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UR WOMEN IN THE WAR.

CONTRABAND CONSCIENCE.

GIRL'S ADVENTURES WITHIN AND BEYOND THE LINES.

s. M. V. Rives, of Portsmouth, Va., in Charleston Weekly News.

Strange times those of '63 and '64. ut in, hemmed in from the rest of the orld, Norfolk and Portsmouth seemed be guarded by sentinels, at their most portant inroads, which could only be ssed by those loyal to the Union. Said yalty had no reference to conscience, r those that could be bought were pecially loyal—a kind of superlative yalty. Into the hands of such people usiness had drifted, and the best and arest of the citizens held aloof. The oiling cauldron, a seething mass, the um uppermost, was a true type of those rbulent times; though the froth was pmost, the unseen force held the heat. hat hidden force had its heart-centre in e front ranks of Virginia's battleround, and where heart-strings are twined woman will do and dare. heir sufferings and privations can never e adequately told, or the ways and means ey devised to aid their loved ones.

I once saw a lady dressed as follows: er feet encased in men's No. 7 boots, nd in them tucked the gray breeches tended for her husband; hoops and full irts were worn in those days, and her irts were made of double width flannel be remodelled into shirts; over all a pacious gray cloak, style known as Arab, arranged that no scissors had marred s length or breadth in order to make it hapely for the present wearer, and which as intended for the soldier's coat; a an's felt hat, wired and shaped and dorned with ribbons and feathers, completed the outfit. With her own wardobe in a trunk that had stood inspection, he obtained a pass to visit in the country, nd went South to clothe her husband. o this woman plotted and planned, luded the sentinels, dared the dangers o aid her loved one. Was she blameorthy?

The soldier on the tented field slept ot less weary than those wives and sisters home, who hourly expected their ouses to be searched, ransacked from arret to cellar. Sacred relics polluted y the vandal touch—family letters and ecords, reverent and holy, that belonged o the dead, were carried off, and women ho had the spirit to resent the intrusion ften insulted. One instance I will ention: The guards stopped in front f the porch where the ladies, inmates of he house, were sitting one summer's vening, in the twilight's dusk, no lamps aving been lighted. The soldier said e had orders to search the house.

"We can not keep you from it, or we ould," replied the lady of the house.

"Well, madam, since it is to be done, e would like to have lights."

"You can rest assured, sir, that I'll not urnish such. If you want lights, you et them; you shall not have mine."

So to the nearest grocery they hied to uy their candles and proceeded with heir work. They did not tame the omen, who defied them at their every urn.

Women endured many things, and had o brace themselves for these emergenies, and hide by dint and cunning what hey wished to save. They proved equal o the occasion.

"IN THE TALONS OF THE EAGLE."

As to conscience in those days, I dare ay it was a contraband article. Woe be o those who possessed one; they had to tand up valiantly and suffer for it, for hose New England Puritans whose "freedom to worship God" applied only o those who worshipped as they did, and anished Roger Williams at the outset, lictated our thanksgivings and prayers. Churches were locked, and the little and, denied access, sent up their petiions and praise on the green sward inside he church enclosure, led by Rev. Isaac Handy, who was soon "in bonds" for the laring. Our own Methodist tabernacle as shut, and the minister banished, ecause it did not strike the cymbals hen Atlanta fell. St. Mary's, in Norolk, refused daringly a direct command o hold service. The defiant answer from he priest was, that "he'd see his church n flames first." Father Ryan heads the ist of a long rool of true Southrons of he same faith. The name of Plunkett leams in the galaxy.

We "Secesh Rebs" were indeed a defiant set and contrived many ways to get letters from our fathers, brothers and weethearts while in the lion's clutches. forgot; it was not a lion, for that elongs to Johnnie Bull; it was the talons of the eagle. But we felt the same respect for it as awarded the buzzard—hey were so much alike just then.

Imagine a scene of those days: The loor-bell rings; you admit a lady with, perchance, the exquisite feeling of hopeul expectancy, or sometimes a dull thud of premonition; scarcely a word is uttered if a servant is passing; some slight allusion is made to the weather. Then—"Are we quite alone? no one listening?" Ah, the caution! "Go and see. No one at the door? none at this? All right; here is a letter from Dixie. If you wish to send reply send to my house," giving directions, "after nightfall. One dollar, good money, postage." Thanks expressed and the "Femail" carrier leaves you to your letter of tears or joy. A big gun was fired by some Yankee general if one was caught receiving a letter, then came imprisonment and confiscation of property; if any one blockade running, carried the mail, the penalty was death. No wonder we were watchful even though we dared it.

