for smothered but angry argument was going on in knots of men all over the room; my life was suspended upon a breath, and I was utterly powerless to change the decision, whatever it might be; but I must say that my nerves were steady and my hand unremitting—the unwonted calmness of one who knew that death was inevitable if they should decide in the affirmative on the charge, and who was determined to defend himself to the last, as I well knew any death they could *there* inflict, was better than to fall into their hands to be tormented by their hellish hate.

During the consultation, one Butler Cavins, who had a good deal of influence (he owned about twenty slaves), left the grocery with five or six others and was absent about ten minutes. He returned with a coil of rope upon his arm, elbowing his way through the crowd, and exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I am in favor of hanging him. He is a nice, innocent young man. He is far safer for heaven now than when he learns to drink, swear, and be as hardened an old sinner as I am." I could not, even at the peril of life, refrain from retorting: "That, sir, is the only truth I have heard from you to-night." My friends, yet few, and feeble in the advocacy of my cause, seemed slightly encouraged by this rebuff, and gained the ear of the rabble for a little. Cavins could not be silenced. "This is a fine lariat, boys; it has swung two Abolitionists. I guess it will hold another. Come on, boys," and a general gathering up in the form of a semicircle, crowding nearer the counter, occurred. At the same moment jumping back off the counter and displaying two six-shooters, I said, "If that's your game, come on; some of you shall go with me to the other world! The first man that makes an other step toward me is a dead man." There was one moment of dread suspense and breathless stillness; hands were tightened on daggers and pistols but no hand was raised. The whole pack stood at bay, convinced that any attempt to take me would send several of them to certain death. My friends, who had kept somewhat together, now ranged themselves against the counter before me, facing the crowd, and Buck Scruggs said, "He has not been convicted, and he shall not be touched." James Nicl and Dumpsey Jones, the other two who had aided in my arrest, joined Scruggs; and their influence, added to the persuasive eloquence of my pistols, decided the wavering. In twenty seconds more than twenty votes were given for my acquittal, and the chairman declared in a trumpant voice, "He is unanimously acquitted." The unanimity, I confess, was not such as I would have desired; but all agreed the youngster had pluck, and would soon make as good a fighter as any of them. With a forced laugh, which on some faces ill concealed their hatred, while others made an unseemly attempt at coarse wit, they adjourned, voting themselves a drink at my expense, which I must perforce pay, as they had generously acquitted me! I confess to an sinable wish that the dollar I laid on the counter of Cavins for a gallon of whisky might some day buy the rope to tighten on his craven throat, though I did not deem it wise to give expression to my sentiments just then.

Here was but slight encouragement for continuing his residence in that favored land. He determined to set his face at once towards the North. Arriving at Memphis on the morning of April 19, the same day that the streets of Baltimore were dyed with Massachusetts blood, he had scarcely landed on the wharf, when he was accosted by one of the "blue jackets" that formed the military police of the city, and ordered to repair immediately to the presence of the Vigilance Committee. There was no use in parleying, and he made no delay in obeying the summons. Judge of his surprise, when he was confronted with one of the whisky-drinking worthies, from whom he had escaped at Jeffersonville some thirty hours before. Still, there was no proof of anything against him, but he was so strongly advised to volunteer, that he knew his life would be the penalty in case of refusal. Finding no way of escape, he signed his name to the recruiting paper, and thus became a member of the Rebel army. His conduct was so good, that after a short service he was promoted to the post of orderly sergeant, and in this capacity, engaged in his first battle, at Belmont, Nov. 7. His maiden experience on the field was not without excitement.

Our brigade, after receiving ammunition, executed a flank movement on McClernand's left, near the river, while Gen. Pillow was holding their attention in front; this came very near surrounding and capturing the Federal force. For five hours the battle raged with varying success, the Rebel forces on the whole gaining upon the Federals. Our regiment charged and took a part of the 7th Iowa.

A charge is a grand as well as terrible sight, and this one, to my inexperienced eyes, was magnificent. I had often witnessed, with wild delight, the meeting of thunder-clouds in our Western storms, the fierce encounter, the blinding lightning, the rolling thunder, the swaying to and fro of the wind-driven and surging masses of angry vapor, the stronger current at length gaining the victory, and sweeping all before it. With an intenser interest and a wilder excitement, did I watch these eight hundred men, as they gathered themselves up for the charge. At the word, every man leaped forward on the full run, yelling as if all the spirits of Tartarus were loosed. In a moment comes the shock, the yells sink into muttered curses, and soon groans are heard, and the bayonet thrusts are quick and bloody. Brute strength and skill often meet, and skill and agility usually win.

The Iowa men were overpowered, and threw down their arms, some four hundred of them, and were sent to the rear, and afterward to Memphis. It was reported that this Iowa regiment had murdered the sick men early in the day, and it was said that some of them were bayoneted after they surrendered. I saw nothing of this, but it may have been so. If so, the author of that accusation was responsible for the barbarity.

