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THE WEEKLY ERA.

VOL. III. RALEIGH, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1873. NO. 11.

POETRY.

The Old Letter.

BY TIM LINKINWATER.

An old, old, faded letter,
The writing dimmed with age,
To-day to my knee down fluttered,
As I turned the heavy page
Of a quaint and ancient volume,
My father's Bible and mine,
And the leaf from a life there written,
Was touching in every line.

A girl, fair and young, on her birth-day,
Many, many long years ago,
Had suffered her heart's richest treasures
O'er the then spotless page to flow,
And the words were pleasant as flowers,
For love was their tender theme,
And love, in the ages vanished,
Was the same as to-day's young dream.

And they thrilled one heart with their painting
Of future hours of life,
"I accept, as a birth-day present,
The honored name of your wife,
For me earth has no portion
So rich as your honest love,
I am your nearest Reuben, yours only,
'Till called by the bridegroom above."

Then I turned me to the records
Of marriage, and birth, and death,
Life's trinity, silently, surely;
Wielding hopes and fears of earth,
And learned how Annie and Reuben
Sixty years together had trod
The hills and valleys of life's pathway,
'Ere called to rest with their God.

Then again I read the letter,
This time with reverent care,
As memory scanned the writer,
The maiden so young and fair;
The wife, the mother, the mourner,
The sharer of joys and tears,
The comfort of little children,
The friend of mature years.

The bride in her young fresh glory,
The woman of hoary hairs,
The matron with love encircled,
The aged with years and cares.
Then the sheet I silently folded,
And laid it gently away,
And murmured, perishing, passing,
All things that are made of clay.

The Fate of Theodosia Burr.

One of the Saddest Tragedies in History.

A correspondent, writing to the New York Graphic concerning the noble-minded Theodosia Alston, the daughter of Aaron Burr, says:

She was, indeed, the good angel of that misguided man, and to James Parton we owe our knowledge of her sweet and lovely character. There is a mystery connected with her disappearance, and, as you say, "the vessel never reached its destination; was never heard from after leaving Charleston harbor." With your permission, I will tell you what I know of the matter. What I am about to relate may be traditionary in a degree, but still may possess a peculiar interest to the reader. It was understood at the time that the cause of Theodosia's coming North to her father was because of the differences between herself and husband regarding Burr. Theodosia defended her father's actions, while Governor Alston denounced them. This was the cause of a separation. Theodosia embarked in a vessel for New York, in the care of a Mr. Gray, a wealthy South Carolinian. She took two of her children with her, also large quantity of family plate. Tidings of her departure reached New York, and her arrival was anxiously looked for by the lonely old man. But, alas! she never came. The bereaved father gave her up for dead; whether the vessel foundered at sea, or what happened they never knew. At this time my great grandfather, Phillip Freneau, visited Burr. As he entered the office Burr met him, and, grasping his hands, said, "Mr. Freneau, I know what you came for; I have received no tidings; I am desolate!"

As he spoke the tears gushed from his eyes, and he cried like a child. Freneau tried to reassure him, but to no effect; the conviction that she was lost to him could not be shaken. Touched by the grief of the wretched father, Freneau afterwards sent him a poem entitled "Theodosia in the Morning Star," which was published in one of the early editions of his poems. Deprived of the only being who loved him, friendless and alone, the old man gradually sank, until death ended his grief.—Now comes the mysterious part of the sad story. I cannot vouch for the truth of it, as I have been unable to procure anything of a documentary nature bearing upon the subject:

Many years ago a notorious pirate named Gibbs was captured, brought to this port, and condemned to be hung and gibetted. On his condemnation he made a confession, and among other crimes confessed to having captured the vessel which contained Theodosia Alston. He said that he received information that a vessel intended leaving Charleston, having on board plate of great value. He resolved to lay in wait for her; he did so, and captured the vessel, with all on board. In the struggle for the possession of the ship many of the crew and officers were killed. Gibbs resolved to put the survivors to death, as the safest way of disposing of them.—Mrs. Alston begged for the lives of herself and children; she offered him all the wealth she possessed, and promised to secure him from harm. She knelt to him and entreated him in the most beseeching tones, but the pirate was inexorable. He said that if he saved them he must save the rest, and that he could not do. He now forced them to "walk the plank." The turn of of the two little boys came, and as they disappeared in the sea the mother firmly and proudly stepped off the board to follow them.

