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The Press.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1864.

Sala's "Life on the Ocean Wave."

George Augustus Sala, editor of *Temple Bar*, and author of an armful of books upon all subjects—readable books, too, if sometimes rather flimsy in material—came over to this country, last fall, as "Special Correspondent" of the *Daily Telegraph*, an enterprising, well-written, unscrupulous, out-and-out organ of the sympathizing party in England, and of the Secession party in America. We have often wondered why this *Telegraph*, aiming at being the rival of *The Times*, should have taken up the policy of *The Times* as regards this country, particularly as the sentiment of the British *people*, of the masses, as distinguished from the British aristocracy, who are the few, has been, from the first, unequivocally against slavery. Perhaps the Rothschild influence, known to operate on *The Times*, has also been brought to bear on the *Daily Telegraph*.

Mr. Sala's letters from this country are desultory and entertaining, crowded with platitudes and paradoxes, diffuse and chatty, showing more experience in than knowledge of the world, exhibiting a refreshing verdancy as to this country and its people, and manifesting a very amusing ignorance of war in general and particularly of war in the United States. There is a great deal of *gas* in them, and surprisingly little information. Now, Dr. Russell, when he wrote about the war, treated of a subject with which his experience in the Crimea and in India had made him familiar. Therefore, *he* made no mistakes, though he sometimes was one-sided and unfair in his reflections, and blundered in his accounts of battles which he had not seen. Mr. Sala, in the early part of his sojourn here, chiefly exercised his pen and his powers upon two subjects—the high charges at the Brevoort House, where he stopped, and the various hospitalities of New Year's day in New York, which, judging by the manner in which he wrote about them, must have affected him in the usual manner.

Perhaps it has never occurred to Mr. Sala that the *Daily Telegraph* people started him off to this country for the purpose of becoming a rival to "Manhattan," the lying correspondent of the *Standard*, commonly known as the Mrs. Gamp of the London press. If so, it was unfair to Mr. Sala, who is a man of genius, while "Manhattan" was simply an ignorant, bounceable, sordid mercenary.

Mr. Sala took a trip to Mexico, where he did not like his entertainment; in fact, we understand the French officer in command intimated that his room would be preferable to his company there, and he has not yet finished his description of the voyage. The last of these letters which we have seen is in the *Daily Telegraph* of July 20, and shows "Our Special Correspondent," on board a steamboat from Havana, nearing Vera Cruz, after a pleasant voyage. Here, as we desire to exhibit how pleasantly he can write about nothing, are his reflections upon being at sea:

"Pray tell me whether you know any place bestides the sea where you can eat four meals a day, to say nothing of luncheon and afternoon tea, and relish to your nightcap before turning in, and enjoy them all; where you may drink a moderate allowance of grog without dreading a headache next morning; where there is no postman to bring your letters, no newsboy to fling your daily journal down your area; where you are safe from your wives, at least beyond the reach of your mother-in-law—I have known great numbers of people, but *I never* knew a man to take his mother-in-law to sea with him; where there is neither a farthing tokeen whether the Literals are out or the Tories are in; what is the price of cohsols or what Mr. Softly Smyler, the critic, has said about your new poem; where you may give your arm to somebody else's wife without dreading the ire of a jealous husband—*he* jealous? he has just fetched a camp-stool for *your* wife, and peels oranges for her every day at dessert; where you might flirt with the eleven thousand virgins of Cologne, should that sainted sisterhood happen to be on board, without any offensively inquisitive mammas to ask you questions about your intentions; where you may be as jovial and hob-and-nob as the most affable manner with people, who, were they to meet you in Pall-mall, would cut you dead; where you may be as familiar as you please with anybody without a formal introduction, always excepting the man at the wheel; where, if you happen to have a talent, be it ever so trivial, for singing sonnis songs, or proposing charades, or playing the accordeon, you will at once become amazingly popular; where her Grace the Duchess will positively deign to smile upon and to thank you for bringing her an extra rug for her feet, or a plateful of raspberry tart at teatime; where you may wear any kind of hat, any kind of coat you please at all; where, if my Lord Bishop hasn't found his sea-legs yet, he will condescend to hold on by you, and pretty tightly too, when he takes his antepranchial constitutional on deck; where you may play whist in the daytime without being considered a blackleg, and smoke cigars after breakfast without shocking the ladies."