I do not doubt such cruelties do sometimes occur in the heat of battle, as there are in all armies some brutal men; but I must do the Rebel officers the justice to state, that they always condemned them, and warned us against acts not sanctioned by the laws of civilized warfare.

The Federals, though fighting well, so far as I knew, commenced falling back between 2 and 3 p. m. The retreat soon became a rout, and was a running fight to their boats, some three miles. The Confederates pressed them hard, and recaptured several pieces of artillery lost in the early part of the engagement, and did execution on the running men; even after they reached the gang-planks of their boats many were shot. I knew of no reason why the Union soldiers were routed, unless it was the better fighting of the Rebels. The forces were about equal, and neither had much advantage in ground. Gen. Polk, the commanding general of the Rebels, was not on the ground until near the close of the action, and deserves no credit for the success of his men. Gen. Pillow and Brigadiers Cheatham and McGowan, were the efficient commanders that day.

The narrative of his soldiering on the Mississippi winds up with a rather neat portraiture of the Rt. Rev. Major-Gen. Polk.

Major-Gen. Leonidas Polk is a tall, well-built man, about 55 years of age; hair slightly gray; wears side whiskers, which are as white as snow; aquiline nose, and firm mouth. His voice is a good one for command, and having a West Point education, improved by many years of research on military science, it was expected he would make a skillful general; but the people were much disappointed by his display of generalship in the Western Department, and many clamored for his removal. It was at one time thought he would be called to the Confederate Cabinet as Secretary of State; but this was never done. Many of his old friends and admirers were pained to hear the report circulated, that the good bishop indulged in profanity when he got too deep in his potations; and as these reports were in part confirmed, his reputation suffered greatly.

Before the close of November, the writer was brevetted second-lieutenant for the time, in order to take charge of a shipment of ammunition to Camp Beauregard in Kentucky. This position he soon exchanged for the office of sergeant in the ordnance department, where he remained for about six weeks, keeping eyes and ears open, and learning some important facts, which may serve to throw light on the vast energy of the South, and its unexpected resources, especially in procuring cannon, small arms, and ammunition.

The stupendous theft of Floyd laid the foundation for the supply of cannon. A large number of guns which had been used in the Mexican war, and stored in the South, were soon brought into use. Many old Mexican and Spanish brass guns were recast into modern field-pieces, and are said to have made the finest guns in the rebel service, on account of the large percentage of silver contained in the metal. Excellent batteries were sent out from a manufactory of field artillery in New-Orleans, under the superintendence of Northern and foreign mechanics. The city of Memphis supplied several pieces of heavy cannon, and a number of Parrott's iron guns. A firm in Nashville turned out a large amount of iron light artillery of every description. A fine machine for rifling cannon was removed from Nashville to Atlanta, on the evacuation of the former city. Indeed, every city of the South, having a foundery of any considerable pretension, boasts of furnishing some cannon. In some cities every church gave up its bell. Court-houses, factories, public institutions, and plantations did the same. The people furnished large quantities of old brass of every description, andirons, candlesticks, gas fixtures, and even door knobs. The "New-Yorker" saw wagon loads of these materials, lying at railroad depots, waiting shipment to the foundries. No wonder he concludes that "the Rebels are in earnest." The best cannon, however, have been received from England. As to small-arms, the energies of the South have been more fully exercised in their manufacture than is dreamed of by the North. "Many of the regiments went into the field armed with every description of guns, from the small-bore squirrel-rifle and double-barreled shot-gun to the ponderous Queen Bess musket and clumsy but effective German Yager. The regiments were furnished as fast as possible with arms of one kind, and the others returned to the factories to be classified and issued again. Sword-bayonets were fitted to double-barreled shot-guns, making them a very effective weapon. Others were cut down to a uniform length of about twenty-four inches, and issued to the cavalry. Common hunting-rifles were bored out to carry a Minié ball, twenty to the pound, and sword-bayonets fitted to them. One entire brigade of Tennesseeans, under Gen. Wm. H. Carroll, was armed with these guns."

The famous guerrilla officer, Col. Morgan, is photographed in brilliant colors.

Morgan, as a citizen in times of peace, maintained the reputation of a generous, genial, jolly, horse-loving, and horse-racing Kentuckian. He went into the Rebellion *con amore*, and pursues it with high enjoyment. He is about 35 years of age, six feet in height, well made for strength and agility, and is perfectly master of himself; has a light complexion, sandy hair, and generally wears a mustache, and a little beard on his chin. His eyes are keen, bluish gray in color, and when at rest, have a sleepy look, but he sees every one and every thing around him, although apparently unobservant. He is an admirable horseman, and a good shot. As a leader of a battalion of cavalry, he has no superior in the Rebel ranks. His command of his men is supreme. While they admire his generosity and manliness, sharing with them all the hardships of the field, they fear his more than Napoleonic severity for any departure from enjoined duty. His men narrate of him this—that upon one occasion, when engaging in a battle, he directed one of his troopers to perform a hazardous mission in the face of the enemy. The man did not move. Morgan asked, in short quick words,

"Do you understand my orders?"

