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THE OLD WASHERWOMAN.

See yonder, busy by the linen,
That woman with the snow-white hair,
She, sturdiest of washerwomen.
Is seventy-six; yet, foul or fair,
Blow high, blow low, her bread she wins
By humble labor's honest sweat,
And does her duty in that state
Of life wherein she has been set.

In her young days she loved and married,
She hoped and feared, and bore her fate,
The adverse thrusts of fortune parried,
And drove starvation from the gate.
She nursed her husband, and three babes,
In poverty she bravely bore,
Then laid him in the grave; yet still
Hoped and believed as heretofore.

Else had her helpless children perished.
She toiled and labored, strove and thought,
Honor and truth in them she cherished,
And industry and order taught.
To seek their living, home they left,
But took her blessing as they went;
And though old age found her bereft
It found her thankful and content.

She made, and saved, a decent penny,
Bought flax, and spun the liveiong night,
And smiled to see her hanks were many,
The thread so even, pure and white.
She wove the thread to linen cloth,
And then, of midnight's labor proud,
Using the shears and thimble both,
Sewed cheerfully her sheet and shroud.

Her winding sheet and shroud are treasures;
She lays them in her oaken press,
She reckons them among her pleasures,
And wears them like a Sunday dress.
When she upon the rest-day rises,
To read with awe the sacred Word;
Then on the shelf she spreads her prizes,
And humbly for them thanks the Lord.

And I, when evening comes, would only
That I had done in my own sphere,
What this poor widow old and lonely,
Accomplishes with faith so clear.
I would that I had known as well
To drink life's cup, yet find it sweet,
Could think with calmness of my knell,
With pleasure of my winding-sheet!

—Dublin University Magazine.

PEG-LEGGED BOB.

Yes, sir, I'm what you call a sub—a subcontractor under Mr. Tracey. Me and my wife, Sal, and Bob, the curly-haired dog, are pretty-well known up and down whenever there's a bit of excavating going on. But as for sending me a letter, I don't hardly know where to tell you to direct it. You might hear of me at Three Pigeons, Stonycross, Brummegem, if I happened to be out of work, which ain't often. Last time I was wrote to was Providence Terrance, Banfitop Cutting, Killarney, Ireland, and the postman broke his leg trying to get it to me. So perhaps you'd better not write; but if you should want to send me any money just you hand it over to Mr. Tracey's office in Great Parliament street, and tell 'em it's for Peg-legged Bob. I shall get it all right some time or other. As to how I got the name, why that's pretty obvious, I should think, looking at these timber toes of mine. It wasn't gave me by my godfathers and godmother, but you may say I was christened by 400 tons of rock and rubbidge as tumbled right atop of me.

This was how it happened. Me and a mate of mine was working in a butty gang on one of Mr. Tracey's lines. It was in the old man's time. Yes, he was a very decent fellow, old Tracey. There was a kind of a go about him as made you like to work for him, even if so be as you didn't make much out of it. And he was precious near. Not himself, you know, so much as the men that was under him; but bless you, he picked 'em out just for that, else he was a free-handed sort, if you took him on the right side, and he'd never see you ruinated through any of his jobs if you stuck to 'em plucky. Not but what perhaps there was a bit of policy about that, too, for you see you'd cut things a bit closer, knowing as if they turned out unkimmon cross, old Tracey 'ud ease you off some trifle.

I was a able-bodied young chap when it happened, and could do a day's work with anybody. I was butty of the gang, and we'd took about a thousand yards of rock and rubbidge to drive a cutting through, and was getting on very well with it, too. We was making three pound a week, every man in the gang, for it had turned out a very plummy piece; only, perhaps, he was in too much of a hurry, and used our powder a little too free. It was in Staffordshire county, a sort of red sand and rock, we had to cut through, a soft kind of stone as come away in great chunks, like slices of pudding. We'd cut away at both ends of our piece and had left a big lump sticking up in the middle, and we'd made up our minds to give him a jolly good shhaing, with twenty pounds of powder droved twenty feet into the rock. Me and my chum, Carrotty Sam we called him then, had agreed to stamp the hole and fire the shot. We'd just rammed in the charge, and Sam had got a lump of clay in his hand to slap into the hole, when of a sudden I heard a sort of fizzling noise under my feet, and lo and behold, I'd struck out a spark with my hob-nailed boots, and the powder as we'd scattered here and there had took the spark, and the flame was running along all about like wildfire. "Run, Sam," says I; and we started off for our lives. There was a chance, you see, that the charge wouldn't catch, or that if it catched it would "blow" without bringing the rock down upon us. But there was no such luck. I heard a gruff sort of a bang behind me, the ground wobbled about under my feet, and down I went, tumbling over my mate, all in darkness like. There was just a minute when I felt as if I was fireworks, and turning into all kinds of lights, and then I felt one twist of dreadful pain. After that I don't remember aught till I come to myself in a sort of a dream, as it might be the nightmare. Not that I could make out where I was or nothing, only I was feeling badder than I've got words to tell you.

When I did come to myself sufficient to know where I were, I didn't feel any better. I was buried alive, sure enough, and I felt bad all over, I can tell you. Then I moved a bit with my arm, and felt something soft alongside me, that groaned as I touched it. "Sam," says I, in a gruff kind of way. "Hullo, Bob," says he. "Goodby, old man," says I. "Goodby, Bob," says he. And after that we lay quite still without speaking. How time passed I don't know, but I felt getting colder and colder, and the feeling went out of me, so I didn't feel no more pain, and my head was clear; and I thought, aye, I thought a deal o' things. Then I spoke to Sam again, and he never answered; and I spoke again, but not a sound from him. So, thinks I, he's dead, and I'll have my groan out. And I cried out; ah, you wouldn't have thought there was strength enou' in me to have sung out as I did.

