

# LIBERTY ADVOCATE.

VOLUME XXXI.

LIBERTY, MISSISSIPPI, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1866.

NUMBER 44.

## THE LIBERTY ADVOCATE.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

AUGUSTUS W. FORSYTHE.

TERMS.—Three Dollars if paid in advance, Four Dollars if paid within six months or Five Dollars at the end of the year.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at One Dollar and Fifty Cents per square (ten lines or less,) for the first insertion and Seventy-five Cents a square for each continuance. All advertisements not marked with the number of insertions will be published till forbid, and charged accordingly. Payment to be made when the advertisement is left for insertion or on demand.

Professional cards of either the legal or medical professions, merchants, mechanics, or others, not exceeding ten lines will be inserted one year for twenty dollars.

Mechanics, merchants, and others advertising by the year will be allowed the space of sixty lines for forty dollars renewable at pleasure.

Announcing candidates, for State or District offices, \$15; for County offices, \$10; for Police Districts, \$5.

Obituary notices published without charge, when they do not exceed five lines. If longer, charged as advertisements.

## THE VOICELESS.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

We count the broken lyres that rest  
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,  
But o'er their silent sister's breast  
The wild flowers who will stoop to number?  
A few may touch the magic string,  
And noisy fame be proud to win them;  
Alas for those who never sing,  
But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone,  
Whose song has told their hearts' sad story,  
Weep for the voiceless who have known  
The cross without the crown of glory!  
Not where Leucadian breezes sweep  
O'er Sappho's memory-baunted pillow,  
But where the glistering night-dews weep  
O'er nameless sorrow's church-yard pillow.

O hearts that break and give no sign  
Have whitening lip and fading tresser,  
Till death pours out his cordial wine,  
Slow-dropped from misery's crushing  
presses.  
If singing breath or echoing chord  
To every hidden pang were given,  
What endless melodies were poured  
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

## GILBERT AND I.

Shall I tell you of the night when Gilbert and I danced in Squire Haines' barn, and what came of it?

I am an old woman now, and Gilbert's hair is white, and the dreams I dreamed then are almost forgotten; yet I can tell you how it came about.

I remember we stood at the gate, Gilbert and I, when he asked me to go.

"Mattie," said he, "Squire Haines' new barn is finished, and to-morrow night he will give us a dance in it, and the city people are coming to it, and if you will go I will come for you at dark."

"And" said I, "I will be ready and waiting Gilbert." Then I ran in to tell mother. I was only a country girl, and I was proud of Gilbert; he was in advance of our country beaux and handsomer than any of them.

"Mother," said I, "there is to be a great dance in Squire Haines' barn to-morrow night, and Gilbert has asked me to go."

Mother looked up, pleased, from her ironing, and said: "Mattie, you and Gilbert have kept company some time now; maybe you will be mistress at the stone house yet."

My face didn't keep an even color when she looked at me, for I had thought the same thing myself, but I answered—

"Mother, you are always guessing so far ahead! Can't we think up something new for me to wear? I am so tired of the everlasting pink check and the pink ribbons."

"Why, Mattie, you thought it fit for a queen's wear the night your father brought it home—don't you mind how fine you called it?"

Yes, I remembered how father worked that summer and how he went to the city one day when the cattle stood panting knee deep in the river, and the sun seemed to scorch and wither every green thing, and waved his hand at me and called out—

"Mat, I'll bring you back a beauty sure," and how I stood in the door and watched him out of sight, mounted on the great pile of golden grain, and wondered what he would buy me.

And when he came at night and held it up before me how grand I thought it, and father said I looked like any city girl with it on me.

"Yes, I know, mother; but I have worn it so long, and the city people will not fancy it as I did then, and I want to look my best,"—and I didn't say for Gilbert's sake, but that was it, you see. Mother only ironed a little harder, and said: "Well I will try and think."

I knew this thinking of mother's would end in something grand for me, for mother never forgot her younger days and the fine things she had seen.

She hadn't always been as poor as she was now—she had lived in the city and seen and known the great folks; and when

she married father she left all that behind and took the little farm for her home, and I have heard her say she liked it better than her city home, for all things didn't look so fine and have such a grand air.

So I waited for her to think; and at last—"Mattie," said she, "there is one dress I can fix over for you, and the city folks can't outshine you."

"What is it, mother?"

"The blue dress with the gold stars in it."

"But that is your wedding dress—I can't take that."

"Yes, Mattie, you must," said she, "when I came out here it was too fine for me, and it has been long enough in that old chest."

