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Single copy, one year	$2.00
Three copies, one year	5.00
Five copies, one year	8.00
Ten copies, one year	15.00
Single copy, six months	1.00
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THE NATIONAL ERA.

G. BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR; JOHN G. WHITTIER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

VOL. XIII. WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, MAY 12, 1859. No. 645.

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For the National Era.

HERMAN;

OR.

YOUNG KNIGHTHOOD.

BY E. FOXTON,

Author of "Premices."

CHAPTER XXIII—Concluded.

There was no riot, however. It was dinner-time; and some of the crowd were hungry. Some were appeased, if not fully satisfied with the measure of vengeance which they had obtained. Some, perhaps, already regretted it, from one of those revulsions of feeling to which mobs are prone; and—that better side of the distinctive Southern character coming uppermost, which some persons think is so much better than the best side of the distinctive Northern character, as to more than equalize the two, perhaps they were even moved to pain by the sight of the two brothers, so young, so gallant-looking, so attached, and so unfortunate.

Be that as it may, Herman was detained in the court-house but a few moments, before it was sufficiently cleared for him and his attendants to reach the jail-cart without difficulty; and he returned to his cell with no molestation, except from the eyes of the lingerers; and even those he could not see, for the sunlight of that dazzling day was black to him; and his sight was turned inward upon himself, and his own and his Constance's great appalling misery. It seemed to crowd and fill his whole being, heart and soul, so utterly, with its swelling and spreading darkness, that no room was left within him for anything else, except for Him, Who is in mercy everywhere.

In this stunned condition he remained at Talmor over a week more. In the course of that time, the excitement against him was partially renewed by a false report that got abroad, no one knew how, that the lenity of his sentence had been procured by a bribe. Edward, who had written before the trial to the Governor, did so again upon its conclusion, and received a second answer, courteously worded, like the first, but little more than a repetition of it, renewing his Excellency's assurance that, "at the fitting time, Dr. Arden's father's services to the South would no doubt be remembered," his assertion that "the fitting time had not yet come," and an invitation to his house. He promised, however, a very strong and "reliable" guard to convey Herman to the penitentiary; and with this Edward had to be satisfied. That the time could ever have come when the offer of a strong guard to take Herman to prison should seem a boon to him!

Herman's chain was put on again. Letters of recommendation to the Wardens of the penitentiary were given him, not only by Mr. Broadstone, but by Judge Sharper and his jailor. It raised hard; but a crowd assembled to see his departure. Edward was allowed to enter the stage-coach with him, in company with the sheriff. The savage-looking guard rode on horseback on each side of the windows, armed with dirks and pistols. The brothers said little, but sat for the most part tongue-tied, under that cruel and mysterious spell which makes us often most dumb when we have the most to say, and the shortest time to say it in. Herman had given to Edward very long letters to his betrothed and sister, containing much that it might have been more difficult for him to utter than to write, even if there had been no third person present. He seemed now to be racking his brains to recall the names, haunts, and wants, of all the sick and poor who had learned to depend upon him, that he might leave them as a legacy of love to his brother. At least, when he did speak, it was chiefly of them.

The journey was brief and blank. As the huge and dismal walls which awaited the young captive stood up in the distance, and came forth, with their whited-sepulchre front of blackened and mildewed stucco, to receive him, one of the guard suddenly thrust his shaggy head in at the window, and said, in language rather above his station—

"You may be happy in another world; but you will see no more happiness here below. You've spent your last pleasant day in this one; and all that's at an end."

He then withdrew, and rode on as before. It was not easy to judge whether he had spoken from cruelty, or from a sort of rude impulsive sympathy; but his speech was as if an ill Omen had spoken.

Herman shivered slightly, as if a cold wind from within the mouldy-looking tomb of living men before them had breathed upon him; but instantly rallying himself, he turned to his brother, and said, "One would think he was a student of Dante, 'Lasciate aqui speranza, voi ch' entrate.'* Oh, no! There is but one prison, if any, in the universe, over whose door those words belong. The fellow is mistaken, Ned, as I shall tell you five years hence."

The news of their coming had preceded them; and a great throng had gathered, to witness their arrival. They alighted, and entered the office. It was at once crowded with strangers. The guard, armed with muskets, kept the door. The overseer, with his bowie knife and pistols, stood over Herman. His name was written in the prison record. The harlequin, parti-colored prison uniform was brought forward. One would have thought that it was for Edward—his face flushed, and his lip trembled—a sight which Herman had hardly ever witnessed before. He tore out his purse, and showed a couple of gold eagles to two of the guard. "Put all this rabble out!" said he, in a hoarse whisper, which choked in spite of him. The men, half cowed by his expression and manner, obeyed instinctively, almost as much for fear as fee.