And when I'd had my cry out, now, thinks I, it's all over, and I may give up the ghost. Then I heard another cry, as seemed as if it came out of the bowels of the earth, and after that there was a sound of picks and spade. Next thing I hears a voice, "Bob!" quite faint like. "Hallo," saysI, "what, Sam, are ye alive yet?" "Aye," says he, "was that you as shrieked just now?" "Aye," says I, a little bit nettled as Sam should have heard. "But keep up, mate," says I, "here's help a coming." And presently there came a shine of light, and somebody sings out, "Here they are!"

Ah, but we'd a precious bad time of it, too, after they found us. A great stone had tumbled on our legs and smashed 'em dreadful, one of mine and one of Sam's, his left leg and my right. The stones had collapsed together, like, so as we warn't killed outright; but they'd been digging for us the wrong way, and would never have got us out alive if it hadn't been for that shout I give, as I thought was my last. The doctors whipped our legs off fast enough after they got us out, and then I lay on my back, in a bit of a bothie alongside the cutting, for months and months. And there it was I made acquaintance with Sal, who was Sam's sister, and come to nurse him, and she looked after me, too, first-rate. Only I never though of getting wedded then, being, as I was, very down in the mouth, wondering what was to become of me through having lost my leg.

Howsoever, Mr. Tracey, he came down one day to see how his chaps was getting on, and he comed into the hut to have a look at me and Sam. "Well, lads," he says, "how are you by this time?" "All right, governor," I says, "what there's left us," says I; "the doctor's took so much of us away, they'd ought to have joined me and Sam together, as might make a man between us." And Tracey, he laughed, and said, "Well, Bob," says he, "you allus had a wooden head, and now you'll be head and foot all alike," says he. Well, I knowed by the gent being so cheerful as there was something more behind, and, says he to a man outside, "Tom, bring in them timbers!" and lo and behold there was a pair of wooden legs he'd brought from London; very neat looking things they was, too, with brass rims round the hoofs of 'em, and varnished beautiful. It seemed as the man as made them was proud of them, for there was burnt into the wood, right in the middle of each of the legs, the 'nitials of his name, P. L. B., meaning Philip Lee Bow, Mr. Tracey told me. But one of my mates, as was a bit of a schoolard, coming in by 'n' by, he takes up my leg, and says he, "P. L. B., what does that mean? Why, Peg-legged Bob," says he, and that name stuck to me ever since.

But I was telling you about Mr. Tracey. Well, that wasn't the last visit he paid me; and next time he came, he says: "Bob, you won't be much use for a navy now," says he, "but you're a knowledgeable man, and has got your wits about you; take a contrack under me," says he. "Aint got the brass, Mr. Tracey," says I. "I'll lend you some," he says, "enough to start you; no interest to pay; but mark you, I shall look for my money back some day. And with that he wrote me out a check for a hundred. Now Sam had a great fancy for a public-house, and tracey helped him too, so he and I parted. But afore then Sal and I was wedded, and with Sal I took Bos, the curly-haired dog as had been her father's, a valyble animil, sir, as hunted silent, and brought me in many a hare and rabbit in days gone by.

I did pretty well as a sub on the whole; ups and downs, and sometimes only bread and cheese for my pains, with a pound or two to the good now and then to pay back Mr. Tracey. Sam didn't do so well in the public line—made a break of it, in fact, and then came back among his old pals, and kept a sort of a sly grog shop.

Well, I'd been working a good piece with Mr. Tracey in Ireland, a starvation sort of a job, as melancholy a business as ever I knowed. When we'd got through that, I heard as Mr. Tracey was making a line in Wales. Think's I, that's working home like; so I takes the steamer to Holyhead and jogs along to the work. Tracey was working this job at both ends, with one set at this end in Blamarginshire and another at t'other end in Magonyshire. Well, I saw there wasn't a likely job for me in Blamarginshire, and so I worked on through the country. I may tell you I heard of Sam, as was doing a bit of business among the lads, but I didn't trouble to look him up, not being over friendly with him just then.

Howsoever I took a stiffish cutting at the other side of the country, Magonyshire end you know, and soon repented of my job, I can tell you. I never see such a mixed sort of a place as that Wales. Everything higgledy, piggledy, gravel and rock, slate and rubbidge all twisted up anyhow. There was no lodgings to be had near our cutting, so we made a sort of a camp, a row of huts, as we christened Prospect Villas. And with there being no town near, Sal set up a shop to sell groceries and pork and so on. It was a thing Mr. Tracey set his face against in a general way, any of us subs setting up a shop. "Tain't right for the men," he'd say, "and it's the beginning of truckwork as I can't abide." But in this case he'd nothing to say against it. "Only," says he, "Bob, don't you go selling drink." Which I didn't, except as it might be to a friend, you know.

We hadn't been there long when who should turn up one day but Sam, my wife's brother. He was a big lump of a chap, just like myself, and about the same height. "I'm in a bit of trouble, Bob," says he; "Lend us a pound or two and get us run on to Brummagem." And he stayed a night with me, and I took him off afore daylight and got him on to the ballast engine as was working on the line, and then he was all right. I never axed him what the trouble was as he'd got into; it wouldn't a' been polite, you know, and Sam never told me, only that it was in Blamarginshire, where he'd been doing a bit of business among the navvies as was working at the other end of Mr. Tracey's line.

I was standing atop of the bank, looking over the men as was filling a set of wagons for the trip. The road ran close by, and a gig was coming along, and I thought for a minute it was Grinwell, our gaffer, coming to have a look at us; and I stumped off to the road to meet him. But it wasn't him, but a rather solemn-looking chap, with a frill of black whiskers round his face. And he stops and passes the time of the day with me. "Been in the army?" says he, pointing to my leg. "No,' says I; "fall of rock." And he seemed to prick up his ears at that, and asked me a lot of questions as to how it happened, and so on. And then he begins admiring my leg—the wooden 'un—and would I mind putting it upon the step for him to see. "Ah," says he, "a nice bit of timber that; and them letters, why, you've got your 'nitials on it, I see; P. L. B. Thank'ee; good day," says he and drives off sharp, as if to make up for lost time.

