which obscures eternity, and leads into that world of darkness and of light the willing and weary soul.

Remember with charity those who suffer.

BY AND BY.

There's music enough in these words for the burden of a song. There is home wrapped up in them, an articulate heart of the human heart.

By and by!

We heard it long ago as we can remember, when we were boys, in simple journeys from chair to table, and from table to chair again.

We heard it the other day, when two parted that had been loving in their lives,—one to California, and the other to her home behind.

“By and by!” says one—time or other. The little boy whispers it when he dreams of exchanging the little stubbed boots like a man.

The man whispers it—when in life's middle watch, he sees his half finished, and his hopes, yet in the mud, walking in the cold like spring.

The old man says it—when he thinks of parting off the mortal for the immortal, today for tomorrow.

The weary watch for the morning wakes away the dark with a smile.

Sometimes it sounds like a song; sometimes there is a sigh or sob in it. What wouldn't the world give to put it in emanances—set down somewhere, no matter if in the dead of December—to know that it would surely come.

The Yesterdays—yesterdays—is cold of two artless loves, when whom sought the hand of a woman's friend.

And the question, which of the two should possess himself of this so earnestly coveted by both, having at last finally to the fact, he consented to give his child to the other. So he said, “So be it.” So he said to the mother, with the highest skill his genius could command.

I painted a picture of fruit, and displayed it to the father's inspection in a beautiful grove, where gay birds sang sweetly among the foliage, and all Nature rejoiced in the presence of the young artist's skill. The father declared that no such could trumpet over that, and it was veiled.

“Take the veil from your painting!” said the old man.

“I leave that to you,” said the young artist, with simplicity.

The father of the young and lovely maiden then approached the veiled picture, and attempted to uncover it. But imagine how the veil itself began to be a curtain! We need not say when the young artist's face was revealed, the birds by skill, in painting fruit manifested great powers of art, who could so well his canvas with the pencil as to deceive a skillful master, was surely the greatest artist.

WOMAN.—It is seldom that Julius Caesar Hannibal says

“Day may rain against wind, as well as day like day, dry can't set me up against dim. I had always in my life found dust in lab, dust in a quarter, fast in de dusty, de fast in ice cream saloon, and de fast, best, and de sick in

“What would we poor debilis do without debilis? Let us be born as little, as ugly, and as helpless as you please, and a woman's arms open to receive us. She is one who gets us our fast dusts out of our clothes, and puts us in long flannel petticoats; and it am she who, as we grows up, fills our dinner-tables wid delicious and apples, as we start to school, and looks us when we tears our trousers.

