THE WEST.

WHITTIER.

I hear the tread of pioneers,
Of nations yet to be;
The first low wash of waves, where soon
Shall roll a human sea.

The elements of empire here
Are plastic yet, and warm;
The chaos of a mighty world
Is rounding into form.

Each rude and jostling fragment soon
Its fitting place shall find,
The raw material of a State,
Its muscle and its mind.

WAR SKETCHES—ADVENTURE OF A SPY.

BY A NORTHERN RANGER.

I have lately returned from the South, but my exact whereabouts in that region, for obvious reasons, it would not be polite to state. Suspected of being a Northerner, it was often to my advantage to court obscurity. Known as a spy, a "short shift" and a ready rope would have prevented the blotting of this paper. Hanging, disguised, on the outskirts of a camp, mixing with its idlers, laughing at their jokes, examining their arms, counting their numbers, endeavoring to discover the plans of their leaders, listening to this party and pursuing that, joining in the chorus of a rebel song, betting on rebel success, cursing abolitionism, reviling Lincoln, traducing Scott, extolling Beauregard, despising Northern fighters, laughing at their tactics and sneering at their weapons, praising the beauty of Southern belles and decrying that of Northern, calling New York a den of cut-throats, and New Orleans a paradise of immaculate chivalry, is but a small portion of my profession as a spy. This may not seem honorable or desirable. As to the honor, let the country that benefits by the investigations and warnings of the spy be judge; and the danger, often incurred, is more serious and personal than that of the battle-field, which may, perhaps, detract from its desirability.

It was a dark night. Not a star on the glimmer. I had collected my quotum of intelligence, and was on the move for the Northern lines. I was approaching the banks of a stream whose waters I had to cross, and had then some miles to traverse before I could reach the pickets of our gallant troops. A feeling of uneasiness began to creep over me; I was on the outskirts of a wood fringing the dark waters at my feet, whose presence could scarcely be detected but for their sullen murmurs as they rushed through the gloom. The wind sighed in gentle accordance. I walked forty or fifty yards along the bank. I then crept on all-fours along the ground and groped with my hands—I paused—I groped again—my breath thickened, perspiration oozed from me at every pore, and I was prostrated with horror! I had missed my landmark, and knew not where I was. Below or above, beneath the shelter of the bank, lay the skiff I had hidden, ten days before, when I commenced my operations among the followers of Jeff. Davis.

As I stood gasping for breath, with all the unmistakeable proofs of my calling about me, the sudden cry of a bird or plunging of a fish would act like magnetism on my frame, not wont to shudder at a shadow. No matter how pressing the danger may be, if a man sees an opening for escape he breathes with freedom. But let him be surrounded by darkness impenetrable at two yards distance, within rifle's length of concealed foes, for what knowledge he has to the contrary; knowing too with painful accuracy, the detection of his presence would reward him with a sudden and violent death, and if he breathes no faster and feels his limbs as free and his spirits as light as when taking a favorite promenade, he is more fitted for a hero than I am.

In the agony of that moment—in the sudden and utter helplessness I felt to discover my true bearings—I was about to let myself gently into the stream and breast its current, for life and death. There was no alternative. The Northern lines must be reached in safety before the morning broke, or I should swing between heaven and earth from some green limb of the black forest in which I stood.

At that moment the low, sullen bay of a bloodhound struck my ear. The sound was reviving; the fearful stillness broken. The uncertain dread flew before the certain danger. I was standing to my middle in the shallow bed of the river, just beneath the jutting banks. After the pause of a few seconds, I began to creep, mechanically and stealthily, down the stream, followed, as I knew from the rustling of the grass and frequent breaking of twigs, by the insatiable brute; although, by certain uneasy growls, I felt assured he was at fault. Something struck against my breast. I could not prevent a cry from escaping me as stretching out my hands I grasped the gunwale of a boat moored beneath the bank. Between surprise and joy I felt half choked. In an instant I scrambled on board, and began scratching for the painter in the bow, in order to cast her from her fastenings.