Herman pushed the clothes aside. "Wait a moment," said he, gently, but in a tone which scarcely admitted of denial, and his hand passed on and clasped his brother's in its vigorous, manly grasp. He took out his watch, and gave it to him—"*Aspenwall*," said he; Edward nodded; his gold pencil—"*Clara.* God bless you! God bless you! Now, Ned, go."

And it was over—that bloody wrenching apart of two hearts, which had grown together. Edward, at the door, gave one glance over his shoulder, and saw his brother standing, stately and erect, as he had ever seen him, looking very pale, but undaunted, with cowhides and handcuffs hanging on the wall over his head, and the slouching, ruffianly-looking turnkeys busy all about him. It was enough. He fled from the spot and the State as if chased or led by the Furies.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Penitentiary.

"*La prima notte in una prigione, e cosa atribile.*"
SILVIO PELLICO.

"The Cross, if freely borne, shall be
No burden, but support to thee!
So, moved of old time for our sake,
The holy man of Kempen spake.
Thou brave and true one, upon whom
Was laid the Cross of Martyrdom,
How didst thou, in thy faithful youth,
Bear witness to this blessed truth!
Thy cross of suffering and of shame
A staff within thy hands became;
In paths, where Faith alone could see
The Master's steps upholding thee."
Whittier.

It was twilight without. Within, everything was dark and still. Herman was taken to his cell. He was grateful for its sheltering shade and solitude. It was about twelve feet by eight, arched over the top, built of brick, and plastered, as he saw by the glimmer of the turnkey's lantern, unwarmed, and very damp and chill, like a vault in a cellar. This was to be his home, then, for the next five years—perhaps for all the remainder of his life on earth! In one corner, near the ceiling, and so high to be looked out at, was an open window, guarded by two iron bars, with no glass, but a wooden shutter on hinges, to close it. The door was about four feet by two, and double, the inner leaf being of iron, and the outer one of thick wood. There were two beds, one *double*, and one *single*.

On the last of these he seated himself the instant the officer had locked him in, bowed himself, covered his face, and let the black Niagara of his long-pent grief sweep over him. He hoped that if he suffered it thus, once for all, to have its free course, it would pass on and off; but it did not, and how long he sat there, and stupefied and drowned in agony, he never knew.

At length he was startled by a distant jangling sound, like that of "many pairs of oxen walking over a wooden bridge, with chains dangling from their yokes, mingled with the creaking of bolts, the clang of iron doors, and the banging of wooden ones. They were just locking up for the night, then! Could it be, that the whole endless night was yet to come? The tramping, banging, grating, and jingling, drew nearer, and reached his door. It burst open, and two dark forms came crouching and stumbling in, dragging their chains behind them; as was plain, more from the noise than by the wandering gleam of the jailer's lamp. One of them was a horse-stealer, and the other a murderer. It struck upon Herman as a aggravation of his misery, to find that he was to have companions in it; but perhaps it saved his reason. It turned his thoughts, and forced him to rouse and control himself.

Before long, he was brought before a synod, consisting of the two wardens and two or three of their friends, the overseer, and the turnkey, in the guard-room. One of the two former officers, Captain Robespierre (commonly called Robby Spear) Rodrick, who appeared to be somewhat in liquor, and on the verge of delirium tremens, or spontaneous combustion, took the word. He questioned his prisoner about the underground railroad and the principles of the Abolitionists, proposed to "scize him up, and give him fifty lashes," unless he would "confess his guilt," and at the same time went through an alarming sort of single-stick exercise with his hickory cane, which he flourished in Herman's very face.

To all this Herman, folding his arms, quietly and decorously replied, taking up the heads of his interlocutor's discourse in their order, so far as they had any, "that he knew scarcely anything about the underground railroad; that there was almost as great a variety of opinions and principles to be found among the different classes of persons called Abolitionists as among those opposed to them; that he did not consider himself guilty of any crime; and that, even if he been, he could not legally be required to criminate himself."

"You lie!" said Captain Rodrick.

Herman said nothing. Mr. Royston, the senior warden, to whom Herman's letters of recommendation had had been directed, fidgeted and whispered to his colleague, who presently proceeded in a somewhat lower tone (though none of the lowest, and with his whistling cane slightly lowered to correspond.

"We don't have no gentlemen here! We won't have no gentlemen here! We don't have no misters here, but Tom, Dick, and Harries. We're Democratic here, we are. We share and share alike here with our black niggers, without, and our Yankee white jail-birds within, when we catch 'em—eat hog and hoe-cake, starve—work or be hided. Needn't go to talk to us, through friends or otherwise, about how o' your advantages to home."

Herman stood patiently, waiting for more, if there was more to come.

"How? Why don't you [illegible] spoken to?" roared the dignified official.

"I thought what you said unanswerable, sir; but I should consider the advantage you allude to disadvantages, if they had pampered me into being lazy or dainty. I believe you may find me equal to quite as much labor and endurance of all kinds as the average of healthy men."