"Yes, captain, but I cannot obey."

"Then, good-bye," said Morgan, and in a moment the cavalryman fell dead from his saddle. Turning to his men, he added, "Such be the fate of every man disobeying orders in the face of an enemy."

No man ever hesitated after that to obey any command.

But Morgan is not without generosity to a foe. A Federal cavalryman relates to me, since my escape, an unusual act for an enemy. Losing the command of his wounded horse, which goaded by pain plunged wildly on, he was borne into the midst of Morgan's force. "Don't shoot him!" cried Morgan to a dozen of his men who raised their pistols. "Give him a chance for his life." The pistols were lowered and the man sent back to his own lines unharmed. Few men have appeared on either side in this contest who combine ease and comfort, intrepidity and calmness, boldness of plan, with self-possession in execution, as does Morgan. The last reported of him in Nashville, shortly after the Rebel army retreated through it, illustrates this. Coming into the city full of Federal soldiers in the garb of a farmer with a load of meal, he generously gives it to the Commissary Department, saying, in an undertone, that there are some Union men out where he lives, but they have to be careful to dodge the Rebel cavalry, and he wishes to show his love for the cause by this little donation. Going to the St. Cloud to dine, he sits at the same table with Gen. McCook, since cruelly murdered, and is pointed out to the Federal officer as the Union man who had made the generous gift. He is persuaded to take the value of it in gold, and then, in a private interview, tells the Federal officer that a band of Morgan's cavalry is camping near him, and if one or two hundred cavalry will come down there to-morrow he will show them how to take Morgan. The cavalry go, and *see Johnson* by Morgan. So the story goes. An equally successful feat it was, to step into the telegraph office in Gallatin, Tennessee, at a later date, as he did, dressed as a Federal officer, and there learn from the operator the time when the down train would be in, and arrest it, securing many thousands of dollars without loss of men or time. Another anecdote of his cool daring and recklessness is this. Riding up to a picket post near Nashville, dressed in full Federal uniform, he sharply reproved the sentinel on duty for not calling out the guard to salute the officer of the day, as he announced himself to be. The sentinel stammered out, as an excuse, that he did not know him to be the officer of the day. Morgan ordered him to give up his arms, because of this breach of duty, and the man obeyed. He then called out the remaining six men of the guard, including the lieutenant who was in charge, and put them under arrest, ordering them to pile their arms, which they did. He then marched them down the road a short distance where his own men were concealed, and secured all of them, and their arms and horses, without resistance.

In no engagement Morgan is perfectly cool, and yet his face and action are as if surcharged with electricity. He has the quickness of a tiger, and the strength of two ordinary men. One cause of his success is found in the character of his chargers. He has only the fleetest and most enduring horses; and when one fails he soon finds another by hook or by crook. His business in this recent raid into Kentucky (July 29), seemed to have been mainly to gather up the best blooded horses, in which that State abounds.

Unless in some fortunate hour for the loyal cause he should fall into the hands of the Federal forces, Col. John H. Morgan will become one of the most potent and dangerous men in the Rebel service.

Having been transferred to the cavalry, the writer describes one of his own achievements as a specimen of dashing strategy unusual in the army.

A ludicrous scene occurred at this time, illustrating the liability to panic to which even brave men are sometimes subject. While resting at Murfreesboro, of course we were liable to be overtaken by Buell's cavalry, and as Col. Morgan was not a man to be caught asleep, he kept scouting parties over on the alert, scouring the country on different roads for miles in the direction of the Federal army. I was in command of a squad of eight men, with whom I made a long and rapid march in the direction of Lebanon, and when returning by a different route, night overtook us some fifteen miles from camp. After getting supper at a farm-house, we were again in the saddle at 10 o'clock of a calm, quiet evening, with a fine moon to light us back to camp. We jogged on in suspicious of danger, as we went now on the return from the direction of the Federal cavalry. Within ten miles of camp, near midnight, we passed through a lane and were just entering a forest, when we became aware that a cavalry force was approaching on the same road; but who they were, or how many we had no idea. We were not expecting another party of our men in this direction, and yet they could hardly be Federals, or we would have heard of them, as we had been near their lines, and among the friends of the Southern cause.

Acting on the principle that it is safer to ask than to answer questions in such circumstances, I instantly ordered them to "Halt," and asked, "Who comes there?" Their commander was equally noncommittal, and demanded, "Who comes there?"