Suddenly a bright ray of moonlight—the first gleam of hope in that black night!—lay directly on the spot, revealing the silver stream, my own skiff, (hidden there ten days before,) lighting the deep shadows of the verging wood, and on the log half buried in the bank, and from which I had that instant cast the line which had bound me to it, the supple form of the crouching bloodhound, his red eyes gleaming in the moonlight, jaws distended and poising for the spring. With one dart the light skiff was yards out in the stream, and the savage after it. With an oar I aimed a blow at his head, which, however, he eluded with ease. In the efforts thus made, the boat careened over towards my antagonist, who made a desperate effort to get his forepaws over the side, and at the same time seizing hold of the gunwale with his teeth.

Now or never was my time to get rid of the accursed brute. I drew my revolver and placed the muzzle between his eyes, but hesitated to fire, for that one report might bring on me a volley from the shore. Meantime the strength of the dog careened the frail craft so much that the water rushed over the side, threatening to swamp her.

I changed my tactics, threw my revolver into the bottom of the skiff, and grasped my "bowie," keen as a Malay creese, and glittering, as I released it from the sheath, like a moonbeam on the stream. In an instant I had severed the sinewy throat of the hound, cutting through brawn and muscle to the nape of the neck. The tenacious wretch gave a wild, convulsive leap out of the water, then sank and was gone.

Five minutes pulling landed me on the other side of the river, and in an hour after, without further accident, I was among my friends, encompassed by the Northern lines. That night I related at headquarters the intelligence I had gathered, and in a few days shall again be gleaning knowledge in the Southern camp.

A ROADSIDE COLOQUY.

"And so, 'Squire, you don't take a country paper?"

"No, Major, I get the city papers on much better terms, so I take a couple of them."

"But, 'Squire, the country papers often prove a great convenience to us. The more we encourage them the better the editors can afford to make them."

"Why, I don't know any convenience they are to me."

"The farm you sold last fall was advertised in one of them, and there you obtained a customer. Did you not?"

"Very true, Major, but I paid three dollars for it."

"And you made more than three hundred by it. Now, if your neighbors had not maintained the press and kept it ready for use, you would have been without the means to advertise your property. But I think I saw your daughter's marriage in those papers—did that cost you anything?"

"No, but—"

"And your brother's death with a long obituary notice. And the destruction of your neighbor Rigg's house by fire. You know these things are exaggerated till the authentic accounts of the newspapers set them right."

"O, true, but—"

"And when your cousin, Splash, was up for the Legislature, you appeared much gratified at his defense—which cost him nothing."

"Yes, yes; but these things are news to the readers. They cause the people to take the paper."

"No, 'Squire Grudge, not if all were like you. Now, I tell you, the day will surely come when somebody will write a long eulogy on your life and character, and the printer will put it in type with a heavy black line over it, and with all your riches, this will be done for you as a grave for a pauper. Your wealth, liberality, and all such things will be spoken of; but the printer's boy, as he spells the words in arranging the type to these sayings, will remark of you—'Poor, mean devil, he is even sponging an obituary!' Good morning, 'Squire."—*Printer.*

HONORABLE EMPLOYMENT.

Much is said by the young about honorable employment; yet we fear the phrase is not well understood. In our opinion every employment is honorable that adds to the wealth and comfort of individuals, and thereby to the well being of society; while dishonorable employment is that which is wasted in frivolous pursuits, which produce no good.

The pursuit of merchandising is neither more nor less honorable than agriculture, or any of the mechanic arts. Without the various callings pursued which add to the happiness of society, a portion of our comforts would be abridged, therefore, every employment is honorable in proportion to its usefulness, and the only dishonorable calling is that which produces no results beneficial to society.

Many young men have adopted wrong ideas on this subject, and think only that business respectable which allows those who pursue it to dress in broadcloth. Although the merchant, professional man and others, whose business does not bring them in contact with grease, brush and cinders, are justified in dressing well, yet those who control the mighty power of steam, guide the plow and forge the hundreds of utensils necessary for comfort and convenience, amid sparks and cinders, are no less useful to society than the proudest in our land.