Whether this a true story of the fate of Theodosia, I do not know. If there is a copy of Gibbs' Confession in existence, this incident would be very likely be mentioned. If true, it was well that Burr was spared the additional pain of learning the mode of his daughter's death. I give it for what it is worth.

Respectfully yours,
C. TOWNSEND HARRIS.
Piermont, N. Y., July 31.

The American.

The American accepts any work *for the time*, if it pays. He does it cheerfully; he does it manfully; but if it is at the bidding of another, he does not intend to do it always, or to do it long. The American journeyman intends to be an employer. The American clerk has it in his own mind that in good time he will be a capitalist. Any man who is satisfied with perpetual dependence, any man void of aspiration, and incapable of effort, is not in harmony with the spirit of American life, and with the genius of American society. * * I advocate the sentiment of aspiration, but it is aspiration following its purpose with the constancy of Christian rectitude, and with the quiet of manly perseverance.—*Henry Giles.*

[From the Biblical Recorder.]

Distinguished North Carolina Baptists Who Have Lived and Labored in other States.

SILAS MERCER.

It was my purpose to begin this series of sketches with the name of Jesse Mercer, but in reading the life of this great man, written by the sainted Dr. C. D. Mallory of Georgia, I find that Silas Mercer, the father of Jesse, merits my attention first, both on account of the force and influence of his character and because he was more identified with North Carolina than his more distinguished son. I am indebted for the facts, and in part, for the language of this notice of the elder Mercer, to the entertaining book referred to above.

Silas Mercer was born near Currituck Sound, N. C., February, 1745. He was a serious, thoughtful child, but did not profess religion till he arrived at manhood. Previous to this time, he was devotedly attached to the rite of the Episcopal Church, and as violently opposed all other religious denominations, especially the Baptists. These were the people he had been taught to dread above all others, and he carefully shunned them as a company of deceivers, and a people affected with absurd and dangerous heresies. But preserving an independent spirit and a clear and discriminating mind, he was soon led beyond the prejudices of education, and according to the rubric of the Episcopal Church, which enjoins *immersion*, except when the health of the child might require a milder mode, he had two of his children immersed. The eldest, Jesse, was baptized in a barrel of water at the house of his pastor, and the next, a daughter, was immersed in a tub in the Episcopal Church, where he was accustomed to worship.

His father was a bigoted churchman and did not like these strange notions of Silas. He did everything in his power to prevent him from having anything to do with the blind and infatuated sect of Baptists. But in spite of his own antipathies and the opposition of his friends, he gained his consent at length to attend a Baptist meeting. This presumptuous and daring act provoked his father's resentment, and as the tears of grief and anger gushed from his eyes he exclaimed "*Silas you are ruined.*" But neither the tears nor the rebukes of his father proved availing. Removing to Wilkes county, Georgia, sometime after, he was baptized by Alexander Scott into the fellowship of Kiokee Church, in 1775. He rose from the water a minister of the Gospel, for before he left the stream in which he was baptized, he ascended a log and warmly exhorted the surrounding multitude. Having been formally licensed by the church, he at once entered upon a course of ministerial labor which was distinguished for its zeal, ability and usefulness.

During the Revolutionary war, Silas Mercer fled for safety to Halifax county, N. C., where he remained six years, during which time he was incessantly engaged in the work of the ministry. It appears from his journal that he preached upon on average oftener than once a day, so that during his six years residence in his native State, he delivered more than a thousand discourses.

About the close of the war, he returned to Georgia, where he remained till his death. He was justly regarded as one of the most exemplary, useful and pious ministers in the Southern States. Though not distinguished for his literary attainments, he was the devoted friend of education, especially in the ministry, and to promote this noble object, he established a school near his house, and procured an able teacher to take charge of it.

He devoted much time to study, and wrote several pieces on important subjects, one of which, entitled "Tyranny Exposed and True Liberty Discovered," was published in a pamphlet of sixty-eight pages.—He was, however, more distinguished as a preacher than a writer.

T. H. P.

Anecdote of Calhoun.

