

Brechenridge News.

J. D. BARBAGE, Publisher and Proprietor.

THE FORTIFICATION - NEW ORLEANS, 1868.

By CHARLES MORRAN DENNIS.

[In looking over an unpublished work by Charles Moran Dennis, who died at New Orleans several years ago, I find the following, which seems to be a fitting tribute to the memory of the South. Mr. Dennis was a resident of Memphis, and a warm friend to the Union. His last days were spent with the New Orleans Pioneer, as translator of French and Spanish correspondence.]

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Naturalists on a Tramp.

(New York Tribune.)

Professors Jordan, Brayton and Gilbert, of the Butler University at Indianapolis, and Miss Corneilla M. Clapp, Professor of Zoology at Mount Holyoke Seminary, Mass., with a party of twelve students of natural history, including two ladies, have recently completed a pedestrian tour through several of the Southern States. The party walked about four hundred and fifty miles, and "roughed it" for about six weeks.

They assembled at Cincinnati on the 20th of June, and proceeded thence by rail to Somerset, Ky. From this point they set out on foot, each member carrying a light knapsack, and carrying only the most indispensable articles of clothing, and very few of those. From Somerset they crossed the Cumberland mountains and walked to Careyville, distant about one hundred miles, making an average of ten miles a day.

They slept under shelter when they could find it convenient, but did not hesitate to stretch themselves on the steps or piazzas, and even out on the mountain side when convenience or fatigue prompted them to do so. From Careyville they tramped by way of Williamsburg and Big Creek Gap to Knoxville, Tenn., thence by Mitchell's Point, Caesar's Head, Tellum Falls and Toccoa Falls to Toccoa City, Ga., a distance of three hundred and fifty miles. One of the professors gave a lecture upon some branch of natural history every day.

Their route lay over and among the wildest mountain landscapes to be found east of the Rocky Mountains. Their fare was sometimes coarse, and often meagre, but they were always thinking of the fact that they had been strangers. At Toccoa City the party broke up; six of them returning home by way of Atlanta, Chattanooga and Nashville, two ladies walking across the State of Georgia to Chattanooga, Tenn. The rest of the party went by rail from Toccoa City to Beaufort, N. C., where they spent some time in studying marine specimens, two barrels of which were shipped to Indianapolis. At Beaufort they hired a steamer, and came on by way of Albemarle Sound and the channel through Dismal Swamp, to Norfolk, thence by steamer to Washington. They arrived here several days ago, and have since been engaged in studying the specimens in the Smithsonian Institute (a room in that institution having been given them for the purpose), and in sight-seeing.

They are all hardy and jolly-looking, and all of them, even the ladies, speak of their experience as among the most enjoyable episodes of their lives. This is the third jaunt of the kind in which Prof. Jordan has taken a part.

At that moment there was a tap on the door. Nellie took the soiled missive, broke the seal with trembling fingers, and took out a faded white rose, and a broken straw, the definitions of which she knew too well—the former meaning "I loved you once," and the latter—"I loved you again." Thus do I break my fetters!

Nellie, searlet with indignation, flung the letter out the open door, motioned Briggs to follow it—which he did more amazed than ever—and then sank upon a chair in an agony of tears.

All this sorrow was caused by Briggs's weakness for cricket. He had stopped to have a game on his way, and put the letter in his pocket, where the rose was faded and the straw broken.

Our hero was waiting impatiently in the garden when Briggs ran up, looking very frightened, and holding out the rejected billet doux in his hand.

He at once broke out in a string of disjointed sentences concerning his luckless adventure.

"I gave it to her," he said, "and when she took out the broken straw and the faded rose, she turned me and the letter fair out of the house."

"Broken!" echoed Fred. "Faded!" Then a light suddenly dawned upon him. "Did you get playing on your way, sir?" Answer me," he added, shaking the unhappy messenger violently.

Fred ran in thinking perhaps he had sent the wrong emblem, and looked again at his "Language of Flowers."