Who wouldn't dare it? You, mother, with your first-born on the battlefield, his curly locks perhaps gray now. "Hold still," the sages say; "don't move when one's hand is in the lion's mouth; keep quiet." Wouldn't you stretch that hand to receive tidings from that boy, if the lion shut down so hard that you left half behind? And the wife? and the sweetheart? Ah! these were true ones then, true to the end—and after. The women had the gift, the same kind our boys displayed on the field of battle. Some little incidents revealed more of their daring than the depths of feeling they were endeavoring to display, for, of course, we could feel in silence and shed tears and prayers in the quiet closet over Stonewall Jackson's name. We were proud that he was ours, and we dared to let the foe know we girls had a right to weep, and show the insignia of our morning. Every Southern girl wore a badge, or rosette of crape, and to show that she did it in defiance it was put on her hat or left shoulder, in full view, so that he that ran could read. Yes, indeed there were many raspings about it; this one and that up before the provost, but he did not stop it. I give the word of credit due a friend or foe, and I think many will accord it to the provost marshal in charge of Portsmouth in '63. Not so much can be said of the one in our sister city. Of course I managed to get into a scrape about my badge of mourning. I was ordered by some overbearing dastardly sergeut to take it off, or he would, which he did not do, or I either, and there was glory for me.

A SOCIAL AND POLITICAL GULF.

Between the Loyalist and the Secessionist a gulf yawned, social as well as political. Oh, it rankled deep! I don't know as I have outgrown it yet, while for twenty years I have been cultivating a genuine Christian charity for North and South and the whole broad world, recognizing the rights of each as man and brother, and the same good God as judge and ruler over all. Yet somehow a blue dress trimmed with red braid and a bonnet decked with red and blue roses riles me now. I illuminate our house when a Democratic victory comes, but I don't stick little Union flags out and all about. Lay all of these together on the shelf, dear heart, and go on digging for charity till our crops bear fruit, covers up and hides eternally all of the colors.

Still in the unhappy days of old the Southern girls held their own and no red was admitted with blue. They shunned those that did wear the hated color, and so the barrels grew. Contempt was shown on all occasions possible, dearest friendships ruptured. We stood as foe to foe and wished it known. When Beast Butler assumed the command at Fortress Monroe he said he'd stop it. He had infamously tried to stop it at New Orleans. He began by compelling all heads of families to take the oath of allegiance to the United States. The silver item, I should mention, preceeded this. The order was that all silver and plate had to be weighed in order to be taxed. All such as belonged to Confederate officers and soldiers, when found, was confiscated. Honorable warfare! Meum and Tuum had lost the savor of the golden rule. Teaspoons were hidden and dear old prized shotguns of grandfather's, intended for the only great-grandson, had to be hidden by ripping up the planks in the floor and secreting them. Up to this time many honorable men who stayed at home, some honorably discharged from Confederate service, old men and feeble ones, had held aloof and given up all business, as such could only be conducted by Loyalists. Even doctors could not practice without this oath of allegiance. The order came from Butler, with only ten days' grace, or they would be thrown into prison. The men submitted.

Time rolled by and another "Whereas" was called forth, because the first order applied to male members or heads of families and they were the only ones who recognized it, for the female portion were as defiant as ever. No Union officer, it was asserted, but was liable to their public gibes or silent contempt. I wonder they expected otherwise, since hot blood and daring spirit fired the hearts of our women who had brothers, sons and husbands on the battlefield. Shame on the order that Benjamin F. Butler issued to compel women and girls from 16 years and upwards to take the oath of allegiance to the United States, and to swear they did it, not from compulsion but from love of the Union! All were ordered to the courthouse to register, and at the end of three weeks detailed men were sent around to every house, and the heads of families sworn to facts. If any in the house of 16 years and upward had not complied, notice was given that on such a day a flag of truce would be sent up the road and the hapless ones would be carried out of the lines and left to sink or swim according to their helplessness. Such a war against women and children! No doubt many signed such an oath without punctillious misgivings; yet many signed it with tears and fears, and no cowards either. Weak ones with no alternative, and where no questions were asked, accepted the situation and obeyed. But some did not take the oath and bravely as well as conscientiously went up and registered as those declining the oath. To this day I do not rue it.

INCIDENTS, GRAVE AND GRAY.

Several strange incidents occurred during those days. One day an aged lady, bent with years, her two sons in the Southern army, came up to the provost:

"Do you wish the Federals to conquer in this war or the Rebels?" asked an officer.

"Let God's will be done," said the good old saint, as she was.

"You go home, old lady," said the officer; "when you come down here and say you want the Rebels whipped, we'll swear you in, and not till then."

Such coarseness rasping on the delicate sensitiveness of our Southern ladies, do you wonder that it rankles yet?

Of course the order included male as well as female, and the boys of 16 years, so an estimable matron appeared before Gen. E. G. Vielle and asked "If the boys of 16 years and upward would be sent South by flag of truce if they declined the oath."

"Madam, do you suppose we intend to reinforce Lee's army?" No madam, we send those to prison until duly exchanged."

Oh, the Spartan mothers sending untried boys away to their duty! I think the dutiful and honorable boys were among those three hundred who left Norfolk and Portsmouth by running the blockade and joining the fortunes of the South already at an ebb.