The following anecdote of John C. Calhoun is told by William Schouler, on the authority of the late Hon. Abbott Lawrence: "Some time before 1840, Mr. Calhoun wrote to Mr. Lawrence that he had been adding to his landed estates, and would like to obtain a loan of $10,000 or $15,000 in Boston, where money was more plenty than in South Carolina and the rate of interest not so high, for the payment of which he would give his notes and a mortgage upon his estate, which would be ample security. Mr. Lawrence said he consulted Mr. Nathan Appleton and one or two other wealthy citizens of Beston upon the subject, and it was agreed to raise the money for him and take no security for the payment but his own note. Mr. Lawrence informed Mr. Calhoun of the arrangement which he had made, and expressed his gratification that it was in the power of himself and a few of his friends to do a kindness to one so distinguished, whose life had been devoted to the service of his country. Mr. Calhoun immediately wrote back, declining the offer, and withdrawing his original request. He said it did not agree with his sense of propriety to accept a loan on such terms; that in the discharge of his public duties he did not wish to be embarrassed by a sense of obligation to any one."

One complains of more than of death, that he is thereby prevented of a glorious victory; another that he must die before he has married his daughter, or settled and provided for his children; a third seems only troubled that he must lose the society of his beloved wife; a fourth of the conversation of his son, as the principal concerns of his being. For my part I am ready to dislodge, whenever it shall please Him, without any manner of regret. I disengage myself throughout from all worldly relations. My leave is soon taken of all but myself. Never did any one prepare to bid adieu to the world more absolutely and purely, and to shake hands with all manner of interest in it, than I expect to do. The deadest deaths are the best.

[Montaigne.

Rules to Regulate our Conduct.

A man should be wise in dispute; a lion in the battle and conflict; a teacher in his household; a counsellor in the nation; an arbitrator in his vicinity; conscienious in action; content with his state; regular in his habits; diligent in his calling; faithful in his friendship; temperate in his pleasure; deliberate in his speech; devoted to his GOD. So he will be happy in his life, easy in his death, and an esteemed example to his successors.

New York belles pay accomplished poodle-nurses $5 a week.

[Correspondence of the Memphis Appeal.]

Railroads—The Northwest and the South.

ST. PAUL, MINN., July 10.

What do you think of a town into which the Indians drove the surrounding inhabitants in 1862, that now possesses eleven railroad termini? That is St. Paul, Minnesota. What do you think of a town that had but eight hundred inhabitants in 1850 and now has twenty-seven thousand? That is St. Paul Minnesota. What do you think of a town into which, or at which, there was no mode of conveyance twenty years ago better than the primitive ox-cart, but now has arriving and departing over railways eighty trains of cars daily? That is St. Paul, Minnesota. It is not the wheat-fields of Minnesota, nor the logs that tumble over the falls of St. Anthony, nor the excellent building-rock so plentiful about the city, nor the fine, succulent grasses, or good milk and butter that abound on the prairie, but it is the eleven railroads that center here, which make St. Paul what it is. Those "eighty trains daily" practically bring all parts of the State into suburban relations to the city. Here is a State without iron and without coal; a State open to the biting blasts of prolonged Arctic winter; a State where not more than half the year can be devoted to the farm, and where hay must be raised in three or four months to do the cattle during the other eight or nine. And yet we find a condition of wonderful prosperity, and a hopeful energy marking the progress of every public and private enterprise; and energy which shows that the people believe in themselves and in the future, and are not scared by three feet of solid ice, fifty feet of snow and seven months of hermetically sealed winter. "Forty degrees below zero," men famishing while going from their houses to their stables, and children, nestling in the bosoms of their mothers, frozen to death in their bed, do not discourage this indomitable population, composed principally of foreigners. They overcome these natural difficulties with railroads, and the people of St. Paul make use of "eighty trains daily" to force a prosperity which even the elements would seem to war against every winter. These people up here in frozen cities of the north learned long ago that railroads are the secrets of prosperity. You did not learn it yet. Chicago might be burned down four times in ten years, the railroads would rebuild her every time.—Every road that was run into that city was in effect saying, "Here is a permanent investment of twenty millions."—That same thing is true of St. Paul. Those "eigthy trains daily" may be compared to as many geese laying golden eggs for the inhabitants. There are six other such geese spoken of as preparing to come here very soon to lay golden eggs—and they will come. Within five years there will be sixteen railroads centering here, sending in and taking out one hundred and twenty trains daily. Even now there doesn't seems to be a half-hour day or night that busses do not call round to the hotels, crying out the names of trains that will start directly, for the information of intending travellers. There is not a moment of the twenty-four hours that passengers are not either arriving or departing from the vast caravansaries called hotels. So that there is a constant stir, bustle, movement, even bewildering excitement observable.

