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At Last!

It comes at last, the hour so long awaited,
The hour, by weary hope, so long foretold,
It finds the strength of passion unabated,
It meets a love that ne'er grew faint or cold.
Forgotten is the dull and aching sadness,
Forgotten all the painful, dreary past,
I hear thy voice, I see thy glance of gladness,
I press thee, darling, to my heart—at last.

Come to my heart, oh, love! so long a stranger!
Come to my heart, which asks for nothing more.
Too long afloat upon a sea of danger,
It tossed and could not find the welcome shore.
But now, beloved one, breaks the glorious morning,
Now, in love's haven, sheltered from the blast,
Our happy hearts, all doubt and danger scorning,
Can say, "Thank Heaven, our love is sure—at last."

I do not care if years have dimmed the splendor
That early passion found within thine eye;
I only know its influence soft and tender
Can cheer me as it cheered in days gone by.
I do not know what lands, what fate await us,
If wealth or want upon our lives be cast,
I only know if the future bless or hate us,
That heart to heart, we'll live and die—at last.

Pictures of New York.

BY JUNIUS HENRI BROWN.

THE BOWERY.

The Bowery habitués enjoy themselves, somewhat coarsely, but thoroughly I suspect. They laugh uproariously at the theater and in the minstrel halls and concert-saloons, and show their appreciation of the frequently indelicate humor by punches in the side of their neighbors, or mashing down of well-worn hats over perspiring brows. They work hard by day; laugh loudly and sleep soundly at night, and let the morrow provide for itself with true philosophy.

They have not much to live for, but they have less to leave behind when life is over; and so anxiety for what is not concerns them little. They have good appetite and digestion, and they so fill their hours with work that conscience cannot keep them awake; and, moreover, they whose toil is constant are not troubled by that invisible and uncertain monitor.

Conscience is somewhat of a luxury; and he who can keep it has means to silence it when clamorous.

The type of the quarter, known as the Bowery boy, is nearly extinct. He is seen sometimes, in degenerate form and with shorn glory, about the famous theater, and in the cock and rat-pits near Houston and Grand streets. But his crimson shirt, and his oiled locks, and his peculiar slang, and his freedom of pugnacity, and his devotion to the fire-engine are things gone by.

The places that knew him know him no more. He was a provincial product, the growth of a period. The increase of the city, the inroad of foreigners, the change in customs, and especially the disbanding of the volunteer fire-department, swept the Bowery boy from his fastenings, and he is a waif now under many names—a thief at the Five Points, a blackleg in Houston street, a politician in the fourth or sixth ward, a sober settler in the great West, or a broker in Wall street.

The Bowery boy proper has passed away. But the Bowery frets and cheats, and does good and ill, and has its wheat and chaff and is as curious a study still.

"THE DEAD-BEATS."

The dead-beat, though you think you have seen him every day for a month, has always just been, or is just going somewhere. A number of people are anxious for him to do this or that; but he is in grave doubt. Jones has not money enough, and Robinson is hardly as liberal as he might be. And then what's the use of a fellow who is in demand constantly taking the first offer?

He invites you to drink, and discovers he has left his portemonnaie in his other coat. He asks you to call on families of position, but defers the visit if you accept. He relates his flirtations with the youngest daughter of the wealthy banker in Exchange Place; and informs you confidentially of the row he had with old Sturgeon, because his young wife was so devoted to—he won't say who or what, but "you understand, old boy."

The dead-beat haunts the hotels, the places of amusement and the principal streets. He is ever on the alert for some dear friend—he has more friends than all the Veneerings—but will walk with you if you're not in haste. He has a singular faculty of meeting you about dinner or lunch time, and is forever leaving something at home. He is a regular barnacle. He won't be disturbed or shaken off. He sticketh closer than a brother, though you abuse him like a brother-in-law. His friendship for you is greater than that of Nisus for Euryalus, or Alexander for Hephæstion. He will talk and drink, and eat and sleep with you until he has borrowed your last dollar, and then advise you to be more careful of your means.

Josh Billings on Frogs.

Josh Billings replies to a correspondent in this wise:

"Benvolio."—In writing for you an analysis of the frog, I must confess that I have copied the whole thing vervatius ad liberating, from the work ov a celebrated French writer ov the 16th century.

The frog is, in the first place, a tadpole, ani body and tail, without coming to a head.

He travels in pond holes, by the side of the turnpike, and is accelerated by the activity of his tail, which wiggles with uncommon limberness and vivacity. By and by, before long, pretty soon, in a few days, his tale is no more, and legs begin to emerge from the south end of the animal and from the north end at the same time may be seen a disposition to head out.

In this curious way the frog is built, and then for the first time in his life he begins to git his head above water.

His success is now certain, and soon, in about five days more, he may be seen sitting down on himself by the side ov the pond hole, and looking at the dinner baskets of the children on their way to the district school.

