

# The Southern Home

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

D. H. HILL,

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Devoted to the vindication of the truth of Southern History, to the preservation of Southern Characteristics, to the development of Southern Resources, under the changed relations of the Labor System, and to the advancement of Southern Interests in Agriculture, Mining, Manufacturing and the Mechanic Arts.

In addition to the contributions from the old corps of writers of "THE LAND WE LOVE," the services will be secured of thorough men of Science, and of Practical Farmers, Miners, Machinists, &c.

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## CHARLOTTE:

THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1870.

In the palmiest days of her prosperity, the South was never so busy as at present in the great work of internal improvement. Burned towns, villages and private residences have been generally rebuilt, and not only have destroyed railroads been put in running order again, but the number of new lines, already completed or under contract, is absolutely bewildering. It is difficult to count the grand enterprises of this kind. Now, while all this is very gratifying, there is another side to the picture, and we should take timely warning from the ugly feature there presented.

Field-labor is already very scarce and the negro shows every day a greater aversion to it. He is essentially gregarious and likes to join a crowd at work on a canal, levee or railroad. The labor there, though harder, is not so unremitted as on a farm. So the social character of the negro and his dislike of steady employment, both combine to drive him from agriculture. In a very few years, he will abandon farm work altogether. This is the inevitable tendency of "things and we may as well accept the situation" from the negro as well as from the Yankee.

One or two things must be done immediately. White immigrants must be got from the old world without delay, or still better, the young men who are ardent about towns, or on farms, must go to work with their own hands. The landholder is the true lord of the soil, and nothing can be more certain than that all Southern lands will eventually be owned by those who are neither too proud nor too worthless to work. Already, thousands of old manorial estates have passed into the hands of those who but lately followed the plow. The anti-war habits of idleness and extravagance can only end in poverty, and it may be, in disgrace. The soldier who stuck to his colors to the last, learned a lesson of self-denial and patient endurance, which will make him a conqueror in the battle of life. We have heard that cotton was king and that money was king, but work is the real king, that rules the world.

CHURCH REUNION.—There has been a general movement, within the last few months, of all the Protestant churches of the loyal North, to gather within their folds the scattered fragments at the South. With a portion of those engaged in this movement, we doubt not, the controlling motive was real, brotherly love and Christian fellowship. But with others, it was pride of numbers, lust of power and an itching to seem grand. The worldly motive brought the New and Old School Presbyterians together, though so discordant in doctrine, practice and sentiment. The Southern Presbyterian Assembly at Louisville declined all correspondence with the Northern Assembly upon the ground that the latter had put Christ's crown upon the head of Caesar. The Methodist Church South has taken a similar position. We have an article from an esteemed Baptist brother, in which the broad assumption is taken, that the Northern Baptists have abandoned the plain teachings of the Bible and set up standards of their own. We give some extracts below from the Methodist Home Monthly of Nashville. Prof. Stark, the editor, in reviewing the Northern Methodist Quarterly Review, says:

But the most noticeable thing in the Review is the editor's violent article on "The Southern Methodist Press." He gives us up, henceforth, in the bright vocabulary of his rhetoric, there will be no such words as "reunion or fraternalism." One of the Northern Advocates says, pathetically, that our wickedness and stiff-neckedness have alienated our warmest friends in the evangelical North. We are given over to hardness of heart and reprobacy of mind because we won't believe a lie. The able editor advances our recent quotation from General D. H. Hill, commending the bravery and faithfulness of Methodist soldiers in the late war, as a proof that "the Church South is being based on the old rebel stratum—is becoming entrenched in the old sectional prejudice, that bred the war." Now, we have no official position, and do not speak for the Church, but we believe we can speak the sentiments

of the Church on the question of reunion. Before a reunion can come into the range of possibility, our loving brethren of the Church North must atone for past wrongs and give pledges of future good behavior. We cannot take such displays of utter hate and hatredfulness. They will not win our love or our respect by permitting the learned editor of their Quarterly to denounce our beloved Bishop Marvin as an "assassin in spirit," and as "well qualified for the position of Chaplain-general of the Ku Klux"—whatever that may be—it must be something very terrible, for the editor writes in a fine frenzy. Bishop Marvin's great offence is his endorsement of Dr. Leitch's "Martyrdom in Missouri"—a book which gives a truthful, unvarnished history of some of the atrocities of the late war.

