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Pass Under the Rod.

BY MRS. DANA.

I saw a young bride, in her beauty and pride,
Bedecked in her snowy array;
And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek,
And the future looked blooming and gay,
And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart
At the shrine of idolatrous love,
And she anchored her hopes to this perishing earth,
By the chain which her tenderness wove.
But I saw when those heartstrings were bleeding and torn,
And the chain had been severed in two,
She had changed her white robes for the sables of grief,
And her blooms for the paleness of woe!
But the Healer was there, pouring balm on her heart,
And wiping the tears from her eyes;
He strengthened the chain he had broken in twain,
And fastened it firm to the skies!
There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice of her God—
'I love thee, I love thee—pass under the rod!'

I saw a young mother in tenderness bend
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy;
And she kissed the soft lips as they murmured her name,
While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.
Oh! sweet as the rosebud encircled with dew,
When its fragrance is flung on the air,
So fresh and so bright to that mother he seemed,
As he lay in his innocence there.
But I saw, when she gazed on the same lovely form,
Pale as marble, and silent and cold;
But paler and colder her beautiful boy;
And the tale of her sorrow was told!
But the Healer was there, who had stricken her heart,
And taken her treasure away;
To allure her to heaven, he has placed it on high,
And the mourner will sweetly obey.
There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice of her God—
'I love thee, I love thee—pass under the rod!'

I saw a father and mother who leaned
On the arm of a dear gifted son,
And the star in the future grew bright to their gaze,
As they saw the proud place he had won.
And the fast coming events of life promised fair,
And its pathway grew smooth to their feet,
And the light of love glimmered bright at the thought,
And the whispers of fancy were sweet.
And I saw them again bending low o'er the grave,
Where their hearts' dearest hopes had been laid,
And the star had gone down in the darkest of night,
And the joy from their bosoms had fled.
But the Healer was there, and his arms were around,
And he led them with tenderest care;
And he showed them a star in the bright upper world—
'Twas their star shining brilliantly there!
They had each heard a voice—'twas the voice of their God—
'I love thee, I love thee—pass under the rod!'

No clue has been obtained regarding the whereabouts of the robbers of the train on the Union and Pacific Railroad on Tuesday last. Of the money stolen, $40,000 was consigned to Wells, Fargo & Co., New York, and $20,000 to the New York National Bank of Commerce. The money stolen from the passengers aggregated nearly $2,000.

Daniel H. Chamberlain.

The New York Sun says that ex-Governor Chamberlain speaks the truth when he says that the confession of Niles G. Parker contains no new charge of importance against him.—Parker's story of the transactions by which a ring of rascals loaded South Carolina with a fraudulent debt of more than twenty million dollars has a certain value, however, for it corroborates the charges made before he was Governor, and repeated with some persistency during a period covering several years. He had assumed the role of a reformer, and standing forth in a mantle of fraudulent honesty, he had the audacity to to denounce the ring of carpet bag thieves of which he had been and still was the master spirit.

Like the other carpet baggers concerned in the wholesale robbery of the State, Daniel H. Chamberlain lacked both money and principles when he went a needy adventurer from the North. Unlike his pals, he was a shrewd, clear headed and far-sighted man, with the manners of a gentleman and the intellectual habits of a scholar. Being incomparably the ablest of the lot, he was by far the most dangerous. He soon mastered the vulgar thieves around him, and became the acknowledged brains of the ring. When the history of events in South Carolina for the ten years following the war is adequately written, the pluck, perseverance and executive force of the New England lawyer will command a certain kind of admiration, notwithstanding the base uses to which he applied these qualities.

It is not often that a man of Chamberlain's brains writes himself down a thief, even in confidential communications with his confederates, and yet the following letter, written by him to Niles G. Parker during the progress of the great bond steal under Scott's administration, fastens this conclusion upon him:

"Sept. 23, 1870.

"Dear P.: Yours of the 21st came to me this evening. I was glad, indeed, to hear from you, and especially that the finances now promise to weather the storm. I have no doubt it was well to defer the 'statement' until October.