As the children cum more nearer with a club or a chunk or brick in his hand to swott him with, he rares up on his hind legs and enters the water head fust, without opening the door.

Thus the frog does business for a spel of a time, till he gits to be 21, and then his life is more ramified.

Frogs have two natures, ground and water, and as free from sin as an oyster.

I never knew a frog to hurt anybody who paid his honest dues.

I don't recollect now whether a frog has any before legs or not, and if he don't it ain't anybody's business but the frog's.

Their hind legs are used for refreshments, but the rest ov him won't pay for eating.

A frog is the only person who can live in a well and not get tired.

The bull frog is the boss of the puddle, and has a log to sit on, over on the other side ov the puddle, and talks to the rest of the frogs, way down in his throat, so that you can't understand more than half what he ses; he is generally a cross and lazy old devil, all over warts.

This is all there is worth knowing now about the frog, except that they catch flies in fly time and winter by freezing up solid.

P. S.—I have endeavored to translate mi author cloos, but it is tuff to render all his beauties into our tung, without bursting the sense.

MR. DICKENS AGAIN.—We are surprised to learn by the cable telegraph that Mr. Charles Dickens refuses to let alone the ugly slander which connects him with the family of his sister-in-law, at Chicago. He published on Saturday, in the London papers, an ill-advised note, stating that "the widow of his brother was never in Chicago, but it now alive and well in England."

The facts of this painful case are well known here, and it is not fair in Mr. Dickens to attempt to misrepresent them in England, so as to blacken the fair fame of an estimable lady, whose death should have shielded her name from insult, or to injure her surviving children, who have their way to make in the world. We have offered no opinion as to how far Mr. Charles Dickens performed a brother's part toward the family whom Augustus N. Dickens, his elder brother, had left to pine in indigence, or to be dependent on the bounty of friends. When in this country, Mr. Charles Dickens, as is well known, refused to go to Chicago, where his brother had passed the closing years of his life.

This brother, to whom Charles Dickens was indebted for his first and best known *nom de plume*, married in England, separated from his wife, came to this country, obtained a divorce in Illinois, married Miss Phillips, an English lady of good family. She lived with him ten or a dozen years, bore him three children, and after surviving him several months, died in indigence, leaving behind her a blameless reputation. By the law of England the second marriage might or might not be recognized, and Mr. Charles Dickens, who is said contributes from his own purse to the support, in London, of the first wife of his brother, did not wish to compromise either of the two ladies by having any communication with the second family at Chicago. All this, however, forms no excuse for Mr. Dickens's ill-advised and injudicious note to the London papers.—[N. Y. Commonwealth.

NEW UNCOMMERCIAL SAMPLES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

MR. BARLOW.

A great reader of good fiction at an unusually early age, it seems to me as though I had been born under the superintendence of the estimable but terrific gentleman whose name stands at the head of my present reflections. The instructive monomaniac, Mr. Barlow, will be remembered as the tutor of Master Harry Sandford and Master Tommy Merton. He knew everything, and didactically improved all sorts of occasions, from the consumption of a plate of cherries to the contemplation of a starlight night. What youth came to without Mr. Barlow was displayed in the history of Sandford and Merton, by the example of a certain awful Master Mash. This young wretch wore buckles and powder, conducted himself with insupportable levity at the theater, had no idea of facing a mad bull single handed (in which I think him less reprehensible, as remotely reflecting my own character), and was a frightful instance of the enervating effects of luxury upon the human race.

Strange destiny on the part of Mr. Barlow, to go down to posterity as childhood's first experience of a bore! Immortal Mr. Barlow, boring his way through the verdant freshness of ages!

My personal indictment against Mr. Barlow, is one of many counts. I will proceed to set forth a few of the injuries he has done me.

In the first place, he never made, or took, a joke. This insensibility on Mr. Barlow's part not only cast its own gloom over my boyhood, but blighted even the sixpenny jest-books of the time. For groaning under a moral spell constraining me to refer all things to Mr. Barlow, I could not choose but ask myself in a whisper when tickled by a printed jest. "What would he think of it! What would he see in it?" The point of the jest immediately became a sting, and stung my conscience. For, my mind's eye saw him stolid, frigid, perchance taking from its shelf some dreary Greek book and translating at full length what some dismal sage said (and touched up afterwards, perhaps, for publication), when he banished some unlucky joker from Athens.

