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FROM THE OHIO TO THE SEA.

The Battle of Missionary Ridge.

A Federal Victory Won Against Orders.

It Was Old "Pap" Thomas Who Carried the Center.

When Gen. Bragg looked down from his headquarters under the dead pine tree on the farm of John Devine, at Missionary Ridge on the 25th of November 1863, the plain below him was a field barren of fence and garden, and behind him was a wilderness. He who stands under that pine to-day will look down upon vineyard and field and cottage, and a city of 30,000 people. The wilderness of 1863 is the cornfield and the meadow and the vineyard of 1882. The vine of peace trails itself over the breastwork of war.

THE SITUATION.

Rosecrans had been driven into Chattanooga from the fierce struggle at Chickamauga. Thomas had superseded him as commander, and Grant had come forward to push things, having the aid of Sherman. Bragg's army was stretched out along the crest of Missionary Ridge, waiting to be attacked, and no officer in his army believed that the position could be carried by assault.

SOME FLAGRANT ERRORS.

The half dozen Federal historians who have written about the line upon line of breastworks and the fifty pieces of artillery behind earthworks, and the four lines of rifle-pits, have never visited the field. One can ride on horse-back from the Rossville road to the railroad tunnel, seeing every foot of battle ground. Scarcely a tree has been cut since the day of the fight. The rifle-pits were simply the ravines and hollows made by nature. There was a slight breastwork at the base of the ridge in front of some divisions, and every foot of it is there to-day. There are not ten earthworks on Bragg's whole front and not one of these covered more than a single gun. Most of his artillery was handled without cover. Bragg had few believers in his generalship, and it is rare that a Confederate can be found who will give him any credit at all. He was a cross, churlish, unpopular commander, but it is due him, even at the hands of an enemy, to say that he relied almost altogether upon the naturally strong position of the Ridge. I have talked with half a dozen Confederate artillery officers present at the fight, and all abused Bragg for constructing any earthworks at all. All but two were placed so far back from the crest that they had no fire on the Federals except when the blue lines first moved on the plain. When any of the field batteries nearer the crest depressed the guns for a plunging fire on the Federals near the base, shot and shell would roll out of the guns.

HOW GRANT WAS DECEIVED.

From any point in Chattanooga Missionary Ridge seems to be a continuous mountain with a perfectly level crest. Grant so believed, and was lamentably deceived. It is what Northern men call a "hog's back," and from Rossville to the tunnel there are not over three places where this ridge widens out sufficiently to permit a single regiment to form in line of battle. The Chattanooga side has swells and foot hills before reaching the real base, and the far side of the mountain sweeps sharply down into a plain stretching away as far as the eye can see. Instead of being level, the crest is full of dips and ravines, and had Grant brought a thousand pieces of artillery to bear on Bragg for a week it is doubtful if he would have killed fifty men.

IN FLANK.

Had Grant known the exact lay of the ground he would not have ordered a direct assault. Instead of sending Hooker up the Rossville road to be played with by Bragg's cavalry, he would have sent two full corps. At the blacksmith shop in the fork of the road every field piece could have easily been hauled to the crest of the mountain. Then a good farmer's road would have taken the Federals square down on Bragg's flank and rear, reversing all his works, and he must have been pushed off at Tunnel Hill. The blacksmith shop is the strategic point of the situation. A road runs along either side of the mountain and another on the crest. Half a mile beyond the shop another road branches off and strikes the mountain near its center, where it meets three other highways. One night's march by the Federals would have surrounded Bragg's position on three sides. Bragg took no precaution against such a surprise except to throw out his cavalry on his left flank, and for his negligence he has been severely criticised.

So, too, it was not the wisest policy to throw Sherman's troops against Tunnel Hill. That is the strongest position on the ridge. An assault on the center of the line would have met with fewer natural obstructions, and Bragg's line once broken there the hill must have stood or fallen by itself with the Federals fighting on even terms.

SHERMAN'S ATTACK.

Just what Sherman tried to do at one end of the ridge and failed, could have easily been accomplished at the other. Splitting his command into three bodies, the center took the crest of the ridge and the flanks advanced on either base, the ridge dividing them. Moving as they had to move, over such rough ground, there could be no concert of action. Where center or flanks struck the enemy there they fought and advanced or fought and were pushed back. Bragg could reinforce from his center over an almost level highway, and Sherman finally saw that he was fighting the whole Confederate army.

