Weekly Clarion.

BY POWER & BARKSDALE

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ONE YEAR.....$2 00
SIX MONTHS.....1 25
THREE MONTHS.....75
City Subscribers served by the Carrier, $2.50 per year.

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AFTER SUNSET.

The glory of the day is gone:
Empty the azure cup of wine,
Save creamy cloud dress, floating fine
Left on the lintel of the west
Some angel hand has sprinkled blood,
And quickly cleansed the unholy flood
With the white mantle at his breast!

A listening quiet wraps the earth,
As though the great Musician's hand
Strayed through a symphony so grand,
That echoed echoings, thrice drawn forth,
And caught from gradient height to height,
With its last rapturous surge had come
Faintly and sweetly down the dome
Ere gasping back to life and light!

Just after sunset! O my soul,
Exult! There is an after joy
Sweeter than joy itself! Destroy
Life's tempest, and its billows roll
All exultant in the new-born sun!
Thy longings, cares and labors o'er,
Glad waves shall flood the glistening shore—
Thine after sunset be begun!

—Advance.

THE WEEKLY CLARION.

VOL. XLI.---No 25. JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, WEDNESDAY, MAY 15, 1878. Two Dollars a Year.

I. O. O. F.

Address of Past Grand Master R. L. Saunders on the Occasion of Celebrating the 59th Anniversary of the Order at Clinton, April 26th, 1878.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is with exceeding reluctance that I come before this gathering—in a community like this, where every thought and every view is associated with culture and refined intelligence; where every false note that I utter will be known and will grate harshly on attuned minds. That I consent nevertheless to appear in response to an invitation to submit some remarks, is the result of one of the first lessons I learned from our Order—to seek no place, but to shun no duty imposed.

But while my trained willingness will lead me to do what I may, I must confess that there comes before me such a view of my own poverty in such matters, such a sense of untried power and skill, that I almost shrink, even now, not only for myself, but for you. I have girded myself on this toil, however, feeling that I may ask from each one to whom my words will go to-day, that they will judge me as a friend, or will hear me as a brother; and I take on the habit, which I will a short time wear in full hope that you will feel with me, "who does the best his circumstances allow does well—angels could no more." The occasion that gathers us together is one of touching and impressive importance. It is touching in this, that we are to-day standing on the threshold of another year in Odd Fellowship; standing on the threshold where we may pause and let reflection pin back the curtain of our memory and reveal to us the many varied and broken changes which have accumulated in the last more than half a century since our Order began its career. It is ever touching to think of the wonderful and often sad changes of time. Not one of us here to-day but may take the reflection to himself and even at this moment, at memory's touch, bring up how much that is grave or gay—how much of sadness and of joy, sunshine and shade, strength and decay. How often can we remember when our hearts were as bright as the morning—how often when our hopes were as black as the midnight. The joys of childhood, the cares of maturity, the prattling tongue, the skilled voice, our season in life in its blossoms of spring, and our season in life in the sere and yellow leaf of Autumn—all these thoughts come before us as noiseless as a picture touching us with its tender revelation.

As with us, so with Odd-fellowship. How many and how great have been the mutations of time, since it began its long life of usefulness! How much that was in its infancy has it seen grow to grand maturity; how much that was majestic in its strength, crumble into ruins and vanish like the "baseless fabric of a vision." Strong and zealous laborers in its cause, lay down the emblems to sleep the last sleep. It has seen the triumphal march in progress of this our own land—the development of its art, the advancement of its science. How it has seen the chisel of its Sculptor, the pencil of its Painter and the discoveries of its Genius, each present their labors to a wondering world; and it has seen the sweet blessings of peace, and the grim horrors of war. It has seen a generation come and go like a caravan moving deathward. All these changes has it witnessed while the larger portion of the century was gliding into the irrevocable past. And while Time has been busy leaving its imprint on all else, Odd-Fellowship too, has been revolving with the world. How great is the change in its history; how marked the contrast between the little gathering fifty-nine years ago, at the Seven Stars Tavern in Baltimore, but five in number, with limited means, holding the first Odd-Fellows' meeting in America—a single lodge of five members. Compare this with the Order to-day, with its 6000 Lodges, the enrollment of more than a million members, and an income, and a relief expenditure of millions of dollars. This fact alone itself with the importance of the meeting to-day—the celebration of the Anniversary, and a return of thanks for the prosperity which a kind Providence has measured to us. The celebration of Anniversaries, especially of the character we have to-day, is peculiarly wise and appropriate. It gives us an opportunity of tendering the reciprocation with which friendships and affection binds in golden links, individuals and looges; it allows us a retrospection of those countless blessings of every name which have flowed in unbroken streams through our Order; it suspends for a time all thought for the cares, toils and perplexities of laborious and busy life; and gives us the pleasure of limited festivity and social intercourse. To the thoughtful it is an occasion full of pleasant memories, when the forms of those who have proudly walked in Odd-Fellowship can be gathered around in near communion. It will lead back the thoughts through the dusky shadows of nine and fifty years to that time when those simple and unpretending, but grand old men, laid the corner-stone of that wondrous temple we now inhabit.