Mr. Sala, who is a British subject, with a foreign name, lacks the proper organ of veneration, we fear. Here is a sly hit, evidently at one of Queen Victoria's sons, at which many English readers, sitting round Cockney tea-tables, doubtless will shudder, with a turning-up of their eyes in loyal horror:

"The most miserable person I ever saw aboard ship, not being a victim to nausea, was the son of a mighty monarch. His exalted rank prevented him, of course, from mingling with the other passengers; he was hedged round by tutors and governors, who were under strict orders not to allow his Highness to smoke a cigar—it was not even permitted to enjoy the society of his species at the public table, and two state-rooms had been knocked into one to form a dining-room for him; there was not a body on board with a handle to his name whom he could ask to dinner. The poor lad must have had a woful time of it. When he came on deck to take the air, he used to sit aloof, looking very like a sick monkey. What would he not have given to be allowed to smoke a *colorado claro*, to indulge in twenty-minutes' skylarking, and to pitch his tutors and governors overboard?"

Here we may introduce a bit of the particular humor which has made Mr. Sala a favorite with the immense class in England who take up the newspaper merely to be amused:

"One discontented spirit there certainly was on board the Conway. He was a Frenchman, and a very clever Frenchman to boot; but he was an inveterate grumbler. Of course with such a bond of sympathy between us, the foreign gentleman and your Commissioner swore eternal friendship, and grumbled in unison. He had an idea that the saloon stewards on board—who were mostly bright mulattoes from the British West India Islands—despised him because he was an alien. 'Ven I ask him for ze mostarde,' he complained to me, 'sey turn to ze side, and say, 'Dam French.' Ven I call more beefsteak, I hear him visper to ze ozer stoundrel, 'Vat for he want more meat, ze dam French? *Ce sont des misérables, Monsieur; ils ont le patient ma patrie!*' On the subject of the sleeping accommodation on board the Conway, he was, if possible, more bitter. 'Ya! ya! ya! ze bear, he make me, *le cochon!* ze bear! ya! ya!' You have been told of *ces horribles mansardes sous les toits* at Venice, in the Doggy's Palace. Zey make dose *epouvantables chambrettes*, with ze little, little window, for ze confinement of one single prisoner. Ze Republique of Venice! ze rub his hand, he laugh *cha! tcha!* to see ze agony of ze *pauvre diable* in ze *Piombi*. Sare, I tell you zat ze Royal Mail Steam Pacquette Company, ze vas been more cruel zan ze Republique of Venice. Into ze *cachot*, ze infernal donjon, zat vas built for one prisonnier, he put two poor wretch. *Deux infortunés, ma foi, c'est à mourir d'asphyxie!*"

Our readers will probably agree with us that, in such writing as this, a very little humor can be managed so as to go a great way.

Like most Englishmen, Mr. S. has a good deal to say about cooking. His idea of "pepperpot" is too grand to be omitted:

"Remember what a shout of gratulation broke from us when, on a certain Thursday, the head steward announced that there would be pepperpot to-morrow. Pepperpot! Aha! Do you know what it is? Take of the flesh of sheep and oxen, and goats, and of the fowls of the air, and of venison and game; and, as a basis or stock, use plenty of cassareep, which is the inspissated juice of the manioc, and simmer the whole down with chilies and other hot spices. Simmer it for days. Simmer it for years. The brave old calabash we had for our pepperpot in the Conway was as old, I daresay, as the ship's bell—that brazen tooth from which you can tell her age. I should not wonder if it had served some wealthy West Indian planter long previous to the Emancipation Act, and came original ly from Congo, where it had been used in the mysterious rites of Obeah. They do say that a plump negro baby is a most succulent addition to this most dainty dish. All is fresh that comes to the calabash."