Having said this much about the capital of Minnesota, I think that every proper sense of commendation and praise has been used. This whole country up here, in my estimation, is far inferior to our own in point of natural advantages. In the means of furnishing wealth to the people, the South is immeasurably superior. Let us institute a comparison.—Take for instance a crack acre of wheat—staple production up here. It will yield twenty-five bushels, which will bring now in the market twenty-five dollars. The expense of production and of marketing, say seven dollars, balance in favor of farmer, eighteen dollars. This, mind you, is the liberal estimate of a *crack* acre for this section growing the staple product thereof. Now let us see what can be counted up in favor of an acre (crack) down in our section. Crack acre in cotton, producing three hundred pounds of lint at twenty cents per pound, sixty dollars. Cost of production and of marketing, twenty-five dollars. Balance in favor of planter, thirty-five dollars. Remember, I am not counting on ordinary acres in either case. These calculations are based upon *crack* pieces of ground. There are acres here that will not turn out eight bushels of wheat—sometimes not pay for cultivating—just as there are acres of cotton down South that have to be abandoned as worthless—both sections are equal in that respect. I firmly believe that there is a greater natural "show" for prosperity in Tennessee than in any of those States up here. The man from whom all the wealth comes—the farmer—is in a state of chronic billiousness, and the annoying sounds of his perpetual growl are creating dismay among capitalists and other powers that be. The farmers say that those capitalists and other powers that "be," are levying a toll, and taking a very extortionate mulcture" out of their scanty annual accumulations—annual accumulations did I say? Why, the farmers, with discordant unanimity all over the Northwest, say they are becoming poorer every year, and that it is the capitalists and "other powers tnat be," who are victimizing them.

J. M.

And old Vermont farmer, up to all methods of making a good bargain; was very ill, and friends were expecting an early demise. His nephew and a man hired for the occasion had butchered a steer that had been fattened; and when the job was completed the nephew entered the sick room, where a few friends were assembled, when; to the astonishment of all, the old man opened his eyes, and turning his head slightly; said, in a full voice, drawing out the words.

"What have you been doing?"

"Killing the steer," was the reply.

"What did you do with the hide?"

"Left it in the barn; going to sell it by-and-by."

"Let the boys drag it around the yard a couple of times; it will make it weigh heavier."

And the good old man was gathered unto his fathers.

How sweet a thing is love of home. It is not acquired—it is a feeling that has its origin elsewhere. It is born with us, brought from another world to carry us on with joy in this. It attaches to the humblest heart that ever throbbed.

Trial.

No man is a man till tried—till he has passed the ordeal, through deep waters and scorching fires. A man surrounded with comforts, friends and relatives, food and raiment—whose barns are filled with plenty, and whose presses gush out with new wine—who eats to the full, sits and reads, doles about, takes his ease and his pleasure, smokes his pipe, or chews his *cud*—is *he* a man? far from it. A man is not a man till he is proved—has passed the ordeal, drunk the bitter cup, risen above life's conflicts, mounted the billow's wave. Was Joseph a man, in very deed, till he was cast into the pit, torn away from the bewitching tempter, leaving his garment behind—till he groaned in the prison house? Was Moses a man till he passed the fiery ordeal? Was Daniel a man till cast into the lion's den? Was Paul truly a man till he suffered perils by sea and by land, and had received forty stripes save one?—"No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of his life, that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier." Let a man be forsaken of all, as was Job—swing loose on faith, on God, and retain his integrity, rising triumphantly—is he not a man? Who besides?

Tough Mineral Water.