"If you are friends, advance and give the countersign," said I; but scarcely was the word uttered when the buckshot from the shot-guns of the head of the column came whistling past us in dangerous but not fatal proximity. Thus challenged, I instantly ordered, "Draw saber—Charge!" and with a wild yell we dashed at them, determined to keep our course toward our camp, whoever they might be. To our surprise, they broke and ran in disorder, and we after them, yelling with all the voice we could command. I soon saw, from their mode of riding and glimpses of their dress, that they were Confederates; but as we had routed them, though seven times our number—there were sixty-five of them—we determined to give them a race. Keeping my men together, yelling in unison, and firing in the air occasionally, we pressed them closely six or seven miles. When within three miles of camp, I drew my men up and told them we must get in by another route, and, if possible, as soon as they. A rapid ride by a longer road brought us to the lines in a few minutes, and we found the whole force of over a thousand cavalrymen mounting to repel an attack from a formidable force of Federal cavalry, which had driven in the scouting party of sixty-five men, after a desperate encounter. I immediately reported the whole affair to Morgan, when, with a spice of humor which never forsakes him, he told me to keep quiet; and, calling up the lieutenant who was in charge of the scouting party ordered him to narrate the whole affair. The lieutenant could not say how many Federal cavalry there were, but there must have been from 300 to 500, from the rattling of sabers and the volume of sound embodied in their unearthly yells. At all events, their charge was terrific, and his wonder was that any of his men escaped. How many of the Federals had fallen it was impossible to estimate, but some were seen to fall, &c.

When Morgan had learned the whole story, with the embellishments, he dismissed the lieutenant. But the story was too good to keep, and by morning the scare and its cause were fully ventilated, greatly to the chagrin of Major Bennett's battalion, to which the rooted men belonged. They were questioned daily about "those 300 Yankees who made that terrific charge;" and whenever a loud noise of any kind was made, even by a mule, it was naked, with a serious face, if that was equal to "the unearthly yells of the Yankees." Indeed, for weeks, "the 300 Yankees" was a by-word of ridicule, in reply to any boast from one of Bennett's men.

The time at length arrives for the involuntary volunteer to make his escape from the hateful and hated service, the details of which he describes with no little unction. His book cannot fail to be read with the deepest interest at the present crisis. Apart from its spirited accounts of personal adventure, it contains much to illustrate the purposes and policy of the Rebels, and furnishes suggestions which need not be despised in the highest quarters.

GAIL HAMILTON'S ESSAYS.

COUNTRY LIVING AND COUNTRY THINKING. By GAIL HAMILTON. 12mo. pp. 461. Ticknor & Fields.

The writer of this volume is already favorably known to the public by several highly piquant contributions to the Atlantic Monthly, and we believe, also to some other periodicals of the day. The name on the title page is evidently a pseudonym, and of the personality of the author we know nothing, except from certain suggestive hints scattered through different portions of the volume, and especially the preface. We infer from them that the writer is a woman, that she challenges respect for her incognito, that she is familiar with the rural life of New England; while from the book itself, we have ample evidence of her originality of thought, her rare keenness of observation, her fertility of expression and illustration, and her singular blending of genuine comic humor with the habit of profound and intense reflection. A striking feature of these essays is their tone of healthy and natural freshness. They often exhibit, it is true, a vein of playful extravagance; the writer delights in good-humored paradox; she now and then runs riot in the expansion of a favorite idea; but there is no trace of rehash of current commonplaces, no indulgence of sickly sentimentalism, no straining after effect by dainty niceties; everything is fragrant with the pure mountain air; no artificial perfume is thrown around the simple household ways which are pictured to the life; a certain robust nonchalance indicates true worth of character, as well as unaffected strength of intellect. The fine humor which sparkles throughout the volume is always tempered with earnest feeling and grave discussion. In some cases, indeed, the transition from the gayest persiflage to a tone of almost oppressive solemnity may be deemed too sudden; but a happy dash of the ludicrous, or some unexpected quaintness of phrase, restores the equanimity of the reader, and tempts him cheerily on through every alternation of feeling and of utterance. The familiarity of the writer with the best literature, and especially with the Hebrew Scriptures, is indicated by the apt allusions, and an occasional use of semi-quotation, which is often embroidered into the main texture of the discourse with excellent effect. A frequent diffuseness of statement may be considered a fault; but this is incident to the nature of the essay; and in the present case, it belongs to the plan of the writer, who loves to sport with her theme, and never wearies of tossing and catching the ball with which she plays with the glee of a child. On the whole, we do not hesitate to welcome this book with the most cordial praise. It is a success in a species of writing, in which success is difficult; and if we should hear no more of this nameless author, she may be content with having left so handsome a mark on our current literature.

The following passage is characteristic from the paper entitled

MY BIRDS.

Strictly speaking, I haven't any,—only an old cage thrust away up garret under the eaves—our, in fact, as I want any. Do not, however, for a moment suppose that I indulge in a sentimental compassion for caged birds, for I don't. I consider such a thing entirely uncalled for, and misplaced. I have no doubt that a canary bird, with a cup of seed and a glass of water, finds every objection of the kind satisfied. A sorrowful crown of sorrow is remembering happier things. He was born and bred in a cage, and, far from being discontented with a restless life of which he is not conscious, freedom would bewilder him and bring him to grief. But, though I do not take into account the bird's feelings, I do mind my own; and a prisoned bird always gives me a cramped, asthmatic sensation, if I know what cramp and asthma are, which I don't.

