Randolph Journal.

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Correspondence of the Journal.

A GLANCE AT MEMPHIS.

BY T. M. B.

What a city is Memphis! As I write, the broad, bright sunlight of a cloudless morning rests upon its spires, its turets and its roofs, like a divine benediction. It sits upon its throne of bluffs with a kind of regal dignity and casts a look of defiance at the great Mississippi, whose angry waters dash against its base, and then trail away in the distance like a cord of silver. Upon the walls of its past and present hang many pictures—some grim and ghastly—others beautiful. Reader, if you would see the City of Bluffs, come and walk with me.

From this abrupt cliff, rising majestically above, and casting its long shadows over the levee, the citizens of Memphis stood and witnessed the gun-boat fight on that June morning, in 1862, which resulted in the destruction of the rebel fleet and the capture of the city. The silver waves of the old river now ripple and dance in the sunlight as tranquilly as if they never had been disturbed by battle or crimsoned by human blood. Along the wharf some twenty steamboats lie on their watery bed, and the forest of smoke stacks rises above them like the blackened and limbless trunks of old oaks spared too long by the woodman's ax—That brown, queer-shaped monster, with its iron mail and open ports, showing those big-mouthed guns, which is anchored just above, is the old war-worn Essex. It has proven its prowess with many a rebel battery, and its metallic ribs still bear honored scars from shell and round shot that have rattled harmlessly against them. It is stationed here and would be of invaluable service in case the city was attacked. Those long, low, shed-like buildings nestling near it, on the river bank and under the bluff, with their tall chimnies sending up picturesque columns of smoke, about which are hurrying, hither and thither, men with bare arms and sooty faces, and from which come "music of the anvil," and the buzzing hum of machinery—make up the Navy Yard. This was occupied by the conspirators, for naval purposes, up to the time of the evacuation of the city, which immediately succeeded the fall of Fort Pillow.—But a short distance above the Navy Yard, Wolf river adds the feeble tribute of its waters to those of the Mississippi. The half dozen scattering houses you see on the opposite shore, are the remains of the little village of Hopefield; the residue of it was burned by the Federal authorities, in retaliation for outrages committed by guerrillas, who were harbored by its citizens. Frequent skirmishes have happened there between small parties of our troops and the bushwhackers, some of which were witnessed from this side by the citizens. Now we will pass down the street that runs parallel with the river, and which is walled by compact blocks of buildings of variegated colors, irregular hights and every variety of architecture, except such as would be regarded as either tasteful or ornamental. This is Front Row and is the street of wholesale dealers, cotton brokers, grocers, whisky venders, land sharks and *shysters*. It, in common with the other portions of the city, but to a more alarming and dangerous extent, has, as the saying goes, "cotton on the brain," and would barter its interest in this or any government for a dray-load of that staple. Toward the southern end of this street stands that autocrat of Memphian hotels—the Gayoso House, where you can get the smallest conceivable quantity of "grub," of the most questionable quality, for the largest bearable price. As our pocket-books are not plethoric this morning, we must pass without stopping.

That long indented ridge of earth you notice at the lower end of the city, and coiling, like a huge Boa, for more than a half a mile along the river bank, with its hundred bull-dog guns scowling in your face over its battlements—with its sand bags and protecting ditches, its arsenals, magazines and sally-ports, is Fort Pickering, and is one of the most formidable fortifications on the Mississippi. At its rear is a cliff, almost perpendicular, and in hight some sixty feet, the base of which comes to the river's edge, while upon the land side, except at the northern extremity, an open common, with here and there a house, unrolls itself for a considerable distance, making an almost open plain, every rood of which is covered by its guns. Upon the edge of this common a village of shanties, occupied by contrabands and fugitives, has sprung up, but one broadside from the fort would sweep them from the face of the earth. The upper end of the fort wedges itself into the city and is in close proximity to some of its most palatial residences. All of its cannon, you will observe, may be brought to bear upon the city, and if the necessity should arise, a few hours would be sufficient to batter down its walls and make it a heap of "mouldering ruins." Although never attacked—and perhaps never will be during this war—it will long remain a monument of these unhappy times, and will be memorable as having afforded protection to Gen. W——, when, on that Sunday morning, in August, 1864, he was so unceremoniously visited by the omnipresent Forrest.