Mr. Sala confesses that the Spaniards on board were very abstemious; "the English ate tremendously. It is quite a mistake," he says, "to suppose that the heat of the tropics takes away your appetite, or that something light and cool—cold lamb and salad, for instance, or corned beef and beetroot—are the best fare you can have for dinner. I have a distinct recollection of the mighty consumption of rump steaks, mutton chops, curried rabbit, and eggs and bacon, at the captain's end of the table on board the Conway." And he adds:

"Curry and pepperpot, and their thermometer as high as the premium on gold in the States; ay, and Duff Gordon's sherry at dinner, and champagne—which, for all its deceptive icing, is a very heating wine—and brandy pawnee at night for the toasting of sweet-hearts and wives. And all this while the frugal Dons took nothing but coffee, or a little thin Catalan wine, much diluted. Never lived there so reckless a race as these Anglo-Saxons. 'They are belly-gods,' wrote an Italian traveller in Hindostan. 'They cram themselves until they burst. The Hindoo lives on rice and vegetables; but the English in India—what do they do? They eat a sheep at breakfast; they eat a bullock at dinner; they drink a barrel of brandy; and then they say: 'Oh! we are ill;' and the English doctors give them a pound of calomel. And then they eat more sheep and bullocks, and drink more brandy, and die; and the climate—the innocent climate—has to answer for it all.'"

As usual, Mr. Sala has a few hits at the Americans. He complains that he found them uncourteous, which he did not mind, and says: "But for all this their taciturnity puzzles me. Were they as sulky before the war? Tell us, Mr. Trollope—tell us, Mr. Dicey. I ask because the majority of Americans I have met in Europe were garrulous enough to talk the leg off an iron pot."

We have before us, in the *Daily Telegraph* of July 26th, (and hereby thank a worthy English sojourner here for the use of his file of newspapers,) Mr. Sala's experience and impressions of the celebration of the Fourth of July in New York. It is amusing and extravagant—a view of a peculiar celebration through the minifying end of a Cockney telescope. We intend noticing it some day next week.

Tennyson's "Specimen of a Translation of the Iliad."

Those who have read Mr. Matthew Arnold's lectures relating to the translation of Homer will remember some criticisms on the qualifications of Mr. Tennyson for such an enterprise, in which the writer denies to Tennyson the quality of simplicity in the sense in which it is attributed to Homer. When these lectures were written, we are not aware that any attempt at a translation of Homer had been made or, at any rate, had been publicly made, by Mr. Tennyson. But in his last volume there occurs a beautiful "Specimen of a Translation of the Iliad in Blank Verse." It has the merit of simplicity and also of a wonderful closeness to the original. Twenty lines of Homer are rendered in twenty-two lines of faultless English verse, with a literal fidelity to the meaning of the original words, which could hardly be surpassed in the plainest prose. This "specimen" is the more interesting from the fact that it includes the famous moonlight scene passage, from the Iliad, so well known in Pope's version of it. We give both translations below. The passage is found, in the original, at the end of the eighth book of the Iliad, lines 554, 562:

TENNYSON.

"Many a fire before them blazed;
As when in heaven the stars about the moon
Look beautiful when all the winds are laid,
And every height comes out, and jutting peak
And valley, and the immeasurable heavens
Break open to their highest, and all the stars
Shine, and the Shepherd gladdens in his heart;
So many fires between the ships and stream
Of Xanthus blazed before the towers of Troy.
A thousand on the plain."

POPE.

"And beaming fires illumined all the ground.
As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole,
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies;
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the moon and light.
So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays;
The ling'ring refections of the distant fire
Gleam on the walls and tremble on the spires.
A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field."