Mr. Watsonville, noted as a practical joker, was asked by a lady in the stage coach from Gilroy Hot Springs to San Francisco to take her inside seat and give her the outside as she felt unwell. The lady had made herself obnoxious at the Springs, and as she passed the practical joker she directed him to take care of the two bottles of mineral water she was carrying to her husband. The practical joker's first act was to open each, pour out half, add fill up with whiskey, and we leave the husband to tell the result:

"San Francisco, August 30, 1869.—Proprietors Hot Springs.—Sirs—You are a precious set of scamps, you are! My wife, Mrs. ——, paid a visit to your confounded place, and brought back some 'spring water.' I drank about a bottle of the miserable stuff, and went to the Good Templars, and hadn't been in the hall more than fifteen minutes before I was as drunk as any man you ever saw; disgraced myself and the lodge, and this morning I am on a sick bed.—my impression is that any set of men who will run an institution of this kind ought to be soused into hot water springs until life was extinct. I am, sirs, with contempt,

——."

Adroit Spellers.

In the capitol, at Washington, there is a statue of General Nathaniel Greene. An ignorant stonecutter who carved the name on the bottom of the statue has spelled it without the final E. On being asked why he omitted this letter, he replied that G-r-ee-n spelled Green, and nothing else, and so thought the use of more than two vowels in that word. Besides, said he, G-r-e-e-n-e spells nothing but Greeny, and the man's name was Green. The New York *Express* says this not very bad. Certainly it is a little better than Capt. Clapp's ship Asia written A-s-h-a, but in this case the artist complained of the owner, who provided the original spelling. "Leave it as it is," said the brave captain. "If A-s-h-a don't spell Asia, what the devil does it spell!"

There was an old attorney in Pennsylvania who did not think much of yielding his own way of spelling to the dictation of Webster. When his unorthodox spelling was criticised by a junior member of the bar, he retorted that the man who could not spell a word more than one way was a fool.

Modern Dictionary.

DISTANT RELATIONS.—People who imagine they have a claim to rob you if you are rich, and to insult you if you are poor.

BELLE.—A beautiful, but useless insect without wings, whose colors fade on being removed from the sunshine.

HEART.—A rare article, sometimes found in human beings. It is soon, however, destroyed by commerce with the world, or else becomes fatal to its possessor.

MARRIAGE.—The gate through which the happy lover leaves his enchanted regions and returns to earth.

DEATH.—An ill-bred fellow who visits people at all seasons, and insists upon their immediately returning his call.

A Frenchman, convicted of the murder of his father and mother, when asked by the judge if he had anything to say, by way of mitigating the severity of his sentence, replied: "I hope your honor will not fail to bear in mind that now I am a *poor orphan.*"

If we are to be pained, harrassed and obstructed in our course by the voices around us, we thereby put our happiness and our very usefulness at the mercy of our enemies and the enemies of truth.

[Dr. J. W. Alexander.

There is something to imitate even in the uncivilized Chinaman. They celebrate their holidays by paying their debts, forgiving their enemies, and "shaking hands all round."

A late European writer remarks that the Christian name of Thomas is an eminently democratic one, and was never met with in connection with royalty or its offshoots, either in ancient or modern times.

Love is the shadow of the morning which decreases as the day advances. Friendship is the shadow of the evening which strengthens with the setting sun of life.—*La Fontaine.*

Christians pray with outspread, because clean hands; with uncovered head, because they are not ashamed; and without the aid of a prompter, because we pray from the heart.—[Tertullian.

Notwithstanding the assertions of mathematicians, the marriage ring is a circle in which husband and wife have the problem set them of making all square.

Carpenters are *plane* fellows, apt to *chisel*, often great *bores*, and sometimes cut up people badly with their *old saws*.

All that is necessary for the enjoyment of sausages, at a restaurant, is *confidence*.

Journalistic Courtesies.

In looking over a pile of old city papers, one will be struck with the space given up to controversies with contemporary journals, and the sharp and often bitter personalities indulged in. Almost every paper had one or more articles of a controversial character, and the editor seemed to be carrying on a personal warfare with three-quarters of the other editors of the city.

