J B Hall

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The Manchester Journal.

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NOTICE!
Cash Paid for Hides.
A. G. CLARK.
FACTORY POINT, Nov. 9,

MOUNTAIN PICTURES.

Monadnock from Wachuset.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I would I were a painter, for the sake
Of a sweet picture, and of her who led,
A fitting guide, with light, but reverend tread,
Into that mountain mystery! For first a lake
Tinted with sunset; next the wavy lines
Of far off receding hills; and yet more far,
Monadnock lifting from his night of pines
His rosy forehead to the evening star.
Beside us, purpled round, Wachuset laid
His head against the West, whose warm light made
His aureole; and o'er him, sharp and clear,
Like a shaft of lightning in mid launching stayed,
A single level cloud-line, shone upon
By the fierce glances of the sunken sun,
Mounted the darkness with its golden spear!

So twilight deepened round us. Still and black
The great woods climbed the mountain at our back;
And on their skirts, where yet the lingering day
On the shorn greenness of the gleaning lay,
The brown old farm-house like a bird's nest hung.
With home-life sounds the desert air was stirred:
The bleat of sheep along the hill we heard,
The bucket plashing in the cool, sweet well,
The pasture-bars that clattered as they fell;
Dogs barked, fowls fluttered, cattle lowed; the gate
Of the barn-yard creaked beneath the heavy weight
Of sun-browned children, listening, while they swung,
The welcome sound of supper-call to hear;
And down the shadowy lane, in tinkling clear,
The pastoral curfew of the evening bell rung.
Thus soothed and pleased, our backward path we took,
Praising the farmer's home. He only spake,
Looking into the sunset over the lake,
Like one to whom the far-off is most near:
"Yes, most folks think it has a pleasant look;
I love it for my good old mother's sake,
Who lived and died here in the peace of God!"
The lessons of his words we pondered o'er,
As silently we turned the eastern flank
Of the mountain, where its shadow darkest sank,
Doubling the night along our rugged way:
We felt that man was more than his surroundings —
The inward life than Nature's all-in-all: nor
And the same sky, the sunshower and the dew,
The forest and the lake, seemed dwarfed and dim
Before the spirited son, whose human will
Meekly in the Eternal footsteps trod,
Making her homely task and household ways
An earthly echo of the song of praise
Swelling from angel lips and harps of seraphim!

Atlantic Monthly for April.

THE TENNESSEE BLACKSMITH.

Near the cross-roads, not far from the Cumberland Mountains, stood the village forge. The smith was a sturdy man of fifty. He was respected, wherever known, for his stern integrity. He served God, and did not fear man—and it might be safely added, nor devil either. His courage was proverbial in the neighborhood; and it was a common remark, when wishing to pay any person a high compliment, to say, 'He is as brave as Old Bradley.' One night toward the close of September, as he stood by the anvil plying his labors, his countenance evinced a peculiar satisfaction as he brought his hammer down with a vigorous stroke on the heated iron. While blowing the bellows he would occasionally pause and shake his head, as if communing with himself. He was evidently meditating upon something of a serious nature. It was during one of these pauses that the door was thrown open, and a pale trembling figure staggered into the shop, and sinking at the smith's feet, faintly ejaculated.

'In the name of Jesus, protect me!'

As Bradley stooped to raise the prostrate form, three men entered, the foremost exclaiming,

'We've treed him at last! There he is! seize him!" and as he spoke he pointed at the crouching figure.

The others advanced to obey the order; but Bradley suddenly arose, seized the sledgehammer, and brandishing it above his head as if it were a sword, exclaimed.

'Back! Touch him not; or, by the grace of God, I'll brain ye!'

They hesitated, and stepped backward, not wishing to encounter the sturdy smith, for his countenance plainly told them that he meant what he said.

'Do you give shelter to an abolitionist?' fiercely shouted the leader.

'I give shelter to a weak defenceless man,' replied the smith.

'He is an enemy!' vociferated the leader.

'Of the devil!' ejaculated Bradley.

'He is a spy! an abolition hound!' exclaimed the leader, with increased vehemence; 'and we must have him. So I tell you Bradley, you had better not interfere.

You know that you are already suspected, and if you insist upon sheltering him it will confirm it.'

'*Sus-pect-ed*! Suspected of what?' exclaimed the smith, in a fierce tone, diverting his gaze upon the speaker.