The idea of classes was imported from the old world, where kings, courtiers and nobles, rank highest; while the real useful members of society are looked on with contempt. In this country this idea never prevailed but to a limited extent, and is, happily to us, at the North becoming discarded altogether, while in the Southern States of our Confederacy, labor is more universally regarded as degrading than in any other portion of the globe.

No man is fit for freedom that cannot appreciate the importance of useful employment, and associate with the operatives.—Kings, nobles, aristocrats and idlers, never made a country prosperous and contented, and never will. Therefore let us honor every useful employment, and respect men according to their moral worth.

☞ A young lady in this city is so refined in her language that she never uses the word "blackguard," but substitutes "African Sentinel."

WE WRONG OUR DAUGHTERS.

We wrong them in that we compel them to marry. Our sons may marry or not, as they please, whenever it suits their convenience, or whenever they can tease somebody into taking them "for better or for worse," and parents say it is all right; but they must marry off their daughters, get rid of them, and speedily too, or they will be old maids, and so disgraced forever. The love of the parent succumbs to public opinion, to tyrant custom, and for fear of the "world's dread laugh" they send forth their young daughters into the soul-mart to be sold to the first, or more probably the highest bidder. Must not this be humiliating—galling—more bitter than rue?

The remedy for this wrong lies in giving your daughter some other aim in life except marriage, so that this may become to her a matter of will, not of necessity. Girls as well as boys, ought to have something in view—something to stimulate them, something to bring out their energies. It is usual with parents to ask their sons, as soon as they are old enough to understand the question, "What do you intend to be?"

The boy's inclinations are watched, his tastes ascertained, his abilities weighed, in order that they may be better able to decide what shall be his future course. When his career is settled, all his powers are concentrated, all his energies directed to the accomplishment of that one object; his life become earnest, for he feels that he has a work to perform, he acquires a new dignity, for he is a person of importance in the world—he has a purpose in life; he is not a mere cipher. But what father among us, indulging and loving as he may be, turns from his proud boy, and while, perchance, a tear-drop glistens in his eye, lays his hand so tenderly on the broad, white brow, and silken tresses of his darling girl, and asks, with a strange tremor in his manly voice: "And what is my heart's child going to be?" If ever such a thought crossed his mind, it usually amounts to nothing more than: "She will be a belle and make a great match." Thus, in every instance, the one everlasting and invisible idea of marriage, as though no woman had ever lived and died without being married, or without even desiring to be. I cannot see why girls should be brought up to the idea that marriage is the "one thing needful," the "*summum bonum*," the "nothing more beyond." I wish they would begin to think otherwise.—*Carolina Christian Monthly.*

HOW A GREASED PIG WAS CAUGHT.

The army correspondent of the Providence *Journal*, in describing the amusements indulged in by the 1st Rhode Island regiment at Camp Sprague, near Washington, when off duty, gives the following humorous account of a race for and capture of a greased pig by the volunteers:

"The poor porker, closely shaved and thoroughly lubricated from snout to tail, was conveyed to the area in a covered box. Piteous indeed was the expression of his innocent face, when, uncaged, he was turned adrift. Unknowing his destiny, he slowly stepped from his prison, grunting satisfaction at his release. But with a whoop ten incarnate fiends rushed madly forward and endeavored to clutch his reprehensive tail. Piggy, of a sudden, awoke to a realizing sense of his position, and darted off, uncertain where to go, and emitting the most doleful squeals. He rushed here, and scouted there, having no respect for the legs of any one, and routing people in every direction. The men, perspiring, hot and eager, were desperate in the chase. They grabbed and caught only to find their efforts futile. No sooner would the prize appear to be won than it was lost. The difficulty of the capture was enhanced by its being allowable only to hold by his unctious appendage—any other method being ruled out. The feat appeared impossible, but one man sublimely rose whose intellect was adequate to the performance of the feat He showed himself to be the very Napoleon of pig chasers. He soared supreme at the arduousness of the task, and watching for an opportunity, threw himself boldly on the victim and seized the tail between his teeth. The squealing was terrible, but was drowned in the shrieks of laughter that were undoubtedly heard in Washington."