I must acknowledge I was one of the favored ones during these stirring times. Born with the traditional silver spoon and having never known want, buoyant with the hopes of my eighteen summers, conscientious in my Methodist faith, with a will that some called obstinacy, I dared go South to earn my living. In vain did my guardian, who was my uncle, expostulate. He could not deter me if he wished, for the General's orders were that no compulsion be used. I was reasoned with: "Your property will be confiscated," they said. I had no valuation on such, my answer was. "I am a minor," I added, "and the Yankees can not touch it." "But might is right in these times of lawlessness," was urged.

No answer. Down in my heart I felt that the wealth of Cræsus could not tempt me to such an enormity, much less the few thousands upon which I placed a too little estimate. I had known no privation, or perhaps I had been more sordid. But youth and hope go hand in hand, and since I would go, the same uncle made it as easy as possible by hiring a private conveyance, and my aunt went with me to Gen. Vodges, whose headquarters were just opposite our home, to get a special pass, so that I would not have to go by flag of truce in the crowd.

Gen. Vodges was an old army officer, and when my aunt stated my petition for the private permit he used persuasion at first and then said it was useless for me to go. I would have to return in six months as they'd whip the South by that time. He tried to refuse by sending us to Gen. Vielle, but my aunt told him I was contrary, and since I would go they wished to make it as light as possible. So the gentlemanly General conceded my wish. He told me he had his compunctions, that he had taken an oath not to give aid or comfort to those rebels, and whenever he let a pretty girl go South he had some conscientious twitchings. But he fixed my permit and added little harmless itemns, such as tea, sugar, candy, blankets and my wardrobe. I extend him my kindness to this day. He then brought me a large pound pear and told me to give it to the prettiest Union girl I met.

THE PRETTIEST "REBEL GIRL."

I did not extend my hand for the proffered fruit, but said, "Thank you, General, I have nothing to do with the Union girls!" and seeing he still held the pear to me, and I disliking to seem to hesitate on his account, for I appreciated his politeness, I added, "if you will say the prettiest rebel I will do it."

"Ah, well!" he answered. "Then you will eat it."

"No, sir," emphatically. "Had you said the greatest rebel, I would."

"A little too strong," said Gen. Vodges. "Give it to the prettiest rebel girl you meet."

So I carried the pear to Raleigh and my little cousin ate it.

From Suffolk across the Blackwater River to Murphy's Station, from that place to Weldon, North Carolina, thence to Raleigh, where I tarried for more than a week with my goodly cousin. At all of these points I was either met by acquaintances and placed in charge of some kindly new friend so that I felt my lines had fallen in pleasant places. From Raleigh my destination was Petersburg, Virginia, to spend a week before I made Richmond my home *pro tem.*, in accordance with a letter from my cousin, an officer in the Confederate service, whose family were refugeeing near the city of Richmond, and upon whose influence I relied to get a situation in the treasury. Leaving Raleigh for Greensboro' I had the kind care of a wounded Confederate Captain, who attended to my bag and baggage, and while in conversation with him awaiting the train for Danville a gentleman, I haven't forgotten his name, joined in. He was the freight-master, a pretty good position he allowed; for instance, he said: "Sometimes we have a heavy freight of flour, government property. We delay it, let it get a good sprinkle of rain and report it damaged, condemned of course, and we buy it cheap as dirt—not hurt, oh, no! There's where we make a spec, don't you see?

"Yes sir, I see, and I don't wonder why the Confederacy is still struggling. I think the contest uneven. While some men give their all and down in Norfolk and Portsmouth we have men, who, too feeble to fight, are aiding their cause even in the midst of the enemy and refuse the idea of money making in these times that try men's souls; yet here, in the very heart of the Confederacy, those who should uphold are pulling down the fabric with the greed of gain, and Confederates serving. I call what you did cheating the Government."

Mr. Shylock was silenced. On the Danville bound train he offered me a position as teacher and gave his address. I did not accept.

At Burkesville Junction, I parted with my attentive friend, the Captain, who placed me under the care of Gen. Henry A. Wise, who was also *en route* to Petersburg. I passed a week in Petersburg, lulled to sleep at night by the picket firing, and then went to Richmond. My application was filed for a position in the treasury and the next vacancy promised.

LAST DAYS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

I spent three happy, quiet months with dear relatives, and still the gods were kind. I enjoyed many comforts and luxuries during the last days of the Confederacy, albeit I had been patriotic enough to make the best of potato and parched meal coffee, sometimes with sorghum, without a frown, enjoyed rice, fried and boiled and boiled and fried, tried my housewifely skill in making sorghum pies—a truly warborn pie.

And, oh, when the freshet in the James came! wasn't it fun? Our refugee home was at the Richmond Navy Yard, opposite Rocketts. We walked to church via Mayo's bridge, to hear the gifted Dr. J. E. Edwards, at Broad street, and on returning home found our cottage an island, entirely surrounded by water. To be taken from the railroad embankment in a boat, and landed a la Venice, at the porch steps— didn't I say it was glorious? and did'nt the housewifely cousin, with her many discomforts occasioned by said freshet, threaten to annihilate me? How the water would lash the cottage floor! Did'nt we enjoy the next day in a boat, going all over the garden fences, and down by the real river, while a flag of truce boat came by from Varina, laden with our exchanged soldiers. Fan and I waved a welcome, and Willie pulled hard at his oars to keep out of the current.