'Why, adhering to the North,' was the reply.

'Adhering to the North!' ejaculated Bradley, as he cast his defiant glances at the speaker. 'I adhere to no North!' he continued; 'I adhere to my country—my whole country—and will, so help me God! as long as I have breath,' he added, as he brought the sledge-hammer to the ground with great force.

'You had better let us have him Bradley, without further trouble. You are only risking your own neck by your interference.'

'Not as long as I have life to defend him,' was the answer. Then pointing toward the door, he continued, 'Leave my shop! and as he spoke again he raised the sledge hammer.

They hesitated a moment but the firm demeanor of the smith awed them into compliance with the order.

'You'll regret this, in the morning, Bradley,' said the leader, as he retreated.

'Go!' was the reply of the smith, as he pointed to the door.

Bradley followed them menacingly to the entrance of the shop, and watched them until they disappeared from sight down the road. When he turned to go back into the shop he was met by the fugitive, who, grasping his hand exclaimed,

'O! how shall I ever be able to thank you Mr Bradley?'

'This is no time for thanks, Mr. Peters; you must fly the country, at once!'

'But my wife and children?'

'Mattie and I will take care of them.—But you must go to night.'

'To-night!'

'Yes. In the morning if not sooner, they will return with a large force and carry you off, and probably hang you on the first tree. You must leave to-night.'

'But how?'

'Mattie will conduct you to the rendezvous of our friends. There is a party made up who intend to cross the mountains and join the Union forces in Kentucky. They are to start to-night.—They have provisions for the journey, and will gladly share with you.'

At this moment a young girl entered the shop and hurriedly said,

'Father what is the trouble to-night? Her eyes resting upon the fugitive, she approached him, and, in a sympathizing tone continued, 'Ah, Mr. Peters, has your turn come so soon?'

This was Mattie. She was a fine rosy girl, just past her eighteenth birthday, and the soul of Bradley's house and heart.—She was his all—his wife having been dead five years. He turned toward her and, in a mild but firm tone, said,

'Mattie, you must conduct Mr. Peters to the rendezvous immediately; then return, and we will call at the parsonage to cheer his family. Quick! No time to be lost. The blood-hounds are upon the track. They have scented their prey, and will not rest until they have secured him. They may return much sooner than we expect. So haste, daughter, and God bless ye!'

This was not the first time that Mattie had been called upon to perform such an office. She had safely conducted several Union men, who had been hunted from their homes and sought shelter with her father, to the place designated, from whence they made their escape across the mountains into Kentucky. Turning to the fugitive she said,

'Come, Mr. Peters, do not stand upon ceremony, but follow me.'

She left the shop and proceeded but a short distance up the road, and then turned off in a by-path through a strip of woods, closely followed by the fugitive. A brisk walk of half an hour brought them to a small house that stood alone in a secluded spot. Here Mattie was received with a warm welcome by several men, some of them engaged in running bullets, while others were cleaning their rifles and fowling pieces. The lady of the house, a hale woman of forty, was busy stuffing the wallets of the men with biscuits. The fugitive, who was known to two or three of the party, was received in a bluff, frank spirit of kindness by all, saying that they would make him chaplain of the Tennessee Union regiment when they got to Kentucky.

When Mattie was about to return home two of the party prepared to accompany her; but she protested, warning them of the danger, as the enemy were doubtless abroad in search of the minister. But, notwithstanding, they insisted, and accompanied her until she reached the road a short distance from the shop. Mattie hurried on, but was somewhat surprised upon reaching the shop to find it vacant. She hastened into the house, but her father was not there. As she returned to go into the shop she thought she could hear the noise of horses hoofs clattering down the road. She listened, but the sound soon died away. Going into the shop she blew the fire into a blaze; then beheld that the things were in great confusion, and that spots of blood were upon the ground. She was now convinced that her father had been seized and carried off, but not without a desperate struggle on his part.

As Mattie stood gazing at the pools of blood a wagon containing two persons drove up, one of whom, an athletic young man of five-and-twenty years, got out and entered the shop.

'Good morning, Mattie. what ails you? What has happened?'

The young girl's heart was too full for her tongue to give utterance, and throwing herself upon the shoulder of the young man, she sobbingly exclaimed:

'*They* have carried him off! Don't you see the blood?'