The editor of the Quarterly thinks it very wicked in us to sympathize with our own people in their struggle against wrong and oppression, but at the same time he exalts in the "loyalty" of his own Church. We beg Dr. Whedon to bear this in mind, that he does not more heartily and conscientiously believe in the rightfulness of his "loyalty" than we believe in the righteousness of "The Lost Cause." We cannot repent, because we do not feel wicked. The question of reunion is reduced to this dilemma: if we knew we were wrong in the part we took in the late war, we are unfit in our unrepentant state for fellowship with true Christians, and they ought to spurn us from them; but we believe that Northern Methodists were wrong—terribly, unspokeably wrong—in making and preaching war against us, and, therefore, we spurn them, and scornfully reject all voluntary association with them, until they repent and turn from doing evil.

We hope that it will not be considered "disloyal" in an unpardoned old rebel, who is covered all over with disabilities, to express his gratification at this position of Prof. Stark. Methodist churches were burnt by the hundred and Methodist ministers shot by the dozen. No doubt the burning and killing were done in a loyal spirit, but still they do not seem to be altogether Christian and proper, and a little repentance over these "loyal eccentricities" can do no possible harm.

ATR-LINE R. R.—Mr. A. A. N. M. Taylor, our indefatigable townsman, has the honor of throwing up the first dirt on the line of this great highway. May his shadow never be less.

PERSONAL.—Our friend, Prof. Pelham, of the Southern Guardian, quotes incorrectly what we said in regard to the future of Charlotte. We did not say that it may become the London of the South, but that it will become the London of the South. However, if our South Carolina friends will get rid of the carpet-bag thieves, we will kindly take in Columbia as one of our suburbs.

METHODIST CONFERENCE.—We have read with great interest the proceedings of the Sixth General Conference, at Memphis, Tennessee. The subject which seemed to excite most interest was the itinerancy. Dr. Garland made a great speech against the system and Dr. McFerrin a very amusing and very effective one for it. The Publishing House is continued at Nashville. We feel sure that Dr. Redford is the right man in the right place.

Reunion with the Northern Church met with no sympathy.

Charles Dickens, the novelist, is dead. We regret that a man, who has wielded such tremendous power and accomplished so much real good, should have thought proper to introduce clergymen in his writings in order to hold them up to contempt and ridicule.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—A large part of the ancient city of Constantine, so long the capital of the Roman Empire, has been destroyed by fire. The residences of the Foreign Ambassadors were generally destroyed.

For the Southern Home.

### Woolen Garments for Invalids.

The temperature of most diseased persons is exceedingly variable, and it is rendered much more variable, by wearing garments which are good conductors of heat. The little heat which the organism of a feeble person is able to produce ought to be hoarded as much as possible. Linen is cold in its driest condition, but when it becomes damp, as it does from the slightest perspiration, it acquires a still greater degree of coldness, which must certainly cause some bodily ailment. Woolen garments, on the contrary, convey the moisture from the surface of the skin to the outside of the garment, where the microscope shows it condensed in millions of pearly drops. "In the night-sweats of consumption, or of any debilitated condition of the system, a clean, dry, woolen flannel night-dress is immeasurably superior to cotton or linen, because it prevents that sepulchral dampness and chilliness of feeling, which are otherwise intolerable." If we wish to exclude the coldness of the atmosphere, wool is the best material for the purpose; and if we wish to exclude the warmth of the atmosphere, wool is the best material for the purpose. Linen and cotton, we repeat, are good conductors of heat, carrying off rapidly what little warmth the feeble vitality of the invalid is able to generate; but neither of them is a good conductor of air. Their fibres lie closely together instead of being open and porous,

like wool, and consequently while the body is chilled in winter, and fevered in summer, the skin is surrounded by its own confined exhalations. The skin throws off perspiration, (sensible and insensible,) carbonic and acid gas, and absorbs oxygen, just as the lungs do. Therefore, it is of the utmost importance that the clothing should be composed of materials through which the air will pass freely.