From whom we have the first idea of Odd Fellowship I cannot say, but its foundation, its majestic columns, its general architecture is most substantial and grand, and worthy of the highest administration. There are some, who yielding to that natural love of mystery and veneration for antiquity, which we nearly all possess, claim for Odd Fellowship an affinity with the secret institutions which had their establishment away back in the early years; and tradition tells us of the existence of such an order among the Jews while captive in Babylon, which was kept up until after their subjugation by the Romans. After that event the members were again organized under the name of Fellow-citizens and Odd Fellows, and were so recognized and denominated by the Emperor. By the Romans this order was carried with their victorious march into England, from whom we might have it in America. This would seem to make complete the chain of evidence, with no missing link, save for the absence of one important feature—that of undoubted truth; for although we may discover a similitude in the fact of initiation, in rites, ceremonies and the gradation of degrees between those institutions and Odd Fellowship, yet we find no trace of the principles of fraternity which distinguish eminently our association. Odd Fellowship has not, it is to be said, a large stock of ideas, sentiments, sublime theories and fine wrought stories, that come down to us from the old, old chambers of time, dusty and mouldy with the touch of years. But the idea, sentiment and theory which it does have, is the idea of to-day, the sentiment of progressive good the grand theory of life; and these elements are noble and dignified and spring from that practical simplicity which we ever find in "deeds, not words."

Thus all attempts to construct analogies between secret societies in the early days, as referred to, and Odd Fellowship, has but a foundation of sand. We may then turn from these dim apocryphal chronicles to that history of our institution whose words are undoubted.

The common misfortunes, desolation, poverty and want, which are incident to all nations and all ages, seems to have suggested some organized protection against those ills, and out of this, along with other beneficial societies, came the order of Odd Fellows.

Reference is found to Odd Fellows as early as the year 1745. From that period it seemed to have drifted down the river of time until it reached the year 1813, when its original intents had become so grossly perverted and abused by the convivial character into which it had degenerated, that a spirit of reformation was invoked, resulting in the formation of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows at Manchester, in England. Under the impulse of improved practices this Order advanced rapidly; and as thus constituted found its way to the United States with the tide of immigration that brought to our shores Thomas Wildey. After his arrival in America, the presence of a pestilence, that "which walked abroad at noonday and wasted at midnight," exercised his sympathy and showed the necessity for an order like ours. He determined on its establishment, and to that end he inserted a modest notice in a Baltimore paper, inviting any of the Order, whose eyes should chance to fall upon it, to confer with the humble man whose name was appended. On the memorable 26th of April, 1819, in response to the call, there gathered together Thomas Wildey and four others. We can imagine how these men, unknown to each other before, met for the first time; how they greeted each other, and exchanged the cordial clasping of hands; how strangers, yet how familiar grown as each told the other what he knew of Odd Fellowship. Calling to their aid those valuable adjuncts to character, force and courage, those humble, but iron-willed men, by their own, determination gave to this Western world, this magnificent structure of Odd Fellowship. How little did they know what important characters the future would give them on the stage of life; how little did they think they were at that moment making history in letters that would never fade till the end of time!

It is one of the finest testimonials offered to our Institution that its principles and precepts, and the lessons taught in its Lodge room, were so impressed upon them, and made them alive to the importance and good of such an organization; and this in the face of facts, not the most encouraging. These men, almost unknown—laborers, earning their daily bread by their daily toil, backed by no social influence, wealth or education, but realizing that "man was made to mourn," labored until they gave to all of poor humanity a staff upon which to lean. Those simple men, they "builded better than they knew."

But to Thomas Wildey, whose leadership won the fight, more than to all others, will the sick who have been relieved, the distressed who have been comforted, the orphan who has been sheltered, feel the deepest, tenderest obligation.

Thomas Wildey, although humble in occupation, uncultured in letters, of small pecuniary means, could not have been an ordinary man.

He seemed to have had not only an earnest purpose, that precursor to success, but more. I should say that rough exterior covered a heart filled with consideration for his fellowman, tender to the appeals of distress, cultured in those charitable feelings which we ever find in a nature's nobleman.