"We will see, sir; we will soon see. We will make you toe the mark here, and no mistake. If you wanted a lesson to learn you to stop home and mind your own business, you've got to the 'cademy now. Such canting traitors, like you, is always a-preaching about the laws of God. We go by the laws of bondage here. You better acquaint yourself with them, I reckon, now you've got a little leasure and a-prement for reflection. I will now purceed to communicate the regulations of this here penal institution, and you will comply rigorously, or wish yourself in Tophet, and find it's pleasant change when you get there.

"You will converse with no other convict, in your cell or out; nor with any visiter, nor look up from your work at him, if one comes in, without permission, not if it's your own brother—if you do, as sure as you live, you shall see the black cell in lieu of him, and the first time I have lessure, I'll give you the strap. Twa'n't by no invitation of our'n you come here disturbin our peace and tranquillity; and now you've saw fit to come, you'll be subservient to our ordinances.

"You will receive and send no letter to friends, only after inspection of warden or wardens—penalty, complete interdict of correspondence.

"You will always pull off your cap before you speak to any officer, or when any officer speaks to you, on pain of having the head shaved.

"Get out, and carry yourself straight."

After Herman had been again locked into his cell, the overseer came to him, and addressed him with sincere though rough kindness, encouraging him especially with the assurance that if he "behaved in future, the past would be overlooked; for that he, himself, treated every man, not accordin to his reputation, but his conduct." He further exhorted him to "wink his eyes up, and go right along off to sleep, 'cause the fust night o' comin was allers the wust on it; an 'twould make the mornin come in a jiffy; an then he'd git into the work-shop with plenty of company, and everythin would look so kind o' cheerfuller, and home-like to him; an he'd feel like another man, and never think o' carin for it no more arter he'd got somethin or nuther to do; and the five years would go a slidin off just like the half of no time. What 'ud he ha done, had he been oncarcerated for life?" He followed up his remarks by stirring up Kane, the murderer, who had in the mean while ensconced himself in the single bed, and driving him off to share that of Spurr, the horse-stealer, who was already fast asleep.

Herman obediently threw himself, in his prison uniform, on the miserable little deserted pallet, wrapped its one coverlet—a thin and much too short Indian blanket—corner-wise about him as well as he could, and strove for rest. In vain. The nearest approach which he could make to it was one of those dismal trances, in which the two lobes of the brain appear to work together for double wretchedness, in harmony though not in unison; the one being occupied in keeping up a constant consciousness of present misery, and the other in getting up a busy panorama of misery, absent, yet scarcely less real. He never for an instant forgot where he was, his cell, his bed, the darkness, the iron bars and doors that pent him in, the cold fetter that clutched him fast by the ankle like a claw of steel, and the prison roof which brooded over him. He never ceased to hear the loud and heavy breathing of his companion criminals. Yet all the while he was almost equally conscious of his brother's solitary and desolate journey, bearing on with him evil tidings to agonize, perhaps to kill, his love. He heard the steam engine's bell and whistle, and clamor, redoubled as often as the train of cars passed over one of the rivers which ran between him and his home. He *felt* Edward in the darkness, sitting and slumbering, muffled in his cloak; then saw him, when the cars emerged from the covered way, stirring, looking wearily and drearily out into the night, and then trying to forget himself in sleep again. He saw his arrival, the eager home-like faces springing to doors and windows, to welcome him, and *him*—old Sally, Patrick, Clara, Constance—no! her he would *not* see! As often as the distracting vision reached this point, he started up, threw it off, and cried to God with his moving voiceless lips to save her and him, over and over, many times, before he could lie down again; and then it all began again at the beginning, and went on again towards the same consummation as steadily as the march of Doom; and still, through all, and keeping time to all like the ticking of a metronome, his hard-throbbing heart beat on, and seemed to say two words, Five—years! Five—years!

Those five years, waking or sleeping, he could not get rid of them. The present was to him just five years long. Time seemed to stand still before him, continually facing him with them, and insisting on offering them to him in one huge, bitter, choking solid ball, which was to be swallowed whole, not part at a time. The sense of the whole period appeared to pervade every instant of it, just as the complete magnetic polarity does every particle of a magnet. Every instant he lived, he seemed to live five years.

In the midst of this state, he was suddenly startled by the sound of terrible cries, groans, and prayers for mercy, as he thought, close to his ear. He once more sprang up in bed, and strained his starting eyes to see. He saw only "darkness thickest on that side." He put out his hand, and felt the wall; but the cries grew louder; and his first idea was, that his reason had given way under the weight of his sorrows, and that he was in the first stage of a delirium. This notion was, however, quickly dispelled by the mutterings which he heard between his waking room-mates.

"The devil!" said Spurr; "old Rodrick's at it again, strap and paddle, paddle and strap!"