And so I laughed misfortune in the face, and tiring of waiting for the treasury appointment I advertised as teacher and secured a quiet, pleasant home with a widow lady in Powhatan County, Virginia, in March, 1865. I found Mrs. W. to be a very pleasant lady and I shared the room with her and her children, as it seemed more protection than apart.

I had hardly become accustomed to my new position, however, when straggling, ragged, war worn veterans stopped to be fed or passed on to cross Appomattox River en route to Amelia Courthouse, and the booming of the distant guns caused us to hide, to bundle and make preparations to meet the enemy, daily and nightly expected. Those reverberations were the dying throes of the Southern Confederacy. Then came the lull, the still of death. For six weeks we were as completely lost to the outer world as Crusoe on his island. A kind of trance possessed us. We knew not if the other part of the world had been swallowed up and we only left to tell what had been.

The dawn soon came. The world had jogged along without us. We were all paroled prisoners. I am yet. Lincoln was killed. Poor man! always felt sorry for him and his poor "Carlotta."

Then the iron horse from Richmond snorted from station to station, and I bade my kind friend a good-bye, for "some one" came for me. He too was a paroled prisoner, volunteering when 18 years old, in 1861, following Chamblias, Jeb. Staurt and Wade Hampton through it all. I won't leave you to guess it, but on the Richmond bound train the hand that had been pledged to him for three years was promised when September came, and so the tryst was kept.

— The famous Whitefield, who was a genuine revivalist and also a Christian, was on one occasion passing along the street of a city when he was saluted by a wretched sot in the gutter: 'How d'do, Mis'r Whitefield? Don't yer know me?' "No," was the reply. "Why, I'm one er yer converts, Mis'r Whitefield." "Well," was the reply, "you look as though you might be one of my converts. If the Lord had converted you you wouldn't have been there."

— Wicked newspaper correspondents say $10,000 was sent to the Sherman House, Chicago, by Brother Blaine for six South Carolina delegates, but that Smalls was on guard and saved all but two.

— Henry B. Payne, of Ohio, has withdrawn from the race for the Democratic nomination for President in favor of Cleveland.

IN FOREIGN LANDS.

Correspondence of the Intelligencer.

"There's many a worse people than the Scotch," remarked and old man to us at Portrush, as a sort of an apology for having asked if we were not from Scotland; and after our visit there we are strangly inclined to his opinion. Like his nieghbor across the North channel, the Scotchman loves his drink and evidently gets an abundance of it; but as a people they are industrious, intelligent, faithful to friends and principles, and endowed with a strong love of liberty and country, which we cannot but admire.

We steamed up the Clyde early one morning, from Belfast, and nature evidently wept at our arrival; for we were greeted with a drizzling rain. It was, however, we were informed, only a specimen of Clyde weather; as the warm winds from the Atlantic meeting the cooler breezes from the highlands produce rain on the slightest provocation.

Glasgow is the commercial metropolis of Scotland and the third city in Great Britain in population. Its manufacturing interests are very large and Clyde built ships are known the world over. To one, however, who has had the pleasure of a sail up the narrow and shallow Clyde it is wonderful how this commercial supremacy has been attained. For miles on both sides of the river ship yards are seen and the clang of the hammer is heard on every hand. The present season is very dull for business throughout the United Kingdom and complaints of over-production are frequently heard, and the shipping interests of Glasgow are at a comparatively low ebb. The principal attraction in the city for a tourist is the Cathedral, which was built in the twelfth century and is in a good state of preservation. Its crypts are the finest in the kingdom and its forty-four stained glass windows are among the best specimens of that branch of modern art; the iconoclasts of the Reformation having destroyed the original windows and these being only about fifteen years old. In the necropolis, an ornamental cemetery which adjoins the Cathedral, is a fine monument to John Knox, whose body, however, is buried at Edinburgh.

Ayr, the birthpiace of Burns, the poet, is about forty miles southwest of Glasgow and is easily reached by rail. The low, thatched cottage, where the author of "Highland Mary" and "The Cotter's Saturday Night," was born is two miles south of Ayr and with some modern additions is now used as a public house. About half a mile farther on is "Alloway's auld haunted kirk," and near by is the Doon, with its old stone bridge, made famous by Tam O'Shanter's memorable ride. In the village is found the Tam O'Shanter Hotel, where are still shown the chairs used by Tam and Souter Johnny, and also the very cup from which they drank. Near the Bridge of Doon is a fine monument erected to the memory of Burns and this completes the attractions of the place.