"There is no special news here.—For a few days we have had fears of an outbreak in Laurens and Newberry, but we hear, yesterday, that the danger is over.

"About the United States Senatorship, I don't know what to say. I know very well that it is, in every way, better for me to remain where I am for the rest of my term. Still, I am called a candidate already, and my position is just this: If my friends wish me to become a candidate, for the sake of keeping the party from going over to negropholism, I will stand; but, if no such need exists, I should prefer to remain where I am. What the chances are I have no means of guessing now. I will serve my friends in any way in my power, and especially you.

"Do the commissions foot up pretty well? Eh!!! Regards to K. Yours faithfully, Chamberlain.

This is the famous document which Elliott produced in the Republican Convention last year, and read that portion relating to "negropholism," hoping to excite the negro members against the renomination of Chamberlain, and by means of which he forced Chamberlain to permit Dunn and himself to have places on the ticket. Parker says that he sold this letter and two others to Dunn for $4,000. The "K." referred to just after the exulting allusion to the division of spoils is Kimpton, Chamberlain's classmate in college, and subsequently the agent chosen by him to sell and hypothecate in the New York market the fraudulent bonds issued by the million by the Confederates at Columbia.

The Sun claims to have in its possession a letter written by Chamberlain to Kimpton in the early part of the same year, and which affords still stronger evidence of his guilt.—Several of the thieves now under indictment for other crimes had devised a colassal scheme for stealing the entire railroad system of South Carolina. The handle which presented itself most conveniently was the Greenville and Columbia Railroad. While the details of the jobs were under discussion Chamberlain wrote as follows to Kimpton in New York:

"Office of the Attorney General, Columbia S, C., January 5, 1870.

"My Dear Kimpton: Parker arrived last evening, and spoke of the G. & C. matter, &c. I told him that I had just written you fully on that matter, and also about the old B'k Bills.

"Do you understand fully the plan of the G. & C. enterprise? It is proposed to buy $350,000 worth of the G. & C. stock. This, with the $433,000 of stock held by the State, will give entire control to us. The Laurens Branch will be sold in February by decree of court, and will cost not more than $50,000, and probably not more than $40,000. The Spartanburg and Union can also be got without difficulty. We shall then have in G. & C. 168 miles, in Laurens 31, and in S. & U. 70 miles—in all 269 miles—equipped and running. Put a first mortgage of $20,000 on this, sell the bonds at 80 or 90, and the balance after paying all outlays for cost and repairs is immense, over $2,0000,000. There is a mint of money in this—or I am a fool.

"Then we will soon compel the S. C. R. R. to fall into our hands and complete the connection to Asheville, N. C.

"There is an indefinite vergo for expansion of power before us.

"Write me fully and tell me of anything you want done. My last letter was very full.

"Harrison shall be attended to at once.

"I don't think Neagle will make any trouble. Parker hates Neagle and magnifies his intentions.

Yours truly,

"D. H. Chamberlain."

That a shrewd man and a lawyer permitted himself to put upon paper so clear a confession of villiany would be almost incredible had we not that confession in his own handwriting.—Here is the Attorney General of the State, paid to protect the State's interest and to prosecute offenders against the State's laws, conspiring to rob stockholders of their property, defraud the State of its dues, and enrich himself and his confederates at the expense of the taxpayers. The enormity of the proposition is shown by the sequel. The "G. & C." part of the "enterprise" was subsequently carried out. Without paying a dollar out of their own pockets, Kimpton, (representing Chamberlain) Cardozo, Niles G. Parker, Waterman, Scott's brother-in-law, Honest John Patterson, J. L. Neagle, ex-Comptroller General, and the notorious Tim Harley, got possession of the property, and then sold out to their own great profit. It is a little curious that Parker, who is now anxious to turn State's evidence, figures in this letter as apprehensive that Neagle might turn traitor and betray the precious crew.

Two men were riding in the cars the other morning, when one asked the other if he had a pleasant place of residence. 'Yes,' was the reply; 'we have seven nice large rooms over a store.' 'Over a store! I shouldn't think that would be a quiet place.'—'Oh! it is quiet enough. The folks don't advertise.'

Hayes and Morton.