Herman remembered then that the way had not been long from the guard-room to the cell, and rightly conjectured that they were on opposite sides of the same partition.

"Hush!" whispered Kane. "Keep still, and make believe sleep, and may-be he won't think of us."

The cries, intermingled with the noise of blows and struggles, continued, with short intervals, for about half an hour, after which they yielded to the night-mare stillness of a prison at night. Herman had been, however, thoroughly roused, and dreamed no more.

It was yet dark, when the door was opened, and something was apparently thrust through it; after which, it was shut again with a jarring clang. There was an immediate bustle and scrambling over the other bed, and Spurr in a moment came to Herman's side, saying, in a practiced *sotto voce* undertaker's murmur of his own, which always contrasted oddly with his very unstudied language, "Here, look sharp, younker; grab your grub, and gobble. They'll be arter yer in less nor a quarter of a second, to set ye to slavin."

Herman thanked him in a whisper, sat up, put out his hands, and received in them something that smelt like meat, upon something else, which felt like rough biscuit. "I can eat here, at least, if I cannot sleep," said he to himself; "and I must, or I cannot live five years. Fortunately, this is a matter which my will has some control over."

He bit off a morsel of the slippery fat pork, which slid away out of his fingers when he tried to tear it, broke off a corner of what proved to be a crust of cold corn-bread, and was glad to find himself able to relish his coarse food. He stood in great need of it after his vigils of the night, and his unconscious fast of the day before. "I am strong, and, at this rate, I shall keep up my strength," thought he; "and I can trust to Clara for taking care of Constance. Five years are not forever; we are both healthy, and young, and have probably

As the words passed through his mind, while he ate on mechanically, his teeth suddenly came together through the tough rind of what was like a round mouthful of pork; and his mouth was filled with a cool, disgusting, tasteless jelly.* It was the eye of a hog. In his exhausted state, the discovery almost nauseated him; but he hastily and resolutely took another mouthful, selecting it with greater care, as well as he could in the dark. It proved to be gall, and he was instantly seized with violent sickness. The sleepy, careless negro cook, as sometimes happened afterwards, had by mistake mixed the offal with the rations.

Spurr's stifled merriment knew no bounds. Perhaps the mischance was of his contriving; for he was, though less from malice than from sheer coarseness, a most unfeeling and brutal wag. Kane, however, at once chid him, came to Herman, assisted him, threw his breakfast out of the window, and begged him to share his own. Herman could not swallow a particle of it; but he was grateful for the kindness which pressed it upon him; and somewhat recovered, though still faint and giddy, he left his cell.

In the passage, murky with the morning twilight, he for the first time saw assembled the drove of his fellow-prisoners, from eighty to a hundred in number—a ragged, squalid, evil-looking crew enough. The greater part of them were in chains, some with one passing from one ankle to the waist, others with three, one on each leg, riveted to another passing round their middles, and others ironed in the same manner, but more heavily, with larger chains, fastened to clumsy fetters, which made them walk like bears. Clanking, tramping, jingling, and jangling, they sullenly and slowly formed into distinct packs, and went their several ways, followed or led by their respective drivers; some to the different work-shops and yards attached to the main building; others, marched in double file with one guard in front and two behind, all three, gun in hand, to the neighboring city, to work in the open air, as carpenters, masons, or paviors; and some again in like manner to a quarry for stone. The overseer, meanwhile, made prize of Herman, and appeared much at a loss to know what to do with him; while the latter was in a state of as great uncertainty about what trade he was follow, as he had formerly been about what profession he was to follow. The only difference was, that this time he was to be spared the trouble of choosing.

They passed through a brick yard. Mr. Bush, Herman's present possessor, looked at him, and probably decided that he was of too different a kind of clay from that commonly employed there; at any rate, he went on to the stone-cutting yard, where the work was cleaner, but hard, jarring, and noisy. He took him to the rope-walk, wagon-shop, and carpenter's shop; but, rather to his regret, left him in neither of them, and finally set him down, in the hot, close, weaving-room, to a loom, showed him how to weave coarse bagging, and told him that thirty yards a day would be expected of him, after he had had the remainder of the week to practice himself in the craft. He meant kindly; but he would have done better by Herman if he had put him to sawing wood, if not stone.

This occupation, however, monotonous and mechanical as it soon afterwards became, at first required and absorbed his whole attention, and was so far a relief. Twelve o'clock speedily came, and with it pork and bread-time the second, *alias* dinner-time. The prisoners began to move towards their cells. Just as Herman was congratulating himself on his approaching escape from the close heat and oily smells of the shop, and the prospect of a little rest to his weary brain, dazzled eyes, and aching arms, the overseer stopped him: "Say, Arden, you've been a medicle man, hain't yer?"