Wool was formerly considered a coarse textile fabric, in comparison with linen and silk, but modern art and refinement has made it surpass either. No material is so soft and beautiful in texture as the finer wrought fabrics of wool. No material takes such exquisite tints in dyeing, or retains them longer. No other material allows the air to pass through it so freely; and no other is so constructed as to maintain so equal a temperature and so much dryness about the body. It has less weight than any other textile; it does not crease and crumple like silk, linen and cotton. In the hands of a laundress who understands it, it is more easily washed than any other clothing. In short, we do not believe that the "coming peoples" will wear anything but wash woolen goods. The idea of wearing a broadcloth coat, or a silk dress, without ever having it washed during its (the garment's) whole existence, will be regarded as a very barbarous and dirty practice by the "coming peoples." Refinement in dress does not consist in wearing what is fashionable, but in wearing what is clean, and healthful and elegant in itself. In this matter, we have not yet attained a very "high degree of civilization." In fact, we fear that these wonderfully perfect coming people will regard our wardrobes with a feeling little short of horror! When we recollect that the skin and lungs exhale every day, at least three pints of moisture loaded with organic matter ready to enter into putrefaction, we can easily understand how impure and unwholesome all clothing becomes which cannot be washed. No garment should be worn a second time without being put through the water. Even a bridal dress, which looks as pure and white as the driven snow, must necessarily, if worn but for a few hours, have this matter diffused through it. The silk, lace and satin, of which it is composed, was never intended to be washed, and therefore we cannot class them amongst perfectly "civilized" material.

### Forty-Fifth N. C. Regiment.

[CONTRIBUTED.]

The 45th N. C. Regiment, from Rockingham and adjacent counties, was organized at Raleigh about the last of March, 1862. A detail of its incidents might be entertaining to the survivors of the Regiment, as well as the public generally, but we will not ask to be indulged with an over share of space—only enough to record a few transactions that may be of some interest to others as well as to ourselves.

In the last days of June, 1863, Ewell's corps (Jackson's old corps) was enjoying the flag of the land, south of the Susquehanna about York and Carlisle. Having returned to the neighborhood of Gettysburg about 10 A. M., on the 1st of July, Rodes' Division charged in a southerly direction towards the Theological Seminary. The 45th Regiment and 2d Battalion, comprising Daniel's centre, ran pell-mell into a railroad cut, which, in their enthusiasm after the flock of Blue Birds, they had not observed. The enemy's reserve line immediately advanced. For a few minutes Daniel's situation was extremely critical; but by great exertion he got his men back a hundred yards, and repulsed his assailants. One of Gen. Lee's aids, who witnessed this, reported it to him, and he said, "God bless the North Carolinians." The 45th lost about 200—half of its number. Daniel held his position, under musketry fire and every species of artillery missile, until late in the evening, when he wheeled to the left and swept down the railroad. Not far from the village, a larger number of Federals surrendered to our Regiment than it had men and officers. Early on the 3d, our Division joined Johnson and Early, far to the left, and charged to the top of a rough wooded hill. But it was too much. The troops on the right retired under the crest of the hill. The 45th, partially protected by trees and rocks and an abandoned breast-work, suffered heavily, until having expended all their ammunition, at less than 60 yards range, they were ordered back.

On the retreat at Fairfield, Rodes being in the rear was much pressed. This Regiment was ordered back to regain a commanding hill. This was done in such style and under such circumstances as to elicit warm expressions of admiration from Division and Brigade commanders.