'Have they dared to lay hands upon your father? The infernal wretches!'

Mattie recovered herself sufficiently to narrate the events of the evening. When she had finished, he exclaimed:

'Oh that I should have lived to see the day that old Tennessee was to be thus disgraced! Here, Joe!'

At this the other person in the wagon alighted and entered the shop. He was a stalwart negro.

'Joe' continued the young man, 'you would like your freedom?'

'Well, Massa John, I wouldn't like much to leabe you, but den I'se like be a free man.'

'Joe, the white race have maintained their liberty by their valor. Are you willing to fight for yours? Aye! fight to the death?'

'I'se fight for you any time, massa John.'

'I believe you. Joe. But I have a desperate work on hand to-night, and I do not want you to engage in it without a prospect of reward. If I succeed I will make you a free man. It is a matter of life and death—will you go?'

'I will, Massa.'

'Then kneel down and swear before the everlasting God, that, if you falter or shrink the danger, you may hereafter be consigned to everlasting fire?'

'I swear, Massa,' said the negro, kneeling. 'An, I hope dat Gor Almighty may strike me dead if I don't go wid you though fire and water and ebery ting?'

'I am satisfied, Joe,' said his master;—then turning to the young girl, who had been a mute spectator of the strange scene, he continued, 'Now, Mattie, you get in the wagon and I'll drive down to the parsonage, and you remain with Mrs. Peters until I bring you some intelligence of your father.'

While the sturdy old blacksmith was awaiting the return of his daughter, the party that he had repulsed returned with increased numbers and demanded the minister. A fierce quarrel ensued, which resulted in seizing the smith and carring him off. They conveyed him to a tavern half a mile distant from the shop, and there he was arraigned before what was termed a vigilance committee. The committee met in a lone room on the ground-floor, dimly lighted by a lamp which stood upon a table in front of chairman. Immediately half an hour after Bradley's arrival, he was placed before the chairman for examination. The old man's arms were pinioned, but nevertheless he cast a defiant look upon those around him.

'Bradley, this is a grave charge against you. What have you to say? said the chairman.

'What authority have you to ask?' demanded the smith, fiercely eyeing his interrogator.

'The authority of the people of Tennessee,' was the reply.

'I deny it.'

'Your denials amount to nothing. You are accused of harboring an abolitionist, and the penalty of that, you know, is death. What have you to say to the charge?'

'I say that it is a lie, and he who utters such charges against me is a scoundrel.'

'Simpson,' said the chairman to the tall leader of the band that had captured Bradley, and who now appeared with a bandage about his head, to bind up a wound which was the result of a blow from the fist of Bradley. 'Simpson,' said the chairman, 'what have you to say?'

'The leader then stated that he had tracked the preacher to the blacksmith shop, and that Bradley had resisted his arrest, and that upon their return he could not be found, and that the prisoner refused to give any information concerning him.

'Do you hear that, Bradley?' said the chairman.

'I do; what of it?' was the reply.

'Is it true?'

'Yes.'

'Where is the preacher?'

'That is none of your business.'

'Mr. Bradley, this tribunal is not to be insulted with impunity. I again demand to know where Mr. Peters is. Will you tell?'

'No.'

'Bradly, it is well known that you are not only a member but an exhorter in Mr. Peters church, and therefore some little excuse is to be made for your zeal in defending him. He is from the North, and has long been suspected, and is now accused of being an abolitionist and a dangerous man You do not deny sheltering him, and refusing to give him up. If you persist in this you must take the consequence. I ask you for the last time if you will inform us of his whereabouts?,

'And again I answer no.'

'Mr Bradley, there is also another serious charge against you, and your conduct in this instance confirms it. You are accused of giving comfort to the enemies of your country. What have you to say to that?'

'I say it is false, and he who makes it is a villain!'

'I accuse him of being a traitor, aiding the cause of the Union,' said Simpson.

'If my adherence to the Union merits for me the name of a traitor, then I am proud of it. I have been for the Union—I am still for the Union—and will be for the Union as long as life lasts!'