The incompatibility of Mr. Barlow with all other portions of my young life but himself, the adamantine adaptability of the man to my favorite fancies and amusements, is the thing for which I hate him most. What right had he to bore his way into my Arabian Nights? Yet he did. He was always hinting doubts of the veracity of Sindbad the Sailor. If he could have got hold of the Wonderful Lamp, I knew he would have trimmed it and lighted it, and delivered a lecture over it on the qualities of sperm oil, with a glance at the whale fisheries. He would soon have found out—on mechanical principles—the peg in the neck of the Enchanted Horse, and would have turned it the right way in so workmanlike a manner, that the horse could never have got any height into the air, and the story couldn't have been. He would have proved, by map and compass, that there was no such kingdom as the delightful kingdom of Casgar, on the frontiers of Tartary. He would have caused that hypocritical young prig, Harry, to make an experiment—with the aid of a temporary building in the garden and a dummy—demonstrating that you couldn't let a choked Hunchback down an eastern chimney with a cord, and leave him upright on the hearth to terrify the sultan's purveyor.

The golden sounds of the overture to the first metropolitan pantomime I remember, were alloyed by Mr. Barlow. Click click, ting ting, bang bang, weedle weedle weedle, Bang! I recall the chilling air that passed across my frame and cooled my hot delight, as the thought accurred to me: "This would never do for Mr. Barlow!" After the curtain drew up, dreadful doubts of Mr. Barlow's considering the costumes of the nymphs of the Nebula as being sufficiently opaque, obtruded themselves on my enjoyment. In the clown I perceived two persons; one, a fascinating unaccountable creature of a hectic complexion, joyous in spirits though feeble in intellect, with flashes of brilliancy; the other, a pupil for Mr. Barlow. I thought how Mr. Barlow would secretly rise early in the morning, and butter the pavement for *him*, and, when he had brought him down, would look severely out of his study-window and ask *him* how he enjoyed the fun.

I thought how Mr. Barlow would heat all the pokers in the house, and singe him with the whole collection, to bring him better acquainted with the properties of incandescent iron, on which he (Barlow) would fully expiate. I pictured Mr. Barlow's instituting a comparison between the clown's conduct at his studies—drinking up the ink, licking his copy-book, and using his head for blotting paper—and that of the already mentioned young Prig of Prigs, Harry, sitting at the Barlowian feet, sneakingly pretending to be in a rapture of useful knowledge. I thought how soon Mr. Barlow would smooth the clown's hair down, instead of letting it stand erect in three tall tufts; and how, after a couple of years or so, with Mr. Barlow, he would keep his legs close together when he walked, and would take his hands out of his big loose pockets, and wouldn't have a jump left in him.

That I am particularly ignorant what most things in this universe are made of, and how they are made, is another of my charges against Mr. Barlow. With the dread upon me of developing into a Harry, and with the further dread upon me of being Barlowed if I made inquiries, by bringing down upon myself a cold shower bath of explanations and experiments, I forbore enlightenment in my youth, and became, as they say in melodramas, "the wreck you now behold." That I consorted with idlers and dunces, is another of the melancholy facts for which I hold Mr. Barlow responsible. That Pragmatical Prig, Harry, became so detestable in my sight, that, he being reported studious in the South, I would have fled idle to the extremest North. Better to learn misconduct from a Master Mash than science and statistics from a Sanford! So I took the path which, but for Barlow, I might never have tredden. Thought I with a shudder, "Mr. Barlow is a bore with an immense constructive power of making bores. His prize specimen is a bore. He seeks to make a bore of me. That knowledge is power I am not prepared to gainsay; but, with Mr. Barlow, knowledge is power to bore." Therefore I took refuge in the caves of ignorance, wherein I have resided ever since, and which are still my private address.

But the weightiest charge of all my charges against Mr. Barlow is, that he still walks the earth in various disguises, seeking to make a Tommy of me, even in my maturity. Irrepressible instructive monomaniac, Mr. Barlow fills my life with pitfalls, and lies hiding at the bottom to burst out upon me when I least expect him.

A few of these dismal experiences of mine shall suffice.

Knowing Mr. Barlow to have invested largely in the moving panorama trade, and having on various occasions identified him in the dark with a long wand in his hand, holding forth in his old way (made more appalling in this connection by his sometimes cracking a piece of Mr. Carlyle's own Dead Sea Fruit in mistake for a joke,) I systematically shun pictorial entertainment on rollers. Similarly I should demand responsible bail and guaranty against the appearance of Mr. Barlow, before committing myself to attendance at any assemblage of my fellow-creatures where a bottle of water and a note-book were conspicuous objects. For in either of those associations I should expressly expect him. But such is the designing nature of the man, that he steals in where no reasoning, precaution or prevision could expect him. As in the following case:

Adjoining the Caves of Ignorance is a country town. In this country town the Mississippi Momuses, nine in number, were announced to appear in the town hall, for the general delectation, this last Christmas week. Knowing Mr. Barlow to be unconnected with the Mississippi, though holding republican opinions, and deeming myself secure, I took a stall. My object was to hear and see the Mississippi Momuses in what the bills described as their "National ballads, plantation break downs, nigger part songs, choice conundrums, sparkling repartees, etc." I found the nine dressed alike, in the black coat and trousers, white waistcoat, very large white tie and wristbands, which constitute the dress of the mass of the African race, and which has been observed by travelers to prevail over a vast number of degrees of latitude. All the nine rolled their eyes exceedingly, and had very red lips. At the extremities of the curve they formed, seated in their chairs, were the performers on the tambourine and bones. The center Momus, a black of melancholy aspect (who inspired me with a vague uneasiness for which I could not then account), performed on a Mississippi instrument closely resembling what was once called in this island a hurdy-gurdy. The Momuses on either side of him had each another instrument peculiar to the Father of Waters, which may be likened to a stringed weather glass held upside down. There was likewise a little flute, and a violin. All went well for a while, and we had had several sparkling repartees exchanged between the iperformers on the tambourine and bones, when the black of melancholy aspect, turning to the latter, and addressing him in a deep and imploring voice as "Bones, sir," delivered certain grave remarks to him concerning the juveniles present, and the season of the year; whereon I perceived that I was in the presence of Mr. Barlow—corked!

Aether night—and this was in London—I attended the representation of a little comedy. As the characters were life-like (and consequently not improving), and as they went upon their several ways and designs without personally addressing themselves to me, I felt rather confident of coming through it without being regarded as Tommy; the more so, as we were clearly getting close to the end. But I deceived myself. All of a sudden, and apropos of nothing, everybody concerned came to a check and halt, advanced to the footlights in a general rally to take dead aim at me, and brought me down with a moral homily, in which I detected the dread hand of Barlow.

Nay, so intricate and subtle are the toils of this hunter, that on the very next night after that I was again entrapped, where no vestige of a springe could have been apprehended by the timidest. It was a burlesque that I saw performed; an uncompromising burlesque, where everybody concerned, but especially the ladies, carried on at a very considerable rate indeed. Most prominent and active among the corps of performers was what I took to be (and she really gave me very fair opportunities of coming to a right conclusion) a young lady, of a pretty figure. She was dressed as a picturesque young gentleman, whose pantaloons had been cut off in their infancy, and she had very neat knees, and very neat satin boots. Immediately after singing a slang song and dancing a slang dance, this engaging figure approached the fatal lamps, and bending over them, delivered in a thrilling voice a random eulogium on, and exhortation to pursue, the Virtues. "Great Heaven!" was my exclamation—"Barlow!"

There is still another aspect in which Mr. Barlow perpetually insists on my sustaining the character of Tommy, which is more unendurable yet, on account of its extreme aggressiveness. For the purpose of a review or newspaper, he will get up an abstruse subject with indefinite pains, will Barlow, utterly regardless of the price of midnight oil, and indeed of everything else, save cramming himself to the eyes.

But mark. When Mr. Barlow blows his information off, he is not contented with having rammed it home and discharged it upon me, Tommy, his target, but he pretends that he was always in possession of it, and made nothing of it—that he imbibed it with his mother's milk—and that I, the wretched Tommy, am most abjectly behindhand in not having done the same. I ask, why is Tommy to be always the foil of Mr. Barlow to this extent? When Mr. Barlow had not the slightest notion of himself, a week ago, it surely cannot be any very heavy backsliding in me not to have at my fingers' ends to day! And yet Mr. Barlow systematically carries it over me with a high hand, and will tauntingly ask me in his articles whether it is possible that I am not aware that every schoolboy knows that the fourteenth turning on the left in the steppes of Russia will conduct to such-and-such a wandering tribe? with other disparaging questions of like nature? So when Mr. Barlow addresses a letter to any journal as a volunteer correspondent, (which I frequently find him doing,) he will previously have gotten somebody to tell him some tremendous technicality, and will write in the coolest manner. "Now, sir, I may assume that every reader of your columns, possessing average information and intelligence, knows as well as I do that"—say that the draught from the touch-hole of a cannon of such a caliber bears such a proportion in the nicest fractions to the draught from the muzzle; or some equally familiar little fact. But whatever it is, he certain that it always tends to the exaltation of Mr. Barlow, and the depression of his enforced and enslaved pupil.

Mr. Barlow's knowledge of my own pursuits I find to be so profound that my own knowledge of them becomes as nothing. Mr. Barlow (disguised and bearing a feigned name, but detected by me,) has occasionally taught me, in a sonorous voice, from end to end of a long dinner table, trifles that I took the liberty of teaching him five-and twenty years. My closing article of impeachment against Mr. Barlow is, that he goes out to breakfast, goes out to dinner, goes out everywhere high and low, and that he WILL preach to me, and that I CAN'T get rid of them. He makes of me a Promethean Tommy, bound; and he is the vulture that gorges itself upon the liver of my uninstructed mind.

Southern Individuality.