Well, me and Sal was having our tea that night atop of the counter—we was a bit squeezed for room, there being only the shop and a back parlor and a little cook-house, and four or five lodgers, and the children and Bos—and a knock came at the door, and Bos he sets a barking, like mad. "Come in," says I, with my mouth full of bread and cheese; and in walks two policemen and the gent I'd seen in the gig in the morning. "There's your prisoner," says he to the police; "take him off." "Why, what have I done?" says I, my heart sinking into my boot. "Oh," he says, "selling liquor without a license." "But," I says—for my mind wasn't quite clear as I mightn't have transfixed the law, through being too careful to go as near to it as might be without breaking it—says I, "ain't I to have my trial?" "Trial! nonsense!" says he. "Who are you!" I says. "Are you kings, lords and commons, and judge and jury, too?" says I. Says he, "I am the supervisor of the excise, my boy, and here's the warrant to take you to prison. You know all about it, so it's no use pretending you don't." Well, Sal cried, and Bos howled, and the children screamed, and some of my men began to get wind of what was up, and gathered about the door. "Look sharp," says the exciseman; "they'll be trying a rescue next." And with that they hurried me out and across the line to where a dog-cart was waiting, and away we went. And presently we came to town called Lanpigstie, or some such name as that. Now, it so happened as I knew a man there, a lawyer—a regular hearty sort of chap—as was doing a bit of work for Mr. Tracey, and I spoke up and said, "You must let me see my lawyer." "Your lawyer," sneered the police; "who's your lawyer?" "Why, Mr. David Evans," I said. And with that there was a whispering going on; and presently they said as they'd stop for half an hour at the Goat, and bait the horse, and I might send for the lawyer if I pleased. And so Mr. David came to see me, as I was sitting in the tap room, as glum as you please, between two policemen.

"Why policemen," says he, as soon as he saw me, "what's all this about?" "Revenue case" say they. "Let's look at your warrant," says he, and he turns it over in his hand.

"All right," says he. "Now what do you want me to do?" turning to me. "Well, sir, I want to have my trial like an Englishman," says I. "But," he said, "it tells me there, in the paper, as you have been convicted already before the magistrate of the county of Blamarginshire." "Never," says I; "no such thing. I never had my trial." "Well, that doesn't matter," he says; "if you get out of the way, and don't appear, you've only yourself to thank." "But I was never summoned or nothing." "That's difficult to prove," he says, dryly, "if they swear you was, unless you can make out an alibi. You don't deny being in Blamarginshire when this took place?" Well, I thought it over, and I couldn't deny being there, having stopped there a few days on my way, to see if I could get a job to suit me. "Well, then," says he, "I'm sorry to say, if you can't pay the penalties and costs, £275, you must go to prison." "And even that wouldn't do," says the policeman, "for there's another warrant out against him." "And what's that for?" "For assaulting the excise." Says I, "You'r a parcel of lying scoundrels; and, peg-legged as I am, I'll fight you, to prove the truth of your warrants." "Oh, hush!" says the lawyer, laying his hand on my arms. "Why," says I, "is it feasible, as a poor lame chap like me should go and assault the excise?" "Well," says he, laughing, "it is within the bounds of imagination. But," he says, "if you really say you ain't the man, I'll go and see Mr. Gauger, and ask if he's quite convinced he's got the right end of the stick."

Well, it was no manner of use, the excise man was sure he was right as if he'd been omniscious. "I've got him," says he, "he's giv' me a deal of trouble; they're a bad lot, these railroad chaps, and I'll make an example of him. As for his not being the man, why that's what they all say; they've as many aliases as thieves," says he, "but we've got this man tight, anyhow, and we'll keep him." There was nothing more to be done, and they took me right to the Blamargin Castle and locked me up in prison. And Mr. David stuck to me like a brick, and drove all the way after us in a hired car and stopped the night at Blamargin to be ready for the court next day.

For you see they was obliged to bring me before the magistrates through the warrant for the assault, else they'd have me in limbo up to now, I dar say.

Well, I spent a bad night, I can tell ye. You see I was right in the middle of my work, everything hanging on to me, all my money in the mud as you may say, and only me as could pick it out. And Mr. Tracy depending on my work being finished too, and would have no mercy on me now, he'd say. It was almost as bad a night as I'd had under the rock; for though I knowed I was innocent, I knowed too as nobody would believe I was.

Next morning, at eleven, I was walked up to the courthouse, and there was the magistrates sitting all of a row, a little man with a big nose being the principal of them, and a white-haired gent with a pleasant rosy face coming next. And alongside the magistrates who should be sitting but Mr. Tracey. And I felt reg'lar ashamed of myself, as he should see me like this, and could hardly hold up my head.

There was a flashy young lawyer jumped up, and he said he represented the Crown, and Mr. David sat at the other end of the table, represented me. He was a fat faced little chap, with a merry, twinkling eye, and a round paunch, in a gray tweed suit as he'd slept in the night afore. But he was all there, every bit of him, sharp as a needle. First they put up a young chap who it seems was training for the business—and he gave his evidence, and told the gents all about it. How he had information two months ago, that a man they called Peg-leg had set up, within the last few days, a kind of a sly grog shop; how he'd gone there with a spirit level in his hand, pretending to be one of Mr. Tracey's men, and got served with a glass of whisky, for which he paid fourpence. How he'd been served by a one-legged man, who he intensified as the prisoner at the bar, and who seemed to be the master of the house.

"And what particular reason have you" says the lawyer for their side, casting a sort of sweeping glance around the court, as much as to say: "Here's the clincher for them;" "what particular reason have you for intensifying him!" "Well," says the young man, "when I first went into the shop the man had taken off his wooden leg, and was sitting without shoe or stocking on, and smoking a pipe. And I took up the leg, he says, and observed, says he, as it had the initials upon it P. L. B., and I made a note of that, and told the supervisor about it afterwards, and he tells me that this man's leg is marked in the same way." "Stop," said Mr. David jumping up. "Gentlemen, I object." "You're quite right," said the magistrate with the big nose, that's no evidence, and we shall dismiss it from our minds." "Well! I shall call the supervisor to prove that," then said the other lawyer. "Now, as to the assault. After you had drank your whisky—you did drink it, eh!" "Yes, sir," said the young man. It didn't choke you going down, eh!" said the lawyer, looking around the 'semblage, as much as to say, "You see, I'm not one of these chaps, although I'm bound to work for 'em."