Let's pass around the outer edge of the embankment. Tread lightly here, my friend, for close by the outer ditch, and under the shadows of these battlements, is the rude cemetery of the soldier—a kind of Potter's field, in which officer and private lie buried, all forgetful of their toils and campaigns. These little verdureless mounds, newly made, and those older ones overgrown with weeds and grass, are graves—the soldier's last bivouac and camping ground, until he is marshaled with the mighty host on that other shore. No bugle-blast nor cannon's roar, will again disturb the hero's quiet slumber, for

"Now that life's fitful fever is o'er,
* * * * He sleeps well."

Scattered over this drear heath are numberless graves. No ivy twines about their rough tombstones, nor cedar nor magnolia tree throw their cooling shade upon them.

We have now arrived at a little knoll at the lower limit of the fort. Here the river appears to divide itself, throwing one half of its waters south, and the other west. Looking southward, over a romantic dell scooped out of the river's bank, and over the lead-colored surface of the Mississippi, the eye detects a city of log huts and white tents, peeping from beneath the brown forest trees. This is President's Island, and is now occupied by freedmen, to whose use it was some time ago appropriated, by a military order. The island is several miles in extent, and a walk over it, among its groups of negroes, through its schools and cabins, would be interesting, but we must defer our visit to some other day.—By walking a short distance eastward from this point, we have a panoramic view of the whole of that side of the city. Earthworks, stockades and encampments of troops, girdle its whole circumference, and every important avenue of approach is swept by a battery. No more surprises for Memphis. As we can not pass the unbroken chain of pickets that encircles us, we will return to the city.

Here we are at Main street, the second from the river—the street of fancy stores and fashion—the promenade of the *beau ton*—the mimic Broadway—the thoroughfare of hacks. Memphis has no such plebian vehicle as an omnibus, but its lower million, as well as its "niggers," and upper ten thousand, roll through the streets in silk-lined, silver-gilded hacks. How strangely the "steed and the chariot" are in contrast!—Some time ago the military authorities pressed all the horses, of any value, into the service, and now you may see a carriage fit for a king, drawn by horses as attenuated and bony as Orpheus C. Kerr's gothic and architectural steed Pegassus.—Along Main street flows a constant human current. If you would see Memphis, study its people, here is your most available stand-point, for through this artery flows daily almost every drop of its patrician and its plebian blood. Human nature may here be seen in profusion and in variety. The war, the climate, or some other cause, has developed divers types of man and given unusual prominence to almost every characteristic. In the busy crowd of comers and goers who sweep past you, you may see smiling, light-hearted women, who never frown; cold, unfeeling women, who never smile; meek, submissive women, who never fret; and peevish, nervous women, who always scold. The little Miss, with laughing eye and jockey hat, trips by you all forgetful that in a brief time she will be as sallow and wrinkled as the aged and decrepid grandmother, she in her hurry, almost jostled out of her pathway. Lastly, we have here unfortunately quite too many of that silly class of empty pated and disgusting women, a kind of cross of the prude and the coquette, genuine feminine parasites of the fast decaying old aristocratic regime; women who can't bear the sight of a blue coat, or the star spangled banner, but who still costume themselves to that lowest verge of propriety, which, as Sir Walter Scott chastely expressed it,

"To win the eye or tempt the touch,
For *modesty* show all too much—
Too much—yet promise more."