At these word the chairman clutched a pistol that lay on the table before him, and the bright blade of Simpson's bowieknife glittered near Bradley's breast; but before he could make the fatal blow a swift-winged messenger of death laid him dead at the feet of his intended victim; while at the same instant another plunged into the heart of the chairman, and he fell forward over the table, extinguishing the light and leaving them in the darkness. Confusion reigned. The inmates of the room were panic-stricken. In the midst of the consternation a firm hand rested upon Bradley's shoulder; his bonds were severed and he hurried out of the open window. He was again a free man, but was hastened forward into the woods at the back of the tavern, and through them to a road a quarter of a mile distant, then into a wagon and driven rapidly off. In half an hour the smith made out of the party at the rendezvous that was to start at midnight across the mountains.

'John,' said the smith, as he grasped the hand of the rescuer, while his eyes glistened and a tear coured down his furrowed cheek, 'I should like to see Mattie before I go.'

'You shall,' was the reply.

In another hour the blacksmith clasped his daughter to his bosom.

It was an affecting scene—there, in that lone house in the wilderness, surrounded by men who had been driven from their homes for their attachment to the principle for which the patriotic fathers fought and bled—the sturdy old smith, a type of the heroes of other days, pressing his daughter to his breast, while the tears coursed down his furrowed cheeks. He felt that perhaps it was to be his last embrace; for his resolute heart had sacrificed his all upon the altar of his country, and he could no longer watch over the safety of his only child. Was she to be left to the mercy of of the parricidal wretches who were attempting to destroy the country that had given them birth, nursed their infancy, and opened a wide field for them to display the abilities with which nature had endowed them?

'Mr. Bradley,' said his rescuer, after a short pause, 'as you leave the State it will be necessary, in these troublous times, for Mattie to have a protector, and I have thought that our marriage had better take place to-night.'

'Well, John, he said, as he relinquished his embrace and gazed with a fond look at her who was so dear to him, 'I shall not object if Mattie is willing.'

'Oh! we arranged that as we came along,' replied the young man.

Mattie blushed, but said nothing.

In a short time the hunted-down minister was called upon to perform a marriage service in that lone house. It was an impressive scene. Yet no diamonds glittered upon the neck of the bride; but a pure love flowed within her heart as she gave utterance to a vow which was registered in heaven.

Bradley, soon after the ceremony, bade his daughter and her husband an affectionate farewell, and set out with his friends to join others who had been driven from their homes, and were now rallying under the old flag to fight for the Union, and, as said, 'Redeem old Tennessee!'

The Battle of Pittsburgh—Official Dispatch from Gen. Grant.

Pittsbug, April 9.

To Capt. N. H. McLean A. A. Genl:

Capt.—It becomes my duty again to report another battle fought between two great armies, one contending for the maintenance of the best Government ever devised, and the other for its destruction.

It is pleasant to record the success of the army contending for the former principle.

On Sunday morning our pickets were attacked and driven in by the enemy. Immediately the five divisions stationed at this place were drawn up in line of battle to meet them.

The battle soon waxed warm on the left and center, varying at times to all parts of the line. The enemy forced the entire line to fall back nearly half way from their camps to the Landing.

At a late hour in the afternoon a desperate effort was made by the enemy to turn our left and get possession of the Landing, transports, &c.

This point was guarded by the gunboats Tyler and Lexington, with four 24-pounder parrott guns, and a battery of rifled guns.

Just at this moment the advance of Gen. Buell's column and a part of the division of Gen. Nelson arrived. An advance was immediately made upon the point of attack, and the enemy was soon driven back.

In this repulse much is due to the gunboats Tyler and Lexington.

During the night the divisions under Gens. Crittenden and McCook arrived.

Gen. Wallace at Crump's Landing, six miles below, was ordered at an early hour in the morning to hold his division in readiness to move in any direction it might be ordered. At eleven the order was given to move it up to Pittsburg, but owing to its being led by a circuitous route did not arrive in time to take part in Sunday's action.

During the night all was quiet, and feeling that a moral advantage would be gained by becoming the attacking party, an advance was ordered as soon as day dawned. The result was the gradual repulse of the enemy at all points of the line from nine until probably five in the eve, when it became evident that the enemy was retreating.

My force was too much fatigued from two days' hard fighting and exposure in open air to a drenching rain during the intervening night to pursue the enemy.

Night closed in cloudy and with a heavy rain, making the roads impracticable for artillery.

By the next morning, however, Gen. Sherman followed the enemy, finding that the main part of their army had retreated in good order.

Hospitals with the enemy's wounded were found all along the road as far as pursuit was made.