No; they were quite right. Just then his eye caught an item, as follows: "White rose (faded)—I loved you once," and he groaned. Then he turned to another page, and had another look at the saying, the words: "Straw (broken) Thus do I break my fetters!"

That was truly the last straw which broke the camel's back. Fred leaned back in his chair, and almost cried with vexation, to think of the sorrow his careless messenger had caused.

The shades of evening began to fall; still he sat there, thinking how he could best dispose of the straw and rose. Meanwhile, unhappy Nellie sat crying in her dreary parlor. Ah, me!

At last our hero came to a resolution. He would go and see Nellie and explain the whole of the wretched blunder.

He was soon striding away over the fields in a flutter of hope and excitement.

The sun was just sinking in a dazzling orb of gold as he reached his destination.

He tapped gently on the door, but obtained no answer, so he softly lifted the latch and stepped gently inside.

Nellie was sitting by the window, her face buried in her hands—sitting still as death.

Fred advanced noiselessly and touched her upon the arm, and she sprang hastily up, and, seeing who it was—crimson with anger and wounded pride—she ordered him to leave the house; but the effort was too much for her, and she sank upon her chair again, sobbing as though her poor, innocent little heart would break.

A Danbury Idyl.

(Danbury News.)

For a year or more the two had "kept company." He was a young man with nothing to depend upon, but his two arms as his trade. She was the daughter of poor hard-working parents, pretty well along in life at that. She was a very young and quite fair girl, whose time was devoted to helping her aged mother in the care of the home.

The three lived happily and comfortably together, the man's earnings being just sufficient to keep them in food and clothes and a roof over their head. When Cyrille's lover came the old folks felt a plan for the future. In the perching of the ice, and could only be approached by a boat. This having been lowered, the captain and several of the seamen landed upon the ice and proceeded to the vessel, which proved to be a brig. The sails were furled, very little appeared upon the deck, and all the arrangements were those of a vessel laid up for a long period of time.

Descending to the cabin, the first object that was seen was a large Newfoundland dog coiled upon a mat, and apparently asleep. Upon touching the animal it was found to be dead, and the body frozen to the hardness of a stone. Entering the cabin was next seen a young lady seated at a table; her eyes were open, and gazing with a mild and steadfast expression upon the new comers to that solitary spot. She was dead; and in that apparently resigned and religious attitude had been frozen to death.

Beside her was a young man, who, it appeared, was the brother of the lady and commander of the brig. He, too, was dead, but sitting at the table, and before him lay a sheet of paper, upon which were written the following words: "Our cook has endeavored since yesterday morning to light a fire, but in vain; all is now over."

At the other side of the cabin stood the cook, with a flat and steel in his hand, frozen to a statue, in the vain endeavor to procure that fire which alone could save him and his companions from the cold arms of death. The superstitious terrors of the seamen now hurried the captain away from the wreck, the log-book alone being brought away, from this, it appeared that the ill-fated vessel was a brig, which had belonged to the port of London, and had sailed for the Arctic region more than fourteen years before.

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People could find in the different species of ants various conditions of life curiously answering to the earlier stages of human progress—namely, the hunting and the pastoral, and even the agricultural. Some species lived principally on the produce of the chase, and they probably retained the habits once common to all ants. They resemble the lower races of men, who subsist mainly by hunting. Like these, they live in comparatively small communities; they hunted singly, and their battles were single combats, like those of man in his early history. Another species might be compared to the pastoral stage of human progress. Their communities were more numerous, and more in concert, their battles were not mere single combats, but they knew how to act in combination. Sir John's opinion was that they would gradually exterminate the hunting species, just as savages disappeared before more advanced races. Lastly, the agricultural nations might be compared with the harvesting ants. It was generally stated that the queens alone laid eggs; this, however, appeared to be the case. The workers did sometimes lay, but these eggs always appeared to produce water.

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An Arctic Story.