From Glasgow to Edinburgh, by way of the Scottish Lakes and Stirling, is a route that is much traveled by tourists and furnishes some most beautiful scenery. Its great charm however, was thrown around it by the writings of the great "Wizzard of the North," Sir Walter Scott; who has invested every lake and island, every mountain peak and lovely glen with some story of chivalrous devotion or bloody strife. In fact the matter was tersely summed up by our driver from Inversnaid to Stronachlacher, to whom we remarked that Scott was responsible for a large number of the travelers through that region. "Yes," he responded with a shrug, "if it wan't for him the whole route wouldn't be worth tuppence-ha'-penny." Not an exorbitant estimate to say the least. We leave Glasgow by an early train for Balloch, where we take the Loch Lomond steamer for Inversnaid, at the opposite end of the lake, a sail of nearly thirty miles. The lake is surrounded by the highest mountains in Scotland, Ben Lomond, which overlooks it on the northeast, being about 3,100 feet high. We pass many beautiful wooded islands, which, as well as the villages on the shore, are associated with some of Scott's characters. At Inversnaid a coach-and-four was awaiting us, with driver dressed in the good old English style, with red coat, top boots and high hat, and we are soon on our way over the mountains to Loch Katrine. The road lies through a desolate region, the heather on the mountain sides being the principal vegetation. We pass the ruins of a hut in which Helen McGregor, Rob Roy's wife, was born and also an old fort which was built to check the plundering of the McGregors, early in the last century, and after a ride of about five miles we reach Loch Katrine at Stronachlacher. Here we again take a steamer and the sail down the lake is a delightful one. Loch Katrine is frequently compared to Lake George and certainly its lovely scenery and its romantic associations give it a wondrous charm. On our left, as we leave Stronachlacher, Glen Gyle, once a stronghold and even now the burial place of the McGregors, stretches back into the mountains. At the eastern end of the lake we pass "Ellen's isle" and the "Silver Strand," and land only a short distance from the "Goblin's Cave," where the Douglas and his daughter took refuge when they left Roderick Dun's island. Here we again take coaches and ride on through a narrow, rocky defile known as the "Trossachs" or "Bristling country," passing "The lovely margin of Achray," and on to "Where Vennachar in silver flows." A little farther on,

"Duncraggan's huts appear at last,
And peep like moss grown rocks, half seen,
Half hidden in the copse so green."

Still later we reach "Coilantogle Ford," "Far past Clan Alphine's outmost guard;" the scenes of the fight between Roderick Dun and Fitz James, and a ride of two or three miles beyond brings us to Callander, where we take train for Stirling.

The historian cannot find a time when there was not a fortress on the site of the present castle at Stirling. The city itself is built on an eminence and on a precipitous rock rising still higher, the castle was erected. From its towers twelve great battle fields can be seen, including Bannockburn about two miles away. On the west is the vale of Menteith, with Ben Lomond, Ben Venue, Benledi and other peaks in the distance. To the north and east, the winding of the Forth, bordered by fertile fields and thriving hamlets, makes a pleasing picture. Just below the castle is the old tilting ground, where tournaments were held, the formation of the lists being still preserved. The castle is composed of many buildings, representing many different styles of architecture and erected at different times; a portion of some of the foundations having been built by the Romans. Scott, in the "Lady of the Lake" mentions the castle as

"Ye towers within whose circuit dread,
A Douglas by his sovereign bled."

And the "Douglas Room" is still shown to visitors, where James II stabbed the Earl of Douglas and threw his body from the window into the moat below. This room has been made a sort of museum and many curiosities are here shown; including a pulpit and communion table used by John Knox, some chairs used by James II and James VI and also a collection of battle axes, lances, pikes, etc. For many centuries the history of Stirling Castle was practically the history of Scotland. It has been occupied by Wallace, Bruce, Baliol, David II, James II, III, IV, V, VI. Mary Queen of Scots was crowned here and here her son, James VI, was secretly brought from Edinburgh when only six days old and baptized. It stands, a grand monument to many heroic as well as many dark deeds of past ages. It is at present used as barracks for a few companies of Her Majesty's troops.

Some one has spoken of Edinburgh as "the most picturesque town in all the North," and its claims to that distinction are very strong. High street, the centre of the "Old Town" runs along the ridge of a hill eastward from the castle. Just north of this ridge is a deep valley with another hill beyond, along which run Princes street and George street, the business centre of the "New Town." The railroad depots are in the valley and much of the unoccupied land on both sides has been laid out in pleasure grounds, known as Princes Street Gardens. The buildings of the city are mostly of stone and very substantial; those in the "Old Town" having curious gables and roofs which give them a most unique appearance. Many of them are from eight to twelve stories high with narrow outside stairs dangerous apparently to both life and limb. But it is as the "Modern Athens" that Edinburgh people prefer to have their city regarded; and here too they have strong claims, referring with pride to such names as Dugald, Stewart, Hume, Playfair and many others well known in the world of science and literature. To a tourist the Castle and Holyrood Palace are probably the principal points of interest, and a majority doubtless visit the castle first, not only on account of its associations but also for the fine view of the city which can be there obtained. Like Stirling, the Castle Rock of Edinburg has been crowned with a fortress for many years, but the greater part of the present buildings are only about 300 years old. "St. Margaret" Chapel, however, a specimen of pure Norman architecture, dates back to the eleventh century; having been built by David I. On the south, west and north the Castle Rock is inaccessible and this fact doubtless gave it much of its importance as a stronghold, before the invention of cannon. It is still kept in a fortified state and several batteries frown on the city below. Most of the buildings of which the castle is composed are of but little interest to the traveler. We are shown the rooms occupied by Mary and the small apartment, scarce ten feet long, where her son, James VI, was born and from the window of which he was let down nearly 300 feet in a basket and taken to Stirling for baptism in the Roman Catholic faith. The Crown Room, where the regalia are kept, is also open to visitors, and although Scotchmen are justly proud of these insigna of their unconquered independence, the union with England is doubtless much more beneficial to the country than a separate national existence could be.