Gen. Prentiss was taken prisoner in the first day's action, and Gen. Wallace was severely and probably mortally wounded.

His Assistant Adjutant General, Capt. W. McMichell, is missing, and was probably taken prisoner.

The exact loss in killed and wounded will be known in a day or two. At present I can only give it approximately at 1500 killed and 3500 wounded. The loss of artillery is great, many pieces being disabled by the enemy's shots, and some losing all their horses, and many men.

The loss of the enemy in killed and left upon the field was greater than ours. Of the wounded an estimate cannot be made, as many of them must have been sent to Corinth and other points.

I am, respectfully, your ob't serv't,
U. S. GRANT,
Maj. Gen. Commanding.

STEPPED UP TO THE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE.—Among other anecdotes of the first experiments of Robert Fulton, the following is from the pen of R. H. Haskins, of Buffalo:

'Some twenty years since, more or less—for I cannot fix the date with more certainty—I formed the acquaintance on a steamboat on the Hudson river, of a gentleman, who on that occasion related to me some incidents of the first voyage of Fulton to Albany, in his steamboat, the Clermont, which I had never met with anywhere else.

'I chanced,' said my narrator, 'to be at Albany on business when Fulton arrived there with his unheard of craft, which everybody felt so much interest in seeing. Being ready to leave, and hearing that the craft was to return to New York, I repaired on board and inquired for Mr. Fulton. I was referred to the cabin, and there found a plain gentlemanly man, wholly alone, and engaged in writing.

'Mr. Fulton, I presume?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Do you return to New York in this boat?'

'We shall try to go back, sir.'

'Can I have a passage down?'

'You can take your chance with us, sir.'

I inquired the amount to be paid, and after a moment's hesitation, a sum, I think six dollars, was named. The amount in coin I laid in his open hand, and with eyes fixed upon it he remained so long motionless that I supposed there might be some miscount, and said to him, 'Is that right, sir?'

This aroused him as from a reverie, and as he looked up at me the big tears were brimming in his eye, and his voice faltered as he said, 'Excuse me, sir; but memory was busy as I contemplated this, the first pecuniary reward I have ever received for all my exertions in adapting steam to navigation. I would gladly commemorate the event over a bottle of wine with you, but I am really too poor even for that, just now; yet I trust we shall meet again when this will not be so.'

The voyage to New York was successful, as all know, and terminated without accident.'

ANECDOTES OF PRINCE ALBERT AND QUEEN VICTORIA.—Prince Albert's marriage to the Queen has often been described, but the following anecdote is probably forgotten by this time:

On the evening when he was presented to the English aristocracy as the future husband of their sovereign, the Queen, after having danced with the Prince, graciously offered him a bouquet. The Prince, moved by this public favor, with a Highlander's dagger, made an aperture in his uniform, and triumphantly placed the bouquet over his heart. At sight of the poignard the Queen suddenly turned pale, and when she saw the Prince point it at his breast, she fainted away on the sofa where she was sitting.

Another and more familiar story relates a little conjugal "miff" which occurred between the Prince and Queen, after which Albert retired to his apartment. In about an hour the Queen herself came and knocked at the door.

'Who is there?' asked the Prince.

'It is the Queen; open the door,' was the reply.

'I beg you a thousand pardons,' said the Prince, 'but I prefer to remain alone in my room."

'Albert,' said the lady at the door, after a few moment's pause, and in a much sweeter voice, 'open, it is your wife.'

Of course the door was opened, and a reconciliation at once took place.

UNMARRIED WOMAN.—I speculate much on the existence of unmarried and never-to-be-married women, now-a-days; and I have already got to the point of considering that there is no more respectable character on earth than an unmarried woman, who makes her way through life quietly, persevering, without support of husband or brother; and having attained the age of of forty five or upwards, retains in her possession a well regulated mind, a disposition to enjoy simple pleasures, and fortitude to support inevitable pains, sympathy with the sufferings of others, and willingness to relieve want as far as her means extend.—*Charlotte Bronte.*

It used to be the boast of Stephen A. Douglas, that he could make anything in the way of cabinet ware. We do not believe that Floyd, Wise or Pillow, though apprenticed to a cabinet maker for seven years, could make *a stand.*

A wag says of woman: 'To her virtues we give love—to her beauty, our admiration—to her hoops, the whole pavement.'