Of men you may see here the soldier in blue, the shoulder-strapped officer, the rebel deserter still in his dingy gray, the ragged and weather-beaten refugee, the blackleg and the gentleman, the sot and the sober man, the priest and the loafer, the merchant prince and the butcher, the lawyer, sprig of chivalry, peddler, drayman, organ-grinder, wharf-rat and negro, all "mixed and muddled" together, apparently unconscious that there exists any difference between them in occupation or social position. But we have lingered long enough here. This park, on this street, impaled with its iron fence, is Court Square. Its location is nearly central, and it is a place of fashionable resort at all times, but especially so on the sultry summer night, or the bright and sunny afternoon in spring. Seated on the iron benches under the shade of the magnolias, are quite a number of officers and soldiers, reading books and papers, while the little children are romping along its gravelly walks, or feeding nuts to the squirrels, that gambol gayly over its green sward, or jump about in the branches of the trees. In the center of the square, surrounded by a low, cast-iron paling, is the statue of Jackson, the pedestal of which still bears the marks of the vandal's chisel, which thought to cut from its surface those memorable words, "The Federal Union must and shall be preserved," words that will be more enduring than the marble upon which they are graved.—Over this monument, and high above the evergreens and magnolias, an aged oak stands sentinel, and like the hero figured out of the rock at its roots—it is also dead. Around its trunk, some ten feet above the ground, is a circular platform from which, on a summer's evening, a band breaths softly its enchanting music upon the ear. Many pleasant hours I have spent here, and I will bear bright visions of them with me to the very verge of the grave.

At the north-east corner of the square, on Second street, stands that military conciergerie, Irving Block. It is a five-story brick building, with brown front, large arched windows, surrounded by a board fence, ten feet high, and strongly guarded by armed sentinels. It was originally erected for a business house, and has nothing gloomy or prison-like in its exterior appearance. The city containing no public jail, this building was appropriated to prison purposes by the military. It contains now every grade of criminal, from the higest to the lowest; men and women, officers, soldiers and citizens, rebel prisoners, smugglers and bush-whackers, crowd within its walls.—This Memphian bastile, like that torn down by the Parisian mob in the days of Louis XVI, will stand long years in history.

A short walk from the *Hotel de Irving*, brings us to the corner of Third and Adams streets. We must stop here a moment. On the south-west corner is a low, half-finished, flat-topped, one story brick building, almost doorless and windowless—a dismal kind of structure—and diagonally across the street from it, and strangely contrasting with it, is a stately edifice embellished with much that is ornate and tasteful in art, and with a stately spire reaching into the bosom of the clouds. The first of these is Forrest's old slave-pen, and the other is a temple dedicated to the service of the living God.—There they stand—tabernacle and slave-pen, side by side. In one was preached the Gospel of the meek and merciful Christ, and in the other His image was scourged and lacerated. This impious mockery is made the more forcible by having this pen located between the streets bearing the honored names of Jefferson and Adams. Adams, Jefferson and Forest's slave-pen! Great God, what an association! Could a graver insult have been offered to the memory of the immortal author of the charter of "man's equality"—or a deeper or viler shade cast upon the name of him who, with words of flame, proclaimed "Liberty and Union, one and inseperable, now and forever." This is, however, a slave mart no longer,

"Othello's occupation's gone,"

and the more reputable business of vending infamous whisky, by which souls are damned, succeeds the traffic in which souls were both *damned* and sold.

One thing you will have noticed ere this, that with a population of 30,000, Memphis, unlike cities of equal magnitude North and South, has few or no manufacturing establishments. Goods vending and cotton buying has been almost its sole business. It would interest you to visit its extensive and well regulated hospitals and public buildings, but we have no time to-day. I would gladly introduce you to some of the city notables, both civil and military, but there is no room left me now for portraiture. I may do this on some other day.

But I imagine you ask me, is Memphis loyal? What is the political status of its people? It is difficult to answer your question correctly. Memphis did not yield to the hydrophobia of secession until after a frenzied struggle, but when at last it did link its fate with that of the "Confederacy," no city in the whole South was more bitterly or rancorously disloyal, or more hostile to the Union than it, and even to-day, after a Federal occupation of nearly three years, its treason is constantly blubbering up to the surface. It doubtless contains many loyal people. Old Thomas Fuller said of a class of professed Christians, "that they served God just so much as not to offend the Devil," and so it might be said of much of the patriotism that passes current in Memphis—it is precisely such loyalty as is least offensive to Jefferson Davis. The war has run in upon the city too many adventurers in trade—too many brokers and money changers. Cotton brokers, blockade-runners and smugglers, swarm through the streets and haunt you at almost every corner. Here, as it is in almost every other captured city, the cause of the Union is crippled by the presence of a multitude of petty commercial pickpockets and sharpers, who follow in the wake of our armies, and take advantage of our successes to stuff their avaricious maws and to fill their capacious pockets. As some sensible fellow says of them—"They have invented a kind of uniform that enables them to fight with either army and to steal from both." They are truly the "birds of prey who follow armies to the field that they may feed and fatten upon the carcasses of the slain."