There has been a great improvement in this respect within twenty years. The old spirit breaks out occasionally in an editorial criticism which is little less than a personal altercation on paper, with adjectives for fisticuffs and insinuations for thrusts. But these journalistic encounters are less frequent and in better tone than in other days, while the people look upon such editorial ebullitions with something like weariness, if not disgust. The modern journalist is so much more than a controversialist that the dialectic element has almost dropped out of sight from sheer neglect, like undeveloped organs in the physical constitution. He has to deal with questions in a calm, comprehensive way, as an organ of public intelligence and as they are related to the public welfare, and not as they concern his personality or are depicted in his personal opinions. The modern newspaper is no longer the work of one man. It is the product of a score or hundred of minds working in concert. It represents a common thought. It stands for an idea, a sentiment, a tendency of the public mind. And it owes its importance and influence very largely to its representative character, and the impartiality and dignity and force with which it performs its public functions as an impersonal organ of the sentiments and ideas of that portion of the public of which it is the recognized exponent. It is this that makes a merely personal contest in its columns an unwarrantable obtrusion of private matter upon public notice, and an impertinence. Years ago, in our small communities, largely isolated from the rest of the world by the absence of facilities for swift communication, the opinions and controversies of individuals naturally occupied a prominent place in public life. They were thought of and talked about in private and in public. But the railroad and telegraph, which have brought us into instant communication with the whole world have pushed the individual from his old pedestal and put mankind in his place.—*Graphic.*

Why he Didn't go Fishing.

The Superintendent asked me to take charge of a Sunday-school class.

"You'll find 'em a bad lot," said he "They all went fishing last Sunday but little Johney Rand. He is really a good boy, and I hope his example may yet redeem the others. I wish you'd talk to 'em a little."

I told him I would.

They were a hard-looking set. I don't think I ever witnessed a more vicious set of black eyes in my life. Little Johnny Rand, the good boy, was in his place, and I smiled on him approvingly.

As soon as the lessons were over I said:

"Boys, your Superintendent tells me you went fishing last Sunday. All but little Johnny, here. You didn't go, did you, Johnny?" I said.

"No, sir."

"That was right. Though this boy is the youngest among you," I continued, "you learn from his own lips words of good counsel, which I hope you will profit by."

I lifted him up on the seat beside me, and smoothed his auburn ringlets.

"Now, Johnny, I want you to tell these wicked boys why you didn't go fishing with them last Sunday. Speak up loud now. It was because it was very wicked, and you would rather go to Sunday school, wasn't it?"

"No, sir; it was 'cos I couldn't find no worms for bait."

Who's Contented.

An eccentric, wealthy gentleman stuck up a board in a field on his estate upon which was painted the following: "I will give this field to any man who is contented." He soon had an applicant.

"Well, sir, are you a contented man?"

"Yes, sir; very."

"Then what do you want with my field?"

The applicant did not stop to reply.

The most potent, permanent, penetrating influence for good is a holy, consistent Christ-like life. Books only exert an influence when read. Sermons can only do good when heard, and not always then; but purity and goodness and grace exemplified, accomplish much by their presence.

A lady in St. Louis has made a decided improvement on the ordinary breach of promise suits. Her complaint not only embraced the false lover in its charge, but the gentleman she wanted for a father-in-law also. He had objected to the proposed match, and thereby influenced his son to break it up.

"I'll trouble you for some more bread landlord. I always eat a good deal of bread with my meat."

"Landlord—"So I see, sir!" And a good deal of meat with your bread."

A gentleman who was on his death-bed, surrounded by a conclave of physicians, appealed to them in piteous tones, "My dear sirs, whatever you do, please let me die a *natural death.*"

People who are always on tenter-hooks, straining after admiration or effect, had they the beauty of seraphs and tongues of arch-angels, must inevitably become nuisances.—[Madame de Sevigne.

A lady asked a sailor, whom she met, why a ship was called "she." The tar replied that it was "because the *rigging* cost more than the hull."

A fool of the deepest dye—An old man with magnificent white hair and beard who dyes them a muddy black.

Eve had some advantages that no other married woman ever enjoyed, chief among which was that her husband could never lacerate her heart by telling "how his mother used to cook."

"Why is your milk so warm this morning, my lad?" said a customer to the milk-boy. "I'm sure I can't tell," was the simple reply, "unless its cause they put hot water in it 'stead of cold."

Andersonville Prison.