STRIKING THE LINE.

Corse had advanced less than a quarter of a mile before he found his path blocked by Hardee. Here is a line of rocks to show where a breastwork ran, and here three or four pieces of artillery were protected by light earthworks. Corse gathered up his brigade and flung them at Hardee, but they could not reach the breastworks. The men behind it had a dead rest for their muskets, and they fired cooly and with great execution. Corse fell back, fighting gallantly, and when he halted he was not yet out of pistol shot. His men took cover behind trees and rocks, and in tree-hollows, and for half an hour the crash of musketry was steady and terrific. A soldier in Cleburne's division who was behind a large rock was wounded in the right jaw. His place was taken by another, who was killed by a ball strking him above the ear. A corporal drew the body back and took the position, but before he had discharged his gun his right eye was destroyed. A fourth man was wounded behind the rock, and it was then discovered that the Federal bullets, striking a large rock to the right and ahead, had glanced at an angle and found their victims. On that rock, which perhaps weighs two tons, I counted the "spots" left by 292 bullets.

A CONFEDERATE CHARGE.

After three-quarters of an hour of sharp firing the hot-headed Cleburne could stand it no longer, and gathering up his division he swept across the open space, leading in person. The Federal line bent back under the rush, but when they straightened Cleburne was swept back to his works with a rush, leaving 300 dead men on the ground behind him

A COOL CONFEDERATE.

After the Federal lines had fallen back, and during a temporary lull in the firing, a Confederate named William Grady, belonging to Cleburne's command and dying in Knoxville several years after the war, leaped over the breastworks and advanced upon the Federals at a walk, looking to the right and left as he walked. When he was within thirty feet of the nearest blue coat he picked up a canteen which he had lost during the rush and turned about and cooly walked back to his command under fire of at least 300 muskets. The canteen, which he carried at the end of a strap, was actually shot to pieces, and he had seven bullet holes in his clothing, but he disappeared over the breastwork without injury to himself.

AT BAY.

Corse had his flanks defended—so had Hardee. Neither was strong enough, nor could he mass enough men on that crest, to drive the other. Thus Corse could make no headway, and Sherman's flanks had not passed him far when they were confronted by the same situation. The Federals suffered most, having no breastworks and being exposed to a galling fire from several pieces of artillery. Bragg knew that Hooker was on his left flank., fighting his cavalry, and he knew that he had Sherman halted. Up to about 3 o'clock he felt secure. He had not lost a foot of ground anywhere on his main line. It was then he offered reinforcements to Hardee to push Sherman, and it was then he said to those around him:

"The Yankees don't fight any better under Grant than they did under Rosecrans.

But he hadn't heard from Grant yet. Grant's plan of battle was that Sherman should push so heavily on Bragg's right and Hooker so heavily on his left that he would weaken his center to support his flanks. Hooker had made no great headway, and Sherman had been checked, yet Bragg had sent troops from his center to both wings. The courier offering Hardee reinforcements had not been gone five minutes when Bragg saw something to surprise him. The four divisions under Thomas moved out on the plain in grand array, every man stripped down to musket and cartridge-box. Brigade after brigade swung out with steady tramp until the alignment was complete. Every Federal faced Bragg's center, and Bragg knew that a grand assault was impending. He was writing dispatches to hurry up reinforcements from right and left, when a Federal cannon on Orchard Knob boomed out:

"One—two—three—four—five—six!

Like a huge machine set in motion by that signal the four divisions moved at one. They had more than a mile to go across a level plain before reaching the base of the ridge, and before they had advanced twenty rods every piece of artillery in Bragg's center was playing upon the moving columns. Shot and shell hissed and screamed and tore around the marching columns; but not a line was broken, Bragg had relied upon his guns sweeping the plain. The Federals did not lose fifty men out of the four divisions in the entire advance. It was only when they came within range of the Confederate musketry that death began its harvest.

THE RUSH AT THE RIDGE.