Under this leader American Odd Fellowship began its career; and it has extended until the grand old man has become the acknowledged founder of an Order that is known all over the civilized world. From this feeble beginning the present eminent position, prosperity and influence of Odd Fellowship is wonderful. The service which it has yielded in the cause of humanity, in its loyal execution of that injunction of the Order "visit the sick, bury the dead, relieve the distressed and educate the orphan" gives the text and the sermon which it has preached in life, and it is humble in the extreme. As evidence of the practical application of this command of our Order, the institution has drawn into one fold of brotherhood more than a million. It has to-day under its jurisdiction 454,000 members. During the year past the revenue was $4,183,000; of this $1,004,000 has been applied to the relief of the sick and distressed; $260,000 to the burial of the dead; $158,000 to the relief of widows; and $17,000 to the education of orphans. These are statistical figures; and as a recital of its work I must not be understood as arrogating to this Order any especial pre-eminence in benevolent intentions, nor is it spoken of in any spirit of boasting or vain-glorying. Only this I mean to say, that we thus give evidence that whenever sickness or distress, the mourning of the widow or the wail of the orphan has been made known, Odd Fellowship has borne its full part in responding to the call. There is yet another mighty, yet silent and unseen work which the Order has done, and is to-day doing, in softening asperities, smoothing prejudices, cultivating forbearance, tolerance and charity, and in making man the brother of man.

I have thus led you from the beginning of Odd-Fellowship to its grand triumph of to-day. We have seen it in its crude imagination; and we have seen how far it succeeded in realizing its own ideal. We have seen the unpretending blacksmith take up the banner of our Order and begin his marvellous pilgrimage; and have seen it pass from his to other hands until to-day all classes and ranks, representatives of all the learned professions, all the industrial callings of life, and the most distinguished statesmen in the land are proud to be enlisted under its folds. We have seen the narrow spot on which it worked; we have seen its onward progress, stretching its eye over every field, scanning the moral harvest of every land. It has stood when the ominous mutterings of Revolution and wreck threatened all fraternity; and it has emerged therefrom grander in the strength which was proved in its bonds. We have seen the little group that laid its corner-stone; we have seen the thousands who have entered its gates. We have seen it mingle the golden threads of love until it has woven the mantle of charity which has wrapped the widow and orphan. This being true, does it not give good cause why we should assemble and dedicate this occasion to joy and thanksgiving. Have we not much to be proud of? much to be thankful for? and is not this pre-eminently so even with yourselves? Your own Mt. Salus Lodge, I am told almost gives a parallel in its own history. When, after War, that grim monster, which though powerless to shake your principles, yet had scattered your members like leaves in the Autumn; then the few who were left, amidst the ruins and desolation, met and reorganized and gave anew the beginning which has given your Lodge the proud privilege of yielding the seed, from which will grow new organizations, scattering the principles of our Order, so that after awhile new resting places will grow up for the weary traveller through life. Let each one then give from his heart earnest thanks for the favor which has been bestowed upon us laboring in the cause of humanity, and that we have been made the humble instruments of soothing the distressed and comforting the sorrowful. Let us then endow ourselves with fresh resolves and go out again to-day on our mission. That much we owe to life. It is not much to ask. Give to the world *Good Deeds*, and we go far towards paying the debt we owe. This has been the theory of Odd-Fellowship. The study of our Order is the study of charity and morals. We may look over its deeds and read a history of its precepts, and in all its groups we see Fraternity standing, sculptured in form and feature like the reality of life. There is always more of true history to be learned from "Deeds" which cannot lie, than from written annals which may be framed by pride or conceit. Tradition is shadowy—memories may be partial—history even is often poetic, mixed with fiction, but good deeds are themselves the beautiful record of the day and hour in which they live, and the honest reality of its acts, thoughts and promises. In everything therefore which deeds indicate, be they good or bad, they are reliable. Let us then give freely of our good actions, for if our life cannot furnish an argument to move the world, we may not hope to win it to our wishes by our lips.

But while I speak thus of Odd-Fellowship, I would not be understood as being so wedded to sentiment as to assert that it is always the beautiful precept, the mora tone, or the noble intents of an institution which draws us within its embrace; that is a beautiful thought but it may be a dream. This is true that man frequently loses sight of these features; he is not always led to our doors by the gentle promptings of love, humanity or duty. But he is often brought to us by mere worldly ideas, and individual favor, taste or fashion. I hold nevertheless that when once gathered within the fold and engaged in executing the motto of our order, he accomplishes, at least by mechanical action, much that is good for his fellowman, and the refining influence of a good act is twice blessed for it "blesseth him that gives, and him that receives." And therefore I hold to this feeling, that the principle of our order, is but a blessing which life lends; and its value consists not in man's prompting in accepting, but man's use of it, feeding man's need. Let us, brothers, resolve then to give our presence to the Lodge meetings, at least to assist in our membership; encourage by what talents or energy we may possess the propagation of its wishes. Let us not feel that we go to the Lodge Room to wear away a dull hour; but realize that the life that goes in unavailing pursuits, goes to waste. Remember there is trouble in all the land, and we must not cherish an indifference to human pain. Remember that we may give to-day, but may need to receive to-morrow; and amid all the forms, groups and shades of thought keep ever in mind the Order's motto, "Visit the sick—relieve the distressed—bury the dead, and educate the orphan." Then will we see heart cling closer to heart, and the pride of birth and wealth melt away in a feeling of common humanity. Thus Odd Fellowship teaches us to watch the steps of the weak all through life, and even at the grave it does not leave until the last tribute has been laid there. How different it seeks to be from the world which permits the coffin lid to shut from us not only the dead, but thoughts of the dead. What a meaning is intended to be conveyed by its stern instruction to bury the dead. Respect for the dead is one of the milestones on the road of civilization; and it is one of the saddest things in life that we so soon forget. Even those who have stood by us in the days of our trouble, sometimes fade from our memory ere the effects of our trouble is over. How much of pathos is there in that trite expression "Are we so soon forgot." How considerate then that our order should include in its injunction "We command you to bury the dead." There is our last opportunity to fulfill our pledge of our fraternal love and care. How does it remind us of that most certain, but little regarded truth, that the honors of the world, the applause of man, the cares of life, the distinctions of society, —"all that beauty, all that wealth ere gave" must meet at last on the common level in that little narrow house. There the rich and the poor, the proud and the humble, the high and the lowly, sleep together.