Cincinnati, Sept. 13.—The interview at Richmond to day between President Hayes and Senator Morton was very affecting. When the President and party arrived several of the Senator's immediate household were in his room, conversing and reading to him. After a short interval the President alone was admitted to the sick room. Upon his entering Mrs. Morton and Governor Burbank retired, leaving the two to converse in the presence of Dr. Thompson alone. The President became at once deeply affected, and advancing to the beside took the Senator's hand in his and addressing him in affectionate terms stooped over and kissed him on the forehead. Mr. Morton addressed the President by name and spoke his gratification at seeing him there. The President replied that not only had he been very anxious for the Senator's welfare during his illness, but he had found the feeling general throughout the country. Governor Morton said he had indeed been near death's door, but he now felt better, and believed that he was on the way to recovery. "I now expect," said he, "to take my seat in Congress in December next, and to warmly and earnestly support your administration." The President seemed deeply affected by this. Mr. Morton continued speaking in a hopeful strain, referring to the condition of the country at large. To the President's account of the cordial greetings he had received in his recent travels in New England and the evidences of returning prosperity that he had seen, he listened with evident interest. The Senator grew so interested in the conversation and showed such signs of growing excitement that Dr. Thompson asked that the interview be brought to a close. "Yes," replied the President, "it is better that I should go, and go at once," and taking the Senator's hand he again kissed him and bowed himself out of the room. The interview lasted about fifteen minutes, and Dr. Thompson, from whom the above account is gathered, says it was extremely sympathetic and cordial.—The President remarked subsequently that he had not expected to find the Senator looking so well. 'I feel,' said he, 'as though he will certainly recover and take his place in the Senate.' After the departure of the President's party Senator Morton fell into a quiet sleep, and it is believed he will experience no ill effect from the interview.

London, Sept. 20.—The Times, editorially commenting on President Hayes's Southern, tour, says: "In little more than half a year the President has succeeded in beating down a compact mass of prejudices and in allaying a host of conflicting passions. The visible triumph of his policy is now being assured. He he has this week begun a journey through the Southern States, which is intended to show that the work of pacification is not far from completion. The Federal Government has no intention of interfering in the local administration of the Southern States; the Southern States have no desire to disturb the great achievements of the civil war which have been embodied in the constitutional amendments. The removal of the objects of contention makes it easy to re-establish friendly relations between people who respect each other, and the sympathetic meeting of the President and General Hampton is an omen of the coming time when the North and South will no longer be separated by the lines of division which the civil war had traced."

"All true educational culture is religious culture."—Joseph Alden, D. D.

[From the Ninety-Six Guardian.]

The Last Encampment.

In the month of April, 1865, when the closing scenes of the great drama of our civil war were being enacted, and the nation which had known such a brief but brilliant life was in its death throes, Colonel Thomas, now of the Carolina Military Institute, Professor Sams, now of the Spartanburg High School, Professor Norris now practicing law at Edgefield, C. H., and Professor Patrick, now of Greenville High School, were in command of the cadets of the State Military School, who, together with a company of recruits, had been mustered into the service of the Confederate States, and were encamped in Greenville.

Some time during the latter part of the month, if we are rightly informed, this command of one hundred and twenty youthful soldiers struck tents and started for a hasty march down the railroad toward Columbia. The upper part of the State was then beginning to swarm with United States soldiers, and when Colonel Thomas' command reached the neighborhood of Williamston, while taking a rest of a few minutes by the roadside, they were charged upon and fired into by a party of the enemy's cavalry. Taken completely by surprise, and aroused suddenly from sleep, it is not to be wondered that the boys were thrown into confusion, but a goodly number of them quickly rallied and returned the fire, unseating some of the horsemen and repulsing the charge. They then pressed on, marching at the rate of about thirty miles a day, until they reached Ninety-Six. On arriving here, some fellow, with a little more temerity than the rest, gave expression to the universal feeling among them, that to continue longer as an organized Confederate command was not only useless, but dangerous, by calling out from the ranks: "Come, boys, let's go home;" whereupon Col. Thomas gave a severe rebuke in the form of a stirring, patriotic speech, and called upon all who were willing to remain with him to step to the front, with the assurance that any who did not come forward would be permitted to go home.—Unlike Gideon's army, they all, to a man, stood the test and stepped forward. Col. Thomas then marched them into the woods on the south side of the Kate Fowler branch, and went into camp, on the very spot where the writer now lives, within the incorporate limits of Ninety-Six.