We extract from Mr. De Forest's entertaining article, in Harper's Monthly for February, the following illustrations of Southern individuality:

Whether chivalrous or semi-chivalrous, the Southerner has more individuality of character than the Northerner, and is one of the most interesting, or, at all events, one of the most amusing, personages on this continent, if not in the world. He has salient virtues, vices and oddities; he has that rich, practical humor which is totally unconscious of being humoristic; he in the gravest manner decorates his life with ludicrous and romantic adventures; in short, he is a prize for the anecdotist and novelist. Dixie has thousands of high-toned gentlemen who suppose themselves to be patterns of solemn and staid propriety, but who would be fit to associate with the Caxtons and Dr. Riccabocca. In that land of romance you will find Uncle Toby, and Squire Western, and Sir Pitt Crawley, and Colonel Newcome, and Mr. Pickwick, and Le Chourineur, all moving in the best society, and quite sure that they are Admirable Crichtons.

In what other part of the civilized earth would a leading statesman write a ponderous political work in dialogue, after the fashion of the essays of Plato and Cicero? Such a gusto of classical imitation might possibly be found in a Harvard Sophomore; but at the South we discover it in an ex-United States congressman and ex-vice president of the Confederacy. Alexander H. Stephens is as redolent of Greeks and Romans, as verdant with lore, as Keitt or Pryor.

Where else could you meet such a curious incarnation of the apostolic character as ——, a planter by profession and habitude, but a preacher by mission? He was a passionate religionist; if he met you in the street he button-holed you and vented upon you his dogmas; chance passers-by were beckoned to until he had a circle; you listened because you dare not run away. One Sunday, exhorting in a little cross-roads church, and having been annoyed by two negroes stealing out of the house, he came to a solemn pause in his service, and then spoke as follows: "Next Lord's day I shall hold worship in this same place. I shall bring my double-barreled gun; I shall stand that gun, brethren, in the pulpit, alongside of me; and if any man gets up and goes out while I am preaching, by ——! I'll shoot him!"

A half-fuddled planter called on me one evening and invited me out to a treat of stewed oysters. The restaurant was the back-room of a bakery; we sat on broken chairs, among sticky pans, spilled flour, and loaves of dough; the oyster cans were opened with an old bowie knife. When the stews were before us, my friend observed: "Come, don't let's eat this like savages. Major, can't you ask a blessing?" As I declined, he pulled his broad-brimmed felt from his muddled cranium and said grace himself.

Audacity, vehemence, recklessness, passion, sentiment, prejudice, vanity, whimwhams, absurdities, culture, ignorance, courtliness, barbarism! The individual has plenty of elbow room at the South; he kicks out of the traces with a freedom unknown to our steady pulling society; he is a bull in Mrs. Grundy's china-shop. Strangest of all, he believes that he is like the rest of the world, or, more accurately, that the rest of the world should be like him.

The chivalrous Southerner has been too positively and authoritatively a political power to get fair treatment in literature. People have not described him; they have felt driven to declaim about him; they have preached for him or preached against him. Northern pens have not done justice to his virtues, nor Southern pens to his vices.

How shall we manage this eccentric creature? We have been ruled by him; we have fought him, beaten him, made him captive; now what treatment shall we allot him? My opinion is, that it would be good both for him and for us if we should perseveringly attempt to put up with his oddities and handle him as a pet. He resembles the ideal white bears described in the "Pearl of Orr's Island;" "there ain't no kinder creatur in the whole world if you'll only get the right side of him." It is true that he has wanted to eat us, which is exasperating; it is true that he still talks of eating us at some convenient season, which is ridiculous; but I believe that he suffered too much in our late struggle to seriously think of renewing it; I hold that his war snorts are mere election buncombe.

A TOUGH WILL CASE.—A colored waiter died, recently, in Poughkeepsie, leaving property in this city, worth $40,000, to his wife and children. The name of this negro was Watson. He was once a slave in Virginia, and then in Georgia, whence he escaped to New York, where he married; and it is this widow and her children who now claim this handsome property.

When all was going on swimmingly in favor of the New York children, lo! an antecedent wife of Virginia extraction, with offspring to match, enters the court of the surrogate, armed cap-a-pie, to contest the rights of the New York claimants, and to insist that the venerable Watson had them in his eye when he executed his last will and testament!

This case raises questions that will severely tax the well known acumen of Surrogate Tucker; as, for example, whether the marriage of a Virginia slave was valid; whether Watson, when he ran away from Virginia, via Georgia, became so far a free man that he could contract a lawful marriage in New York; whether, in fact, a negro, who was never legally emancipated, could have a wife at all, either in Virginia or New York; and, therefore, whether, in default of wife and children, the will does not become void; and, in that event, to whom this lapsed legacy of the lapsed Watson will go, whether to the State of New York or to the State of Virginia, which latter State itself is perhaps in so disorganized a condition that it is incapable of taking property by will, because it has no will of its own, being still under military rule.—[New York Sun.

TERRY'S TEXAS RANGERS.

