countenance a longing, wistful look, mingled with a half-defiant expression, which could not fail to tell the fearful warfare of the soul within. Philip Reide was gifted with wonderful talent, and a noble, but erratic nature, full of impulse and waywardness, such as the world calls genius. Orphaned in infancy, and the inheritor of vast wealth, his life had been one of self-will and the indulgence of every whim and caprice that so impressive a nature could dictate. A childhood thus sown with the seeds of evil and self-gratification, could not fail to reach a sad fruition in his manhood. Yet through all this, his innate nobility of soul, like pure gold, shone through the dross of habit, and the results of such fearful training in youth. He had early perfected himself by foreign study and close application in his profession as an artist, and in a city remote from that in which our story opens, he had won a name honored by those of older and wider reputation. This course was the more laudable, from the fact that it was the gratification of his own elevated aims and inclinations, rather than the necessity of labor, which lent the zeal that had marked his whole career. Gifted with those brilliant powers of fascination which render their possessor so desirable a companion to the devotees of pleasure, he had fallen by slow and almost imperceptible degrees, from his high position, to the terrible destiny of the drunkard.

To those who have watched the fearful progress of these gifted ones through their temptation, who have seen the struggles of the wretched, yet yielding soul; have listened to their solemn pledges in their hours of shame, sorrow and remorse, their is no need to tell the slow misery of years that found Philip Reide where we have presented him to the reader's eye. When the fearful revelation of his bondage broke upon his haughty soul, when he knew it was the smile of a fiend that glowed in the red wine, and could not choose but worship, then began that terrible warfare through which he struggled miserably, hopelessly, through many dreadful years. Lost to his friends, penniless, despairing, without one kindly voice to strengthen him in better moments, meeting the cold, derisive stare of a pitiless world, he was a careless, reckless wanderer. Yet through all his misery and shame, the true refinement of his nature withheld him from those lower vices which are frequently the vile concomitants of the drunkard's course. His was not the constant intoxication of the beastly debauchee, day succeeding day in senseless inebriety, but in an evil hour the dreadful craving would come upon him, to be followed by weeks and months of terrible remorse. It was thus when he had wrestled as for life with the fiend within, when the burning, maddening thirst was haunting his every step, that following his still earnest love for the beautiful, he had hoped to lose his wretched consciousness in the glorious visions of the ideal.

Standing thus before the "Returning Prodigal," all the misery of his fallen soul came crowding before his mental eye like the imagery of some fearful dream. "Forsaken and degraded, alone and tempted"—such was the cry of anguish and desolation that went up from the inner life of Philip Reide. Was it strange then, that the words of Edith Graham held breath and pulses still, or that her face shown like that of an angel? Little dreamed the noble girl, as her rich yet simple robes swept by him, that the thin, haggard face, so near, and yet in truth so far off, would fain have stooped to kiss the hem of her garment. From that time a new light seemed to dawn on Philip Reide, for the desponding heart could see even in the darkest hour of his temptation, when the fiend whispered that despairing heart-cry of years, "Forsaken and degraded, alone and tempted," the calm face of Edith Graham, and her earnest tones pleading for the forlorn and sinful—pleading for him, for was he not forlorn indeed? Daily he waited in that public gallery, watching and hoping for her presence. She came frequently and lingered long, passing in and out among the crowd, with a careless, unobservant eye, so absorbed was she by her love of art. Remote from her, yet conscious of her every look and motion, Philip Reide would recal again and again, while gazing on her beautiful face, those words of strength and cheer, and though he would have died rather than ask her sympathy, yet the consciousness that her pure lips could pray for such as he, that dearer to her than name or favor were the longings and strong wrestlings of the fallen soul, armed him with a sure defence against the tempter's power.

There were days of agonizing struggles, and nights of weary wrestling with the fiend within. There were times, when battling with all the force of his better nature against the fierce temptation, even beyond the long midnight, when the pulse of the great city grew still, that he had walked to and fro with a weary tread before the home of Edith Graham, watching the lights from its many windows with as strong a gaze as if they were indeed beacons to warn, or rays of glory to illumine the path of him—that lonely traveller who had set his face heavenward—strengthened and sustained by the kindly words of sympathy, uttered and forgotten by one, who like her Divine Master went about doing good. Little dreamed the fair girl in the warm glow of her beautiful home, whose music was the kindly tones of loving hearts, of the wanderer, sorely tempted and beset, so far removed in all the outward life, content to gather strength in the great temptation, from even the consciousness of her near presence.