In the ensuing winter, two fine companies, on detached service in Richmond, rejoined their command. These, with many recruits, gave to the Regiment 500 muskets, to enter the battles of the Wilderness. It is sufficient honor for any to say he belonged to the Army of Northern Virginia, and did not desert his comrades in the bloody month of May, 1864—the month that taught the commander-in-chief of all the United States forces that Lee's army could not be broken, as granite is fractured by the sledge-hammer; but that it must be destroyed by "attrition." (his word.) as steel is worn down by the grindstone. So I will mention only one encounter, and this as being probably the best "stand-up" fight our Brigade ever made. This was on the 29th of May, when our corps went round Grant's rear to attack his wagon train. It became a confused affair. The enemy, in three lines, advanced to overwhelm us. This Regiment alone for awhile resisted them until the rest of the Brigade could be formed on it, when the battle became extremely furious, and continued till dark. On the 12th of June, when Gen. Early

started on the Valley campaign, the 45th scarcely numbered 150 out of the 500, although many of the slightly wounded had returned. In less than a month after Gen. Early left Richmond, he had driven Hunter, with an army more numerous than his own, from Lynchburg entirely out of Virginia; had captured Harper's Ferry, and maneuvered around Maryland Heights; defeated Gen. Wallis at Monocacy, and set down before Washington City. The evening he left the District of Columbia, a portion of his army met a heavy charge, and hurled back the Federal lines right under the guns of the fortifications. In this battle, the nearest to the Capital during the war, the 45th lost one-fourth of its strength.

During that summer and fall, our skirmishers were frequently engaged with Sheridan's celebrated cavalry. On one occasion, that cavalry was driven by a skirmish line three miles over the open country about Charlestown. At one time the 45th deployed on the left, and a mile from any support, was opposed by two lines of cavalry armed with Spencer rifles, but drove them from the field.

At Winchester, Sept. 19th, the sun rose and set on the work of death. In its first charge, our Brigade broke through Sheridan's line, forcing those in front far back, and then reached around those in the rear and hurled them back with the others, or, as the soldiers had it, "weeded two rows." The killed bore an unusually large proportion to the wounded. The artillery fire was exceedingly severe. One man was twisted in two. The brain of another flew over a sergeant's face; he wiped it off, and found his face bleeding and scratched with fragments of skull. Late in the evening when our army began to retreat, the 45th was left to hold the line occupied by the Brigade to the last, as it was thought the Brigade could not be rescued without a loss of one of its regiments. Although the Regiment was in much danger, it escaped, marching out in full view of the enemy, and joined our army about Winchester. The 45th had the honor to be assigned to the duty of bringing up the rear of the army from the town; and was further complimented by that soul of chivalry, the lamented Adj. Gen. Pendleton, that "this was the only Regiment that retained its organization throughout the day."

Three days afterwards at Fisher's Hill, the 45th Regt. was on the extreme left of Early's main line, all facing north. The space (more than a mile) to the western mountain was occupied by some sharpshooters and cavalry. Two lines of battle came down from the mountain on the flank of these, "like wolves on the fold." Of course, the shock sent them headlong from the field. This Regiment fronted to the left, advanced down into the woods and was in a little while hotly engaged, but would not give back. The opposing line began to assume the form of the new moon, with our Regiment between the horns. Ere long, minnies whistled from our rear. An officer ran up to request our men to cease firing upon us, when lo! the ubiquitous stars and stripes were in our only gap of escape, and our army gone! But the Regiment broke through the net, and made the best time they could in the direction they thought our troops had taken, with the pleasant satisfaction, that if we must be shot at, it was our own guns, turned upon us, that were tearing up the ground about us. Half a mile, and the Regiment faced about with some more troops, and soon had another new moon forming. But the friendly or unfriendly reader must not fear or hope that Early was ruined. If you had seen his little army, two days afterwards, drawn up in front of the imposing lines of the buoyant foe, retreating, skirmishing, and under artillery fire all day long, your fears or hopes must have been changed into admiration of the commander and his men. At Cedar Creek, 19th October, our Regiment again was unfortunate. It was near the pike, and with some other troops retreated so slowly that the enemy gained the pike behind us, and when, after dark, we started through Strasburg, we were halted and driven to the left toward the mountain, but reached our proper command before day. Let not the curious reader again surmise Early's ruin. That morning's victory had stamped his strategy as a masterpiece. He was defeated in the evening, because he was overwhelmed. For instance, our Brigade drove the enemy entirely out of sight, and felt sure the victory was finally ours; but in a short while his long arms were wrapping us up, because his wings were unopposed. Two or three weeks after this, the grim old warrior, backed by this same little army, threw the gauntlet of defiance at Sheridan's feet, not over ten miles from Winchester. It was not accepted.