With all these faults, and they are mostly the faults of the times, the effects of the passion into which the people needlessly lashed themselves, there is much to admire here. That old styled hospitality, a mixture of that of the unfinished West and of the polished South still lingers with many of this people.—Meeting such a class anywhere, you can but respect them. Good bye, for the present, old Memphis—may God speed the day when you may again take your place among the cities of a reunited and happy Republic.

Memphis, Feb. 22, 1865.

Correspondence of the Journal.

FROM THE 47TH REGIMENT.

HEADQUARTERS 47TH IND. VET. VOL'S.,
FORT GAINES, ALA., Feb. 16, 1865.

We left New Orleans, a few weeks ago, and after considerable delay, and more "sea-sickness," we arrived at this place, and felt very much relieved when ordered to disembark and encamp.

Fort Gaines is situated on Dauphine Island, (a small tract of land, of perhaps two miles in circumference,) and is a very strong work—being built of brick, at least the outer wall, which is about thirty feet high, and nearly perpendicular—so that it would be impossible for a land force to charge it with any effect. Four miles from this, across the bay—or rather entrance to the bay—is Fort Morgan, which is equally as strong, if not stronger, than Fort Gaines. Either of them seem as though they could have been held against a strong and vigorous attack, but the "Jonnies" appeared to think different, as they "skedadled," leaving Fort Gaines after two shells from the fleet had been thrown into it, but holding Fort Morgan until it was considerably damaged. They then left for Mobile, a distance of thirty miles, where I think they will stay but a short time, judging from the army which is being concentrated on this and other islands along the coast. Major General Canby is here in person, superintending affairs, and by the aid of old "Pap Farragut"—as the boys call him—I think at least an *effort* will be made soon to dislodge the enemy from their stronghold. Were it not for the obstructions in the channel, below the city, the fleet would soon drive them from the city, or destroy it entirely.

We have plenty of Oysters to eat here, being encamped near a very fine "Oyster bed" and our plan is to watch until the "tide goes out" and then help ourselves

The regiment is in good health, but not very good humor—not having been paid for nearly ten months.

We have been on the "war-path" continually since we returned from home, in the spring of 1864, though we do not mind the hardships, if the affair can be brought to an honorable termination. For some time there have been rumors of peace, but we have learned to put no confidence in a thing until we are sure of it, and consequently we were not disappointed at the turn of affairs concerning the late rumors.

D. M. STOCKHAM.

For the Journal.

SCHOOL MATTERS AGAIN.

My friend Hiatt has his opinions, no doubt, in reference to the subject in question, but he does not seem sufficiently *ductile* to be *drawn* out on the main points, and thinking that, perhaps, he is more *malleable* than *ductile*, I "hit him again," hoping to *hammer* him out.

He assumes the character of the good old prophet Elijah, and says he is spoken to by that "still, small voice," which he chooses to denominate "wisdom's unerring messenger." The voice that spoke to the prophet was, no doubt, a wise and unerring messenger; but there must be a wide difference between that messenger and the *mentor* of Mr. Hiatt.