THE MAMELUKES OF THE WAR.

[From the Louisville Courier-Journal.]

I.

It is well known that the late Confederate States cavalry, so-called, were in the main, strictly speaking, simply mounted infantry, doing splendid service, it is true, but always dismounting and preferring to dismount and fight, unless the want of time and circumstances prevented. Terry's Rangers were, however, an exception. They were organized, armed and equipped, and in action specially reserved for regular cavalry charging. Circumstances and the nature of the ground may have sometimes prevented, but this was their forte. Each was armed with a double-barrel shotgun, two revolvers and a ponderous bowie, and adding to courage confidence, and being most excellent horsemen, they may in truth be said to have been the Mamelukes of the war. They were in many respects a remarkable body of men—remarkable for the *esprit du corps*, their unwavering confidence in the final success of the cause, their lofty bearing in camp and in field, and the general intelligence of the rank and file. No bills of lading or chimney corner receipts for the cure of whooping cough and measles, or other false or fabricated papers, written or printed, ever passed spy or bummers through lines guarded by ranger pickets; while their reports of the strength, position and movements of the enemy were always timely, valuable, and wonderfully correct. At Murfreesboro, Friday night, when Bragg was secretly and silently preparing for one of his famous movements to the rear, a ranger galloped up and exclaimed, "General the enemy himself is in full retreat." He was reprimanded and headquarters passed on. Afterward Hardee was heard to remark, "not a devil of those rangers but would make at least a brigadier." Their excellent material is accounted for by the fact that they were picked men, and the flower of the Texas youth. It had been charged by Union men pending the vote on the proposition for the State to secede, that secession was war, and that having brought it on, rich men's sons would seek place and power, and poor men would have to do the fighting. This aspersion it was important to refute, once for all, and at the first bugle's blast. Accordingly, Terry, the Bayard of the State, issued a call which inspired the wildest enthusiasm, and the sons of the most eminent, most influential and most wealthy vied with each other in a zealous and prompt response. In less than ten days the regiment was filled beyond the maximum. Numbers went away disappointed, some dejected, like the Spartans of old, because not chosen to die for their country. At their own request they were sworn in "for the war," absolutely and without condition, and this months anterior to the call for troops for three years. Each man furnished his own horse, arms and equipments, and in a large measure paid his own way to the seat of conflict. They left Houston, Texas, 1160 strong; 500 recruits were received from time to time, making a total muster-roll of 1660 names. They were in over one hundred distinct engagements from first to last, from Woodsonville, Ky., to Graham Station, N. C., near which place they fought the last fight of the war, and surrendered, 244 all told, with but one deserter.

II.

Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, at Shiloh, witnessing their charge in column upon a strong position, while Hardee moved in the rear, and which resulted in the capture of Gen. Prentiss and his entire command, enthusiastically exclaimed, "with a little more discipline they would be the equals of the Old Guard." Tuesday evening at Shiloh, the enemy had passed to within one mile of Breckinridge, who was covering the retreat with the remains of his shattered and wearied division. Midway between, the rangers were contesting the ground almost truly inch by inch. The fresh troops of Buell, impatient at delay, and flushed with the hope of overtaking and capturing the gallant Kentuckian and his entire force, which they believed exhausted and a sure prey from hard marching and two days' desperate fighting, now threw forward two regiments of infantry, supported by one of Ohio cavalry, who, in fine array, came rapidly on as hounds and hunters when their game is at bay. The rangers had suffered a loss of over one hundred, more than ten per cent., in the two days previous conflicts. Wharton, their third colonel since the mournful fall of Terry at Woodsonville, had lost several horses, was twice wounded and borne to the rear late the preceding day. Lieut. Col. Ferrell, detached with two companies to burn the white tented cities, still standing despite the storm that had swept through and over them, was yet absent; so that the whole force left under Major Harrison did not exceed three hundred men. He had just wheeled from column of fours into line-of-battle, stretching across the road, and exhorted his men to check their pursuers and give the little army placed in their keeping time to bridge through the mire that impeded their wearied limbs, or opportunity to form if necessary, when Forrest with forty men rode up and lengthened the line to the right. The enemy halted. A level space of some six hundred yards lay between, clear and open except a dead tree here and there on the opposite side. Behind these trees sharpshooters took post and began to pour in damaging shots just as the command "Reserve fire for close quarters, forward!" passed from right to left re-echoed by subalterns. Horse and rider, though both were jaded, caught new life, and swept onward, straight onward at topmost speed. The horse, noble everywhere, nowhere bears himself so proudly as in battle. He seems conscious of the danger into which he plunges, but emulous to bear his rider the foremost and bravest of them all; and mortal must be the wound if either forsakes his trust. The well known Texas yell is raised now, and swells louder and louder, and even above the roar of musketry. Horse and rider, one, the other, now in heaps, fall, but the line knits together where gaps have been made, and moves, thunders on into the deadliest sheet of flame. Anon, they waver. The horses falter. A miry bog has impeded the way, but they clear it. At fifty yards the double-barrels, loaded with buck and ball, are brought into play, each volley making wide openings in the enemy's line.

