

VIRGINIA

SEP 29 1965

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The Soldiers' Journal.

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VOL. 1.} RENDEZVOUS OF DISTRIBUTION, VA., JAN. 4, 1865. {NO. 46.

THE SOLDIERS' JOURNAL,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING, AT
RENDEZVOUS OF DISTRIBUTION, VA.,

ON THE FOLLOWING TERMS:

Subscription for One Year, - - - - - \$2.00
" Six Months, - - - - - 1.00
Single Copies, - - - - - Five CentsPAYABLE INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.
POSTAGE ON THE JOURNAL is Twenty Cents a
year—payable quarterly, in advance, at place of de-
livery.

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Select Poetry.

LET IT PASS.

Be not swift to take offence:

Let it pass!

Anger is a foe to sense;

Let it pass!

Brood not darkly o'er a wrong

Which will disappear ere long;

Rather sing this cheery song—

Let it pass!

Let it pass!

Strife corrodes the purest mind;

Let it pass!

As the unregarded wind,

Let it pass!

Any vulgar souls that live

May condemn without reprieve;

'Tis the noble who forgive.

Let it pass!

Let it pass!

Echo not an angry word;

Let it pass!

Think how often you have erred;

Let it pass!

Since our joys must pass away

Like the dewdrops on the spray,

Wherefore should our sorrows stay?

Let them pass!

Let them pass!

If for good you've taken ill,

Let it pass!

Oh! be kind and gentle still:

Let it pass!

Time at last makes all things straight;

Let us not resent, but wait,

And our triumph shall be great:

Let it pass!

Let it pass!

Bid your anger to depart,

Let it pass!

Lay these homely words to heart,

Let it pass!

Follow not the giddy throng;

Better to be wronged than wrong;

Therefore sing the cheery song—

Let it pass!

Let it pass!

THE hardest trial of the heart is, whether it can
bear a rival's failure without triumph.If the sun could speak, what would it say to a
budding rose? You be blowed.

Miscellaneous Reading.

CELEBRATING BIRTHDAYS.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

"That will do, Auguste; you've done your-
self credit. Nothing could look nicer than the
celery, and the flowers are very tastefully ar-
ranged."

Mrs. Leigh looked very complacently at the
handsomely set table, with its glittering silver
and china, its bouquets of rare flowers and daz-
zling white linen. All the appointments of the
room were exquisite, and in perfect keeping
with the climate—its chairs of light, graceful
bamboo, its tables of rare West Indian woods,
and its richly lacquered Japanese and Turkish
ornaments.

The windows towards the river were open,
and the air came in warm and fragrant with
blossoming shrubs, though it was the month of
January—for this was Louisiana.

"You had better go up to Warwick's room
now, and see if he wants anything," continued
the lady.

"Yes, missis!" and the young man disap-
peared.

He went through the light, pleasant entry,
and coming abreast of a window that looked in-
to the garden, suddenly paused.

"Lettice!" The word was uttered in a low
whisper.

A young girl, who was at work in the garden,
started up, looked around hastily, and then ran
toward the open window.

"Auguste!" Standing under the window she
tossed up a spray of myrtle. Auguste caught it,
and fastened it in his button-hole, smiling the
while.

"What are you doing there, Lettice?"

"Tying up missis' rose-bushes."

"Ah—you'll never see them blossom again."

The young girl's face clouded.

"Are you sorry you've promised?" asked
Auguste.

"O, no; you know I am not. But missis is
good to me, and I love her so much," said Let-
tice.

"Good? She will let you be sold to that curs-
ed Byers."

"Is it true?" asked Lettice, growing pale.

"True? The trader was with master last
night, and I heard them talk it over while I was
listening on the verandah."

"Then there is only one way left for me," re-
plied Lettice, clasping her hands together.

"Don't be afraid, Lettice," said Auguste,
looking at her as if he feared she would falter.—
"Can't you trust me?"

Lettice looked up, her sweet face full of faith
and love, and Auguste felt himself twice a man,
as he thought he was the one on whom she re-
lied for protection. He felt the pulsations of a
noble and manly ambition; he was inspired to

do his utmost, and nothing seemed too difficult.
So, in all ages, has a loving, womanly depen-
dence developed the man's best powers.

As they stood there in stolen intercourse, all
the sweeter for being tasted secretly—the breath
of spring, its sunshine and fragrance and music
about them—it was a pretty picture of young
love, though the blood of the subject race ran in
the veins of both. Both bore its traces in their
persons.

Auguste was tall and straight and athletic—
had black hair that curled handsomely, a clear
though mulatto complexion, and bright, intelli-
gent eyes; but his nose was the least bit in the
world depressed. And Lettice, with her lus-
trous waves of black hair sweeping away from a
low, fair forehead; her deep limpid eyes, and
sweet smile, would have been very beautiful,
but for the slight sallowness on her smooth,
round cheek.

You would not have taken either of them for
American. Perhaps you would have thought of
some of the southern nations of Europe—and I
am quite sure that their style of beauty would
not have altogether pleased you; but since the
finest gentry in the land, the purest Southern
chivalry, take no offence at this style, and do
not deny it their love and caresses, I do not
know why we plebeians need be fastidious.

But as Auguste and Lettice stood there talk-
ing in whispered tones, they were not thinking
of their looks, or discussing ethnological differ-
ences. Something much more vital was at stake.
It was a question that appertained to the soul,
and they forgot they were not white—forgot the
body, as we all do, in mortal extremity.

"Auguste!" called Mrs. Leigh, from the oth-
er end of the entry.

"Run, Lettice; but remember—on the river-
bank at twelve!"

"Yes, missis;" and now Auguste was all at-
tention.

"What are you doing there? Did I not tell
you to go to Master Warwick's room?"

"I beg pardon, missis; I was going but Let-
tice wanted me to tell her how to tie up the rose-
bushes, and I stopped a minute. Didn't mean
any harm, missis."

Mrs. Leigh looked at Auguste, and Auguste
looked at Mrs. Leigh, precisely as if they were
both children of a common father.

"Go now, then, Auguste; but next time try
and do my bidding at once," said the lady.

Auguste bowed, and was off. Mrs. Leigh
came to the window, and looked out. Lettice was
very busy among the rose-bushes—so much so
that she did not notice her mistress watching
her. Auguste's excuse was plausible enough,
but—and Mrs. Leigh sighed as she admitted the
fact—you never knew what to believe. Servants
are always untruthful, which, considering every-
thing, is not perhaps to be wondered at. She
had particular reasons for wishing to keep An-
guste and Lettice apart. She knew her husband