

GONE FORWARD.

"Let the tent be struck," Victorious morning...

Life's foughten field not once beheld surrender...

All hearts grew sudden palsied. Yet what said he...

We will not weep—we dare not. Such a story...

Gone forward! Whither? Where the marshalled legions...

\* One of the last utterances of Gen. Lee.

Selected Story.

OLD PHILIP FOSBERRY,

OR THE DISAPPOINTED HEIR.

I shall never forget the uncomfortable position I once found myself in...

One bleak, cold January morning, I was greatly surprised...

"Philip," he began, "are you in time? Can you spare me three minutes?"

"Oh, you mean the half-cracked old man who is awfully rich..."

"Yes," was the reply. "Well, last night I received a letter from him..."

"Here it is!" he exclaimed. "No—that's Tomkin's bill..."

"I took it, and perused as follows: 'DEAR WILLIAMS: It is years since I heard of you...'"

"What a queer old boy!" I exclaimed. "Mean!" cried my father...

"You must apply for leave and go off at once," said my father. "Strike while the iron's hot..."

"Why, your hairloom—your inheritance!" he exclaimed. "I think you've had some whisky, Jack..."

"Look here," said he, "the old gentleman—your worthy godfather—means to leave his money to his niece..."

"Imaginative, Jack," said I. "But wholly improbable. I did not know you were so highly gifted with this faculty..."

"But why not? Why else should he mention the niece in his letter?" he asked.

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Civilization of the Ancient Egyptians.

If the Yankees and Cockneys, who furnish us with so large a portion of our literature...

The recent rush to Egypt to see the Suez Canal, roused the public to a new interest in the writings of eminent Egyptologists...

The secret of how this was accomplished—of how a mighty and absolute sovereign could be induced, without any apparent control...

After a life so luxurious and elegant, the ancient Egyptians were buried in regal style.

"Mummification having been an art so important and so well understood, people while in health would naturally declare their wishes...

The condition of the private citizen is supposed to have been equal to that of gentlemen of the most civilized nation of this period.

"Suppose we take a country gentleman of the period (Temp. Joseph to Moses), a tolerably well-to-do squire..."

The situations of the chase are generally such as are familiar to us—the setting out of the hunting party...

Indoors, everything was elegant and luxurious. "These rooms were rich with columns..."

not forbidden me to travel first-class! "If I had money enough, I'd go in spite of him..."

"What?" said Jack. "Come along, and I'll tell you all about it," said I.

"Well done, Philip. Your bread is buttered for you," he exclaimed, when he had heard me to the end.

"It's an easy way of getting an inheritance, isn't it?" said I. "I should say so," replied Jack.

"You'll have to please him, Phil," said my companion. "You must rub him down the right way."

"Oh, leave me alone for that," said I. "Butter won't melt in my mouth."

"I'm not so sure of that, Phil," said Jack. "Oh, trust me," said I, carelessly.

"You must not smoke," resumed Jack. "Not a whiff," said I. "Nor smell of whisky as you do now," continued Jack.

"Never tasted spirits in my life," I returned. "Or talk such slang as you do now," said Jack.

"Always sleep with Murray's Grammar under my pillow," said I. "Or draw caricatures and write satires," said Jack.

"Oh dear no," I replied. "I write hymns only."

"To fill up his paper, perhaps," said I. "How do I know?" "Not he," said Jack, positively.

"Well, then, because he's a lunatic," said I. "Not that either," said Jack. "I'll lay you half your money, present or future, whichever you prefer..."

"Well then," said I, "I'm to make love to the niece, and to marry her. But suppose she won't have me, Jack?"

"Suppose she is ugly and old?" said I. "Phil, you don't look so scared," said Jack. "You are not betrothed yet?"

"But suppose I can't possibly endure her?" I persisted. "Promise to marry her," said Jack, "and get him to make a will in your favor."

"And then?" said I. "And then," repeated Jack—"how you plague, Phil. I must set my imagination to work once more."

"Whether it was his example, or the monotonous noise of the train as it sped along, or that our powers of chattering were exhausted, I know not, but anyhow we too began to feel inclined for a nap."

"Not if we cracked our cheeks. But I've a notion!" cried ever ready-witted Jack. "I hand me the old boy's hat."

"To make an extinguisher of," replied Jack; and so saying, he fitted it on to the lamp, making the globe act like the bald head of the owner of the hat.

"When the train stopped at Swindon we awoke, and rushed out of the carriage to get refreshments, quite forgetting our fellow-passenger and his hat."

"When we arrived at Gloucester, Jack left me. I had a cold, lonely journey to my destination, a little station just beyond Hereford."

"Like enough, sir," said the porter. "Well," said I, "fetch me the trap."

"How fat, sir?" said he. "Oh, about four miles." "I got in, and we bowled along the dark narrow lanes. After half an hour's drive, we entered some handsome iron gates, and drove into, what seemed to me now, in the dim light, a very extensive park."

"My heart swelled as we rolled along. In fancy I saw this splendid estate, and the £200,000, all my own, and was already settling what I would do when I was ruler here."

"I tore it open, and read: 'MR. PHILIP FOSBERRY WILLIAMS.—The next time you travel by rail, do not smoke nor annoy old gentlemen; do not make the infirmities of age and seeming poverty your laughing stock; do not tell your friends of your great expectations; do not plot to marry a horrid, ugly old niece; do not speak of your crack-brained relatives; do not make extinguishers of old gentlemen's hats; do not be slangy, vulgar, and insulting to strangers; do not nourish vain hopes of inheriting me; and, finally do not lose any time in leaving for ever the house of your old 'fireworks' of a fellow traveler.'