My birds, the birds that furnish my right to that possessive pronoun, are the little darlings which this moment brighten the cold, damp, clammy spring earth with their flutter and chirp and song.—little, tan, x-shaped, hollow-footed fellows, who now unthinkingly treats, and the whirling snow wreaths which Winter, forced to leave, flings spitefully behind him.—skirting the long, cold, dismal runs which chill to the heart this sweet May month.—merry messengers of the storm-king, bearers the olive-leaf of peace; twittering prophecies of Summer; tender little buds struck on from the midst of the spheres; faint, sweet echoes, in their weather and winding, their patience and painstaking, their tender protection and assiduous provision, of the strong, extatic passionate, loving humanity that swells and surges beneath them.

I love birds; I do not mind if it is nothing but a hawk or a crow, or a sooty little chimney-swallow. I even like chickens till they become hens and human. I cannot look with indifference upon turkeys standing out forlorn in the rain, too senseless to think of going in for shelter, and so taking it helplessly, with rounded backs, drooping heads, dripping feathers, and long, bare, red, miserable legs, quite too wretched to be ridiculous. I dote on goslings,—little soft, yellow, downy, awkward things, waddling around with the utmost self-complacency, tumbling on their backs every third step, and kicking spasmodically till they are set right side up with care, when they resume their waddle and their self-complacency as if nothing in the world had happened. The only fault one can find with them is, that they will grow up; and goslings grown up are nothing but geese, with their *naïveté* degenerated into stupidity, their awkwardness crystallized into vulgarity, and their temper unspeakably bad. But the little birds that sing to me from the apple-trees, and hop about on the sunny southern slope, are not of these. Purer blood runs through finer veins. Golden robins, a fiery flash of splendor, gleam in the long grass, and put the dandelions to shame. There are magnificent bluebirds, with their pale, unwinking intensity of color; and homely little redbreasts, which we all called robins when we were young, and invested with the sanctity of that sweet, aerestrial pity which has given them a name in our memory and a place in our hearts, till somebody must needs flare up, and proclaim that they are nothing but thrushes! As if this world were in a general way such an Elysium that people can afford to make themselves unnecessarily disagreeable. If there is any one thing more than another that is an unmitigated abomination and bore, it is those persons who are always setting you right; who find their delight in pricking your little silk balloons of illusion with their detestable pins of facts; who are always bringing their statistics to bear upon your enthusiasms; who go around with a yardstick and a quart-measure to give you the cubic contents of your nature, demonstrating to a logical certainty that you need not have been rapt at all; proving by the forty-seventh proposition of the first book of Euclid that spirits disembodied cannot have any influence upon spirits embodied; setting up that there isn't any Maelstrom and never was—that the Aurora Borealis is a common cloud reflecting the sunlight, and turning the terrible ocean-waves into run mountain-high when you were a child into pitiful horse-pond shivers, never mounting above the tens. For my part, I don't believe a word of it. I believe the equatorial line cuts through Africa like a darning-needle, that the Atlantic waves would drown the Himalayas if they could get at them, that eclipses are caused by the beast which Orion is hunting trying to gulp down the moon, and I should not wonder if the earth was supported on the back of a great turtle, which hypothesis has at least the advantage of explaining satisfactorily why it is that we all travel heavenward at such a snail's pace, and founds in a sympathetic and involuntary attraction the aldermanic weakness for turtle-soup. When one has been born and brought up in an innocent be ief, one does not like to have it disturbed on slight grounds; and people who have an insane proclivity to propagandism would do well to go to heathendom, where they will find ample room and verge enough in overthrowing mischievous opinions. But no punishment is too severe for him who roots up a thrill, and plants in its place only a fact. Suppose it is a fact, what then? Facts are not necessarily truth. Facts are often local, incidental, deceptive. But a thrill is the quiver of the homeless, fatherless life that underlies humanity,—a sign and a symbol of that infinite from which we spring, and toward which, perforce, we tend. Come then, my robin redbreast! Never shall my hand rise sacrilegious to wrest from you heraldic honors. Always shall you wear an aureole of that golden light that glimmers down the age, the one bright spot in a dark and death-ful wood. Always shall you sing to me angels' songs, of peace on earth, good-will to men.

So they hop through the May mornings' shade and sun, robins, and bluebirds, and dingy little sparrows as thick as blackberries, at once wild and tame, familiar yet shy, tripping, fluttering, snatching their tiny breakfasts, cocking their saucy heads as if listening to some far-off strain, then, moved by a sudden impulse, hopping along again in a fork lightning kind of way, and again coming to a capricious full stop and silence, with momentary intervals of short, quick, silvery jerks of head and tail. And, as they sit and sing,—as I watch their ceaseless busyness, their social twitterings, their energetic, heart-whole melody, their sudden flights, their graceful sweeps, and agile darts,—I recognize the Pauline title-deeds, and, having nothing yet possessing all things, I say in deed and in truth, "My birds."

Here is a rose-colored picture of

AN IRISH INTERIOR.