As he characterized himself Elijah, we ask him to *play* Elijah yet farther. "And it was so that when Elijah heard the voice he wrapped his face in his mantle and went out," &c. Thus far Mr. Hiatt has been obedient, and, wrapped in the mantle of office, and on the wings of the *Eagle*, he went forth. But there came a voice unto Elijah and said, "what doest thou *here*, Elijah?" and he straightway answered. And now the voice speaks to Mr. Hiatt and asks him, *why* he counts it wisdom to "*shelve*" Willson's books. Will he answer? He hints that he is supplying McGuffey's books instead of Willson's, for the sake of uniformity of text-books. This would be a good excuse for the course pursued by him, were it not for the fact that it is well known that it would be as easy a matter to establish Willson's books in our schools now as it would be to supply them with McGuffey's new series; for the old and new series of McGuffey can not be classified together. It is my opinion that Willson's books can be put into our schools with less labor and less expense than McGuffey's new series. Here is the great difference, no doubt, Willson's books are introduced and gain favor from their superior merit, while McGuffey's series have their salaried agents, who are paid fabulous sums of money, in order that they may sustain the books. And we are inclined to believe that many sacrifice their better judgment to their pecuniary interests. Whether or not Mr. Hiatt does this, he is at liberty to say, and I trust he will do so. He says the "same power that clothed the *Wright* who introduced Willson's books," entitled *him* to remove them. I do not know the course pursued by Mr. Wright in introducing the books, as I was not in the county at that time; but I think if Mr. Wright came into the county, and gave notice to the various teachers throughout the county that he would be around at a time specified to take out McGuffey's books and put in Willson's, ordering them to hold themselves in readiness to exchange, that he displayed a degree of arrogance unparalleled in the *agent* fraternity.

As to the number of teachers that favor the series in question, I am not prepared to say. But I can say this much: I do not know of but *one* teacher that has examined the books or used them, but that favors them, and that is Mr. Hiatt.

The case with which our friend is *warped* into the *gigantic* or Southern style of spelling the author's name, "*Willson*," proves conclusively that he was in an error.

J. N. CROPPER.

WHAT MAKES THE WIND BLOW!

If the question were, "*Who* makes the wind blow," all our young friends would have a ready answer; they know that God controls all the forces of nature. But he uses means. The sun is His great wind-maker. To understand its action, think of the air as a great ocean like water, but much lighter, entirely surrounding the globe. The sun shines upon this ocean of air, and through it on the earth, heating them both, and imparting most heat at the earth's surface. But the sun's rays shine more directly down on some parts than on others, and therefore heat them more. Now heat expands a fluid, making it lighter, and when part of the air is expanded by heat, it rises, and the cooler, heavier surrounding air rushes in to fill its place, and thus wind is produced. The following simple experiment will show just how this works. Fill a large tin pail with water, in which scatter some fine bread crumbs. Place a burning lamp under the middle of the pail, and the crumbs will soon begin to rise, carried up by the heated column of water, and then making a curve toward the sides, will sink downward, and pass in a horizontal direction along the bottom, just as wind drives along the earth's surface. In a room containing a hot stove, drop into the air in different places bits of light cotton, or dry thistle blossoms, and you will see how the air is moving at each point.

If the earth were all a plain, and each part received a regular unchanging amount of heat through the year, the currents of air or winds would always move in one direction. But many things prevent this. The land is more heated than the water by the sun's rays; some soils also absorb heat more readily than others; then at night and during cloudy weather when the source of heat is cut off, the heat is radiated or passed out unequally from different localities, and this produces variations in the currents. Mountains, and valleys also, change the courses of the winds, and other causes, such as the varying moisture in the air, and probably its electrical condition, still farther operate to cause them to shift and change, so that no one can predict with certainty which way the wind will blow to-morrow, and "fickle as the wind," has come to be a proverb. On the ocean where no mountains intervene, and where the heat is quite uniform, currents of air called *trade* winds blow steadily in one direction. Their course in the northern hemisphere is from north-east to south-west, in the southern hemisphere is from south-east to north-west. These steady winds are of great service in navigation or *trade*, as ships are some times enabled to glide before them for weeks without changing a sail. New discoveries are being made almost every year, and perhaps at some time in the future men may be able to foretell the direction of the wind; at present, we can only try and make the best of it from whichever quarter it comes; though that is a little difficult on some March days, when it seems to blow from all quarters at once.—*American Agriculturist*