But the little magistrate caught him up sharp and told him not to waste time; and then the lawyer pulled up his shirt collar and looked as if he could say a good deal if he chose, but wouldn't. And he went on. "Well, after you'd drunk your whisky you told him who you really were?" "Yes, I did, sir." "And what happened then?" "He called me a bad name, sir, and jumped up and said he'd kick me out of the place." "What, on one leg? did he jump up on one leg?" cried the little magistrate. "No he'd got his leg strapped on by that time, sir?" "Screwed on by that time; ah; well, what followed?" went on Mr. Lawyer. "I dared him to do it, and he made at me and I ran out." "And did he actually kick you?" "He did, sir." You'r quite sure that a kick was actually delivered?" "I've proof positive, sir. I've got in my hand, sir;" here the young man hastily undid a brown paper parcel and drew out a black coat. "The floor of the shop was a fine white clay, sir, and rather damp, and you'll perceive that the man's foot left a clear impression upon the skirt of my coat. I've kept it carefully ever since." The young man held up the coat for the magistrate to see, and there, sure enough, was the print of the naked foot and then the marks of the five toes, all in a row.

I was quite bewildered-like for a few minutes, knowing as no such thing had ever happened; and then all of a sudden it struck me what the truth of it was. They'd took me for Sam—but how was I to prove the difference? Stop a bit! and with that I makes signals to Mr. David and he jumps up and comes over to the dock and I whispers something in his ear. He nods several times and his eyes twinkle like di'monds and he goes back to his seat.

"Well," says the other lawyer, stroking his mouth with the palm of his hand, as if he was trying to get creases out of it. "Ha, hum! I don't want to ask you anything more." So he sits down, and up jumps my man, full of fight. "Allow me," says he, "to have a look at that coat you hold in your hand, witness!" "Certainly," says the young man, politely, and hands it over. "Ha!" says my little lawyer, holding up the coat as if he was an old clothesman. "That's a pretty plain footprint. You're quite sure you didn't make them marks yourself!" "I've sworn otherwise," says the young man, quite dignified. "Hum! Sworn otherwise; you swear in fact that this footprint was indented by this man who assaulted you?" "I do, most solemnly!" "You'll observe gents," said Mr. David, holding up the coat before the eyes of the magistrates, "that is the impression of the right foot." "Eh, ah, yes, says the hook-nosed gent, looking through his gold eye-glass. "Clearly we can see that for ourselves." "I think," cuts in the other lawyer, with a grin on his face, "my friend will find it is the wrong foot for the client." The excise seemed to relish this joke amazingly, and likewise the police, but little David looked at them quite scornful. Says he in a soft, oily voice, "Robert—defendant, will you have the kindness to show the magistrates your right foot!" Whereupon I whisks my peg-leg on the top rail of the prisoners' dock.

You never saw people look as blank as them as was against me. The young chap as went and proved too much got it hot, I expect, from his gauger, and that was nothing, I reckon, to what the super got from his headquarters. Their lawyer did his best for them, I must say. First, he pooh-poohed the count altogether; it wasn't an element in his case at all, he said; and when he saw that wouldn't do, he tried to make out that people's toes weren't always on the inside edge of their feet. Then he put it that p'r'aps, being a one-legged man, I'd got a right foot on my left leg. At that I offered to show the gents my other foot, but they didn't want that. The magistrates said that clearly the excise had made a mistake, and they hoped I should be properly compensated for what I'd suffered, and so they set me free without more ado.

An when the job was finished Mr. Tracey beckoned me aside into a corner of the room, and says he, "Who was it Bob, that did it? Was it Sam?" "How can I tell, Mr. Tracey," says I; "it warn't me, anyhow." "Ah," says he, "I remember now—the two wooden legs, P. L. B. Well," he says, looking quite solemn all in a minute, "you've made a better use of yours than Sam did. But Bob," says he, "here's a fiver for you for expenses, and let it be a warnin' to you and don't you go breaking the law."

Whereupon I thanked him, and said I never would, and didn't neither, as long as I was in that part of the country, for there was eyes upon me all round after that, as you may be sure.

A Georgia girl is credited with being the cause of three duels and ten fights, and she is only a cross-eyed girl at that.

SUNSET AFTER A SHOWER.

Over the hill-tops, fold upon fold,
Like blood-stained banners within the sky;
Braided with crimson and fringed with gold,
In a sea of amber the spent clouds lie.

Down in the valley the slumb'rous trees
Droop, heavily jeweled with fallen rain;
And a spicy-scented, tremulous breeze
In ripples crosses the bending grain.

The winding river, like silver, gleams
Through dreamy vistas that melt and fade,
And the sunlight, falling in slanting beams,
Strikes deep in the heart of the forest's shade.

On distant uplands the lonely pine
Is ringed with purple and bound with fire;
The stones in the churchyard glance and shine,
And the weather-vane is a gilded wire.

The tapering cedar, like a spear,
Shoots out of the cliff, where stands revealed
The rocky ledge; and the herd appear
Like spots of color within the field.

And the braided banners of cloud are seen
To fiercer burn, as with sudden shame,
While the vale below and the hills between
Are drowned in a yellow mist of flame.

And a farmer's boy, all aglare with light,
Looks over the cliff where the cedars grow,
And shades with his hand his dazzled sight,
And calls to his comrades down below.

Then the brazen woodlands echo and ring,
And the earth and the sky seem to shout with him;
A pearly arch is the hawk's fleet wing;
And the sweltering landscape seems to swim.

On yonder hill-side a cottage shines—
The window westward flashes and glows;
It nestles amid its sheltering vines
Of glistening ivy like a rose.

And there in the porch two lovers woo—
Her slender figure his arms enfold,
While doves in the dove-cote bill and coo,
And ruffle their necks of green and gold.