Herman took off his cap, as in duty bound, and replied, with a momentary surprise at the fact recalled to him, that he had. It appeared to him that, if true at all, it must have been so in some state of pre-existence, that for one mortal life he had been a prisoner, and for one-half of that, a weaver.

"Then," continued Mr. Bush, "I want yer jest to step this way a second, and look at a fellow's back. Our doctor wa'n't on here last week; an I'm keen to sw'ar he won't come this, nother."

Herman did go to the hospital accordingly, and did look at a fellow's back. It was such a sight as he had never seen before, and such as it is very disgusting and shocking in anybody to describe. Whether it is disgusting and shocking or not to the patient, to present such an appearance, is, we are constantly assured—provided he is a negro—no business of ours. Notwithstanding, as "*humanum nihil a me alienum puto*," I proceed to state that this fellow's back was mortifying and putrescent in the middle, and on the edges livid, variegated, and sprinkled with a few dark raised spots like kernels of burnt coffee.

"What has happened to him?" said Herman, turning from it somewhat confounded, in spite of all his previous experiences.

"Wall," said the overseer, putting a quid in his mouth, and his hands in his pockets, "Nothin; on'y he's been paddled, an hain't got over it quite as well as war to be expected."

The sufferer was but a youth. He had blue eyes and straight, fair hair. He appeared to Herman to be white; but in slave States, distinctions of color exist less to the eye than to the mind, and it is difficult to discriminate. He might have been only an *inviable black*. It did not occur to Herman to inquire; because as a physiologist he had not ascertained that the nerves of negroes were less sensitive than those of men properly so called; and because, as a psychologist, he would have supposed that the sufferings of a negro slave under the circumstances might be, at least in one respect, even more severe than those of a man in durance merely for a limited term of years, since the latter might reasonably expect in the course of his mortal life to get beyond the power of his tormentors.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the National Era.—[Copyright secured.]

THE SHAMROCK;

OR,

RECOLLECTIONS OF IRELAND.

BY SLOW JAMIE.

A DREAM.

Dear sister, when a quiet night
Had closed a weary day,
And soft refreshing sleep had chased
Tormenting care away,

Light fancy took me on her wing
Across the stormy main,
To visit Erin's sloping hills,
And breathe her air again.

Once more I heard the lavrock sing,
I heard the tuneful thrush,
I saw the magpie's nest amidst
The fragrant hawthorn bush.

The cuckoo on the holly tree
Discoursed it loud and free,
Where first you stood, one summer eve,
To hear his song with me.

Our early playmates sported round,
Our parents smiled once more,
And little Zimpo's bark announced
The beggar at the door.

It little then occurred to me
That these were far away;
And some, alas, the dearest, too,
Reposing 'neath the clay!

The woodbine blossomed in the hedge,
Its balmy sweet to yield;
The modest daisy reared its head,
To deck the grassy field.

And yet no wild ecstatic joy
Disturbed the throbbing breast;
A pleasing calmness, shed around,
Composed the soul to rest.

Was ever harmony so sweet?
Was ever scene so fair?
The morning broke—the pleasing dream
[illegible]

CHAPTER I.

The Writer—Some Advantages in Being Slow—Ireland Waking Up—Thirty Years Ago.

I was always remarkably slow. When I was a little boy, my mother would say, "Try and be a wee thing smerter." It was my father's frequent complaint, "Jamie is powerful slow. I would rather do a thing myself, than see him at it." At school, the teacher would say, "Be quick, be quick," in sharper tones than usual. After I grew up, the neighbors used to say, jocosely, "We will send you for sorrow." My wife used to exclaim, "What would I not give to put a little life in you? If ever a poor mortal was tormented with a slow husband, it is I."

All this annoyed more than a little; but I knew it was about the truth, and I had to swallow it down. Sometimes I tried to move round as brisk as my neighbors, but I soon forgot myself, and fell back into the old gait. My mind partook of the character of my body. It took me long to learn my lesson, and longer still to recite it.

There are few evils in this world unaccompanied by some compensating advantage. In my case there were many. The slowness with which I took up ideas fixed them permanently in my mind. With secret satisfaction I began to hear them say, "Give Jamie his time, and he will tell his story as well as any of them." And the frequent remark, "Well, boy, I would gi'e a good dale for sich a maimory as you hae," took the edge off hints otherwise cutting.

I relished boyish sports very well, but my sluggish temperament made me a dull playfellow; while my fondness for knowledge and quiet deportment made me a general favorite with the old. Sympathy soon drew me from the company of my equals to that of my seniors. I listened to their anecdotes, and, when encouraged, took part in their conversation. In return, they gave me credit for a better disposition than I possessed, and talents that never were mine. Before I was twelve years of age, the disparaging cognomen of *Slow Jamie* had given place to the more venerable name of *Grandaddy*, and, with scarce a mediocrity of talents, I was considered an oracle among schoolboys.