These lines by Pope are sonorous and have their own merit; but their merit is neither simplicity nor truth to nature nor fidelity to the original. Wordsworth, in speaking of the period of English poetry between the appearance of Paradise Lost and Thompson's Seasons, says: "To what a low state knowledge of the most curious and important phenomena had sunk, in excitement from the style in which Dryden has executed a description of nights in one of his tragedies (The Indian Emperor), and Pope in his translation of the celebrated moonlight scene in the Iliad. A blind man, in the habit of attending accurately to descriptions casually dropped from the lips of those around him, might easily depict these appearances with more truth. Dryden's lines are vague, bombastic, and senseless; those of Pope, though he had Homer to guide him, are throughout false and contradictory. The verses of Dryden, once highly celebrated, are forgotten; those of Pope still retain their hold upon public estimation—nay, there is not a passage of descriptive poetry, which at this day finds so many and such ardent admirers. Strange to think of any enthusiast, as may have been the case with thousands, reciting those verses under the cape of a moonlight sky, without having his raptures in the least disturbed by a suspicion of their absurdity."

If we do not mistake, there is one particular in which both of the translations above quoted are at variance with nature, viz.: representing a night which is illuminated by a full moon, and which, at the same time, shows all the stars and the depths of the heavens with especial clearness. Whereas, it is obvious that, in point of fact, when the moon shines in full brilliancy, there is such a veil of light drawn over the blue of the sky as to render the stars somewhat obscure, and that on such a night the "immeasurable heavens" do not reveal their depths and "break open to to their highest." But it is interesting to find, on turning to the original, that the apparent inaccuracy is not the fault of the translators, nor is it attributable to Homer. The only passage which conveys the idea that the light of the moon is especially brilliant, is the one included in the fourth, fifth, and sixth of Tennyson's lines—as far as the word "highest." This, in the original, as now printed, is enclosed in brackets, as indicating a passage which is corrupt, spurious, or misplaced. But the same lines are found, evidently in their proper place, in the sixteenth book of the Iliad, lines 299 and 300, where they are beautiful and have reference (as we understand them) to the sweeping away of a thick cloud from the face of the sky. Leaving these lines out, there is nothing in the passage above translated which presents the image of a full or especially brilliant moon. It lends additional beauty to the scene to introduce the moon. But it is introduced only as one among many lights, and the force of the simile consists mainly in the picture of the vast number and the brightness of the heavenly bodies. Were the moon full or nearly so, the eye would cease to remark either the number of the stars or their brilliancy.—*Boston Advertiser.*

An Artist's Life in Rome.

Our artists, especially those of the gentler sex, will be interested in this account of Barbara Churchill's life as an artist in Rome. It is from Miss Edwards' admirable novel, "Barbara's History":

"In Rome the artist feels impelled to stay forever and be at rest. For him, other cities lose their strong attraction; modern art, progress, personal ambition, cease alike to be of importance in his eyes; effort and emulation pass from him like mere dreams; he wakes not then conceive that we should ever know more serious cares than these, or take half the interest in living men and women that we took in Sophia and Sevilla of old. We lived Rome as if it were our native city, and thought there could be no place in the world half so enchanting. We had known no sorrow; we were so happy in it, and so solitary. We lived only in the past, and for each other. We had no friends, and cared to make none. Everything else was forgotten or unheeded, the present possessed but little interest for us; and dwelling amid the tombs and palaces of a vanished race, we seemed to live doubly beautiful from our intercourse. Thus the winter months glided away, and the spring-time came, and Lent was kept and ended. Thus Rome made holiday at Easter; and violets grew thicker than ever on the grave of Keats; and the primroses lay in clusters of pale gold about the cypress glades of Monte Mario. Thus, too, we extended our rambles for many a mile beyond the city walls, trampling the wild-flowers of the Campagna; tracking the antique boundaries of Latium and Etruria; mapping out the battle-fields; and visiting the sites and the sites of cities whose history has been for long centuries confounded with tradition, and whose temples were dedicated to a religion of which the poetry and the ruins survive. It was indeed a happy time; and the days went by as if they had been set to music!"