A correspondent of the Macon *Telegraph* writing about Andersonville—the great military cemetery of the worlds, says:—

"The cemetery contains forty acres which, with about 1,000 acres contiguous, is in the hands of the Government by right of confiscation—though there is litigation pending between the former owner, one Mr. Dikes, and the United States Government as to the right of property.

There are 13,710 graves of Federal prisoners; also, the graves of 6 prisoners hung by their comrades for crimes committed among themselves.

There was there a prisoner by the name of Ocwalter, who conceived a plan of preserving the identity of the deceased, for which the general Government has compensated him in the sum of $20,000. The plan was ingenious, inasmuch as it points out the great mass with certainty—there being comparatively few whose names are unknown. The graves are in a row side by side, three inches apart and fourteen inches wide; hence they are packed away very closely, there being 6,000 of these prisoners buried on a less area than two acres of ground.

The Yankees came down in numerous bands
To divide out our Southern lands:
But this is the only spot
These poor prisoners ever got.

The plank headboards are soon to be displaced with marble slabs, for which, with a brick wall around this and other cemeteries, the government has appropriated $1,000,000.

There are 94 Georgia State reserves buried in the cemetery, and the government has provided for their graves as for the prisoners, and also included them in the appropriation for marble slabs.

There is a branch running through the stockade, but the prisoners, desiring cooler water, dug 240 wells from 40 to 60 feet deep, but without avail. There is a spring in the stockade that was said to have appeared in the prisoners' time of greatest need; hence, it is called Providence Spring. Many are said to have been killed contending over this spring.

Female Society.

What is it that makes all those men who associate habitually with women superior to others who do not? What makes that woman so accustomed and at ease in the society of men superior to her sex in general? Solely because they are in the habit of free, graceful, continued conversations with the other sex. Women in this way lose their frivolity, their faculties awaken, their delicacies and peculiarities unfold all their beauty and captivation in the spirit of intellectual rivalry. And the men lose their pedantic, rude, declamatory, or sullen manner. The coin of the understanding and the heart changes continually. Their asperities are rubbed off, their better materials polished and brightened, and their richness [illegible] into finer workmanship by the fingers of women than it ever could be by those of men. The iron and steel of their characters are hidden, like the character and armor of a giant, by studs and knots of good and precious stones, when they are not wanted in actual warfare.

A correspondent of the London *Sun* gives this as his recipe for promoting health: "Do not expect, sir, some wonderful announcement, some fascinating mystery! No. It is simply the plain little practice of leaving your bedroom window a little open at the top while sleeping, both winter and summer. I do not come before you as a theorist or an inexperienced teacher, in thus calling loudly upon every family to adopt this healthful practice. I am the father of ten children, all in pure health, and have (thank God) never lost one, although their natural constitutions were not robust. But in addition to the salutary effect of the practice in my own family, wherever I have advised others to try its effects, it has invariably been found to be both pleasant and beneficial."

In a country church a collection was taken up for a party who had lost his house and property by a fire. The fact that an agent of one of the fire offices was seen to put a note into the box, led to great hopes on the part of the sufferer and his friends. But on examining the contents of the box, afterwards, it was found that the note contained only these admonitory words: "Let them *insure*, as they wish to be saved." A good many collections for poor widows with small children might be made unnecessary, by carrying just such a piece of advice into execution through the medium of life insurance.

Marivaux, a celebrated French writer of romances who flourished in the first half of the last century, having one day met with a sturdy beggar who asked charity of him he replied, "My good friend, strong and stout as you are, it is a shame that you do not go to work." "Ah, master," said the beggar, "if you did but know how lazy I am." "Well," replied Marivaux, "I see thou art an honest fellow; here is half a crown for you."

A young lady once observed, "When I go to the theatre, I am very careless of my dress, as the audience are too attentive to the play to observe my wardrobe; but when I go to church I am very particular in my outward appearance, as most people go there to see how their neighbors dress and deport themselves."

The fastest trains on American railways are slow in comparison with those of England. A London paper says that an express train on the Bristol and Exeter and Great Western railway now runs from Exeter to Paddington, a distance of 194 miles, in four hours and a quarter, including stoppages of fifteen minutes. On other roads trains run with almost equal speed.