[Communicated.]

Major General Daniel Ullmann.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:

Traveling lately in the North, as is my wont, I have inquired from time to time, as I met former comrades of war days, of the whereabouts and doings of members of Ullmann's famous brigade, with which I am proud to have been associated, and especially of the Major General himself, and thinking and believing that some incidents which I have learned of the General's life, since he left Louisiana, will be agreeable reading to those of his brigade and division, officers and men, residing there, I propose to occupy pleasantly, to myself, some leisure moments I now have, in this regard. As I feel very sure they have interested me, so do I think they will interest others who were of that branch of the Army of the Gulf, "The Corps d'Afrique."

After the war had closed, the General went abroad, and traveled through England, France, Switzerland, Italy, and North and South Germany. Lingering, during many seasons, amidst those scenes of continental Europe which are so full of classical and historical associations, he finally returned, a few years since, to the United States, and established his residence not far from the city of New York, on the banks of the Hudson. He lives there now, on the shores of that most picturesque of rivers, surrounded by some of the most charming scenery of America, and withdrawn from all the giddy eddies of public life. With a keen relish for the simple enjoyments of the country, he is content to pass, in the seclusion of his pleasant home, a life of quiet and dignified retirement. He finds his occupation chiefly in his books, and thus gratifying his life-long taste. He devotes himself to his favorite studies—Comparative philology, comparative history and political philosophy.

It must not be supposed, however, that he is either an inattentive or uninterested observer of current events. The quantity of American and European publications of all kinds, literary, scientific and historical, which pours in upon him is something marvelous, and the extent and variety of his correspondence is such that, if he keeps pace with it, the General must be a busy man indeed. He notices with care the course of public affairs, both in Europe and America. In fact, few men keep themselves more closely abreast with the great movements which control society, as will be readily recognized by those who have read his celebrated oration on "The Course of Empire," pronounced some fifteen years ago in the Academy of Music, New York. The sensation produced at the time by that philosophical discourse was great. It foretold with the precision of prophecy the catastrophe of the Austrian empire, and is now, in itself, a key to the interpretation of the great changes which have occurred in Europe during the period which has since elapsed. Being thus thoroughly informed on the leading questions which are agitating mankind, the General is accustomed to dilate with much animation on the present, and on the probable future, to those who have an opportunity of listening to his conversation.

It is, we think, to be much regretted that in these times, so fruitful of stirring events and which, are, indeed, only the transition period to great upheavals in society, he should have, with all his varied knowledge and experience, and while in the full vigor of life, withdrawn himself so much, almost entirely, from mingling personally in public affairs. How fortunate it would have been for Louisiana if, after the war, a few such as he had selected it for a residence.

He often speaks of his old brigade, its officers and men; their thorough discipline and general good conduct as soldiers. In truth there is no other incident of his life in which the General takes more pride than the fact that it was he who first persuaded President Lincoln to direct the organization of colored troops, and that he gave to him the first order ever authoritatively issued by this government to enlist colored men as soldiers in the army of the United States. He sometimes shows to his friends this order, which is signed by Secretary Stanton, and bears date January 13, 1863. He dwells with evident satisfaction upon the circumstances connected with it; and well he may, for while other men talked and hesitated he acted, and to sustain his opinions, freely put his life and reputation in extreme peril, and has thereby inseparably linked his name with the history of his native land in a manner that will cause it to grow brighter as the ages advance. The General has not yet had accorded to him an adequate recognition of his great service. But it will come. The importance of this order can scarcely be overestimated. It was one of the pivots on which the war turned. The weakest point of the Confederacy was now exposed and attacked, at least the contest assumed its real character—the character which the inevitable logic of historical events had stamped upon it—a war for the extinction of slavery. The initiation of this policy by General Ullmann under the direction of President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton was the complement to the proclamation of emancipation—its practical supplement, without which it would have been a mere *brutem fulmen*. It struck a mortal blow at the Confederacy from which it never recovered. Its wide spread results have not been fully understood or estimated.

Such has been the thorough change, indeed revolution in public sentiment on this question, both at the South as well as at the North, that it is not easy at this day to realize how bold and daring an enterprise this was at the time. The difficulties and dangers to which the General and his companions in arms were exposed, were greater than have ever been appreciated. By no means the least obstacle was found in the Union army itself. Several general officers of distinction had expressed themselves strongly in opposition to the policy—some of them mildly. Quartermasters, commissaries, medical officers were slow and reluctant in filling requisitions. Some pay masters even refused to pay off the colored troops, and it more than once required sharp rebukes from Mr. Stanton to compel them to do their duty. The mighty power of prejudice as opposed to unbiased judgment never was more strikingly displayed. All this the General and his officers met and braved. The results proved their foresight. The success was so signal that many of the same officers who had expressed themselves in opposition, afterward solicited the command of colored troops.

General Ullman never tires of speaking the praises of those officers who first joined him with alacrity in this, at that time, unprecedented expedition. He says he has taken much interest in following the career of those yet living, and has been greatly gratified by seeing the large number who are now filling positions of honor and influence in their respective communities.

The truth is, men who volunteered to encounter the dangers and hardships of such a service must have been, like the soldiers of Cromwell's army, men of earnest and sincere convictions, and such men will make their mark wherever they may be. W. B.

Herbert Spencer and the Doctrine of Evolution.