Experience of a Boston Woman at Castle Thunder.

Mrs. Margaret Lindsay, who was recently released from Castle Thunder and left Richmond on the 12th instant for her home in Boston, makes the following statement of the circumstances attending her capture and her treatment while in the rebel lines, and her experience in other respects:

My husband, Newton Leonard, volunteered, in January last, in the 2d Massachusetts Heavy Artillery. When his company was ordered to the seat of war, I received permission to go with his company as laundress. The regiment first went to Fort Foote, Virginia, and from thence was ordered to Plymouth, North Carolina. This place was captured on the 20th of April by the rebels, with all that was in it, including my trunks, over which the rebels and our own men had a quarrel for the possession, but the rebels got them. The rebels gave me a pass and a hat for my head. I had nothing only what was on my back. They seized all the money, goods, and everything else they could take from our men. There were about 300 men wounded at Plymouth after the battle, and they left me there four weeks in the hospital as a nurse. At the end of that time I was taken to Andersonville, Ga., in a box cart. They kept me ten days there and treated me kindly. My husband was allowed to visit me every day. This was the only place at which they used me with kindness. At the end of ten days they took me to Richmond and lodged me in Castle Thunder. I arrived in Richmond the 12th of July and remained there until the 12th of August. All the rations the prisoners have in Castle Thunder are corn bread and water and rotten beef, which not half enough to keep a dog. For the last five weeks they gave me no soap, not so much as would wash my hands. They keep what they call Southern men, and Yankee traitors, and women in Castle Thunder. There are not many prisoners now in Richmond; but there are twenty-seven thousand at Andersonville and Macon, Georgia, and they die very fast of scurvy, gangrene, and diarrhœa, and dropsy. If they are not soon released there will not be many left to release. While I was in Andersonville I saw three or four men buried every day. There are no prisoners now at Belle Isle, and very few in the other Richmond prisons. The rebels have released prisoners in the female department of the Castle with me. We had mattresses of straw to sleep on. Dr. Lugo is confined to a cell, and the rebels say he is a spy, and they could not get him out in the daytime; but now they keep him there night and day.

Col. Streit was put in irons and chain fastened to him, because they have a suspicion that he was a spy. We could hear Grant's cannon at Petersburg every day. We used to get the Richmond Examiner every day, and read in it that Grant was dead. The rebels thought he was for about a fortnight. The people of Richmond have nothing to eat but corn bread and bacon. The rebel officers at Castle Thunder have only the same and some vegetables they get out of a garden they have there.

CASTEL GANDOLFO.—This place, where the Pope is at the present moment staying, is situate at eleven miles from Rome, and since the reign of Urban IV. it has been the favorite summer residence of the Pontiffs. From the elevation of the site the air is excellent, and the view of the Mediterranean and the Circean promontory beyond the Civita Vecchia. The lake is celebrated in Roman history; Plutarch gives details of the piercing of Mount Albano for obtaining a supply of its water, and the Roman squadron used to be seen intact after a lapse of two thousand years. Domitian had naval battles represented on the lake, and added the sumptuous villa which now belongs to the Pontifical family. Constantine is believed to have given the lake to the Church of St. John the Baptist, which is hence called Sanctus Joannes. A pleasant villa seems to have existed there in the middle ages for the Emperors when they came to Rome. Later, the chronicles mention a fortress near Castel Gandolfo, on the shore of the lake. A family of that name existed in Rome in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. An Otho Gandolphe was senator of Rome in 1122. The rebellious barons became the property of Savelli; the lake then belonged to the Abbey of Grottaferrata. The celebrated Cardinal Mezarrota built the town of Castel Gandolfo with the remains of ancient Alba. Pius II., in his commentaries, speaks with admiration of the panorama of Castel Gandolfo, of which the hills, in the form of an amphitheatre, formed an enchanting spectacle. Sixtus V. raised Castel Gandolfo into a duchy for Bernardin Savelli, the Apostolic Chamberlaing paid 150 000 crowns to the creditors of that family. Clement VIII., by the consistorial decree of 1604, incorporated Castel Gandolfo with the temporal domains of the Holy See, and included it expressly in the bull of Pius V. *de non infeudandis bonis Ecclesiæ.* Alexander VII. added the Palace, which stands in Castel Gandolfo as a country seat. Paul V., who rendered the country more salubrious by draining the Lake of Turne, had the cenotaph erected in the church of Frascati. It was reserved for Urbain VIII. to definitely choose Castel Gandolfo. He had the place built and the garden laid out, and opened the shady roads which lead to Albano and the convent of the Capucines. He went there every year, and a large number of his bulls are dated from that place; amongst others, the bull for the erection of the Vatican College. Alexander V. enlarged and completed the Pontifical Palace, constructed the exterior wall as a defence, and built the parish church dedicated to St. Thomas of Villeneuve. Clement XI., Benedict XIV., and Clement XIV. each showed a special predilection for Castel Gandolfo, which residence was also recommended to them by their physicians. In 1802 the Apostolic Chamber sold the lake to Prince Poniatowski. The waters, as is well known, contain excellent eels.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