A double line of skirmishers was thrown out in front of the Federal advance, and a double line of skirmishers was thrown out in front of the Confederate line at the base of the ridge. Headly, Cist and others speak of the strong works at the foot of the ridge. Here and there was a breastwork of stones and logs, such as the infantry could throw up in an hour. Up to half-past 2 o'clock, or an hour previous to the Federal advance, there were not three regiments of Cofederates at the base along Bragg's center. He had calculated that all the fighting would be on his wings. Nothing has been disturbed there in these long years. One finds here and there a slight cover for half a regiment, a few holes which might have been rifle-pits, but no such works as the enthusiastic historian erects on paper. This does not, however, dim the glory of the advance. Never before nor after did war see the spectacle of four grand divisions of blue sweeping over an open plain under fire with such a steady step. Confederate officers who looked down upon it say that it was a sight never to be forgotten. As if realizing that the sooner they reached the base the sooner they would be covered from the artillery fire, the step grew faster and faster, and just as the lines began to feel the musketry fire they broke into a double-quick and dashed forward, cheering until Sherman's men heard them above the roar of battle. In that rush the Federal skirmish line was overtaken and borne along, and the Confederate skirmish line was actually run over and swallowed up before it could fall back.

AN ARMY LET LOOSE.

That advance of Thomas will ever stand as one of the most singular moves of the war. It was not hoped to carry anything more than the base line at that time. Indeed, the orders were to halt there. The dash was made so quickly that but few of the Confederates escaped to the crest. In scores of cases Federal soldiers sprang after them up the mountain side, grabbed them by the feet or legs, and captor and captured came rolling down together. But the Confederate troops on the crest had a plunging musketry fire on the bluecoats, and they made it so hot that the Federals became restive. They were at the base—why not go to the crest? First one sprang up—then another—then whole companies and regiments, and directly a line having a front of a mile was pushing up the mountain, cheering, yelling and returning the hot fire with a few stray shots. There were no orders from officers. Had any been given they would have been disregarded. With no one to lead—with officers following after, the lines rushed at the crest determined to accomplish the whole task at once.

BRAGG UNNERVED.

Bragg had often expressed his conviction that his position was impregnable. The fighting on his flanks had thus far borne out his assertions. He did not believe that the Federals would cross an open plain under the fire of his guns, but they had done so. One regiment at the base of the ridge ought to have checked a brigade on the plain, but the base had been carried. The fire from the crest ought to drive back men who had to pull themselves up by limbs and bushes, but Thomas' whole army was coming up. The swiftly succeeding disasters unnerved Bragg. He wrote two or three orders and tore them up, gave two or three verbal orders and countermanded them, and at length mounted his horse, dashed up and down the center, and disappeared not ten minutes before the Federals had possession of his headquarters.

FIGHTING TO THE LAST.

But the flight of Bragg did not produce a panic. Confederate soldiers never fought more gallantly than right there. They knew that to lose the center position was to lose the fight, and they meant to hold it. Missionary Ridge is thickly covered with stones and boulders. Whole companies of the Confederates dropped their maskets and had to resort to the rocks as weapons. Great rocks weighing a ton were sent rolling down the steep side, crashing hrough the bushes and sweeping through the Federal advance, and at some points the shower of stones was so terrific that all further advance was checked. Men who dared brave shell and canister and bullet sought cover to escape the stones and rocks. There was no panic—no giving back, but it would have taken thrice their number to have checked the tide of blue rolling up the mountain. Foot by foot it advanced, and when the last rush came the blue lines went through the gray in lanes. Batteries were flanked, leaving them standing between Federal lines. Whole regiments having a front towards the plain suddenly discovered Federals in their rear. For a quarter of an hour it was a fight by a mob. Guns were taken and retaken—crowds swayed back and forth, and even when encircled the Confederates fought on. It was only when the greater portion of the center had been killed, wounded or made prisoner that the fighting ceased.

IN FRONT OF SHERMAN.

Whatever Hood urged against Hardee in later years, his fighting that day saved the army, just as Thomas' fighting at Chickamauga saved the Federals. When the center was attacked he reinforced it with a division without orders, and he kept up the fight until he could draw off under cover of the darkness.

SUMMING UP.

Bragg was not the general to fight a winning battle. He lacked just what Hooker, Pope and Burnside lacked. His victory at Chickamauga was not due to his generalship, but more to Rosecrans' mistake. He lost more at Missionary Ridge than he gained at Chickamauga, and his defeat prepared the ground work for Sherman's memorable march into the Confederacy.