The campaign of '64 ends. The 45th started with 500 men, and during the campaign suffered about 800 casualties—many of the wounded returning and being re-wounded as many as two or three times—and alas! one hundred of our officers and men were no more.

Around Petersburg, just before the evacuation, was some desperate fighting. The enemy captured the works just to our left and pushed up to our Regiment. At one time several United States flags crowded between a traverse and breast-work; our flags were almost mixed with them. Sometimes when a man raised his gun to fire, his foe would endeavor to wrench it from him—muskets were clucked. The enemy's conduct was admirable. One color-bearer lying down, (wounded I suppose,) waved his flag not ten steps from our line. Nor was this fighting soon over. I noticed a young man sitting by his gun, leaning on the breast-work; he had no hat, and his face was black with powder. To the inquiry why he ceased firing, he replied that he saw the Yankees were "mighty close, but his gun was too hot." I think he said he had fired about 300 times!

After dark, this part of our army retreated back towards Richmond, across and then up the Appomattox. On the retreat, our Brigade made several charges. But the last one was at Appomattox Court House. During the charge the curtain falls on the tragedy, and here we stop, claiming no part in the "Comedy of Errors" now before the public.

In going over old scenes, I was forcibly reminded of the companionship of other troops, especially the brave regiments of our Brigade; but could not presume to mention their worthy deeds when they had so many abler pens than mine.

## Royal Eccentricities.

AUDACIOUS CONDUCT OF A "REBEL" MOTHER.—The World's Washington correspondent of Tuesday, relates the following incident of the decoration of the Federal dead at Arlington. We are surprised that this "rebel" woman's name is not given by the correspondent. It should be held up to the indignant reprobation of all "loyal" ladies and gentlemen everywhere.

One Southern lady, dressed in deep mourning, while passing a grave on the head-board of which was inscribed the name of her son over the word in glaring letters "rebel," quietly left a crown of roses on the green sod, and was passing on when the harsh voice of one of the committee gentlemen ordered her to take it away again or he would throw it among the crowd. The lady burst into tears, but was compelled to obey.

Will not Ulysses promote the gallant soldier?

"A BILL OF THE PLAY, SIR?"—Mr. Bontwell and his associates say they want the following nice little sums for the next fiscal year:

Civil service and miscellaneous : \$60,000,000  
Pensions and Indians : : : : 36,000,000  
War Department : : : : 50,000,000  
Navy Department : : : : 18,000,000  
Interest on the public debt : : 127,000,000

Total : : : : \$291,000,000

The Senate Finance Committee wants \$185,000,000, gold, in foreign imports; and \$150,000,000 internal taxes—or, according to some of their number, only \$116,441,570. This is a nice little sum to handle, and if these men can spend all they want, and get all they want, the people may as well despair of reform short of a total change of administration. The above items of estimate are simply shameful, extravagant and wicked.

Savannah News.

THE DEBASEMENT OF SOUTHERN POLITICS.—With the re-election of White-more, the cadetship trader, to Congress before us, the special correspondent of the New York Tribune, who in this case will certainly be acknowledged good authority writing from Charleston, gives the following in relation to the ruling powers in South Carolina politics:

"There is an unpleasantly large class of politicians who live only by politics, who know no other profession, and who look upon the legitimate and the illegitimate emoluments of the trade with equally favorable eyes. When to these we add an infusion in the Legislature of men chosen as the most eligible in a community of field hands who never saw a school house and never owned a five dollar bill, it is easily to be seen that dangers beset the public affairs of South Carolina."

The above is a fair resume of the political situation throughout the entire South, and it is quite as true of every other State as it is of South Carolina.