Passing down from the castle, through the Lawnmarket, High street and the Canongate, all of which form a continuous street about a mile in length, we reach Holyrood Palace. What a history that street has had. The palace at one end and the prison at the other, and as it was but a step from the Capitol to the "Tarpean Rock," so it was but a step from the power and glory of the palace to the humiliation and ofttimes death of the dungeon The rooms of Holyrood are divided into picture galleries, state rooms and private apartments; but the only portion which can claim much antiquity is the northwest tower, in which was Queen Mary's apartments. We are shown Lord Darnley's rooms, containing various interesting relics of Queen Mary and several portraits. The private stair by which Rizzio's assassins ascended to Mary's apartments also has a door in Darnley's room. The upper portion of the tower was occupied by Queen Mary and the visitor is first shown a large audience chamber, decorated with tapestry and with a handsome oak paneled ceiling. Just beyond is her bedroom, which contains her bed, her work box, pictures of Henry VIII and Elizabeth and many other interesting relics. The supper room in which Rizzio was murdered communicates with the bedroom. Although the rooms have been kept as nearly as possible as when she left them, the hand of time has done its work and the tapestries are faded, the bed on which she slept is dropping in pieces and the sadness of her history is supplemented by the sadness of the surroundings. Adjoining the palace are the ruins of the old Abbey which still show some remains of its original magnificence. Within its roofless walls are buried several of the kings and princes of Scotland.

Nearly north of Holyrood and at the east end of Princes street is Calton Hill, on which are the observatories and several public monuments. From its summit and also from "Arthur's Seat," southeast of the city, fine views of the surrounding country can be obtained. In High street formerly stood the old Tolbooth, which has been immortalized by Scott in his "Heart of Mid Lothian." An immense heart in the pavement now marks the spot where the prison stood. It was demolished early in the present century. Near by is St. Giles' Cathedral, where Janny Geddes threw her stool at the head of Dean of Edinburgh, and thus aroused a mighty popular uprising against the introduction of the obnoxious liturgy of Laud. A stone in the pavement south of St. Giles marks the spot where John Knox was buried and the initials J. K. are all the monument yet erected in Edinburgh to this wonderful man. The old Greyfriars Church, made memorable by the "Solemn League and Covenant," is in the southern part of the town and many other places of interest can be found; but other localities claim our attention and we must "move on."

— Nobody is satisfied in this world. If a legacy is left a man, he regrets that it is not larger. If he finds a sum of money, he searches the ground for more. If he is elected to some high office, he wishes for a better one. If he is rich and wants for nothing, he strives for more wealth. If he is a single man, he is looking out for a wife; and if married, for children. Of these latter blessings some men have too many, some too few, some none at all. Man is never satisfied.

— What kills men is discouragement. It is getting down under trouble that destroys men. It is standing up valiantly and resolutely mocking trouble that enables men to go through the battle without harm.

ARP ON POLITICS.

He Thinks the Nation is Safe Either Way.

Atlanta Constitution.

Politics is on a boom. Fifty millions of people are going to choose a President, and it looks like most everybody is in a good humor about it. I am, so are my nabors. There hasn't been a time since the war that the people felt so easy about an election as they do now. The nation is safe. Both of the great parties will put up their best men and there is not much of principle or policy to divide them. The country is prosperous. We are all doing pretty well, better than any other nation of people on the globe. There is a good, humble, old-fashioned preacher not far away who always prays, "We thank thee, oh, Lord! that we live in a land of freedom, where the gospel is dispensed with. We thank Thee that we have a plat and grant and a clear chain of titles to a field in the promised land." Well, we know what the old man means, and it is all right. I wish we all could read our titles clear to mansions in the skies. Land is cheap enough down here on the top side of this green earth, but I'm afraid we will find it very dear up yonder. This is a blessed country for the poor. We can't realize how blessed until we read about the old world and talk to people who have travelled there. Just think of land renting for $60 an acre in England and $40 in Germany. Just think of the average laborer working twelve hours for forty cents and boarding himself. No wonde they keep coming over here, and they would choose the South instead of the Nort and West if they were not fooled by those agents who are paid to work for the railroads and get settlers for their lands. The South has got no agents. We tried to establish agencies of immigration and we had pamphlets printed telling all about our climate and productions and the first thing we knew them fellows up North had great big maps printed and stuck up everywhere showing the Dismal swamp to extend from Virginia to Texas. Nearly all of Georgia is covered with it. Well, our folks couldn't make the foreigners believe but that it was all so and they wouldn't come. Those Northern rascals have been swindling us for a hundred years by all sorts of tricks and devices. But we will get even with them after awhile—see if we don't. The time was when we had statesmen of principle for our Presidents and Cabinets. Who ever heard of a President plundering the government or being mixed up in any moneyed scheme before the war? The war seems to have corrupted the whole yankee nation and made stealing respectable. How came all these charges against Grant and Garfield and Hayes and Arthur, and all those chaps connected with the Credit-Mobilier, the railroad subsidies and the star route transactions? There were no Southern men in those schemes.