Still shouting and "slinging" their guns on the pummels of their saddles, the rangers draw revolvers and make short fire and finishing work, just as the rattling of artillery coming to the enemy's relief is heard in the distance. One-third of the enemy's infantry are rode and shot down. The remainder break and flee through the ranks of their cavalry. These are bowed further and yet further back, and despite the appeals of their gallant colonel to stand firm, they yield or flee—one, two, and squads at a time—until their leader falls, and the Gray are victorious to the last on Shiloh's bloody ground. HAPHAZARD.

COOL PEOPLE.—George Wakeman writes in his usual vein of easy and felicitous humor about "Excitement," *apropos* to which he tells the following characteristic stories:

And so I think there is discretion to be used behind any maxim, even behind the maxim, "Don't get excited." I have read of people who were too calm and complacent. Of such character I think was the conductor who, when he ran over a man, said he never liked to do it, "because it mussed up the track so." And speaking of saws, and following this train of thought, I may mention a young man from the country who went into a hardware store in New York, and, rapping a great buzz-saw with his knuckles, remarked, "I had an old dad ripped to pieces with one of them fellers last week." I think that young man exhibited two little emotions for the occasion. It showed a lack of filial affection only comparable to that of a boy belonging to a primary school in Manchester, New Hampshire, who assured his schoolmates that he should soon be able to indulge in his favorite sport on the river with the best of them. "Father," said he, "has gone to the war, and when he gets killed I am going to have is fish-line."

As cool a person, under the circumstances, as was ever heard of was a young nobleman, who, in a frightful railway accident, missed his valet. One of the guards came up to him and said: "My lord, we have found your servant, but he is cut in two." "Aw, is he?" said the young man, with a Dundreary drawl, but still with some anxiety depicted on his countenance, "Will you be gwood enough to see in what half he has gwot the key of my carpet-bag?" To a sensitive mind his anxiety seems to have been misplaced. The same unconsciousness to the awful aspects of death was exhibited by a man in New Jersey, in 1859, who was employed to convey to his friends the body of a Mr. Wilson who had died about fifty miles from home, of the cholera. On finding the house he knocked at the door, and the wife of the deceased opened it. "Does Mr. Wilson live here?" said the man. "Yes, said the lady, "but he is not at home to-day." "No, I know he ain't," said the man, with a soothing tone of voice, thinking to break the news gently, "but he will be in a minute, 'cause I've got him here dead in the wagon." There was a still more reprehensible moral obtuseness in the remark of a man who was sentenced to be hung and who inquired of the sheriff the night before the appointed day, "I say, Mr. Sheriff, at what hour does this little affair of mine come off?"

Call and see Keep & Hogan, 38 Tchoupitoulas street, for hardware, cutlery, plows, hoes, castings, agricultural implements, etc. Prices low.

Don't buy a miserable single thread machine, when you can get a first premium Grover & Baker at the New York price, fifty-five dollars, and warranted five years, at 182 Canal street.

POLITICAL ITEMS, ETC.

Gov. Anthony Boreman was on the 2d elected United States senator from West Virginia.

The New York Tribune denounces the Alabama treaty, and says it appears as if Reverdy Johnson and Andrew Johnson conspired to disgrace the country.

Reports are current in Springfield and Quincy, Ill., that Hon. J. N. Morris, of the latter city, has been tendered the portfolio of the interior department. The Illinois State Register credits the rumor.

The charter election at Burlington, Iowa, on the 1st, resulted in the election of Mr. Bell, Republican, for mayor. The council stands four Republicans and four Democrats.

The Memphis Sun says: "We predict that Andrew Johnson, like John Quincy Adams, of ex-presidents, will die in office, and that he will soon lead in the fiercest political conflict ever known in the annals of Tennessee."

A BRAVE WOMAN RESISTS A NEGRO BURGLAR.—One night last week, in Charleston, Mrs. George Martin awoke and saw two negro burglars in the chamber. One remained, while the other went into the adjoining room. The one who remained had a large butcher's knife, which he held over the slumbering Mr. Martin. When the burglar left the bed he placed the knife in his teeth, and walked about the room, searching the drawers, from which he took thirty-five dollars in greenbacks and five dollars in gold. After a while he again approached the bedside and elevated the huge kife. Mrs. Martin jumped up and seized an artillery sword near the bed, and, while the burglar's arm was extended over her sleeping husband, struck the burglar a terrible blow, which caused the knife to fall from his grasp. While he stooped to pick up the knife she gave him a cut on the head, and as his face swung back, she gave him still another blow on the forehead. The burglar rushed at the heroic woman and succeeded in giving her a severe kick in the side, breaking two of her ribs, which caused her to faint and fall. This woke Mr. Martin, who leaped out of bed, only in time to see the scoundrels jump out of the window.