THE REMAINS OF AN IRISH ELK.—Portions of four skeletons of the above extinct animal have, within the last few days, been exhumed in the immediate vicinity of Dunfanaghy, Donegal. We have just examined one of these, which was dug up a week ago in the townland of Ardbrin, about four miles from this place, by a farmer while engaged in making a drain. Judging from the gigantic proportions of the parts of this skeleton, the animal must have been a very fine specimen, indeed, of the now long-extinct species, whose remains are all the more interesting to us as Irishmen, since they are almost exclusively confined to Hibernia. As to the probable size of this specimen we can only think, that it must have been less than about 15 feet from the tip of the snout to the end of the tail, and must have stood about seven feet high, measured from the hoof to the rise of the shoulder of course, if measured thus from the crown of the head, when it stood erect, it could not have been much less than ten or twelve feet from the ground to that point. The antlers, which are seven feet two inches apart at the extremities, four feet six inches long respectively, and two feet nine inches across the blades, were found, together with the frontal bones of the head, conjoined in a manner resembling a curly-coated pumpkin, more intent on doing mischief than on seeking information. In the absence of the farmer, wantonly smashed one of these splendid antlers badly.—*Newry Telegraph.*

A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH CONVERSE OF CONVERT.—Mr. Buckingham, member for his county in the English Parliament, recently made a speech giving its history. From a report in the London *Times* we take the following extract:

It is full of innumerable Roman remains, and remains of two different tribes of Saxons. Its history shows that the country has been visited by many of the great heads—Edward I., II., and IV., Richard I and III., Henry VI., Elizabeth, James I., Charles I. and II., William III., George IV., William IV., and Queen Victoria, and his imagination. He knew that certain statues and pictures are henceforth necessary to him, and that certain ruins have become almost a part of his being. He could scarcely fly over any part of Savell; the lake then belonged to the Abbey of Grottaferrata. The celebrated Cardinal Mezarrota built the town of Castel Gandolfo with the remains of ancient Alba. Pius II., in his commentaries, speaks with admiration of the panorama of Castel Gandolfo, of which the hills, in the form of an amphitheatre, formed an enchanting spectacle. Sixtus V. raised Castel Gandolfo into a duchy for Bernardin Savelli, the Apostolic Chamberlaing paid 150 000 crowns to the creditors of that family. Clement VIII., by the consistorial decree of 1604, incorporated Castel Gandolfo with the temporal domains of the Holy See, and included it expressly in the bull of Pius V. *de non infeudandis bonis Ecclesiæ.* Alexander VII. added the Palace, which stands in Castel Gandolfo as a country seat. Paul V., who rendered the country more salubrious by draining the Lake of Turne, had the cenotaph erected in the church of Frascati. It was reserved for Urbain VIII. to definitely choose Castel Gandolfo. He had the place built and the garden laid out, and opened the shady roads which lead to Albano and the convent of the Capucines. He went there every year, and a large number of his bulls are dated from that place; amongst others, the bull for the erection of the Vatican College. Alexander V. enlarged and completed the Pontifical Palace, constructed the exterior wall as a defence, and built the parish church dedicated to St. Thomas of Villeneuve. Clement XI., Benedict XIV., and Clement XIV. each showed a special predilection for Castel Gandolfo, which residence was also recommended to them by their physicians. In 1802 the Apostolic Chamber sold the lake to Prince Poniatowski. The waters, as is well known, contain excellent eels.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