Mr. E. L. Youmans delivered a lecture, entitled "Herbert Spencer and the Doctrine of Evolution," before the New York Liberal Club last night at Plimpton Hall. He commenced his subject by stating that a change had taken place in the world of thought within our own time that was something quite unprecedented in the history of progressive ideas. The doctrine of evolution, he said, was now acknowledged as an established principle by many of the ablest men of science, and was almost universally admitted to have a basis of truth whatever form it might ultimately take. The name of Herbert Spencer had long been associated in the public mind with the idea of evolution. That while the doctrine was passing through what might be called its stage of execration, there was no hesitancy in according to him all the infamy of its paternity; but when the infamy was to be changed to honor there was less alacrity in making the revised award. By many men of eminence, leaders of opinion, he is regarded only as a clever and versatile essayist. The object of the lecturer was less to expound or to defend Mr. Spencer's views than to trace his mental history, and the quality and extent of his labors, as disclosed by an analysis and review of his published writings. Mr. Youmans then gave a sketch of the general condition of thought in relation to the origination of things when Mr. Spencer began his investigation. To men of science, he said, the new position was in the highest degree important. In 1831 Professor George Sedwick, in an address to the London Geological Society, said: "We have a series of proofs, the most emphatic and convincing, that the approach to the present system of things has been gradual, and that there has been a progressive development of organic structure subservient to the purposes of life." The traditional explanation of the origin of the world and all that belongs to it being thus discredited, it only remained to seek another explanation; if it has not been done in one way, how has it been done? was the inevitable question. It was in relation to this great crisis in the course of advancing thought that Herbert Spencer should be regarded. Like many others, he assumed at the outset, that the study of the whole phenomenal sphere of nature belongs to science; but he might claim the honor of being the first to discern the full significance of the new intellectual position. For the proof of this he would appeal to his works. Mr. Youmans then made a rapid review of Mr. Spencer's miscellaneous works, from 1842 to 1860, and said that it was in 1858 that Mr. Spencer informed him that while writing an article on "Nebular Hypothesis," the doctrine of evolution presented itself to his mind as the basis of a general system under which all order of concrete phenomena should be generalized. His work was begun in 1860. He has completed one-half of his undertaking, in three parts, "First Principles," "Principles of Biology," and "Principles of Psychology." There yet remain to be written "Principles of Sociology" and "Principles of Morality," which will complete the series. The lecturer concluded with a eulogy on Mr. Spencer's genius and talent, and the greatness of the design upon which he is engaged.—*New York Times*.

A Vast Property Bequeathed.

The will of William Shakespeare Caldwell was admitted to probate yesterday. It was drawn by Charles O'Connor on the twenty-seventh of March. The testator appointed to be his executors Eugene Kelly and Charles M. Fry of New York, Joshua Speed of Louisville, and Reuben Springer of Cincinnati. He died in the Clarendon Hotel about two weeks ago, his only heirs and next of kin being two young daughters, Mary Guendaline Boyd Caldwell and Mary Eliza Breckinridge Caldwell.

The testator bequeathed $15,000 to his brother, Carter W. Wormeley; also to him, $10,000 in the firm of Laidlaw & Co., agents of the Bank of California. To his sister-in-law, Virginia Wormeley, of Richmond, Virginia, the income of $10,000; to the municipal corporation of the city of Fredericksburg, $5000, hoping it will be used as a permanent fund for the poor; to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Richmond, $5000, hoping it will be used in support of a Girls' Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum; to the St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, Louisville, Kentucky, $5000. His house at Newport, and all chattels thereto belonging, he gave, during the minority of his daughters, to their guardian, as a home for his children, to occupy it with her, or a matron of her selection. He gave his cousin, H. B. Hall, $1000; to the Right Rev. James Gibbons, Roman Catholic Bishop of Richmond, all his furniture and chattel property in Richmond, and $20,000 for his personal use. He directed the establishment of an asylum for old women in Richmond, in commemoration of his sister, Mrs. Deane, to be called "St. Sophia's Refuge for the Aged," to be under the care of the Little Sisters of the Poor, twenty of the inmates to be by preference natives of Fredericksburg. All the rest of his estate, real and personal, be bequeathed to his two daughters equally.

The testator wished his body deposited by the side of his wife, Eliza Breckinridge Caldwell, in the cemetery at Louisville, Kentucky.—*New York Sun*.

New Orleans Prize Money at Last.

The prize money for the capture of New Orleans in April, 1862, is at last ready for the 4000 claimants. Applications were first received in Washington on the first of June, and on Saturday last Chief Clerk Roach made the first payment in this city ($460) to Paymaster Burnett of the United States steamer Kennebec. Few claims have yet been paid, as two auditors, a comptroller and generally a lawyer handle the certificate before the claimant can get his money.

The paymaster has not money enough to pay the claims that are to be presented, and has sent to Washington for a large sum. The whole amount to be distributed is $800,000. The original claims amounted to $12,000,000, but the Treasury Department has disputed many claims and reduced others in courts until the amount awarded is one-fifteenth of that clain. Probably half of this sum, $400,000, will be drawn from the New York paymaster. Of the remaining $400,000 the Hon. Benjamin F. Butler is to receive $40,000 for fees, his coadjutors $40,000 more, and each sailor less than $100.

The dearest thing to a man should be his wife, but it is sometimes her clothes.

OLD LETTERS.

"Burn them wholesale! Ancient scars
Will bleed and throb if you delay.
Thrust them in between the bars,
Tied up in their packets"—"Stay!
I see my mother's writing, and
My father's; aye, 'tis theirs indeed,
Though lettered in a large, round hand
That their little son might read.
How I prized them! New to school,
How my very soul did ache!
Grief had killed a little fool
If the heart could really break.

"Clissold's writing! 'Dear old boy,
Whatever happens, I'm your friend.'
He meant it, too; without alloy
Our friendship was, and feared no end.
How oft, while dropping down the stream,
Or idly stretched among the heather,
We shared in youth's presumptuous dream,
And vowed to storm the world together.
O fool! to trust a boyish word;
O fool! to feel a boyish sorrow;
That Clissold, walking with a lord,
Would cut me, if we met, to-morrow."

"Burn the letters! Ancient scars
Will bleed and throb if you delay,
Thrust them in between the bars,
Tied up in their packets."—"Stay!
That hand so delicate and small
Traced upon paper pinky white,
Does like a happy dream recall
A time of heavenly delight.
'My life! my love! (O tender girl!)
'Twill kill me if you are not true."
And here's a brown and silky curl,
Tied with the faithful color, blue.
The honest silk has faded quite;
For would this only love of mine
Shed, if she saw me dead to night,
A single tear for auld lang syne?"