"I only knew old Fosberry died worth the £200,000, leaving his niece sole heiress, and that I quarrelled with Jack Evans about it; nor have I ever spoken to him since."

"The Vienna correspondent of the New York Tribune furnishes that paper with an account of the military force of the Eastern nations, from which we extract the following:

"Summarizing the forces that would, in case of war, be engaged, and estimating Italy's force as 150,000, and England's at 100,000 (including the Indian contingent), we have 250,000 men, Turkey 250,000, and Austria 500,000, making in round numbers, 1,000,000 of fighting men, as opposed to Russia with an army nearly as great and as well armed."

"The whole Galician frontier, beside staying Panславic movements among her own populations. Indeed, the Vienna journals are unanimous in recognizing the gravity of the Austrian situation in case of war; and, though the government would not shirk war, her every effort will be exerted to bring about a peaceful diplomatic solution of the question at issue."

"Governor Geary, of Pennsylvania, joins with Governor Hoffman of New York, in rebuking the impudent attempt of President Grant to trample upon the reserved sovereignty of those two states."

"We are glad that some others 'do not entirely approve' of military interference."

and decorated with banners. The distribution of the rooms of the family was various, according to taste or need, as we are informed by many examples. The doors had locks and keys—keys, that is, which could be taken out of the locks—how early we know not, but certainly as early as thirteen and a half centuries B. C.

"We see the soberer magnates borne to the door in their palanquins, surrounded by a crowd of attendants, each of whom carried something which his master might possibly require during the visit, such as a stool to alight by, his tablets, and so on, we see the footman knocking at the door, and the servants within getting ready water for the guests' feet; and then we see the young swells, evidently after time, dashing up in their carriages, and making sensation among the company already assembled, while grooms run to the horses' heads. And the water for the feet and hands was offered in the houses of people of distinction in a style becoming citizens of no mean cities: none of your delf, none of your porcelain even, none of your figured glass, none of your alabaster or such common wares to wash in, but golden ewers and basins beautifully fashioned. After he had washed, each guest was anointed by a servant with perfumed unguents out of porcelain or alabaster boxes. Then he was crowned and garlanded with flowers, and so made fit to enter the reception room, where he found ladies and gentlemen seated on ottomans, chairs, stools, and sofas."

"The table was generally, though not invariably, round; and the dishes with long legs of bread were placed on it, the table itself being removed with every course, and another substituted with the next course. But at other times the table remained all through the meal, and the viands were brought in baskets. Wine was freely handed about to ladies as well as gentlemen; and there is reason to believe that the former even liked it, and sometimes went so far as to take a thimbleful too much, as the unmerciful sculptor has not scrupled to record."

"Just as wealthy moderns develop or invent all manner of fancies, and spare no expense to gratify their caprices, so did ancient Egyptians deny themselves nothing in the way of wines, equipages, works of art, pleasure-boats, slaves, animals, trees, &c."

"Mummification having been an art so important and so well understood, people while in health would naturally declare their wishes, and make their provision in that regard. But although every man hoped to become some sort or other of mummy—an Egyptian being always considered worth his salt—yet it depended upon his means in what style he should be packed for eternity. Herodotus gives three principal methods, but it is probable that these admitted of modifications according to price. One can hardly realize the satisfaction of going into an embalmer's establishment, and cruising about to choose after what pattern one would 'be a body,' as Mr. Mantellini put it. But the quest must have had its fascinations. 'Gentle, well-cured mummy—very sound, only 7 mine (£20), would meet the eye on one side, and seem very eligible; but then the price! Well, then, look at this—22 mine (£60), and a perfect gem at the money. Extra natron—warranted to last 10,000 years—equal to first-class in duration—difference in external materials only! Or, if that does not satisfy, then—in this style, finest that can be made, with latest improvements, one talent (£250). So, after a great deal of hesitation and balancing of expense against quality, a decision would be arrived at. Quack embalmers, of course, there were, heading their advertisements with—'Why give more? To persons about to perish.' 'When you die send your body to us.' 'A perfect cure; you last forty centuries or your money returned,—and such ad captandem snares; but it was too serious a matter altogether for any discreet person to chaffer with charlatans in respect of it. For the confounded risk was this: the spirit would not be provided with another body for 3000 years; and if in the mean time its old temple should be dissolved, what was to become of it, the spirit aforesaid?"

"In 1832, the fourth year of the administration of President Jackson, the entire expenses of the Federal Government were all told, \$16,000,000. Now they are over \$300,000,000. Think of it, ye 'weary and heavy-laden' tax-payers! Look on that picture, and then on this, and weep, 'drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees their medicinal gum;' but fail not to thank your stars that the country has been blessed by the advent of the great, and glorious and enlightened, and honest, and immaculate Republican party."

"Our Religious Rights.—We have more than once complained of the disposition of the North to interfere, not only with our political, but religious privileges, but to no avail. Here comes a squib from a Pittsburg, Penn., exchange: 'We knew the democrats would make the Governor (Holden) 'take water,' but why should the Baptists suffer?' It is useless for us to say anything; we cannot help the matter one way or another.—Ibid."

"A Schenectady youth, who took a guitar and went under a window and sung, 'Put me in my little bed,' thinks he was understood some way, as the girl's brother came out and 'stood him on his little head.' There was no music in the brother's sole, as he kicked the songster, too."

\* Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine—Reprinted from the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., 140 Fulton Street, New York.