Those only who have passed from such wretchedness as his, to a reformed and amended life, can tell of the slow torture of months—nay, even years, that lie between that misery and manhood. Strange discipline for a heart striving and pining for some dear companionship, to watch through weary days and months and years, longing, as the desolate soul alone can, for the friendly voice and kindly hand of Edith Graham, ready to go forth in recognition of the returning prodigal, yet in the keen anguish of his sensitive soul waiting still in self-distrust, till the world again should honor his manliness and truth. There were vague, wild hopes in the heart of Philip Reide—wild in truth, for must not months, perhaps years intervene, before he might dare to lift his eyes to hers in mutual recognition?

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

IF ANY ONE would have an idea of the nature of this Allatoona Range, (the scene of Sherman's operations) let him imagine ten thousand hills of various sizes, none of them very high, all flung irregularly upon a vast parellelogramme acre, a hundred miles long, and from six to fifteen broad; strew the sides and summits of these hills with a million wagon loads of fragments of quartz and flints; have all sorts of impassible and impossible gorges and ravines, running in all possible directions among the hills; then cover the entire tract with a pretty plentiful growth of pines and scrub-oaks—and behold, you have the Allatoona Mountains.—*Army Letter.*

Picture of a Battlefield.

One of our exchange papers gives the following graphic limning of a battle-field:

"Stand, in immagination, in some position of our Southern country, where earth and sky blend together in light and harmony, where the air is rich with fragrance, and soft with the song of birds, when suddenly there arises the sound of fiercer music and the measured tramp of thousands—eager squadrons shake the earth with thunder, and files of bristling steel kindle in the sun—and now, face to face, rank to rank, shoulder to shoulder, are arrayed men whom God has made in the same likeness, whose natures he has touched with the same impress—the same heart beats alike in all. In the momentary hush, just previous to the charge, rises before them memories of home—voices of children, perhaps, prattle in their ears, memories of secret affections stir amongst their silent prayers—but it is but for a moment, when all these affinities are swept away, trampled under foot by the shock and the shouting. Confusion then rends the air, the simmering bomb ploughs up the earth, the steel bites to the bone, the iron hail cuts the quivering flesh, the cannon-shot crushes through serried ranks, and, in a cloud of smoke that hides both earth and heaven, the desperate struggle goes on. The day wanes and the conflict ceases. On one side there is victory, on the other defeat; the halls of the triumphant city are lighted with jubilee—the tide of acclamation rolls along her streets—the organ heaves from its groaning breast the peals of thanksgiving—but under all this tumultuous joy there are bleeding bosoms and inconsolable tears, and whether in defeated or victorious lands, there is a wail of orphanage and widowhood, a chill of woe and death, that is broadcast throughout the land. The meek moon comes out and breaks the dissipating veil of the conflict, and rolls its calm splendor above the dead. See now the fierceness of man's passion, the folly of his wickedness, displayed in those torn standards—that charred earth—those pools of clotted blood—that festering heap of slain. Nature never made such horrors! and when those fattening bones shall have long mouldered into dust, she will spread out luxuriant harvests to hide them forever from the sight."

JOHN MORGAN AND CLAY'S HORSES.—A gentleman at Lexington. Ky., relates an incident relative to John Morgan which is certainly characteristic of him, whether it be true or untrue.—After he had stolen the celebrated race horse "Skedaddle," Mr. Clay started in pursuit with two fine animals worth over $500 each, and overtook the freebooter, and offered him both, together with $600, if he would return the racer.

"These will answer your purpose just as well," said Mr. Clay.

John looked at the horses carefully and said—:

"Well, Mr, Clay, they will answer my purpose as well as Skeedadle; and as I am disposed to accomodate you—"

Here Mr. Clay's countenance brightened.

"As I am disposed to accomodate you I will partly comply with your request."

Mr. Clay was puzzled.

"I will partly comply with your request; I'll take these two horses, but I can't give you the other."

Mr. Clay was completely taken aback, but he was not allowed to get away so easy. The soldiers took the six hundred dollars from him, and he was compelled to leave for home on foot with his pockets empty.—*Nashville Union.*