"Burn them wholesale! Ancient scars
Will bleed and throb with this delay;
Thrust the letters through the bars,
Open not another"—"Stay!
That foreign sheet I can not burn:
'Tis Tom's last letter; give it me!
He writes in it of his return
To those—he ne'er again should see.
Burn it; burn all. For they who traced
The lines with such keen pleasure read,
Whose love can never be replaced,
Are false, are fickle, or are dead.
Burn them wholesale! Ancient scars
Will bleed afresh with each delay,
Thrust them in between the bars;
They belong to yesterday."

—Chamber's Journal.

The Literature of the South.

The following able, analytical and critical review of Southern literature, as shown by its able exponent, Mrs. S. A. Dorsey, is clipped from the London *Parochial Critic and Metropolitan Press*. It will be noted that the writer classes our literature as a type of separate nationality, and deduces from the pages of Southern fiction and poesy the idea that Southerners are "a race singularly endowed with statesmanly characteristics, so eminently fecund in legislative bodies and great orators, and, withal, so remarkable in the exclusive pride which kept its numbers from any fusion with the commercial population of the North." Now, we submit that this is bosh. We like to see our literature appreciated, but we protest, in the name of the Southern people and of common sense, against such fulsome absurdity. Teh whole country is a unit in attesting the merit of statesmen, orators and leaders, whether from the North or South. And as to withholding from affiliation with the commercial population of the North, the less said about that the better. The profit and loss account of many Northern merchants presents too bad an exhibit for any praise to the South for "withholding." However, we give the extract entire, although its commendation, which should have been given on the merits of the case pure and simple, is thus sought to be given at the expense of the North:

A while since, noticing a book which came fresh from the higher order of Southern society in the United States, we spoke of the paucity of knowledge possessed by intelligent English people relative to the literature of one-half of the American Union. Now and again we had sketches of negro life and manners which excited distrust of their general truthfulness by the fashion in which they ignored every vital interest of the planter class. The lords of the soil were inheritors from English or French ancestors, often far removed by lapse of time, of aristocratic lineage, character and traditions; they were still allied by innate sympathetic feeling more closely to the English people than to their own neighbors of the North; for a long period in the history of the Federal Union they had held sway as only those could have done who were capable in the highest sense of governing; and it was not possible that a race so singularly endowed with statesmanly characteristics, so eminently fecund in legislative leaders and great orators, and withal so remarkable in the exclusive pride which kept its members from any fusion with the commercial population of the North, should exist without a literature peculiarly its own. Mrs. Dorsey's sketch of "Athalie" gives us a first glimpse of that literature; the same gifted lady's stories of "Agnes Graham" and "Lucia Dare," and her "Recollections of Henry W. Allen" (Governor of Louisiana) have since extended our knowledge, and Miss Raymond's collection of "Southland Writers" introduces series, arranged under the several States to which they respectively belong, of brief biographical memoirs of Southern literary women, with selections from the works by which they are best known in the Southern literary and social circles.

Mrs. S. A. Dorsey bears with her the special advantage of being a member of a literary family. Her aunt, Mrs. Catherine A. Warfield, is distinguished both by her prose and by her poetic compositions, and pre-eminently as the author of the stirring stanzas which were adopted, instantly on their publication, as the national anthem of the Confederacy. Her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas G. Ellis, were prominent leaders of Southern society: her step-father was one of the Dahlgrens, a name famous in scientific as well as in naval and military circles, and her education was chiefly intrusted to the care of Miss Eliza Ann Dupuy, whose romance of "The Lost Deeds," reproduced in more than one popular English repository of light reading, fastens upon the memory of every reader with associations and an interest as powerful as the late Lord Lytton's "Strange Story." Mrs. Dorsey began her contributions to literature by the fortunate accident of a letter to the New York *Churchman*. Her untiring activity among the negro population of the South, for whose social and moral improvement she always willingly gave such of her time and abilities—while she held feudal sovereignty, as a duty to those depending upon her; and since the triumph of the Northern arms freed them, from motives of humanity—brought in its train a rich store of experience, and led her to believe firmly in the great value of a full ritual in any efforts to extend or deepen the influence of religious instruction. Her initial essay upon this subject was well received. She wrote with that consciousness of power which those alone possess whose minds securely grasp every phase and development of the themes they handle. The signature then adopted, "Filia Ecclesiæ," is employed by her still; it is as the Daughter of the Church she would fain be remembered, and the *nom de plume* has passed into a household word in association with her authorship.

The paramount charm of Mrs. Dorsey's writing consists in the insight which they give into the circle to which she immediately belongs. No one of them is distinctly autobiographical, but in each of them one learns much of the domestic and social relations which obtain in Southern planter life. In "Agnes Graham" is described the origin and the noble work of the Protestant sisterhood in New Orleans, and on nearly every page may be traced the shadowy outlines of family reminiscenses, and pictured memories of scenes she has personally traversed. "Lucia Dare" furnishes, in the same sense, many clues. The plot of the story centres in the disappearance of an English heir, and the search of his sister for him during the prevalence of the civil war which drew so many Englishmen to the military service of South and North respectively. Among the most perfectly finished studies of character, Louise Pevrault, a beautiful Southern heiress (of French extraction), stands out in clear relief; in every spurt of her conversational brilliancy, and in every deed she does, from her girlhood to her tragic death, when avenging her husband's death upon the battle-field, the mixture of French chivalry and Southern determination comes into play with wonderful force, which yet is never in excess of the possible and probable; and the exile from the homestead, accompanied (as in the case of some ancient Oriental patriarch) by flocks and herds, and tillers of the soil to Texas, conducted by Louise, whom Lucia Dare had known as a school-girl in Paris, is a chapter of personal adventure drawn from the life of Mrs. Dorsey herself.

Much might be written of Southern society in the light which is freely shed upon it by the volumes now before us; and we shall hope to present in a concentrated form some of the results of our reading in a second article.

Sheridan and Pinchback.