OFF FOR ANDERSONVILLE.—Gov. Bullock and staff and some six or eight women, together with a band of music, arrived from Atlanta, at an early hour yesterday morning on a special train on their way to Andersonville. The train stopped here for two or three hours, and the party took carriages and rode through the city on a tour of observation. The band while in the streets played several pieces of music, among which were "Down with Traitors" and "Rally Round the Flag, Boys." It had a mollified and assuaging effect upon our people. It reminded them, in dulcet strains, that they were still considered traitors by the distinguished, honorable and polite visitors, and that the patriotic squad were ready to rally around any flag that would place within their reach the offices and treasures of an oppressed and defenceless people. It was just such a piece of magnanimity as our citizens had the right to expect from the mighty Rufus.

It was in good taste, too, for it showed that the visitors had the wonderful capacity of throwing a flower upon the grave of a fallen comrade with one hand, and at the same time with the other, hurl the insulting epithet of traitor in the face of a peaceful but powerless people. It also forcibly illustrated the difference between Northern chivalry and Southern ruffianism. Our people on the 26th of April last, knew no better than to repair to the graves of their loved heroes, and with bleeding hearts, tearful eyes and in silence strew them with flowers; but this glorious squad of chivalry recognize no such honoring of their dead. They came with banners and bell-mouthed brass, to toot "traitor" on the morning breeze, and announce, "trumpet-tongued," who they were, where they were from and where they were going. It was a blustering, bold and brave demonstration of the fact, that all heroes of the nation were not slain during the late war, and that a bit of "loyalty" still lived in the land; that if the glorious old State of Georgia could not raise patriots, her treasury and her resources were sufficiently attractive to bring them from other States.

At half-past eight o'clock, the special train of eight cars, with about twenty-five whites, and two hundred blacks, from this city started for Andersonville, where, we hope, in the presence of the dead, Rufus and his band were inspired with nobler, if not lumber feelings than those manifested when passing through this city.—Macon Telegraph.

Among the religionists of New England are some of the funniest of people. At the dedication of an organ presented to the Congregational church at Sheffield, Conn., not long ago, by a Mr. J. C. Hammond, the following verse was sung to a full congregation:

Praise be to Him who lives above;  
He shows His knowledge and His love;  
Uses mankind His word to preach,  
Reached forth His hand—touched J. C. H.,  
Caused him to give, in willing mood,  
This organ to the friends of God.

It would be difficult to tell whether the Almighty or J. C. H. got the best of the praise in that hymn.—Courier Journal.

Brick Pomeroy says: There is a movement on foot among consumers of eggs to buy them only by the pound instead of the dozen. The hens, within the past ten years—about the time the Radical party came into power—have got to cheating, by laying little bits of eggs.

MR. BEECHER'S IDEA OF SUNDAY.—In a recent sermon, Henry Ward Beecher expressed the following beautiful and noble idea of what the Christian Sunday ought to be. He says that it is a day for rest and recreation, for walking out with the children, for excursions to the country, for bright merriment and social intercourse, for all that is pleasant and not ungodly. He, himself, was raised as a child with the gloomy old Puritanic idea of Sunday—reminded of his sins if he laughed and threatened with the pangs of eternal punishment if he giggled aloud—he, that now sets Plymouth Church in one wretched smile every Sunday. He has learned enough since arriving at man's estate to feel that his Sunday teaching in youth was wrong, and now he has the nerve and independence to preach against such principles, even of the late Lyman Beecher, as he thinks wrong. And his idea of Sunday is far preferable to his father's idea of Sunday. When we consider what mistaken Sunday training the Plymouth pastor received in his youth, it almost bewilders us to think what a teacher he might have become, had he been trained in the principles he now advocates.—Charleston Courier.

## Book Notices.

HENRIETTA TEMPLE.—By the Right Hon. Henry Disraeli, author of "Lothair," "Sybil Grey," &c. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 1 vol., paper cover, pp. 134.

When an author who has long ceased to write novels suddenly startles the public with a new one, a revival of interest in those which he had previously written seems naturally to follow. If Mr. Disraeli had not surprised recently by his sparkling and epigrammatic novel of "Lothair," a new edition of works written more than thirty years ago would not have been called for. Yet here we have his "Henrietta Temple" as the first installment of the series.

Baltimore Gazette.