There the last act of the drama is over, and the curtain falls furled on the actor within.

There do we find at least that "life is but a walking shadow."

There do we realize that

"We plan for our powers the divinest we can,
We do with our powers the supremest we may—
And winning or losing, for labor or plan
The best that we garner is rest and decay."

A SMALL BOY'S NARRATIVE

Frank Blake's Strange Story—A Night in the Camp of the Gypsies—How He Escaped and Made His Way Home.

N. Y. Times, May 3.]

Frank Blake, a boy of 9 years, who lives with his grand parents in Bathgate place, Newark, tells a wonderful story of his kidnapping last Wednesday. He started about 8 o'clock in the morning to go to school, and his failure to return at the usual hour aroused anxiety as to his safety. The evening wore into the night, and the conviction that an accident had befallen him was entertained by his anxious grandparents. Almost all hope of his return had been abandoned, when, at 10 o'clock in the night, a wagon rolled up before the door and a relative who is engaged in farming in Lyon's Farms, led the missing child into the house. In explanation of his prolonged absence Frank said that when in the vicinity of the vacant lots on the corner of Roseville avenue and Warren street, while on his way to school, he observed a wagon stop suddenly near him. A swarthy man leaped from it and seized and blindfolded him. Threatening him with violence if he made an outcry, the stranger placed him in the wagon and drove rapidly away. About noon the wagon stopped, and the boy was placed upon the ground. When the handkerchief with which he had been blindfolded was removed, he observed that he was in the midst of a group of men and women as swarthy as his captor. They were living in tents pitched on the ground, and two or three horses were browsing in the adjoining fields. He was taken into one of the tents, and a woman who sat guard over him led him with bread, and compelled him to preserve silence in a corner. At about sundown the women gathered about a fire to make supper, and the men attended to their horses. The boy took advantage of his opportunity and escaped unobserved to the road. A weary walk brought him to a city which, on inquiry, he learned to be Rahway. Another weary tramp over country roads brought him to Elizabeth. At Lyon's Farms he stopped at the house of the relative who took him home. The police were informed after his return of the circumstances surrounding his disappearance, and in the morning he retold his story to the officials with an articularity and artlessness which went far to induce belief in its truth. Detective Fisher, who was detailed to investigate the matter, learned that Frank told the same story, on reaching his friends in Lyon's Farms, and that there is a camp of Gypsies near Elizabeth. The police have taken steps to bring the guilty parties to justice.

A Year Without Eating.

A phenomenal life without food is noted in the London papers. In the zoological garden there is an anaconda, which was caught in South America some time in 1876. It arrived in London and was put in the gardens some time in February, 1877. The great snake refused to eat, and the keepers tried every means to whet the serpentine appetite. Live birds and other dainties placed before it were no inducement. The sullen serpent took no notice of its natural food. It then became curious to determine how long an animal could live without eating, or any nourishment whatever but air. A year passed and the size of the body had apparently not diminished at all. There was no change perceptible in the health of the reptile. A short time ago it recovered its appetite, and a duck put in the cage for its entertainment suddenly disappeared. It is certain the anaconda lived over a year without eating, which is the longest performance of total abstinence on record.

Whoever is in a hurry shows that the thing he is about is too big for him. Haste and hurry are two different things. —Chesterfield.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

The Mississippi Delegation.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 2, 1878.

Now that the time approaches at hand for electing members to the 46th Congress, the respective merits and availibility of candidates from our own State may be discussed with a view to select the best possible material. From the present outlook here, our majority in the House will not be larger than at present—at least not measurably so. The Senate will be safe for the Democracy beyond peradventure: This fact even Republicans concede. We shall not only have a majority, but a large one, lacking little, if any, of a two thirds vote for our party in that body.