The Federal loss in killed and wounded was nearly six thousand—that of the Confederates about the same. The Federals captured forty-three pieces of artillery, 6,000 stand of the best small arms, and 5,500 prisoners, and Bragg's army was left in a thoroughly demoralized condition.

Gen. Cist asserts in his Scribner volume that Sherman was to do all the fighting and have all the glory. He did not design a direct assault, but calculated on flanking Bragg's left. He got hold of the wrong end of the ridge. Hardee held him two days, and could have held him a month. Had he tried the Rossville road he would not have been an hour reaching the crest. The assault by Thomas was to relieve Sherman, but if the soldiers had not broken loose and taken the fight into their own hands—whole regiments moving under protests from the officers, who can say that the victory would have rested with the Federals?

The battle of Missionary Ridge had a strong influence on the military world. Under the old school of military teaching that ridge was impregnable. No general had any business to attack a steep-sided mountain crowned with artillery and lined with infantry. Under the new school of fighting it was carried in an hour. It was then discovered that such positions should be held from the base, as Lee held Maryes Hill—as Mead held Cemetery Ridge—as Polk held Kenesaw Mountain. Twenty pieces of artillery and 10,000 infantry intrenched at the base of Bragg's center would have held Thomas' whole army on the plain and repelled every assault on the front, and they would at the same time have been under the full play of every piece of artillery on the crest.

But peace is there to-day, will be for evermore. The vines are covering the earth-works—the leaves have filled up the rifle-pits—the war-scarred trees have put forth new branches to shelter the laborer who leaves his cornfield and his vineyard to rest from the noon-day sun. Peace regins on the great mountain with only the soft notes of the wild-bird to break the silence—peace hovers over the valley and smiles upon a thousand fields which will tremble no more under war's bloody footsteps.

M. QUAD.

Amusement From the Dictionary.

The every-day language of prosaic persons is rich in lost or hidden meanings, that are beautifully figurative. The full meaning of a derived word is often far more significant than its ordinary use suggests. To one who cares for the quaint, no puzzle solving will afford so much pleasure as a little "digging at the roots of words."

For example, take these sentences from a late number of the *Companion*: "The face of a beautiful girl in the choir attracted his attention rather than the minister's sermon. He sought an introduction, found her of noble character though in humble condition."

"Face," from the Latin *facere*, to make; "beautiful," full of beauty; attract," *trahere* and *ad*, to draw to; "attention," *tendere*, to stretch, which gives us a figure, elasticity of mind.

"Minister," *minus*, less and by it we may read. "Whosoever will be great among you let him be your minister." "Sermon,' *serere*, to join,—a disjointed discourse cannot properly be called a sermon. "Rather," fron Anglo-Saxon *radhor*, comparative of *radhe*, quick, hasty: "south," Anglo-Saxon *secan*, to contend, to strive.

"Introduction," *inter*, between, and *ducere*, to lead. 'Noble," *noscere*, to know,—and curiously enough, notorious is from the same word "Character," Greek *charassein*, to make sharp. to engrave. "Humble," Latin *humilis*, on the ground. "Condition," *condere*. to put together.

If one will try to fill a single page with words whose meaning, as stamped upon them by their derivation, express just what he intends to say and nothing more, he will realize the fact that English is a derived language.

S. L. B.

Table-Manners.

Nothing reflects more upon home-training than bad manners at table.

Restlessness, shown by fidgeting in your seat, moving the feet unnecessarily, playing with the table utensils; or crumbling the bread, is very annoying to those who have been trained correctly in youth.

To open the mouth while chewing the food, instead of keeping the lips closed; to talk when the mouth is full; to suck up soup from the spoon; to put a knife in the mouth; to bend the head low down over the plate; eating rapidly, or to make any noise in eating, are breaches of good manners.

Chew the food well. but quietly, and eat slowly. Never use a spoon for anything but liquids, ice cream, cheese, fish (when silver fish knives are not used).

Everything that can be eaten without a knife, or a spoon, should be eaten with a fork; such as sweet bread, rissoles, pies, etc. Bread is always broken, when not buttered, not bitten nor cut with a knife.

Stay On.

A toper's love for his beer is characteristically set forth in the following:

'Want any cloves?' asked a peddler of a saloon-keeper one day last week.

'Vat I vant um?' asked the proprietor.

'To take away the smell of beer from the breath,' said the peddler.