It was no advantage to enjoy a spurious popularity, but it was an advantage to have the mind stored with the ideas and anecdotes of the old, and to have the scenes of my childhood daguerreotyped on my memory, especially as I left Ireland at an early age, and do not wish to forget my native isle.

Although it is scarcely twenty-seven years since I left the green island, yet since that time great changes have taken place in the customs, manners, and condition of the people. Her insulated condition, the poverty of the inhabitants, and her anomalous political state, kept Ireland half a century behind the times. In Scotland and England, in Australia and India, in these United States and the Canadas, her sons acquired a reputation, and accumulated fortunes, but they generally ended their days in their adopted country, and seldom returned to diffuse among their countrymen at home that spirit of energy and enterprise which they had caught abroad.

In 1798 she made a convulsive effort for freedom, but it was a total failure. The only result was, that some of her most worthy citizens, along with many profligate ones, were executed as rebels, and her national Legislature was consolidated with the Imperial Parliament. Her aristocracy now resided generally in England, and drained away her resources in the form of rents. This reduced the price of produce some, and of labor more. At that time, however, the evil was unfelt, for the feverish excitement resulting from the wars with Napoleon and the profuse policy of Pitt gave a strange impulse to business. Prices, although lower than in England, were still unusually high. Whoever could not get employment at home, easily found a place in the army or navy. Farmers paying an extravagant rent to the nobility could still make a great profit. Under-renters charged four pounds sterling ($20) for the summer pasture of a single cow, yet such was the price of butter, that it was an easy rate. Land agents appraised their masters of this, and received orders to raise the rent of land accordingly. Whenever a lease fell out, double the former rates was asked, and eagerly given, for they could still make a good profit.

This state of things continued ten or fifteen years, and then followed the terrible reaction. Napoleon was sent to St. Helena. Soldiers were discharged, generally without a pension, and returned with dissipated habits, loose morals, and broken constitutions, to be a burden on their friends. Prices immediately fell, but rents kept up, while window tax, hearth tax, dog tax, &c., crushed the small farmers with a killing weight. Ireland, it is true, bore no more than her part with England; but a large tax is easier for the rich than a small one for the poor. All classes were forced immediately to retrench their expenses. But there was a class even in that prosperous time who could retrench but very little, and still live. Hundreds and thousands, with the utmost economy and steadiest industry, had to stint themselves in the coarsest fare; and hundreds more, hiring out their able-bodied sons, and taking their younger children by their side, left their mud-walled cots forever, to beg their pittance from door to door.

Time heals all things. The consolidation of the kingdoms, at first an evil, resulted in some good. It extended English laws over Ireland. It induced more intercourse between the two kingdoms, which was beneficial to both, but especially to the smallest and darkest. Both deceptive prosperity and real distress called out the energies of the people. While O'Connell and his compatriots were agitating in the south or thundering in the British Parliament for a repeal of the union, another class of men in the north were laboring to promote popular education. For the first time, in a long period, the public mind seemed to have leisure for intellectual pursuits. Lately, the grand question seemed to be, "How shall we live?" Before that, it was, how shall we get rich? and still before that, how shall we be free? Now, liberty seemed to be forgotten, riches were out of the question, yet, without unusual exertion, men could supply the common wants of the body. So they thought of wisdom. The poorest tried to have their children educated. Men who could not read a word bought books to have their neighbors read aloud to them when they dropped in. And a number of farmers would club together to take a weekly newspaper, or send to Scotland for books which could not be obtained at home. The influence of this change was soon felt in all the affairs of life and in every department of society. It softened the manners, it improved the agriculture, it gave a higher tone to the morality. The old literature of songs and tradition gave place to books and papers. As far as I can learn from correspondence and conversation, the last thirty years have been as fruitful of changes in Ireland as in the woods of Pennsylvania.

Spending my childhood in Ireland at this time, and possessing the facilities already mentioned, it may not be uninteresting to make a few sketches of what I saw and heard. In these I will touch at the minutest incidents, and tell the most trifling stories, but I will mention nothing which, in my opinion, does not bear on the character of the times and people. I will relate nothing but what I know to be strictly true without mentioning its doubtful authenticity. And as I am far removed, both as to time and place, it will hurt no one's feelings to give the real names of the actors.

CHAPTER II.

First Going to School.

I was born in the year 1825, on the banks of the river Bann, two miles from Rathfriland, in county Down. "Ban" in Celtic signifies handsome, and the river well deserved the name. Its clear waters flowed along a pebbly bed. The active pike and spotted trout sported in its stream. Its sloping banks waved the whole summer long with green corn, (oats,) which in that cool climate is sown in April, and harvested in September or October. Its holmes (flats) were white with webs of fine linen, bleaching for the foreign market. And the graceful swan, venturing up from Lough Neagh, sometimes [illegible]

Rathfriland was a market town. The first syllable, "Rath," indicates that it was once the residence of a Celtic chief, and the ruins of an old fort or castle points to the same fact.