If the House remains in *statu quo*, we shall have but a bare working majority; hence the importance of selecting those to represent us who are skilled in parliamentary tactics, who are trustworthy, and beyond all, who will remain at their posts during the sittings of the House. This may, at first blush, seem a duty of easy and common performance; but those who have watched the proceedings closely during the past few months can see that "absenteeism" is the bane of this Congress. When, on an important vote, 48 and 50 members fail to answer it becomes evident that shirking the irksome demands of this duty is not confined to a few members nor to either party.

In behalf of the present delegation from our State, I challenge the Record to exhibit a more uniform attendance. Again and again I have examined the votes as published in the proceedings, and the names of Chalmers, Hooker, Manning, Money, Muldrow and Singleton have appeared with more regularity and uniformity than those from any other State. I recently mentioned this fact to a prominent gentlemen here, and was gratified to learn that he had noticed the same circumstance. "There is not," he remarked warmly, "a more upright, honorable, intelligent, hard working delegation in this Congress than the Mississippians—and I only wish to heaven we had more like them." This is a most flattering and worthily bestowed compliment from one of Virginia's brightest intellects.

I believe each of these gentleman is a candidate for re-election. Of the six, three have had only one term; and as the almost universal rule, the compliment of a second term is bestowed unless for obvious incapacity, there will likely be found no Democrat seeking the places of Cols. Chalmers Muldrow and Manning, for the next Congress. But their claims to a second, and even to a third, fourth, or any number of terms, if they shall consent to serve so long, are based on higher grounds than simple custom. For my own part, I hold it highly absurd, as well as injurious to the public service, to turn out a faithful and capable official as long as he honestly performs his trust. In a member of Congress, especially, is good the first term, he is farmore useful the second, third and so on. The business which occupies him is a profession, and must like every other, be learned by study and experience. Parliamentary rules and tactics are numerous, and always perplexing to the uninitiated—and it is a signal error to remand a first-class Congressman to private life at a time when he is far more experienced, and capable of more efficient service than at any time before. That we will need our best and most skillful legislators in the 46th Congress to perfect the great reforms on which we have entered, and to prevent our political enemies from turning back the dial plate of progress, as they are burning for an opportunity to do, need not be discussed here.

ATHON.

* At this point our able correspondent proceeds to discuss the services and merits of each member of the delegation at great length; but as our readers are quite well posted with the Congressional proceedings and are familiar with the facts related, we will be pardoned for omitting this portion of his letter in order that we may not deprive our readers of our usual variety of interesting matter.—EDITORS CLARION.

A Constitutional Convention.

Opelousas Courier.]

We publish in to-day's paper an admirable article from the last number of the Marksville Bulletin, every word of which will elicit a hearty response from many good and true men in St. Landry. If the failures and blunders of the Legislature the indorsed by the Democracy and become the policy of the party in the coming campaign, then all we have to say is—God help the party! The claim of Senator White that $3,000,000 have been saved under Democratic rule in the last eighteen months is plausible enough on paper, but of what benefit is this to the people? Their taxes are practically the same as under Radical rule, and in some instances and localities higher. The whole result of this sweeping retrenchment so loudly trumpeted, is the pitiful, insignificant reduction of one and a half mills on the State tax! We can not go before the people this fall with such a showing as this. The Democracy was strong and enduring, but they cannot stand such a trial of their patience and forbearance. We must have a change of policy, and, it looks very like, a change of men before we shall secure the great blessing now enjoyed by most of our sister Southern States—a government for the people, in place of a government for the office holders, such as we have.

The three millions that Senator White tells us about have not been saved to the people, but one set of men instead of some other set of men have got the money, and the people who live out in the country, away from the political centres, cannot appreciate the difference.

Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for spaces in the world of thought, and dominion over his fellow men. But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affections; and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless —for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.—Washington Irving.

The Wife of Mike White Kills Herself by Taking Chloroform.

The Tuscumbia Democrat of Saturday contains the following paragraph:

We learned last night that Mrs. White, wife of Mike White, who was hung in Huntsville, Wednesday, died from taking chloroform. What measure can reach the length, the depth, the width of a noble woman's love?—What heart is not emolliated at this sad sequence, and touched with regret that the innocent should suffer for the guilty.

A generous nation is grateful even for the preservation of its rights, and willingly extends the respect due to the office of a good prince into an affection for his person.—Junius.

Look well into thyself; there is a source which will always spring up if thou wilt always search there.—Marcus Antoninus.

MARCH OF THE DEATHLESS DEAD.

The following beautiful poem, composed by Father Ryan, was recited at the funeral observances at Savanah, Ga., recently on the occasion of the reinterment of Confederate soldiers at Gettysburg:

Gather the sacred dust
Of the warriors tried and true,
Who bore the flag of our Nation's trust,
And fell in a cause, though lost, still just,
And died for me and you.

Gather them one and all,
From the private to the chief.
Come they from hovel or princely hall,
They fell for us and for them shall fall
The tears of a Nation's grief.

Gather the corpes strewn
O'r many a battle plain;
From many a grave that lies so lone,
Without a name and without a stone.
Gather the Southern slain.