But what surprises me now is to see a big lot of them fellows up there splitting off from the party and saying they won't support Blaine because he plundered the treasury. When did Mr. Beecher and Mr. Adams and the Harpers and Judge Tourgee and the other editors take this new departure? When did they reform? They have supported the whole Republican shebang for twenty years and just now begin to preach political morality. There is something peculiar about this. The truth is Arthur had a slate and these fellows were on it. They were all interested in some way in that ring, and now they begin to holler wolf. Why, Mr. Blaine is about the best man they have got. He is the best statesman, and has got the biggest brain, and the grandest way of doing things. Why, even when he steals there is nothing little about it, and he divides liberally and tells on nobody. I never expected any respectable Republican to find fault with him for plundering the government. They have all been doing it so long that we thought it was a plank in their platform. If we have got to take a Republican for President we want Mr. Blaine. He has got enough and won't want any more and he will put a stop to the business. He is no little trickster. He wouldn't stoop to put a darkey in as chairman of the great Republican convention that was to nominate a President—not him. I heard a Blaine man say the other day that he had a letter from him since his nomination and if he was elected he would make a clean sweep of every darkey that was in office.

But Mr. Cleveland is a reformer sure enough. He comes from that kind of stock. He has got a Southern name and a Southern pedigree. His ancesters came from Carolina. Cleveland is a Carolina name. They were the old cavaliers and wouldn't stoop to do a mean thing. The Clevelands are all about in Carolina now, and are still the same proud and noble stock. When Grover Cleveland gets to be President he will clean up things generally. He is following in Mr. Tilden's lead and will wear his mantle when the old man is gone. I'm free to say that I believe Mr. Blaine is the smartest man, the grandest man, but Cleveland is the safest and most reliable. When Ben Hill whipped out Blaine in the Andersonville matter, Blaine didn't go off and pout and plot revenge but he gave it up nobly and went over and congratulated Mr. Hill and they became warm personal friends and could be seen together arm in arm walking on Pennsylvania avenue. I like that. It did me good. And when we wanted to build a monument to Mr. Hill he was among the first to send down a liberal contribution. But he has gotten a man tied on to him that wouldn't have done that.

Logan is a dead weight. He is a half Indian—that is, he has got an Indian's hatred without his love. He has been waving the bloody shirt ever since the war. He will do some dirty work if he gets in power. I have a contempt for him. He shouldn't come in my house. He shouldn't stop in the big road and say howdy. He has never said one kind word about the South and would put us all in chains and bondage if he could. He is a turbulent disturber of the public tranquility. He is no gentleman, and I'll bet ten dollars Mr. Blaine feels handicapped by having him on his ticket. But such is politics. That was the way with Garfield. They tied Arthur on to him. He was nothing but a ward politician bumming around among the brothels of New York. History is still repeated. The great men of the nation who won't stoop to meanness can't be made President. It all goes by favors and by rings for plunder and office. Blaine is a great man and I was hopeful of the sign but the respectable Republicans are against him. The *Tribune* is for him and that is the leading paper but you see the *Tribune* was on his slate. Whitelaw Reed is to be minister to England and that is all right. He will make a good one. He is smart and bold and has got money enough to do him and his children. So let him go.

Well, we can't please everybody, and so if we can't get our man, let's take Blaine, and be thankful that we live in a land where the gospel is dispensed with. I heard a good man say the other day that he knew Blaine was a good man for he was a Presbyterian. That shows our prejudices, and it is all right. We get our religion from our fathers. You couldn't make that man believe that Blaine is a bad man. We are all very selfish and we can't help it—not so selfish about money, but about honors and office and the like.

Well, we are through our harvest. The wheat shocks stand thick in the field, and are a solid comfort to look at. I'm looking at them now. Next thing is the "traveling thrash," and I shall sit down by it with a piece of soft pine in my hand and cut a notch for every measure as it is poured in the sack. There is no politics about that, and everything is calm and serene. Cobe is hopeful and holds his head up. When I asked him last summer about his crop, he said: "Major, it's about null and void, and if the weather don't adulterate soon it will be nuller and voider." But he will have biscuit soon and be happy. BILL ARP.