As far back as I can remember, I had two elder brothers, Hugh and William, attending school, with a teacher named McIlwain. When they would return, my inquiry often was, "Wur ye bate much the day, William?" "O, ay," was the common answer, "when I wud be done sayin ma lesson, the masther wud tek me up and bate me till ye wud hear me cryin at Debby Hanna's." Where Debby Hanna lived I did not know, but I supposed it was at least a quarter of a mile from the school; and I would not go to him. At length, through the exertion of the Kildare Place Society in Dublin, the common schools were placed on a better footing, and Mr. McIlwain had to yield his place to James Moore.

The first morning he came to school, my father took me on his back, and started with my two brothers for the school. Every man he met, he asked, "Is the new marster come yet?" till the uniform answer, "Ay," assured me that all was right, for I was under serious apprehensions that the old one might be there yet. But now I got in high spirits, as well I might, for my pockets were full of hard oaten cake. I had a handsome paddle, with the alphabet pasted on it, and I had some idea my father would stay with me all day. In this expectation I was doomed to a grievous disappointment; but it was not the only disappointment I experienced, both in school and out of it.

The school-house was a respectable slate-covered brick building, with an earthen floor. Long desks, with seats attached to them, reached from one side of the house to the other, merely leaving room enough at one end for a walk all along one side of the house. One end of the school-house contained an open space for recitation, with a fire-place, and a desk for the teacher. Each class occupied a single long desk; and there they sat, in the order of merit, the best scholar sitting next the aisle, and the worst next the wall. Whenever he called a class, it filed out, went up to the teacher's desk, and recited. Whoever missed a word, and was corrected by another, yielded his place to his superior. Returning, the lower end of the class took the lead, and entered the seat first. Books, slates, pencils, and paper, were supplied by the school, and the price included in the school bill, or perhaps it came from a public fund.

All this was a great improvement on the old system, when every boy brought his own book, and brought whatever book he pleased. It was a happy thing that novels were scarcer then than now, or they would have been the principal school-books. A few brought primers and spelling-books, some brought Bibles and Testaments, and far more brought ballads or story books. It was nothing unusual to bring the Westminster Catechism to school; first learn the letters in it, then spell and read it through, and afterwards commit it to memory. I knew one man who did so, and, having changed his creed, it was his great delight to argue against its doctrines, yet it was evident he never understood them.

If the teacher could find enough with one book to form a class, he might do so; but commonly they recited one by one. They carried the independent principle so far in some schools, that every boy brought his own seat, if he had one to bring; and if he had none, he could sit on the floor. When they learned to write, a board placed across the knees served for a writing desk. Whoever had an inkstand, held it in his left hand; and whoever had none, borrowed from his neighbor, sometimes walking across the floor for every pen-full of ink. Every scholar studied aloud; the one that was reciting spoke a little louder, and the teacher loudest—so that the school-room sometimes resembled a miniature tempest.

But although our system was a great improvement on this, still I found it a woful, weary business, going to school. There we sat, six long hours, without noon or recess. If any one were hungry, he might eat a bite at any time. By asking permission, he might go out; but that permission was only granted once or twice a day, and that but tardily. It is true we got walking up to the teacher's seat five times a day, which was a great relief; but there was no mental exercise, such as questions in arithmetic, to call our minds into play, nothing but the dry spelling, and at that time I did not know of what use it was. To have any communication, or even to look off our books, was a punishable offence—a rule which was either enforced or neglected, according to the leisure of the teacher.

Like all other inhabitants of the Green Isle in those days, our teacher was fond of the *craythur;* but, unlike many of them, he was of a gentler mood when drunk than sober. Then, and then only, he had his jokes, and we our laughs; but as he was a respectable young man, and a member of the Presbyterian church, that occurred but seldom, and we were sorry for it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAR IN EUROPE—FINANCE AND STRATEGY.

The following article is taken from the London *Economist*, and is full of the most valuable facts and suggestions:

It is somewhat remarkable that Europe is now, in 1859, apparently on the eve of a war, of which the basis is the possession of the Italian States by Austria under the treaty of 1814, and that just thirty years ago a European war was on the eve of bursting forth, because of the operation of the same treaties in relation to Belgium and Holland. In October of the year in which the French revolution in July drove from France the elder branch of the Bourbons restored by the Holy Alliance, the Belgians broke out into hostilities against the Dutch King for his many attempted oppressions, and repulsed him from Brussels. Europe ran to arms at once, but a "conference" was held at London by the Envoys of Austria, France, Great Britain, Prussia, and Russia, and a protocol dated November 4, 1830, issued, ordering the Dutch and Belgian troops to retire respectively behind the line which, before the treaty of May 30, 1814, separated Holland from those that were added to it by said treaty.