THE WONDERS OF ARCHITECTURE.—Succeeding the Wonders of Italian Art and the Wonders of the Human Body, there will be published in The Illustrated Library of Wonders, the Wonders of Architecture.

The object of the Wonders of Architecture is to supply, in an accessible and popular form as the nature of the subject admits, a connected and easily recognizable account of the chief architectural achievements of ancient and modern times. Commencing with the rudest drawings of architectural science as exemplified in the Celtic monuments, a carefully compiled and authentic record is given of the most remarkable temples, palaces, colonnades, towers, cathedrals, bridges, viaducts, churches, and buildings of every description which the genius of man has constructed; and as these are all described in chronological order, according to the era to which they belong, they form a connected narrative of the development of architecture, in which the history and progress of the art can be authoritatively traced. All the celebrated structures that ever existed or are yet in existence, from the Tower of Babel downwards, are described in connection with the various civilizations which gave them birth. The book has been designed for the edification and amusement of the general reader, and not for the perusal of the professional student, and every detail has been popularized the theme as much as possible, to make the descriptions plain and vivid, to render the text free from technicalities, and to convey a correct and truthful impression of the various objects that are enumerated. Whilst, however, an effort has been made to place the architectural wonders of the world on a simple and easily recognizable manner before the mind of the reader, there has been retained sufficient of the professional phraseology to instruct the uninitiated in the rudiments of an art which is daily assuming a more prominent position.—Book Buyer.

THE XIX CENTURY.—The June No. has been received and we have read its pages with increasing delight. We would be glad to give an extended notice of our own opinion of this excellent magazine, but prefer publishing the following highly complimentary notice of it, written by one of the best critics in the land, and one who never praises a publication unless it is deserving of it, we mean M. M. (Brick) Pomeroy, Esq. We clip the following from the columns of the N. Y. Democrat:

One of the very best magazines ever published in the United States is *The XIX Century*, published at Charleston, S. C., by the XIX Century Publishing Company, C. E. Chester, Business Manager. There is life, vigor, boldness, earnestness, elasticity, comprehensibility, and variety in its pages and articles very refreshing. From first to last the work is perfect. Its pages contain some of the finest literary productions of the age, while its editorials evince a knowledge and editorial talent and a most excellent taste in the make-up and presentation.

The price of this worthy and most excellent magazine is three dollars and a half per year—single numbers thirty-five cents. We advise our readers, especially the ladies, to subscribe for it if they can afford to do so. If they would see for themselves the beauties and excellencies of the work, let them enclose thirty-five cents to the publishers at Charleston, S. C., and they will receive a sample copy.

We should not ask the people to subscribe for and help sustain this periodical but for its excellence, sterling, interesting matter, and its just claims upon the attention of the public, no matter whether they be North or South. The enterprise is a deserving one—and confident that it would be a welcome visitor whenever received, we earnestly commend it to the attention of our readers and the public generally.—Bennettsville (S. C.) Journal.

MARTYRDOM IN MISSOURI. 2d Volume. By Rev. W. M. Leftwich, D. D.

A notice of the First Volume of this work appeared in our columns two or three months since. In the volume just issued and now before us, the remarkable history is continued. The author has here given, as a memoir, a historical work of great value, as a memorial of partisan fanaticism. Its statements of facts are well authenticated. It is an elaborate work, deeply interesting and it speaks in the voice of warning. No such work has hitherto attracted public attention in this country. That more than a score of Christian ministers of the Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist and of other denominations should have been murdered for not yielding up their ministerial functions to the control of a factious Government in the State, by taking what is widely known as a perjurial "Test Oath," or ceasing to preach altogether, will appear startling; but the facts are unquestionable. The widows and orphans of these martyred ones can be found in almost every part of Missouri. Rev. J. H. Brookes, D. D., of St. Louis; Bishop Marvin, and the Rev. A. P. Williams, D. D., of Missouri, have furnished large sections for this work. The "Declaration and Testimony" is embodied—the life, labors, persecutions and death of the Rev. Dr. McPheeters, of St. Louis, are also given. Both volumes, containing more than nine hundred pages, are well printed, on good paper and neatly bound. Price for the two volumes, \$4.