So mother opened the chest, and we both got down on our knees on the floor beside it, and looked at it lying there. Then she unwrapped the cloth about it and shook out the crumpled rosemary leaves and held it up before me, and said:

"Mattie, when you put it on, I shall see myself again," and saying it, her eyes were wet; and seeing this, I put down the longing for the dress, and said:

"Mother, put it back; it is too grand for me. What would Gilbert say to see me wear it?"

But mother was determined. So we set to work to change the make of it as well as we could. And the next day, how we did work! and father looked so amazed, and was so pleased, that I was to go. I sewed till my bones ached; and mother did the cutting and contriving, and this is more than half.

It wasn't in the time of sewing machines but before dark, mother put the last stitch to it, and I took it up stairs to put it on. I laid it down and looked at it. It was the grandest thing I had ever had; since then I have worn many such, but none pleased me as the first did. Then I sat down by the window, and looked over to Gilbert's home, standing back among the trees which kept it in such a shadow and dream.

I was mistress of it, and the years were charmed years for Gilbert and I. Then I curled my hair and put on the dress. Was it really Mattie Raymond that smiled back at me from the glass?

How the tiny stars seemed to wink at me from the deep blue! Then I ran down to ask mother if she knew herself again.

How bright it all is to remember such things have all been so changed!

Across the fields came Gilbert, walking fast and whistling—holding a bunch of white roses in his hand. I ran up stairs and mother brought me the roses; I caught up my sleeves with them and put a bunch for my brooch, and went down stairs, and I was happier then than ever before, or ever shall be again till it is all made right.

"Why, Mat," said Gilbert, "it is you I see, perhaps—you look more like some lady of old or may be an angel."

Mother laughed and said: "she won't be outshone"—but I colored up and answered:

"It takes blue to make me an angel tho'"—and I tried to cover over mother's speech, for I did not care that Gilbert should hear how mother and I had planned about it, for he would not understand; men never do you see. Then, we started across the field, and I held up my dress so not one of the tiny stars should sweep the grass, and Gilbert was at his gayest, and laughed and joked me about my dress, and said I only wanted a half moon in my hair to make me queen of the night. How proud and happy I was that time. O! that the best parts of our life can only be tasted but once in all the years we must be alive!

My! how the lights sparkled and lit up the gay dresses of the city ladies! Over in one corner they stood watching our country boys and girls, getting ready for the first dance; and high over all the gay laughter and sound of dancing feet, floated the music, and I think it must have witched us all.

Gilbert said we would cross over and see his city friends and so I held up my dress and tried to still the bounds my heart gave, and went with a proud face to meet my woe.

Gilbert shook hands with them (except one lady, standing apart, talking with the handsomest man of them all,) and told them I was his friend Miss Raymond; and they bowed and smiled and seemed to forget my country ways; so I forgot them for once, and was at my ease among them, wondering who the lady was he did not speak to. Then the gentleman she was talking to, turned and said: "Miss Raymond, Miss Howard," and she bowed, and glanced at me with her great shining eyes. But when Gilbert's turn came, she reached forth the whitest hand towards him, and looked up in his face and smiled, and then I saw what she would do and I hated her.

Robert Hale talked, and walked, and danced with me, and Gilbert and Miss Howard seemed to be fast friends.

I laughed my gayest and danced my best, and only glanced at them now and then, wondering how it would end.

They were a handsome couple; she as light as a fairy, her hair as bright as gold, and so soft and fine, and her great blue eyes so full of light, made one think of looking down into a clear lake to where the silver sands sparkled at the bottom. But I hated her for her beauty. That night, at the door, Gilbert said:

"Mat, you and Robert Hale seem to suit each other first rate."

And I thought he did that to sound me, so said I: "He is the finest man I ever met!" and then, never to let him think I cared: "I don't want you to tell him I said so, though. Isn't Miss Howard an angel too?"

"She will not need to change her face when she is wanted for one," said he; "all she lacks is wings."

"They may be growing," I told him, and he said "perhaps," and added "good night Mat—I wish you success, it seems a case of love at first sight, with you and Robert—and he is a fine fellow."

"Good night—I did not know you were so good a judge in love affairs—you have improved the time spent with the angel."

We went away with these bitter words, and I crept up stairs softly, so mother and father should not wake, and felt something so sweet go out of my life. It was little sleep came to me that night, for I would see the shining blue eyes looking at me as if asking me to forget the misery they worked me, and I would start and wake and think it might be so.

Then the days went by so wearily, and we saw nothing more of Gilbert, and mother questioned me about it and I told her. "He stays away because I talked so much with Mr. Hale at the dance."

"And who is this Mr. Hale?" she asked. "He is one of Gilbert's city friends, and mother he is so handsome."

"And is handsome all you can say for him?"

"No, mother, he is learned—and so different from Gilbert."