Body and Soul.

The chamber was darkened, the shutters were closed. All "the pride, pomp and circumstance," which attend any important episode in a *rich* man's life, or gild the story of a *rich* man's death, was there, and on a luxurious bed was extended the emaciated body of a dying millionaire, and fierce was the struggle between that pampered body and a soul panting to escape from its sin-polluted cage. The trembling lips poured forth wild prayers, and besought the soul to stay yet a little longer; there was so much to do—so much more to undo. The church had been a cloak, an ample cover here, but had fallen off at the portal of the dread hereafter. Religion had been only a pretense, the solemn "amen!"—the clasped hands—the deep groans during revivals were the tricks of an actor, but the hypocrite of a life time was now on the border of that higher world where no pretense could avail, and the failing body writhed in cowardly anguish.

The Soul bade Conscience answer the wild appeal. Conscience stood forth, and in a low distinct voice, asked stern and startling questions: "Didst thou not in early manhood turn coldly from the good old father who had reared thee, and repay the care and affection of a tender mother with heartless neglect and unkindness? Honor thy father and thy mother, saith the Book."

A cry of anguish answered.

"Dost thou remember, long years ago, how thou didst creep into the heart of a fair young girl, in humble station, and write thy name on its unspotted page in words that no time, no change, no circumstance ever did efface, and when thy fickle fancy wandered off, how thou didst coldly see her droop, and die of what men called 'consumption'? Thou shalt do no murder, saith the Book." "And another, young, ignorant and a child of poverty, but strong in her purity, whom thou didst follow with thy sly unmeaning gallantry till the world looked coldly on her, and on thine own villainous lip rested a sneer that devils loved, and will reward? And remember how thou didst perjure the Soul that would now forsake thee, when the good name of this pure maiden thou didst shrug, insinuate, and even *lie* to blacken? Thou shalt not not lie, saith the Book."

"Dost thou remember the widow whom thou didst wrong by keeping from her the money thou didst justly owe her husband, because she had no paper to show against thee? Didst thou not see her stitch, stitch, stitch, till the color left her cheek, and the light faded from her eye? and when in the depth of her misery, she craved of thee a trifling loan, didst thou not bid her '*go work?*' when her weakness rendered her as unfit to do so, as thy own bloated corpulency rendered thee. Thou shalt not steal, saith the Book."

"Hast thou not seen the orphan suffer? Hast thou not kept the workingman out of his well-earned wages, through some petty spite, or culpable carelessness, till nearly frantic with want he was willing to sacrifice half to get the rest to buy bread for his family, while thou wast pampered with dainties? Do unto others as thou wouldst they should do unto thee, saith the Book."

"Didst thou ever enter a poor man's home, when he lay as thou dost now, and minister to his comfort? And thou who didst never fail to swell the procession who followed the rich man to his grave, didst thou ever so honor the poor and friendless? Charity covereth up a multitude of sins, saith the Book."

"And thy wife who weeps, though the blight of her existence is passing away, what reward hast thou given her long years of devotion? What but daily disappointments--dispelled illusions--a faded cheek, a tear-dimmed eye, and premature age?"

There came no answer.

Conscience questioned no more, for the Body ceased its impotent struggles—the white lips writhed in a vain effort to cry once more for mercy, the eyes with one last look of horror, closed forever, and the impatient Soul winged its flight—Where?—*Mrs. M. W. Stratton, in the Yorkville Enquirer.*

The Monk's Lesson.

There was once an old monk walking through a forest with a scholar by his side. The old man suddenly stopped and pointed to four plants that were close at hand. The first was just beginning to peep above the ground, the second had rooted itself pretty well into the earth, the third was a small shrub, while the fourth and last was a full-sized tree. Then the monk said to his young companion: "Pull up the first." The boy easily pulled it up with his fingers. "Now pull up the second." The youth obeyed, but not so easily. "And the third." The boy had to put forth all his strength and use both arms before he succeeded in uprooting it. "And now," said the master, "try your hand on the fourth." But lo! the trunk of the tall tree, grasped in the arms of the youth, scarcely shook its leaves, and the little fellow found it impossible to tear its roots from the earth. Then the wise old monk explained to his scholar the meaning of the four trials. "This, my son, is just what happens with our passions. When they are very young and weak one may by a little watchfulness over self and the help of a little self-denial, easily tear them up; but if we let them cast their roots deep down into our souls, then no human power can uproot them—the almighty hand of the Creator alone can pluck them out. For this reason, watch well your first impulses."

— The marriage of Miss Etta Ross and Vincent Norwaitry, of Springfield, Ohio, took place in that city Satuaday evening. The couple were married six or eight years ago, when both were young, and a quarrel caused a separation and a divorce. Since then Mr. Norwaitry has taken a full course in the art school at Munich, and was graduated with high honors. Miss Ross has also become an elocutionist, and has studied for the stage. Since their first marriage his father and her mother have died. The death of the latter