So far as we know, this was the last encampment of organized Confederate soldiers this side of the Mississipi. If so, to the State Cadets and the recruits connected with them belongs the honor of having been the last command of the Confederacy, and to Ninety Six was granted the privilege of furnishing the last camping ground for this gallant little band.

Several of the citizens urged Col. Thomas to disband the command and send them home, as it was needless task for him to continue to hold them together; but, soldier like, he waited for orders. Finally, some time in May, perhaps a month or more after General Lee's surrender, Colonel Thomas became satisfied that all the Confederate authorities were either captured or across the Mississipi, and that it was utterly vain to wait longer for orders, marched his little command to Newberry, and there disbanded them.

If any who may read these lines should know any further facts connected with this subject, or any facts contradictory of the statements here in made, we would be very glad to have them.

Since the above was written, we learn that Col. Thomas did not determine to disband until he reached Newberry, and that he remained there a day or two before doing so.

L. B.

Greatness in a Hovel.—Gorney Studen is a wretched village of a few hundred inhabitants, says the London Times, the Turkish quarter being on one hill and the Bulgarian on the opposite height. The former is deserted by its proprietors and the houses have been unroofed by soldiers to get at the wooden rafters, fuel being scarce in northern Bulgaria. The only building remaining in this part of the village is occupied by the Emperor of All the Russias. It is built of unburnt clay bricks, and its low roof covered with rough tiles. Here in this hovel the Autocrat passes his days and nights, anxiously awaiting news from his various armies in the field. There is no pomp surrounding this humble Imperial residence; two Cirassians of the Guard with drawn sabres were when I first saw it all that stood between the Czar and the outside world. A short distance from the house is a large tent, where the Emperior dines at six with his staff and invited guests. On the opposite side of the little street or road is the tent of Gen. Ignatieff.

The Louisville Courier Journal, describing the manner in which the appearance of Gov. Hampton was greeted in that city, says: "The President, as has been his custom, introduced most of the speakers himself, and next brought forward Governor Wade Hampton, whom he referred to as a noble patriotic man. The enthusiam on Hampton's appearance was most intense. It might be said to have reached fever heat. It was fearfully contagious. To the observer it looked as if the crowd intended to keep cheering him for an hour. Cheer after cheer rent the air, and again and again was it repeated. Until finally the crowd must have become exhausted and was compelled to quit. The gallant South Carolina Governor was overwhelmed by the exhibition of kindness and even devotion to him. At last he was given an opportunity to proceed."

One of the gentlemen who welcomed the President to Chattanooga was a colored clergyman who made a speech which contained mixed metaphors of a very surprising character. Mr. Milton, the preacher in question, said: "Our country has gone through long years of anxiety, perplexity and unrest, causing the great body of the nation, as it were, to bleed at every pore, her great heart at times to nearly suspend its pulsation, and the body to dispair of life; but 'the stone which the builders rejected has become the head of the corner.' That stone, polished with divine excellence, took the shape of an American sun, and rose on the 4th of March last as the Chief Executive of the nation, and began, while yet just above the horizon, to shed its rays over this vast domain."

A Tarboro (N. C.) negro, under trial for larceny, made the following argument in his own defense: "Mister Judge, I clar 'fore God I never stole nothin' in my life, 'cepten' a pig-tail at hog-killin' time from my ole missus, when I was a boy, and Mister Judge, I shall never forgit my punishment. She sowed dat pig tail to my breeches behind, and when company would come she would make me come out and shake myself so dat tail would switch, and Mister Judge, I felt so mean and got so tired of dat pig tail dat I never stole nothin sense. Dat's a fac." He got three years in the State prison.

A St. Louis reviewer wrote an article entitled "Martin Luther—Diet of Worms," and the compositor set it up, "Martin Luther died of worms."