'Take away dot smell of beer!' exclaimed the man behind the counter. 'You got somedings vat makes der smell stay on, and I buys him.'

The Lawyers Fee.

There is a good story which illustrates the advantage of being skilled in reading faces. An Englishman who could speak no language but his own, boasted that he had travelled through Europe without a courier, and had not been cheated one farthing. He was a good physiognomist, and filled his pocket with the small coins of the country in which he was travelling. Whenever called to make a payment to a man, he would begin by slowly dropping into the man's hand several of these coins, looking him keenly in the face. The moment he saw by a gleam of the eye, or twitching of the mouth that he had dropped the amount of the bill, he stopped.

A cotton speculator who once paid a fee several times greater than his lawyer expected, was not so shrewd a man. Soon after the fall of Vicksburg, he became involved with the authorities, who charged him with fraud. His cotton, which was worth a large sum of money, being seized, he sought the aid of Mr. Geiger, an influential Ohio lawyer, then visiting the city.

The lawyer in one day satisfied the authorities that there was no fraud, and secured the lease of the cotton. The speculator was gratified, and informed Mr. Geiger that he would see him the next morning after he had finished loading his cotton on a steamboat.

The lawyer retired, but not to sleep. He was debating with himself what he should charge his client. The amount involved was large, the speculator would make a handsome fortune, and Geiger thought five hundred dollars would not be an unreasonable fee for his services. But in the morning, the sum seemed so great for one day's work, that he feared to ask it.

In this frame of mind, while walking out towards the steamer which was to carry off the cotton, he met the speculator.

'Well, Mr. Geiger, that was a good day's work you did for me yesterday,' said the client, taking from his pocket a large roll of bank notes.

Holding up one knee, he thereon counted off four five hundred dollar bills, and without looking up at the lawyer, asked, 'Is that enough?'

Geiger looked on speechless for a moment, but recovering himself, said, with the habitual coolness of a lawyer,—

'I guess you had better lay on another!'

It was laid on, and Gieger, putting the two thousand five hundred dollars in his pocket, said, 'Goodby, sir.'

The Clerk who Knows Everything.

A newly-arrived and singulary-assorted couple at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, consisting of a Londoner and out and out American Western man, stood watching the throng of people coming and going at the marble counter the other evening, and listening with surprise to the endless number of quick questions made to the hotel clerk about trains, rooms and individuals, and his instantaneous replies, when the Englesman broke out with:

'Most extraordinary man, seems to know everybody and everything—wonder if there is any questions about a railway train or and person he can't answer?'

'I'll bet a half a dozen champague I'll put him a question about a train he can't answer, said the Westerner.

'Done! I'll stand six to see him go to grass,' said her Majesty's subject.

'Well, here goes, then,' and Western stepped up to the marble counter.

'Say! You appear to know everything and everybody, who is there that's going to h—, and when'll the train start?

'Charles J Guiteau; starts June 30, sir,' replied the clerk, looking the querist right in the eye without moving a muscle.

'Well' I reckon you are about right but you can't tell me where I can go and get a ticket, can you'

'Go to the devil!' said the clerk, turning away.

'Mister,' said the Western guest, looking over to the blonde book-keeper after the laughter, had subsided, 'you can charge six bottles of 'Fiz' in my bill for the use of them gentlemen, for I must weaken on this bet—it's agin me' He withdrew, and the clerk kept answering questions about other more familiar routs with equanimity.—*Hotel Gazette.*

Dinner-Parties.

Ease and good-breeding are nowhere more dispensable than at the dinner-table, and the absence of them is nowhere more apparent As soon as you are seated at the dinner party, remove your gloves; half unfold your table napkin, and place it across your lap, putting your roll on the left of your plate.

As soon as you are helped begin to eat. The custom of waiting is obselete. Take soup from the side of the spoon, and be careful not to make a noise in doing so. By tilting the spoon, you can avoid sucking it up Never tilt the plate however.

Soup and fish are not taken a second time. You can refuse any dish that is passed. After eating, the mouth should be wiped with the napkin, before drinking.

Fruit is eaten with a silver knife and fork, after which you dip your fingers in the finger glass, wiping them on the table napkin, not on the d'oyley. If a finger glass and d'oyley are placed on your dessert plate, you should at once removed the glass and d'oyley placing them on your left hand; the glass on the d'oyley.