God bless the Irish! I cannot choose but love them. They do unearthly things, I know, and are a grief of heart to the sorely-tried housewives. One whole Winter old Bridget sweeps my room, and invariably set the table with the drawer toward the wall. Never by any mistake did it happen to come right side out. Patsy had a way of sweeping up all the contents of all the washbowl-stands, in her regular round with broom and dustey, and distributing them again without respect of persons. Accordingly, your own stand would be garnished with the tooth-brush of your neighbor on the right, the nail-brush of your neighbor on the left, the hair-brush of your neighbor above, and the hat-brush of your neighbor below. But Patsy is a diamond in the rough. I wrote a love-letter for her once. She came to me beaming with ruddy shyness, and, after hacking and filling for fifteen minutes, gave me to understand that her lover was by "the rare wush of Austrialasia ress," and would I write him a letter for her. He was a fond swain, but she had been coy and coquettish, and, now that he was so far away, her heart relented. Did I write to him? Of course I did, conjecturing, to the best of my ability, what manner of document a love-letter should be, and determining that at least it should not lack the quality which gives it a name. So, after exhausting my own vocabulary, I had recourse to the poets, and quoted Tennyson. It smote me in the heart to look up when I had read it to her, and see her beautiful Alsatian eyes filled with tears: for though she's a own love-letters may be a serious enough matter, one can hardly vouch another's tenderness with entire good faith. "Oh!" said Patsy, with a sign from the very bottom of her warm Irish heart, "them is just my feelin's," and even put her hand back through the door after going out, to add, "An' sure, ye must have had them feelin's yourself, or ye never could have done it." "Ah, Patsy!" I said,—but never mind what I said.

God bless the Irish! They supply an element that is wanting to our Anglo-Saxon blood, the easy, eloquent, picturesque race. Their race is such a cushion to our roughnesses. As they mount the ladder, their individualities lose outline, and an Irish peer hardly is world-wide from an American poor family. The Americans will be so sharp and angular, and clearly defined. They will have such an air of having seen better days, and not giving up seeing them again. Their poverty is self-formed us, and draws companions. A prideful scrubbiness is in the air. Everything is neat, well-scrubbed, and made the most of. Evidently they are struggling against fate. They contest every inch of ground. If you offer them assistance, you must double and turn, and tea to overgive penal offence after all. I know these are the very things that the books applaud, and I suppose they are one of the bases of greatness; but for solid comfort, give me an Irish shanty, where all are dirty and happy and contented. For the space, stooping American mother, with thin hair, pointed elbows, and never fewer than forty years, you have the Irish matron always young,—cool, round arms, luxuriantly full figure, great white teeth, broad red back, and royal hair. You are received with immoderate courtesy, and your "remainder biscuit" with grateful gratitude. No care furrows may foreshow. If the baby creeps into the ashes, one blackened arm wipes him out again as good as new. In Winter the dirty room with the mingled odor of cooking, boiling cabbage, and fragrant tobacco. In the Summer they set their washtubs at the back door, and, in a sensible sanctioness of costume, rub to the robin's song, and never seem to look forward to a possible pneumonia. They float across the tide acquiescent. Their poverty is robbed of its sting.

If one must be poor, it is so much easier to be comfortable about it. And if one is thoroughly comfortable, what matter whether one lives in one room or twenty?

God bless the Irish! Their strong arms are lifted, their warm hearts are beating, side by side with ours, for the honor and life of their adopted country. Does fancy expand over their island home? We have enough and to spare. From our bursting granaries, from our larders overfull, let their tables be spread with plenty. Surely the bread, the low cousins which we cast upon the waters, many days ago, are already returned to us in Irish truth and loyalty. And when their civilization and Christianity are brought abreast with their inborn poetry, Ireland will send forth fair as the sun, clear as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners.

As a specimen of the impressive earnestness with which the writer grapples with the most serious themes, we take the following paragraphs from the essay entitled

OUR CIVIL WAR.

In summing up the pros and cons of this war, the deterioration of the men who are engaged in it, and the general backsliding of society, are usually set down on the *pro contra* side. It is taken for granted that morality and religion will suffer, both with those who go and with those who stay. And having thus put matters in train, and given everybody to understand what is expected of him, and that if he sins it won't be very much his fault, seeing it is the prescribed thing to do under the circumstances, it is very likely soldiers and society will answer our expectations, and duly deteriorate according to the statute for such case made and provided.

It seems to me, however, that all this is entirely unnecessary. I see no conclusive reason why our men should come back to us any worse men than they went away, or why they should find us any worse men than they left us. It seems to me, on the contrary, that this is the time of all times when we should expect, and lay our plans for, and strive to bring about, a great revival of religion,—such a revival as we have never yet felt or heard of, so that even a whole nation shall be born into the kingdom of heaven in a day.