She looked at me closely and said—

"Well, he can't outdo Gilbert Willard with his city airs, whoever he is."

"He doesn't put on airs," said I, shortly; and there we dropped it, and mother never knew the trouble that came from that night; but I think she knows it now, and pines me out of the great peace which is with her.

But one day, Gilbert came slowly across the fields, and came in at our gate. Mother saw him, and opened the door and asked him where he had kept himself so long, and he said: "Some of my city friends are with us, and my time has been filled and Mr. Hale has sent me to bring you over, Mat; we will have quite a party if you will come."

And said mother:

"Who is this Mr. Hale, Gilbert?"

He told her about him, and then asked me to go again. And I, thinking he had been sent for me, would not go one step. So he went away, and I called after him—

"My best wishes to Mr. Hale and Miss Howard."

"I hadn't mentioned Miss Howard's name had I?" said he.

"No, but I fancied she was there; isn't she?"

"Yes"—and he was gone, and mother began questioning me why I didn't go.

Two evenings after, there came a knock at the door, and Robert Hale stood there, asking me to go to the party at the Willard House—said he came with an invitation from the company to bring me back. So I put on my grand dress and went—and night after night would Robert come (Gilbert never came again,) and I would go with him.

I liked the people I met there, and the music Mary Howard brought out of the piano with her white fingers. And Mary would play for me while I sung them all my old-fashioned songs; and I stood and wondered at, and hated her, singing to her playing.

One night after we had tired of our music, we went out under the great trees—Gilbert and Mary, Robert and I. The moonlight fell through the branches in great spots, and the wind whispered to the leaves, and seemed to sob and moan above us. Robert and I sat down on a little bench in the shadow, and waited for Gilbert and Mary coming across a cleared spot, where the moonlight fell all around them. His head was bent low to speak to her, and her eyes were lifted shyly up to him. I whispered to Robert, "don't call to them;" then waited while they came on, growing cold and vacant. They passed us, never thinking we sat in the shadow, and she said:

"Do you know, Gilbert, I once thought it was Mattie Raymond you liked, and not me?"

How I waited for the answer; and it came.

"O! she never fancied me, Mary; she is

too self-willed and headstrong to take a liking to one of her own nature. Can't you see that Robert is her pet?" I fancied a bitter tone in it all, and perhaps she felt it too, for she asked, softly:

"But you don't care for her as you do for me?"

And he laughed out and said:

"If I did, you would not have been my confessor, a few moments since you got queer ideas in your little head."

The world seemed skipping away from me, and I saw in a flash my dreary life pass before me, but something held me still and kept me from going crazed, and when I came to Robert was saying something, and I only caught these words: "you are so still Mattie; has this surprised you, or shall I take it that silence gives consent?"

I answered, "Yes, silence gives consent," and my voice sounded far off and strained to me, and then I saw what I had done when I answered, "silence gives consent," for he kissed me.

But I kept back the bitter thoughts and only thought "it is better so."

Then Robert asked father and mother if he might be a son to them; and he pleased their eyes and they blessed us both, and father's voice shook so when he said:

"Mat, I guess mother and I shall miss you; we must not keep you always here when you can get finer quarters."

And I sat and prayed to God to let me die and end it all—since it had all gone wrong. Then the city folks went back to their homes, and Gilbert went with them. I met him half way, coming to say good-bye, and he said, "Robert has told me, Mat; he will be a true, honest husband."

And I said, "yes—thank you," and we both forgot to say good-bye.

Robert was to come with the New Year, and we were to be married. His letters came often, and he sometimes spoke of Gilbert, and then it was so hard to answer them, so the wickedness in my heart should never be known. One day the Willard carriage went by, and the neighbors said it was going to Gilbert's wedding in the city. That night how I tried to turn him out of my heart and forget the past!

That night my eyes never closed, and in the morning my face was white and haggard; but mother never knew—she thought me ailing, and told me I must get back my roses before Robert should come. When the New Year came, Robert and I stood up, and my lying lips said over the holy words, and there was nothing left but to make the best of my bargain.

We went away to the city, and father and mother threw an old shoe after us, "for luck," they said, and at that we tried to laugh, but it choked us. I never loved my country home as I did when I took my good-bye look at it; with father and mother standing in the door looking after us, shading their eyes with their hands.

In my new home I sometimes met Gilbert and Mary; and they seemed so light hearted and merry; but I fancied Gilbert seemed growing old fast, and his eyes had lost some of their olden sparkle.

Ten years went by, and Robert was kind, and I loved him much as I might have loved an elder brother; but I had not forgotten Gilbert nor the old times. Sometimes I found him watching me with something in his face I could not understand, only it was a look of loss; and I would be kinder to him, so he should never miss the whole love I could not give him.