Also when a plate is placed before you, with a fork and knife on it, immediately remove fork and knife or spoon, to your right hand.

It is a mistake to keep guests over two hours at table, even at grand dinners. One hour is the limit of an unceremonious dinner, where host, hostess and servants understand their duties.—*Youth's Companion*

"You Fust, Massa,"

A minister officiating at a wedding better not lay any plans for sport on his own account. The laugh may come in the wrong place for him—as it did at a negro wedding in Virginia, where two brawny, ruby lipped negroes called upon a young and popular minister to be married.

The minister was fond of fun, and invited some of his intimate friends, telling them he would have an extra performance in the cermony

The parlor was well lighted, and the guests with mirthful faces, were seated, when the couple were shown in.

The ceremony proceeded, amid a little tittering of the guests and no little agiation on the part of the lovers. As it ended and the minister pronounced them man and wife, he aded, with a smile,—

"Samuel, salute your bride."

The new made husband looked all round the room, and seeing by the mirth of the crowd that all was not right, he excitedly said,—

"You fust, massah! you fust!" and, prompted by a look of the fond husband, the bride raised her ruby lips for the expected kiss.

The tables had turned. The surprised minister stepped back, and hesitatingly said, "I will soon have a bride of my own to kiss."—*Chicago News.*

"I Never saw the Like.'

Men should be careful not to use useless expletives, if they woul successfully rebuke profane swearers. Old Parson S., of Connecticut, had a man ploughing in his field, and went out to see how the work was getting on. The ground was very stony, and every time the plough struck a stone the ploughman took occasion to swear a little.

Look here," cried Parson S., 'you must not swear that way in my field."

'Well, I reckon you'd swear, too,' said the man, 'if you had to plough such a stony field as this.'

'Not a bit of it,' said Mr. S. 'Just let me show you!'

So the parson took hold of the plongh, but he very soon had considerable trouble with the stones. As stone after stone caught the ploughshare, Mr. S. ejaculated,—

'Well, I never saw the like!'

And this he repeated every time a stone stopped his onward way. As soon as he had ploughed around once he stopped and said to the man,—

'There, now! You see I can plough without swearing.'

'But I guess it's pretty near as bad to lie,' answered the man, "and you told a dozen o' lies. Every time the plough struck a stone, you said, 'I never saw the like,' when the same thing happened a minute before!'

The parson's ejaculations were as unnecessary as the workman's were profane, but they did not show an irreverent spirit.

Pronunciation of "U."

Some of our readers may thank us for calling attention to the following suggestion as the pronunciation of "u:"

Ninety-nine out of every hundred Northerners will say institoot instead of institute, dooty for duty—a perfect rhyme to the word beauty. They will call new and news, noo and noos—and so on through the dozens and and hundred of similar words. Not a dictionary in the English language authorizes this.

In student and stupid, the "u" has the same sound as in cupid, and should not be pronounced stoodent and stoopid, as so many teachers are in the habit of sounding them.

It is a vulgarism to call a door a doah—as we all admit—is it not as much of a vulgarism to call a newspaper a noospaper? One vulgarism is Northern and the other Southern, that's the only difference.

When the London *Punch* wishes to burlesque the pronunciations of servants, it makes them call the duke dook, the tutor the tooter, and a tube a toob.—*New York Weekly Review*

There is no telling whether a Colorado mine will turn out a bonanza or 'peter out.' 'A man can't see very far into the ground,' said an 'old hand' explaining why mining is so uncertain. Some settlers take to farming, seeing that the mining camps pay high prices for food for thousands of men and beast. But even farming, though the crops are abundant, has its risk, as the following story, told in Mr. Hayes, 'New Colorado,' plainly show:

I was mining up Central City, said an 'old timer,' 'and there came along one day a man with onions to sell. We were glad to get vegtables about there.

Well, sir I didn't say anything, but I allowed that farming must be a better business than mining, and I had better go into it myself. So I quit my claim, and struck a ranch, and hired a dutchman at one hundred dollars a month to take charge.

"Well, my vegtables began to come up. And one day, Tim Fogg, a sort of marketman, came along and stopped to dinner, and I knew he was counting the cabbages in one of my fields.

"Then says he, 'Jos, I must have those cabbages;' and he offered me $1,800 for the lot, and I took him up, and he pulled out a bag of gold dust. But I didn't want it in the house and I told him to put it in the bank, and give me a check when he liked, and to send for those cabbages any time.