The House to-day devoted six hours to the consideration of the contested election case of Sheridan against Pinchback without reaching a vote. The resolution reported by Mr. Boardman Smith, chairman of the Committee on Elections, declared that the evidence was not sufficient to entitle either contestant to his seat, and recommended a continuance of the contest by the taking of new testimony. Mr. Smith reviewed the history of the contestants, and discussed the merits of the two returning boards in a very elaborate speech, which commanded the attention of the House. Mr. Sypher defended the conduct of the Republican party in Louisiana, and charged a fraudulent and criminal conspiracy between Warmoth and the Democratic leaders.

Mr. Lamar of Mississippi, who recently pronounced a very remarkable eulogy upon Charles Sumner, to-day made another speech, which proves him to be the most forcible Democratic speaker in the House. His speech was notable for what it did not say of Sheridan and Pinchback, and of what it did say of the condition of the South, and of the sentiments of the Southern people. He gave an extended review of the results of the war, and claimed to represent the majority of the Southern people. There were some very significant and hopeful passages in his speech. He said, speaking for the South, that the results of the war, which are accepted, show that the American Union is indivisible, and that human liberty is universal in this country. The Southern people, he declared, believed that secession is extinguished, and is not a part of the American system; that slavery is sunk in a sea which does not give up its dead, and that the people of the South do not desire the revival of a system which is so opposed to the spirit of modern civilization. The Southern people, too, he said, accepted the three amendments to the constitution—emancipation, citizenship and suffrage. At the end of Mr. Lamar's speech the contestants, Sheridan and Pinchback, were both permitted to address the House. Mr. Sheridan's speech was marred by somewhat coarse personal and political allusions to the persons connected with the Kellogg government. Mr. Pinchback introduced his speech with an apology for the inadequate educational advantages which he had in early years. He confined his argument chiefly to a discussion of the special features of the case. The resolution will come up to-morrow for action as unfinished business, immediately after the reading of the journal.—*New York Times, June 9.*

A Response.

A gentleman signing himself I. N. Marks, chairman of the Chicago relief committee in New Orleans, writes to the Mayor of that city to inquire how much Chicago has contributed to suffering Louisiana. He calls attention to the fact that New Orleans promptly forwarded $30,000 to the relief of Chicago, and asks, as though the New Orleans Mayor had any more information on the subject than he, "How much will Chicago contribute (possessed as she now is of wealth and prosperity) to the starving white and black people of Louisiana, ruined and rendered homeless by a flood of water whose consequences are infinitely worse than the results of the great fire?" The Mayor replies that the total cash subscriptions received from this city was $6029 50, and answering Mr. Marks query, adds: "I am not aware that Chicago, as a corporation, has adopted any measure of relief. What she as a city, or what her citizens may yet do, is a matter still open to hope and conjecture." We do not know who Mr. Marks is, and may not admire his way of advertising himself at the expense of the city which he claims to represent, but we may point with regret to the fact that our city, usually prompt and generous in answering appeals from suffering humanity, has not done all that might be expected from her in this case, especially as Louisiana has a claim on her generosity, as well as on her humanity. There is no power in the city as such to make appropriations of the kind suggested by Mayor Wiltz, but we trust that the hope and conjecture to which he alludes may not be disappointed. Chicago is under deep obligations to the charity of the world, and when the world's charity makes a draft on her it should not go to protest.—*Chicago Times*.

A Homespun Hero.

"You had better take care of that young one." This was the modest remark of Engineer Jack Evans, of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railway, as he handed the child he had saved back to its mother and mounted his engine to move ahead. Our readers must not forget the circumstance. Jack saw the child toddling along on the track just ahead of his train, and comprehended instantly that it was too late to stop the engine before he reached it. So he did as manly and as brave an act as ever was performed by any hero. He reversed his engine, ran out on the guard as nimbly as a cat and, when close to the child, jumped, caught it in his arms and threw himself sideways from the track. The pilot struck him and whirled him twelve or fifteen feet down the bank, bruising him considerably, but he saved the baby's life and handed it back to its mother with the remark at the head of this article. He probably hasn't got any theology, and when it comes to treatises on man or essays on political economy Jack will tell you at once that he knows nothing about ed with Homer, absolutely uninformed them. We dare say he is totally unacquaint- about Hume, and probably never heard of Richard Grant White or David Friederick Strause. And yet who shall deny that Jack is a braver man and a greater than any of them? He never dreamt it; his friends never thought of such a thing; to himself and all about him he was a very ordinary man, getting through the world as comfortably as hard work and small pay would permit, but satisfied with a very low seat in the human tabernacle; and yet the occasion comes, and Jack freely and without a moment's hesitation walks bravely out and risks his life to save a very small specimen of humanity, who by no possible contingency can ever repay the debt.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

Appearance of Yellow Fever at Pensacola.

The Spanish bark Doce de Quins, which arrived at Pensacola, Florida, May 29, lost one of her crew on the voyage from Havana from yellow fever; another was sick with the same disease when the vessel arrived at Quarantine. The Pensacola board of aldermen met on the thirtieth ultimo and passed a resolution requiring all vessels arriving from any infected port either to remain in quarantine until frost sets in or leave the port. One of the members of the board having violated a city ordinance by going within quarantine limits, was expelled and fined $50. He failed to pay the fine and was committed to the county jail. The stringent resolution of the board has inspired confidence in its ability to prevent the spread of a disease which would soon have been communicated to the shore had not strong measures been promptly taken. Heretofore the quarantine system as practiced at Pensacola has proved ineffectual, but the course now determined upon will probably prove the surest safeguard against the pestilence.

A Perplexed Granger.

This is one of the Cincinnati *Commercial's* letters from the people:

MR. EDITER—Will you please enquire to some lawyer or advortise in your paper whether i can get a devorce in this State. I find it unpossible to live eny longer with my wife. i hev bean married twiced and may God forgive me for taking the last one 6 months ago She is 10 year older than i deceaved me by waring false hair and teath, and a posetive fact her breth is so bad it rots her false teath. izzent that cause ennough afore eny coart. If you print your anser mark it X. Y. Z. dont print my name. Yours in hopes The crops is looking good saving we need rain badly.