We care not whence they came,
Dear is their lifeless clay;
Whether unknown or known to fame,
Their cause and country are still the same.
They died—and wore the GREY.

Wherever the brave died,
They should not rest apart—
Living they struggled side by side—
Why should the hand of death divide
A single heart from heart?

Gather their sacred clay,
Wherever it may rest—
Just as they marched to the bloody fray,
Just as they fell on the battle day
Bury them breast to breast.

The foeman need not dread
This gathering of the brave,
Without sword or flag, with a soundless tread.
We must once more take our deathless dead
Out of each lonely grave.

The foeman need not frown,
They are all powerless now—
We gather them here and we lay them down
And tears and prayers the only crown
We bring to wreath each brow.

And the dead thus meet the dead,
While the living o'er them weep,
And the men whom Lee and Stonewall led,
And the hearts that once together bled,
Together still shall sleep.

An Unpublished Chapter of Georgia Scenes.

A Fragment.

From the forthcoming second volume of the Memories of Fifty Years.

* * * * * * * * * *

I have perhaps been prolix in this chapter. I could not do justice to the memory of my friends of after days by saying less.

Judge Augustus B. Longstreet was peculiarly a humorist. He was a distinguished lawyer, equally so as a judge, and a divine of eminence. Was the President of three colleges, and eminent as a teacher and trainer of youth. Yet when the fame he earned in each and all of these vocations shall have passed from the public's mind, his Georgia Scenes will preserve his name in undimmed splendor.

In the conclusion of this chapter I must relate one of his Georgia scenes, known to but few, and which was by him narrated to me now fifty seven years ago.

I was admitted to the bar fifty-seven years ago, in Washington, Wilkes county, Georgia. It was on Sunday preceding the meeting of the Superior Court for Wilkes county that I rode with Judge Longstreet from Greensborough, the village of his residence, to Washington, Wilkes county.

We had both received our legal education at the law school conducted by those eminent jurists, Tapping Reeves, the brother in law of Aaron Burr, and James Gould, at Litchfield, Connecticut. I had but just returned, after having completed my course, and was on my way to apply for admission to plead and practice law. We were on horseback, and the distance was short, and we rode leisurely, talking over our student experiences, and enjoying many a joke connected with names then eminent, who had been educated legally at Litchfield; all of whom have long since passed away. Of all the Georgians there educated in the law I know of but one, save myself, now left in the State, the venerable James Clark, of Atlanta, now more than eighty years of age.

As we journeyed we were, about noon, passing a farm house, which was not very far from the highway, when reining up his horse "Old Panther," (how well I remember the noble old sorrel,) he asked me if I was hungry. Being answered in the affirmative he continued pointing to the house: "Yonder lives a well-to-do man. His wife is an old friend of mine, and I have a capital story to tell you, after we get our dinner in relation to our early acquaintance. But remember, it is to be kept a profound secret. I like to tell a good story, even if it is at the expense of appearing ridiculous myself." Just as we turned from the road to go up to the house, we met a servant, who, to our inquiry, informed us that the family were absent. We turned and pursued our way to Washington.

"Now, for the story," I remarked, "it will answer for a dinner."

"I suppose so," he replied, "if the old saw is truthful, which says, 'laugh and grow fat."

When I was fitting for college, my father felt there was no man in Georgia so competent to the task as Father Cummings, a Presbyterian minister up here. And then I could find cheap board in the country, and be away from influences about Augusta, our home, that might keep me from studying. My father was not wealthy, and it was a pretty tight squeeze for him to spare the money for my education.

When I came up here, I found parson Cummings had more pupils than he could accommodate with board; so I was compelled to find board in the neighborhood. I did so at the house of this woman's father over here. He was a stout, staid old gentleman, with aldermanic proportions; a strict member of the church, and a regular attendant upon the weekly service. His wife was a little weasel faced woman, with a sharp nose always red at the point, and with an eye as black as a sloe and sharp as a lancet. She rarely said much, but what she did say was sharp and to the point. Their daughter, Ann—that woman over there—was about my age, rosy, plump and pretty, and amply imbued with the spirit of mischief.

One Sabbath day, Nancy, as the family called her, was away on a visit to a neighbor, where she had spent a day or so. I did not go to church with the old people, but remained to prepare my lessons for the morrow. I knew my tutor, who was the preacher, would rather I should miss attendance at church a dozen times, than to be deficient in a recitation.

The house was one of those old fashioned houses, yet common in Georgia, with two rooms in front, and two rooms back—shed rooms, you know, with two rooms in the attic. One of these attic rooms was Nancy's, one of the shed rooms was mine. There was a passage way between these shed rooms, but none between the front rooms. The entrance from the yard in front was into the larger of these two rooms.