The troubles of life are like the sticks in a bundle of faggots. It is easy to take one at a time; but we choose to increase our trouble by carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load before we are required to bear it.—*John Newton.*

No Christian is ever entitled to pronounce upon his relative superiority in holiness over his brother. Grant that my brother is unhappily a very imperfect Christian, my heart responds sadly, "So am I." I cannot tell which of us has fewest excuses for his guilt. I do not know my brother's temperament, circumstances, or the degree of his light.

Something about wo[illegible] dounces.

The Griefs of Childhood.

The different ages of life suggest many tender musings to George Elliot which she is wont to translate into [illegible] language. Here is some sage discourse on the griefs of childhood:—

These bitter sorrows of childhood! when sorrow is all new and strange, when hope has not yet got wings to fly beyond the day and weeks, and the space from summer to summer seems measureless. "Ah, my child, you will have real troubles to fret about by and by," is the consolation we have almost all of us had administered to us in our childhood, and have repeated to other children since we have been growing up.

We have all of us, sobbed so piteously, standing with tiny bare legs above our little socks, when we lost sight of our mother or nurse in some strange place; but we can no longer recall the poignancy of that moment and weep over it, as we do over the remembered sufferings of five or ten years ago. Every one of those keen moments has left its trace, and lives in us still, but such traces have blended themselves irrecoverably with the firmer texture of our youth and manhood; and so it comes that we can look on at the troubles of our children with a smiling disbelief in the reality of their pain.

Is there any one who can recover the experience of his childhood, not merely with a memory of what he did and what happened to him, of what he liked and disliked when he was in frock and trousers, but with an intimate penetration, a revived consciousness of what he felt then—when it was so long from one midsummer to another? when he felt when his school-fellows shut him out of their game because he would pitch the ball wrong out of mere wilfulness: or in a rainy day in the holidays, when he didn't know how to amuse himself, and fell from idleness into mischief from mischief into defiance, and from defiance into sulkiness; or when his mother absolutely refused to let him have a tailed coat, that "half," although every other boy of his age had gone into tails already? Surely if we could recall that early bitterness, and the dim guesses, the strangely perspectively conception of life that gave the bitterness its intensity, we should not pooh pooh the griefs of our children. Childhood has no forebodings; but then, it is soothed by some memories of outlived sorrow.

"Mr. ——," said Mrs. ——, with an air of triumph, "don't you think marriage is a means of grace?" "Well, yes," growled ——; "I suppose anything is a means of grace that breaks down pride and leads to repentance."

A gentleman speaking of the happiness of the married state before his daughter, despairingly said: "She who marries does well, but she who does not marry does better." "Well, then," said the young lady, "I will do well; let those who charge do better."

A brutal old bache or declares that pretty women kiss one another on coming into a room because it is a graceful custom; they do the same on going away because they are delighted to lose sight of one another.

If infidelity, indifference, skepticism sweep secretly the breadth and depth of Christendom, 'tis but the binding spell of these superstitions about the name of One whom the love and admiration of all good men hold precious, and will not let perish from love and remembrance.—[Alcott.

A JOKE WITH A MORAL.—A pullet, finding a nice egg, sat on it. The old hen came along after three weeks, and found her egg spoilt. Said she to the pullet. "O my daughter, who did this?" The pullet replied, "Mother, I cannot tell a lie; *I* did it with my little *hatch if!*"

"The British Empire, sir," exclaimed an orator, "is one on which the sun never sets." "And one," replied an auditor, "in which the *tax-gatherer* never goes to bed."

"I feel a severe pain," said a noble patient to Mr. Abernethy, "when I move my right arm *so.*" "Then," replied Mr. A., "why *does* your lord-ship move it *so?*"

"What is your consolation in life and death? asked a Sunday school superintendent of a young lady in the the Bible class, who blushed and said, "I'd rather be excused from speaking his name."

A lady in Fond du Lac slipped on the ice and broke her leg, and the first remark she made after the accident was: "I wonder if Harry will marry me now?" How characteristic of a woman!

A good conscience is better than two witnesses—it will consume your grief as the sun dissolves ice. It is a spring when you are thirsty—a staff when you are weary—a screen when the sun burns—a pillow in death.

"Oh, grandma," cried a mischievous little urchin,