This line was to the last degree indefinite, and the Belgians replied that they would conform, understanding the line to be the whole left bank of the Scheldt, the ancient limits between the northern and southern provinces. The limits were finally fixed by the Holy Alliance by giving to Holland the left bank of the Scheldt and Limbourg, which had been ceded by Holland to Belgium in 1795, in return for portions of ancient Belgium. The alliance, however, let Holland keep both, and compelled Belgium to submit, on the true Holy Alliance principle, which, in breaking up the Empire of Napoleon for divison among the forty thieves, gave every one possession of another's back door. The same conference decided the "perpetual neutrality" of Belgium. The question now is not to rob one small State for the benefit of another, but to make Austria give up its possession of the "back door" of Italy, and to keep out of its neighbor's lot. The attempt again brings Europe under arms; again a war à l'outrance threatens possibly to be settled as other wars have been between the Loire and the Garonne. The contending Powers are not now feeble States that may be spanked into silence, but Titans that move the world.

A grave question here arises, what will be the effect of the military system of Napoleon, now that that system has passed into the knowledge and possession of all the belligerents? It was not until towards the close of the career of Napoleon, and the appearance of the great work of the Baron de Jomini, that either writers or soldiers would admit that the great conqueror had any system. The conqueror and his conquests have passed away. The humbler of kings reposes beneath the dome of the Invalides. The English oligarchy restored him to the arms of France from the rock where he was left round the knee of the impenetrable Austria, followed his eagles to the humbling of Russia, their "ancient ally," who now joins them in backing those eagles against Austria, their other ally, and millions of men are marshalling apparently to recommence that great game which laid Europe at the feet of Napoleon by means of the discovery his genius has made.

The military art has two grand divisions, "tactics" and "strategies," in relation to which military writers have never been very clear, until the distinction was well defined by the great master. Briefly, tactics are the manual of the troops—the forming of columns, of lines, of squares, advancing, retreating, &c.; strategy, the knowing how and when to use masses of men who have been taught tactics. There is a tactic of companies, a tactic of regiments, of infantry, of cavalry, of artillery, &c. There is also a distinction in strategy—that of battles, or in presence of the enemy, was pretty well understood before Napoleon. Frederick the Great was master of it, and from him it received great improvements. It was reserved for Napoleon, however, to develop the "*grande strategique*," or mode of directing armies at a distance from the enemy. In this respect he made a revolution similar to that which Copernicus made in astronomy.

In the case of the strategy of battles, the leading principle is, that when a force drawn up in long thin lines, as has been the case since the introduction of fire-arms, is attacked in the direction of the smaller dimensions of the line—that is, on its flank, it is almost sure to be defeated, unless the extraordinary activity of the commander and resolution of the troops compensate for the disadvantage. The reason is, that the attacked line is compelled to change position under fire, an operation fatal for young troops. It resulted from this that the central position was the dangerous one—that to occupy the circumference of the circle was for an army like being to windward of an enemy in naval warfare. Old commanders assumed that what was true in actual combat was true also at a distance. It was assumed, that if a German army had an enemy on each flank within cannon shot, it was lost, and that its position was no better if one enemy was in Italy, and the other in Holland.

The First Consul discovered, that if by secrecy and celerity of movement, and promptness of execution, the central army could concentrate on one of the enemies before being interrupted by the other, it had the best position. It was mainly the development of this principle that conquered Europe. It was only when his enemies had become acquainted with it, by having it knocked into them, that they applied the remedy of retreating before them. This discovery of Napoleon has gone far to decide the ultimate independence of nations, since it demonstrates that an aroused people occupy the favorable position in respect of attacking enemies. Invaded Italy, for instance, could unite concentrically into masses far superior to the separate masses of surrounding Austrians. The celerity and vigor with which Austrian troops are now being poured into Italy is to forestall the Italians in that movement.

The change in strategy wrought by Napoleon was, however, not his only peculiarity, but it was supported by the marvellous genius by which he applied his theory of the "grandes chances," or chances in the long run. It was a theory that could have occurred only to an extensive dealer in war. It consisted in so projecting a campaign that a battle won shall be more ruinous to his enemy than four lost ones would be to himself. The campaign of Marengo is an illustration. The unfortunate old Melas was seduced into the corner of Italy to besiege Genoa, which was at the bottom of the sort of tunnel formed by the Alps on his right and the Appennines on his left. Napoleon crossed the Alps in his rear, and so disposed his troops that defeat was annihilation for Melas, while six defeats would be required to drive the French from his line of march. The campaigns of Austerlitz and Wagram are also brilliant examples of this operation.

The surprising ingenuity displayed in the mode of concentrating the right description of force was a feature also of Napoleon's warfare. Thus at one time the cavalry was raised to 90,000 men, of whom 30,000 were without horses, but obtained them in the hour of victory from the defeated enemy. A result of the system of Napoleon is