I was out in the yard under the shade of an apple tree, in my shirt sleeves, busily engaged in the mysteries of Virgil's Æneid, when a switch across my shoulders made me cry out and spring from my chair, upsetting my little table, Virgil, Lexicon and all, and running away to the house, was Nancy. I was half mad, for the blow was a scorcher, and after her went determined on revenge. Through the house we went. Nancy was fleet O, the country girls of Georgia in that day! What strapping things they were. They never saw a corset—never wore a tight fitting shoe, and their toes were as free from corns as their fingers were from diamond rings.

Nancy had the start, but I thought I had the wind and was determined on catching her. Around the house we went, into the yard. How she laughed, and how shone her white teeth, and sparkled her great black eyes. I was gaining on her, when she ran through the house, and into my room. I followed. "Leave me alone," she said, and jumped upon my bed. I followed and caught her. Quick as a cat she slipped through my arms and leaped to the floor. "There is father and mother," she exclaimed. "What will they say to me if they find me here in your room with you? Jump into the bed and say you are sick." I had at this warning gotten off the bed. I did as I was bid, and lay down, bitterly complaining. She, in the meantime, caught up her hair, which, in our scuffles had been badly tumbled, and running out, met her parents coming into the house. "Father," she exclaimed, loud enough for me to hear, "cousin Gus is mighty sick." She had called me cousin from the first week of our acquaintance. The old gentleman came slowly into the room. He could not, or would not, compromise his dignity by accelerating his motions for any consideration. He was a judge at the inferior court, and that was to be thought of in all he said or did. Nancy came in behind him, and whilst he felt my pulse, she was peeping from behind him, grinning and winking in ecstacy over my shamming. I could have murdered her. Slowly the old man continued to feel my pulse and to look wise. He shook his head gravely as he took his fingers from my pulse.

"Why Gus, my son," he exclaimed, "You must be very sick, for I never felt such a pulse in the worst of fevers." There stood Nancy, peeping and winking from behind her father in mockery. When the old man, with great gravity, asked, "Gus, how are your bowels?" Nancy jerked her head behind her father as I groaned and turned over. Turning to his daughter, the Judge said, "He is pretty sick, and needs medicine; go you and get that yaller mug, the big one—put as much senna in it as you can grasp so, (with the point of his finger upon his thumb) and fill it up with boiling water."

Nancy went, but upon reaching the door turned half round to look at us, and putting her thumb upon the tip of her nose, waved her fingers and darted away. The Judge slowly left the room, and had there been any chance for my escape from the house unobserved, I would have fled like a felon. But I was in for it, and must go through with it.

It was not long before the Judge returned with the yellow mug, brimming with senna tea, and Nancy following. He pour out a tea cup full of the tea. "Here, my son, he said, "drink this; you must take another cup full." "Here, hold this, I must go out and see the prescription Dr. Sankey left for your mother," and he handed her the mug and cup. This was her opportunity. She set down on the bed-side and assuming the gravity of her father, asked with much sympathy how I felt, putting on as long a face as a hypocrite at a camp meeting, and insisted on feeling my pulse. But the Judge returning said the prescription of the doctor said two caps full at first, and one every half hour after until the bowels were relieved. Nancy stood behind, with her tongue thrust into her cheek and her eyes gleaming with mischief, as she poured out a cup full to the very rim of the nauseating stuff. I swallowed it and they left the room, but not until Nancy had given me another specimen of her affected sympathy.

That day will be remembered by me as long as I live; for go where I would, or when, Nancy was sure to be in the way to watch and titter.

The next morning the Judge came in, Nancy with him, to inquire after my health and feel my pulse with the sage gravity one might suppose belonging to Esculapius himself. "Better, much better, this morning. The medicine operated well, did it, my son? Your pulse is quite feeble. It was fortunate I came home at the time I did, for you were certainly threatened with a very severe attack; but you are well over it now. Lucky, Nancy, wasn't it?" "Very," said Nancy, with a sly leer and wink at me, "nothing like a good purgative to reduce these violent attacks." "Do you feel like you could eat something, my boy?" asked the considerate Judge. "Yes, sir," I answered emphatically, "I am very hungry." "A very good sign, my boy; but you must be very careful lest you have a relapse; and that might get you into trouble, and might," he added, "be fatal. These attacks, you should know, Nancy, are sometimes very dangerous with young people, with older ones they are not so frequent or so dangerous, and the scriptures say the second condition of a man under such circumstances is always worse than the first. Nancy, you have some chicken broth made; and he must take sparingly of it. A youth subject to these inflammatory attacks, must be depleted and should he have a return of it, blood letting may be necessary—scarcely anything else will so soon reduce such a pulse as he had yesterday."