GENERAL SCOTT AT CHURCH

"That is Winfield Scott!" O, what a man! Did you ever see such a man, such a frame, such a port, such a lion's head on a man, such an eye of an old lion in it, flashing undimmed, such greatness, conscious to all but himself? He came to the next pew but one in front of me, and kneeled forward in prayer. There he hid his face for several minutes in a plain black hat, then rising, put his hat and gloves inside a colored stand, which he had fixed evidently for himself. The pew is about as large as two of them next to it, and yet was none too large for the immense man. His dress was plain—blue-black frock, which he kept buttoned with one button; his pants was of the same cloth; his vest, black cloth; his collar, the old fashioned stand-up, which was held tight to his half-shorn and full cheeks, by a military stock. He found his place and read audibly, making all the responses, and rising at every singing and doxology. There were two or three times when he fell back at the first effort to rise. He had no glasses and seemed to need none, even when he must have read every word, as for instance, in the Psalter. But I could see that his hand trembled a little, showing that Solomon's beautiful imagery is true of all the aged, where he says, "the keepers of the house do tremble." I sat and looked at that hand, and as it turned the leaves to every lesson, I said to myself, What a lesson in that hand! how it grasped the reins of the war horse, how it brandished the sword, how it pointed to action and victory on Lundy's Lane and Mexico; how it has now, for weeks and months, been mapping out the plan of the campaign, which is every day and night becoming a victorious history. Let no one blame my thoughts, for do not think I worshipped any the less devoutly, but all the more for having him before me.

The sermon was by the chaplain of the Seventh regiment, and was not very complimentary to one Judas, whose treachery he depicted; and as he rounded to the peroration, he said there was a treachery of our own days which was almost equally surprising and base. It was that of men who had seen the glory of this Republic, had lived under its protection and flag, shared its honors, and as late as possible had drawn its salaries, but who had now, regardless of all this and their oath, taken up arms against the best government that ever was known. In this strain he continued for some time, and at every pass he made at the Judases, and intimated that they too, should be hung, if they would not, like Judas, go and hang themselves, the old General noded his grey curls and magnificent head, giving up assent to every passage, and almost rising to catch the truthful words.

I was much impressed with the evident interest every one took in the General, as though they knew great interests hung on his life. One thing was particularly touching—it was when two little boys ran ahead, and vied with each other as to which should hold open the General's carriage door. Both kept hold of it, and both got a shake of the hand, a chuckle under their cheeks, with a bow and "thank you" from the man of 75, battling in his last great fight for the principles of '76.

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.—At Cambridge, General Washington had heard that the colored soldiers were not to be depended on for sentries. So one night, when the password was "Cambridge," he went outside the camp, put on an overcoat, and then approached a colored sentinel.

"Who go dar?" cried the sentinel.

"A friend," replied Washington.

"Friend, advance unarmed and gib de countersign," said Pompey.

Washington came up and said "Roxbury."

"No, sar," was the response.

"Medford," said Washington.

"No, sar," returned the colored soldier.

"Charleston," said Washington.

Pompey immediately exclaimed, "I tell you, Massa Washeton, no man kin go by here 'out he say "Cambridge!"

Washington said "Cambridge," and went by; and the next day the colored gentleman was relieved of all further necessity for attending to that particular branch of military duty.

A TOAD WITH A "KIVER."—An Irishman who had been but a few months in this country, and in the employ of a gentleman in a suburban town, being sent with a note, with the command to make all possible haste, found on his way a turtle, which he picked up supposing to be a pocket-book. Determining to be faithful to his errand, he did not stop to examine his supposed prize, but placed it in his pocket, anticipating a rich reward when his errand was finished. Before he had reached home the turtle had made its way nearly out of his pocket, and Patrick quietly re-consigned him to his pocket. On his arrival at the house he took it out, and to his great disappointment, but full of excitement, he rushed into the kitchen, exclaiming to the cook—"Bessie, Bessie, did ye ever see a toad with a kiver?"

☞ An affectionate mother in this town is feeding her daughter on pickles to prevent her being eaten up by the young men who say she is "too sweet to live."

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