(In the Spring of the year 1840, a whaling vessel sailed from the port of London, upon a voyage to the Polar Seas. Nothing material is said to have occurred until their arrival in those solitary regions, when it became the duty of the crew to keep a perpetual look-out upon the horizon in search of fish. While thus occupied, it was fancied by one of the seamen that a sail was describable as far to the northward as the eye could reach. As the course of the whaler was toward the supposed vessel, a mast became gradually distinguishable amid the mountain of ice which appeared in that quarter to bound the sea. It was now summer, and the afternoon unusually calm, while the whaler gradually neared the object in view, the supposition being that it was a vessel engaged in operating upon the blubber in a bay which would open to the view upon approaching nearer to the ice.

Upon arriving, however, at the spot it became clear that the vessel was wrecked imbedded in the ice, and could only be approached by a boat. This having been lowered, the captain and several of the seamen landed upon the ice and proceeded to the vessel, which proved to be a brig. The sails were furled, very little appeared upon the deck, and all the arrangements were those of a vessel laid up for a long period of time.

Descending to the cabin, the first object that was seen was a large Newfoundland dog coiled upon a mat, and apparently asleep. Upon touching the animal it was found to be dead, and the body frozen to the hardness of a stone. Entering the cabin was next seen a young lady seated at a table; her eyes were open, and gazing with a mild and steadfast expression upon the new comers to that solitary spot. She was dead; and in that apparently resigned and religious attitude had been frozen to death.

Beside her was a young man, who, it appeared, was the brother of the lady and commander of the brig. He, too, was dead, but sitting at the table, and before him lay a sheet of paper, upon which were written the following words: "Our cook has endeavored since yesterday morning to light a fire, but in vain; all is now over."

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People could find in the different species of ants various conditions of life curiously answering to the earlier stages of human progress—namely, the hunting and the pastoral, and even the agricultural. Some species lived principally on the produce of the chase, and they probably retained the habits once common to all ants. They resemble the lower races of men, who subsist mainly by hunting. Like these, they live in comparatively small communities; they hunted singly, and their battles were single combats, like those of man in his early history. Another species might be compared to the pastoral stage of human progress. Their communities were more numerous, and more in concert, their battles were not mere single combats, but they knew how to act in combination. Sir John's opinion was that they would gradually exterminate the hunting species, just as savages disappeared before more advanced races. Lastly, the agricultural nations might be compared with the harvesting ants. It was generally stated that the queens alone laid eggs; this, however, appeared to be the case. The workers did sometimes lay, but these eggs always appeared to produce water.

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The Froxy Lawyer.

Judges are sometimes restive under the prolix arguments of counsel. If an advocate is tired with such, he will break off his plea when he sees that he has lost the ear of the court. But some lawyers are wise, and some are otherwise.

Mr. Riggs, who flourished in New York some fifty years ago, was a learned but tedious expounder of the law. He was destitute of tact, which destination, together with his prolixity, occasionally brought him into conflict with Chancellor Kent.

On one occasion, Mr. Riggs, while arguing a case before the Chancellor, was unusually tedious. At last the patience of the court gave way. In his off-hand manner, the Chancellor intimated that his mind was made up. The hint seemed to intensify the desire of Mr. Riggs to continue his argument.

He had a habit when arguing a case of pointing a pen at the court, and saying frequently, "Now, I undertake to say."

"Now, if your honor please," continued the persistent Riggs, pointing his pen at the restive Chancellor, "I undertake to say."

"I don't care what you undertake to say, Mr. Riggs," broke out the Chancellor, "my mind is made up."

"But if your honor would only hear!"

"Hear, Mr. Riggs! I have heard you fully, and I don't want to hear another word."

"But if your honor please, there are some considerations I think I could adduce which would—"

"Talk away, then!" exclaimed the Chancellor, turning his chair around and looking out of the window; but there's no use of it, my mind is made up!"

"Now, if your honor please," rejoined Riggs, "I think I may safely undertake to say—"

"Talk away, talk away, talk all day! but 'twill be of no use!"

Mr. Riggs, who was as amiable as he was tedious, seeing that even the longest argument was useless to ease which would not hear, reluctantly, but without the slightest expression of chagrin, took his seat.

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