It does not prove anything to the purpose, that wars always have been attended with and followed by demoralization. It is a long line that has no turning. America is not a land of precedents. She is herself an unprecedented nation. She has never scrupled to turn over a leaf because it was new, and there is no reason why she should now. If wars always *have* been demoralizing, it is high time they should stop being so, and there never was a better occasion to change this thing than the present. There is nothing in the origin or aim of this war to demoralize any one. Nobody has got to stir over his convictions, that his patriotism may go scot-free. Nobody is required to forget his conscience in his country. Nobody is forced to merge his Christianity in his citizenship. Conscience and patriotism, right and might, all march under the same banner, and fight on the same side. It is such a war, as has, perhaps, never been seen outside of "Paradise Lost." It is a rebellion of wicked weakness against righteous strength. It is Slavery, ignorance, cruelty, barbarism, writhing under the iron tramp and striking its fangs into the mailed heel, of freedom, knowledge, and universal human progress. Every man and boy who goes down to battle can go in the name of the Lord. It is no personal animosity, no sectional jealousy, no party pique, that should whet the sword, and clean the rifle, and nerve the arm. A great cause is endangered, a great principle is attacked. The heart of humanity is struck at, the battle is for the world.

And who are they that go down to the battle? Not, as a general thing, heartless boys, with habits and principles yet in the grisle; not the offscouring of society mainly, though that undoubtedly dazzles in to a considerable extent; but men with mothers and wives and children at home,—men who have been educated in our free schools, who have worshiped God in our sanctuaries, who have voted in our town-houses, and taken newspapers, and paid taxes, and tilled farms, and built engines, and talked politics, and heard lectures, and given parties. They are men who have had their position and reputation in society and church; and because they have left mother, and child, and church, and shop, are they to begin forthwith to swear, and drink, and turn vagabond, robber, and *worse?* Is this the strength of our boasted free institutions? Have we been trained to a morality that must be laid aside with the civilian's dress, and is vice the prerogative of regimentals? Is our religion a two-year-old child, to fly at the sight of a uniform? Is our virtue so weak that it must be barraged, and bolstered, and coddled with herb-tea and water-gruel, to keep the breath of life in it, and the moment it is let out into the rough-and-tumble of the world, it drops and dies? Then, verily, we may as well have no virtue at all, and we have made much ado about nothing. It has always been our boast and pride that we raised men. It seems now that we have raised out nothing but overgrown boys. Liberty, education, self-control, individual responsibility, are the watchwords of American freemen, and the upshot of it is, that when they are put to the test they cannot stand it! Thrown upon their manhood for three months, or three years, they have not soul enough to keep going, nor ballast enough to keep steady! Then let our free institutions go by the board. If, after near a century of working, they can show no better result than this, away with them. Despotism could hardly do worse. Let the war go, too. Let Jeff. Davis come, and Floyd, and Slavery, and stealing, and the age of pewter and pinchbeck and all uncleanness. A few rods more or less deep in the slough of infamy will not make much difference. Let us write on the doorposts of our churches and our school-houses, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin," and then lock the doors, and board up the windows, and begin anew.

It is not so. I do not believe one word of it. The eighty years' trial has not proved such an abortion. The mountain has not labored to bring forth such a mouse. I would not so slander our institutions and the brave men who have gone forth to defend them. Our soldiers are not mere machines, working according to the hands of the conductor, though they are that; they are not miserable conscripts, drafted and dragged into a quarrel of which they have no knowledge, and in which they have no interest; they are no vain and empty braggarts, clutching after a vague, glittering, worthless glory. They are men, and soldiers because they are men. They are soldiers of their own free will and choice,—soldiers of opinion and sentiment and settled purpose. They are fighting because they have decided that it is right to fight. They understand what they are fighting for, and what they are fighting against, and when they are going to stop. For a specific purpose, for a limited time, and can better to gain their objects, they have wisely and freely delegated the partial control of their movements to certain leaders; but they are, every man of them, a sovereign, wrestling for a kingdom which is his by divine right, and which usurpers are trying to wrest from him by infernal wrong. He is fighting for his children, and his children's children, to the third and fourth generation. He is in the van of a vast nation. Behind him is a great multitude, whom no man can number,—men and women and little children, with eager eyes fixed steadily on him,—silent ranks of the coming age, awaiting from his hands their doom,—home, hope, happiness, all that makes life desirable and heaven possible;—above him, the heavenly hosts bending over the battlements of the Celestial City, and hail from beneath moved to meet him at his coming. Is this a day for a man to relax his hold on truth and righteousness? Is this a situation that should tempt men to stock and wickedness and rout? Are these the men that shall be found wanting when weighed in such a balance?

The volume, however, is of a character to which justice cannot be done by fragmentary extracts. The essays, whether grave or gay in their bearing, possess a certain finish and completeness, which cannot be disturbed without damage. In order to fully appreciate its vivacity and beauty, the reader must regale himself with the perusal of the book in its original unity.

THE WARNING OF WAR. A Poem. By CASSIUS T. CRITTENDEN, Va. Pp. 28. Francis Harper. Cin.