'At any rate, there was $30,000 in that crop and I began to feel top-heavy, sir, I tell you.

'And as I was building my castles in the air, the sun was kind of obscured, and I looked up over Table Mountain, and saw a queer kind of a cloud. And while I was looking out came the sun, and the air was full of millions of diamond points, just *skintillating, skintillating*, sir.

'And what was it? Grasshoppers' wings! And they settled down some inches deep on my ranch, and out of my $30,000 worth, I had—one hatful of lettuce that was under glass!'

Telling Retorts.

A lawyer's duty to his client may compel him to subject a witness to severe cross-examination. But he should be courteous, and if he is not, he has no reason to complain should a witness retaliate with a telling retort.

The late Benjamin F. Hallet, of Boston, was a good hearted man, but sometimes he would let his professional zeal carry him beyond the line which separates the browbeater from the cross-examiner. He was once examining Dr. Whittemore, whose testimony was very helpful to Hallet's client.

'Now, doctor, I want you to remember that you are testifying under oath,' said Hallet several times, and in a way to nettle a witness.

As the doctor, having finished his testimony, was leaving the stand, Hallet remarked testily,—

'Well, sir, you have contrived to damage your case pretty well!'

'Thank you, Mr. Hallet,' replied the doctor, seeing his chance, 'perhaps I might return the compliment if I were not testifying under oath.'

Hallet, who was often the target at which shots were made, was once severely hit by his friend Edward Sohier, the noted wit of Boston bar. The anti-slavery men were exceedingly bitter in their criticism of Hallet, who in early life had sympathized with their views, but subsequently became the active opponent.

One morning, just after an anti-slavery meeting, where Hallet had been severely criticised, he met Mr. Sohier. 'Did you notice how outrageously the abolitionists abused me' said Hallet. 'Why,' they even called me 'Judas Iscarot!'

'Well,' replied his friend,' of course that can make no difference to you; but what would Judas say?—*The Youth's Companion.*

The Benefit of Advertising.

In a private letter from a subscriber in Arkansas we have the following:

"I want you to go to Geo. Allen's and examine his cultivator, and if you think it is a success, ask him to send me one on trial. I will pay the freight and if it does the work satisfactory, I will pay for it and take the agency for the State. From the appearance of the cut in your paper I fear it would not do good work in wet weather on stiff land. I am a great favorite of improved implements, and desire to try this immediately."

The writer further says that the outlook for a crop in some portions of the State is deplorable. Many of the lands are submerged (May 21st) the water being higher than at any time since 1867.

How Trucking Pays.

In commenting on the amount of truck already shipped by Mr. J. A. Meadows, as reported in yesterday's JOURNAL, it is estimated, by those acquainted with the prices truck has been selling at during the season, that Mr. Meadows has made not less than $5000 clear profit this season. And it is thought that Mr. Jos. L. Rhem has cleared at least $20,000. The trucking business pays handsomely when the seasons hit, and even of a bad year they generally clear expenses. New Berne leads the State in this business.

Murder in Wayne.

We hear that a murder was committed near Fremont on Friday night. A white man, name unknown, gambled with two darkeys and won their money. In return they shot him with a pistol. One of the negroes, ——Brown, well known in New Berne as a gambler, was arrested and is now in Goldsboro jail.

South Creek Truck.

From a letter written us by Mr. H. A. G. Sawyer of South Creek we learn that that rich section is engaging in trucking. For the week ending May 20, 113 barrels of Irish potatoes were shipped; and for week ending May 26, 178 barrels.

We rode out Friday with Mr. W. F. Rountree to look at the great truck farm of Mr. J. L. Rhem. In riding by his field it looked like "Reb. times" to see about 200 darkies at work in one field with four or five overseers busily superintending. But the laborers get good pay for their work and are well coutent with such "Reb. times" as this. Mr. Rhem shipped about 300 barrels of Irish potatoes and 200 boxes of beans, which will probably net him about $2,000. Pretty good returns for one day's work.

In the Worley Injunction case from Jones, Judge Gilmer has decided to continue the restraining order to July 1st 1882; then Worley is to pay $500 and the order will continue till Dec. 1st 1882. If the $500 is not paid by July 1st, the injunction is dissolved.

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