And then Robert was sick, and grew weaker, and the doctor said he must leave the city and go where he could get a breath of fresher air and a bit of warmer sunshine.

We went to Florida—to St. Augustine. How soft and warm the air was! but it only seemed to strifle him. We would stay all day in the house, with the curtains drawn close to keep out the scorching air, and only after the sun had dipped down into the sea would we leave our rooms and go into the sweet-scented air. There was a stone wall, shaped like a half moon, and on it we took our walk, and a gay crowd passed up and down, while the band played, till midnight. The stones of the wall were worn smooth with the dashing of the waves against them for more than three hundred years.

I don't know which was gayest, the bright feathered birds, or the flowers they swung in! Robert loved the great magnolia blossoms, and I would put one in a dish, and the room would be so sweet with only one.

But the air seemed to shorten his breath and clog up his life, and one day he called me and said:

"Mattie, will you be lonesome when I go?"

An I never loved him as I did when he lay there so white and wasted, and I thought of the great wrong I had done him, and got down on my knees and cried out:

"O! Robert don't say that—did't at we

come here so you could live? God won't leave me alone." And a great light came into his face, and he put his weak hand on my head and said: "Mattie, I didn't know—I had thought sometimes you didn't care for me as I did for you."

This hurt me and said I:

"Robert, the world will be so dark if you are gone!" He sto: his eyes so wearily, and just whispered, "God will light it up, Mattie," and those were the last words he ever spoke.

He died that night, and his eyes followed me eagerly and lovingly, but he could not speak. And in the morning they told me I must bury him before the sun went down.

How I hated them for this way of hurrying people into their graves. So he sleeps in the old burying ground, where the moss has crept over the graves covered with quaint Spanish cypherings, for over three hundred years—where so many rest who come to find health and life.

Then I went back North, and found mother alone; father had been cold in his grave a twelvemonth, and mother said he used to call "Mat, Mat, come back before I die,"—and he never knew mother bending over him when he went to his long rest. It was hard for mother, so I took her back with me to the city, and she grieved for father till the day she died, and I had her laid beside him.

And I lived on alone in my beautiful home, for Robert had left me that and dollars enough to live on in comfort, and I saw little of the gay world around me. Sometimes I passed Gilbert Willard, an old man with iron gray hair, and but little left of the Gilbert of old.

People said his wife's life was scarcely worth the having for at times she lost her mind, and would make the house ring with the wild laughter and cries for her little Alice who died in her arms. But for that she was harmless as a child.

One day the hearse went by, and I saw Gilbert's white face in the mourning carriage and then I knew Mary had found her little Alice again. A long train of carriages followed—those who had known and loved her in her girlhood, before the great trouble came upon her. And I prayed God to rest her soul. I had long ago forgiven her the wrong she did me. One day, when the moss had crept ten years above Robert's grave, and the grass grown three years above Mary, Gilbert came back to his lonely home and opened the windows and let in the sunshine again, and filled the house with sign of life.—

Then he came to me and said: "Mattie, our lives have all gone wrong, is it too late to right them?"

Then, old as I was my heart sprang into new life, and for a moment I was back in my youth and then I put it down and said I: "Gilbert, when Robert died, he said God would light up the world, and He has done it."

"But, Mattie, can't you light it up for me? It has all gone wrong."

"God can right it better than I. We are too late."

"Then we will keep their memories sacred and leave it for the other life to finish."

So I am waiting the end of my days, and Gilbert has found the "peace which passeth all understanding," and we wait for the time when there is "neither marrying nor giving in marriage"—yet I shall be Gilbert's and he will be mine.

## Honey Ant of Texas.

A Texas paper of late date, speaking of the honey ant, says:

"We have often heard of the honey ant, of Texas, but the account seeming so romantic, we have heretofore been hardly able to credit it; but as we now have a specimen before us, furnished by our friend Leo Smith, of this city, we can no longer have any doubts on the subject. These ants are a medium size, between the large and small red ants, and are of a reddish and brown color. Appended to the rear of each one is a transparent sack or globe filled with clear, pure honey, of a most delicious flavor. These sacks vary in size, on different ants, ranging between the size of a buckshot and oavy pistol ball. On this sack, at short intervals, are attached thin layers, about the length and width of half a grain of rice, and of a dark color, evidently to strengthen it and keep it in shape. These interesting animals, when they crawl, drag their delicious load after them, and if the sack is empty, they set themselves to work to replenish it again. Whether they deposit this honey in their general reservoir among the rocks, to draw from it as occasion may require, or hold and use it as individual property we are not informed. Here is a curiosity that we believe has heretofore escaped the eyes and pens of our celebrated naturalists."