IN BANKRUPTCY.

IN BANKRUPTCY — ESTATE OF MISS Kate Percy—United States Marshal's Office, District of Louisiana, New Orleans, January 15, 1869. This is to give notice that on the 7th day of January, A. D. 1869, a Warrant in Bankruptcy was issued against the estate of Miss Kate Percy, of New Orleans, in the parish of Orleans and State of Louisiana, who was adjudged a bankrupt on her own petition; that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to such bankrupt, to her or for her use, and the transfer of any property by her, are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupt, to prove their debts and to choose one or more assignees of her estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at No. 41 Exchange Place, in the city of New Orleans, Louisiana, before Donatien Augustin, Register, on the 7th day of February, A. D. 1869, at 12 o'clock M.
A—No. 223. F. J. HERRON,
jal6 fe7 U. S. Marshal, District of Louisiana.

IN BANKRUPTCY—ESTATE OF JOSEPH F. Walters—United States Marshal's Office, District of Louisiana, New Orleans, January 11, 1869. This is to give notice that on the 7th day of January, A. D. 1869, a warrant in bankruptcy was issued against the estate of Joseph F. Walters, in the parish of Orleans and State of Louisiana, who was adjudged a bankrupt on his own petition; that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to said bankrupt to him or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupt, to prove their debts and to choose one or more assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy to be holden at No. 41 Exchange Place, in the city of New Orleans, Louisiana, before Donatien Augustin, Register, on the 13th day of February, A. D. 1869, at 12 o'clock M.
A—No. 245. F. J. HERRON,
jal2 fe12 U. S. Marshal, District of Louisiana.

IN BANKRUPTCY—ESTATE OF MRS. CATHARINE A. Blackburn, feme sole—Office United States Marshal, District of Louisiana, New Orleans, January 11, 1869. This is to give notice that on the 8th day of January, A. D. 1869, a warrant in bankruptcy was issued against the estate of Mrs. Catherine A. Blackburn, of the parish of Carroll and State of Louisiana, who has been adjudged a bankrupt on his own petition; that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to said bankrupt, to him or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupt, to prove their debts and to choose one or more assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at No. 41 Exchange Place, in the City of New Orleans, Louisiana, before Donatien Augustin, Register, on the 13th day of February, A. D. 1869, at 12 o'clock M.
A—No 249. F. J. HERRON,
jal2 fe13 U. S Marshal, District of Louisiana.

IN BANKRUPTCY—ESTATE OF HENRY S. Nichols—Office of United States Marshal, District of Louisiana, New Orleans, January 11, 1869—This is to give notice that on the 9th day of January, A. D. 1869, a warrant in bankruptcy was issued against the estate of Henry S. Nichols, of and in the parish of Tensas and State of Louisiana, who has been adjudged a bankrupt on his own petition; that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to said bankrupt to him or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him, are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupt to prove their debts and to choose one or more assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at No. 41 Exchange Place, in the city of New Orleans, Louisiana, before Donatien Augustin, Register, on the 13th day of February, A. D. 1869, at 12 o'clock M.
A—No. 252. F. J. HERRON,
jal2 fe13 U. S. Marshal, District of Louisiana.

IN BANKRUPTCY—ESTATES OF FRANK V. Duplessis and Chas. F. Duplessis, individually and as members of the firm of Duplessis & Co.—Office United States Marshal, District of Louisiana, New Orleans, January 11, 1869. This is to give notice that on the 7th day of January, A. D. 1869, a warrant in bankruptcy was issued against the estates of Frank V. and Charles F. Duplessis, of New Orleans, in the parish of Orleans and State of Louisiana, who have been adjudged bankrupts on their own petition; that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to said bankrupts, to them or for their use, and the transfer of any property by them are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupts, to prove their debts and to choose one or more assignees of their estates, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at No. 41 Exchange Place, in the city of New Orleans, Louisiana, before Donatien Augustin, Register, on the 13th day of February, A. D. 1869, at 12 o'clock M.
A—No. 260. F. J. HERRON,
jal2 fe13 U. S. Marshal, District of Louisiana.

IN BANKRUPTCY—ESTATE OF ERNEST Thomas Cropper—United States Marshal's Office, District of Louisiana, New Orleans, January 20, 1869—This is to give notice that on the 15th day of January, A. D. 1869, a Warrant in Bankruptcy was issued against the estate of Ernest Thomas Cropper, of the parish of St. Mary and State of Louisiana, who was adjudged a bankrupt on his own petition; that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to such bankrupt, to him or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupt, to prove their debts and to choose one or more assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at No. 41 Exchange Place, in the city of New Orleans, Lou