Nancy, all this while, was behind her father, making every demonstration of mirth she could, not to be seen or heard by him, yet openly to me. I was twenty-four hours without food; had been severely sick from the senna; but now relieved from this, I could have eaten a cat or dog, or anything which promised relief to the terrible cravings of my appetite. It was fully three hours before the Judge and my tormentor returned. When they came, Nancy carried a large, blue bowl with at least half a gallon of thin chicken water. It was a meagre diet, but it was abundant, and there was in the savory broth, just one half of an old rooster with one leg lifted far above the broth, as if to ask to be lifted out of the reeking liquid. This was placed on a small table, and drawn close up to the bed. A spoon and saucer were placed near it by Nancy, who took occasion to say you must be careful not to eat the chicken. "You should not have brought the fowl with the broth," said her father. "It may tempt him, and temptation to inexperienced young people is very dangerous, and often leads to the sin of disobedience. 'Lead us not into temptation,' you know my boy; always keep the scriptures in view; without this there are many sins too tempting to be resisted, particularly by the young."

Nancy shut one eye but with the other open laughing one—as with her father she left the room winking wickedly at me.

I at once got out of bed and locked the chamber door; when I ravenously devoured the rooster—who had not in boiling imparted much of his juices to the broth. I dipped a few spoonsful of the liquor into the saucer; to say for me, that I had eaten some of it. I trust it was not a sin that I had made the spoon and saucer lie for me.

It was noon before I was visited again; then came the Judge and Nancy. As the Judge saw the stripped carcass of the venerable rooster afloat in the broth, in holy horror he lifted his hands and eyes, he exclaiming: "You have killed yourself, Gus, and I am responsible for it. Why did you do this? Run, Nancy, and bring me the bottle of antimonial wine and a cup and spoon." As usual, Nancy turned at the door and gave me a look of mischievous triumph. She soon brought the wine and cup. I declined taking it. The Judge angrily insisted. You must have your stomach relieved, or you will bring on a relapse. I tell you my son, the disease you are suffering from is a very dangerous one; one that fires the blood and excites the pulse terribly, and unless checked at once may lead to your ruin. Take it, take it, and almost per force I swallowed the wine

I see that mischievous vixen dodging behind her father, and making every silent demonstration of pleased delight at my suffering, possible to her security from discovery by her father. It was not ten minutes after swallowing the wine before I became terribly sick and began to vomit.

"Hold his head, Nancy," said the Judge, She was holding the basin which she transferred to her father and placed her hands under my forehead. In doing this she let the fingers of her right hand incautiously pass over my mouth. One went into it and I seized it with a vim. Nancy screamed, knocked over the basin from the hands of her father and sent it with all the water and what I had thrown up, over the floor. I was seized with an epileptic fit, shivered, groaned and bit. Nancy screamed and danced, and the Judge, frightened, exclaimed, "O, my God, the boy has a fit," ran from the room, and sent for a doctor. "Even," I said, as I released the finger. The Judge came in flushed and frightened. "It's all over, is it Nancy?" he anxiously asked. She was wringing her hands, whilst her eyes were filled with tears.

"All over!" she exclaimed, half crying with anger and pain. "There is nothing the matter with him." "Nothing the matter with him, indeed," said her father. "Such a convulsion as that nothing? and that pulse yesterday, nothing. Nonsense, girl. I am afraid he will have congestion of the stomach. Congestion of the jaws, you had better say. Just look how he has bit my finger, confound him; and look at the fix this floor is in. I knew there was nothing the matter, with him from the first."

"Nonsense! I tell you, Nancy! That pulse yesterday could not be deceit. Why, it was thick as my little finger and beat at least two hundred times a minutes and was as strong as a horse could kick."

"Marse Gus," she remarked, "you ain't mighty sick, is you? Master he says you has had a fit," and she laughed as she looked at me.

"What do think, Polly?" I asked.

"Why, Mas Gus, I seed Miss Nancy when she creeped up and hit you wid dat switch yesterday, and I seed you jump up and turn over de table wid all dem books what you were readin', and you and Miss Nancy runnin' round de house; and I seed you when you catch her on your bed just as de old folks comed home. You must hab been tucken sick mighty quick. And yister day when Miss Nancy was makin' dat tea she laughed fit to kill herself. I spects she's been foolin' you. She's mighty bad dat way."

"Make haste," said the Judge, as he came in, "the doctor will be here soon, and I don't want this floor wet when he comes."

"How do you feel now my boy? Nancy is raving about your biting her. I tell her you didn't know what you was about. Ain't you subject to fits, Gus? Nancy says it was all sham, but I tell her that is all nonsense. You wouldn't a bit her so on purpose, I know."

In a short time the doctor came, and my case was explicitly laid before him, especially the wonderful pulses and the fit. The judge was called away when I asked the doctor if he would, upon his honor, promise never to speak of it, I would tell him a secret. He promised and I told him the whole story—for I felt I could not stand any more physic. He laughed until he cried, and many times since have we laughed heartily over it.

We met, after many years' separation, in New York, in 1844, at the conference which divided the Methodist church, and spent a day together pleasantly recalling the memories of the past, and this especial one, when I threatened to give the story to the public.

"If you please," he said, "do not do it while I live." I promised, and we parted for the last time. I have a dear