The prevailing tone of this poem, which was delivered before a college literary society at the annual commencement, is of a higher character than is usually deemed necessary on holiday occasions. It is remarkable for its earnest appeals to the sentiment of patriotism, its noble vindication of justice and equity in national affairs, and its fearless expression of opinion, without regard to popular caprice or current prejudices. The purpose of the work is very stated in the opening lines:

> The times need action! 'round the soldier's name
> In stormy periods gathers fitly fame.
> Brave thoughts must harden into deed as brave,
> Or earth endeavor, ere that thought can save.
> They serve who strike—but also serve who call!
> Yet words are but bubbles after all,
> 'Tis not for me, in my unstudied rhymes,
> To sing the epic of these stirring times.
> Yet, mid the misery of our hopes and fears,
> Our kindling rage, and bitter farewell tears;
> Our homes to which, while gentle heart-strings break,
> The lost come not the vacant seat to take—
> Where with some gallant spirit's upward flight
> Love's roseate dreams have departed into night;
> Where we and we smile over the slumbering clay
> Whom treacherous ruse has slaughtered in its prime—
> Yes, o'er our brave our cooled lips shall not sleep—
> Serve they not truly who can dare and weep?
> O gentle mourners 'round the soldier's tomb,
> His works in light, while you walk still in gloom!
> His in the laurel, his the marble piled;
> And yours—O what? O mother, wife, or child!
> Heaven keep our soldiers in their quiet graves,
> At home no trumpet sounds, no banner waves;
> There sit our mourners—silent sit, and wait;
> O cheer! kind heaven, these hearth-stones desolate!
> See yonder field! the soldier falling there
> To win some trophy he shall never wear,
> If a long, long days of patient waiting o'er,
> Shared but one onset—fate denied him more!
> No herald's trump will sound his deeds or name;
> No grateful voices greet him with acclaim;
> One of a thousand, to the shades he flies,
> Unnoticed dares, or half unnoticed dies;
> And all his pain and all his labor o'er,
> Divides his laurels with a myriad more.
> And this is battle! In the morning beam
> Gay trumpets sound and gorgeous banners stream;
> The charger's hoof, impatient for the start,
> Beats time responsive to the rider's heart.
> On to the battle! With one cheerful cry
> A thousand voices swear to do or die.
> The evening falls; and o'er the bloody plain,
> Where all was life, grim death asserts his reign.
> In solemn awe above the scene we stand,
> The dead and dying strewn on either hand,
> And ask what madman urged this desperate fight?
> Who served for shame, and who die here for right?
> One answer makes the earth and one the sky:
> He dies for right who dares for land to die;
> And he strikes basely, heavy though his hand,
> Who smites the life and freedom of his land.

The position of England in regard to the Slaveholders' Rebellion is hit off with due discrimination:

> I blame not England! I too long have known
> She held no other interest than her own;
> I knew her custom was to proudly speak
> Sweet words sometimes; but kindness to the weak
> I never found, howe'er her love might roam,
> Preferred by her to what begins at home.
> I knew, although her orators might howl
> Fierce tirades against the South in Exeter Hall,
> That Exeter Hall, perplexed by Hotson's choice,
> Is sometimes deaf and sometimes loses voice.
> I knew whatever brilliant wins they give,
> The men of Manchester must spin to live;
> I knew how seldom traders, east or west,
> Stand fast by truth when profit is the test;
> I knew 't were hard to find one constant friend
> 'Twixt Dukes who borrow—Democrats who lend;
> I knew that gold would make our Balaam dumb,
> And, knowing this, expected what has come!
> And say but here, in non-committal verse,
> It might be better, and it might be worse.
> The hand that smote the shivering Indies down
> To add new jewels to a burthened crown;
> The iron hand that all the world has felt,
> From barbarous black man to emigrated Celt;
> Still used to crush the unrelenting kern,
> Has found a velvet touch the last to learn.
> And yet as saltened mariners alight not show
> A softer heart their complaisance below,
> We'll take our English cousin as we find
> The wood rose man—half gentleman, half bind!
> As now the gold, and now the brass we see,
> Confess our wonder such a beast can be;
> And, laughing, own good-naturedly, at last
> Our comprehension thoroughly surpassed;
> Own that our morals get unusual shocks
> When morals mix with fluctuating stocks;
> Own that, when well observed, at last we find
> A specie balance a wind to the mind;
> Own that ten million yards of cotton cloth
> Cut down to five, should make the spinner wroth;
> So, shaking hands and giving up our rounds,
> We count our dollars—and John counts his pounds;
> Thrice happy both—if truce like this were o'er—
> Or pounds or dollars made one virtue more.
> I think 'twere smaller if our nerves were less
> Inclined to this gratuitous distress—
> Self-possessed, in spite of steamboats and of mails,
> Of foreign praises, or of foreign wails.
> He is a character but dwarfed and dim
> Who says too much of what men say of him.
> The elder Roman bore himself the same,
> His shoulder high, whatever tidings came:
> Still high in latter days their port was borne,
> Though Vandals plucked Patric as beards in scorn.
> And thus, my country! dignified through all,
> Whatever wreck, whatever ruin fall,
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