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Adventures of a Captured Correspondent.

A correspondent of the *Tribune* was captured last Tuesday by guerillas, while en route from Strasburg to Harper's Ferry. He thus narrates his adventures:

We came on towards Harper's Ferry, believing the route to be clear. Seven miles from Berryville we passed an old gentleman in a carriage, who assured us that the route was clear. Half a mile beyond a soldier in Confederate uniform was seen walking quietly along the road, with his jacket hung upon his arm. He bowed respectfully as we passed, but I moved on more quietly and cautiously. Suddenly, from out of the oak woods, a squad of horsemen, unmistakably gray, appeared before me. "Who are you?—and where are you going?" said the Captain. I told him who I was, which saved him the necessity of pressing any questions as to where I was going. They led me away into the woods, warning me not to speak aloud, except when questioned. We rode quietly for a short distance, when one riding by my side asked the time of day, and kindly proposed to take charge of my watch for me. I handed it to him without reluctance, simply asking him to take good care of it. "Your pocket-book, too," said he; "those fellows will steal it (pointing to the graybacks about him) if you don't." "Certainly," said I, and handed him my pocket-book. "Have you no more greenbacks?" said he. I assured him he had them all. Whereto will all this kindness grow, thought I, as my eyes fell upon a picket rope, strapped up with a coat, behind the saddle of one of them. Another came up and kindly offered to take care of my breastpin for me. I told him I thought it would be safe, but he assured me that it wouldn't, and I accepted his kindness. Then I gave up my note-book, and then one by one every article which I had upon my person, down to a toothpick, including the principal part of my clothing. I was by this time led quite a distance into the woods. My note book and correspondence, and private papers, and certain papers in short hand, were read through and through by the captain, who talked angrily to those about him, as something offensive in the writings met his eye. What are you going to do with him, asked one, silently. "Going to hang him," said the captain, and I saw a man begin to fashioning the noose of a hangman's rope. I attempted to speak, but just then a whistle was heard, which attracted the attention of them all, and presently a vidette came to New York, and reported that a party of ten Yankee cavalry was coming. The captain looked at me and at the short-hand for a moment, and said, "so you came down here to write Abolition lies for Greeley, did you? Why you? I tried to mutter something. "Which had you rather be, shot or hung, said the Captain; just then another picket came in saying the Yankees were near. "Mount your horse" and charge with us, and if you attempt to fall out, we'll shoot you dead, sir, on the spot." I was put by the side of a rebel, who was ordered to devote himself particularly to me; I was decoyed with a gray coat and Confederate buttons, and I joined the column. I made a resolution; and hope exultant arose for the moment, as my horse galloped on in the charge. We came close upon the Yankees, before they observed us, and the rebels fired a volley, which was answered, and for a moment the firing was rapid, and bullets were whistling. Now there was a momentary confusion, and my comrade was affected. Now for a flank movement, thought I! I turned my horse, plunged through the woods with several bullets aimed at him. I came to a ledge of rocks, plunged fifteen feet, and to my surprise my horse was up and off again, and I was in the saddle. They threw off their pursuers, I knoutted the second one, and it was not many minutes before I reached the village of Charleston, four miles distant. I was eight miles still from Union lines at Harper's Ferry. I was hatless and stripped of everything but a shirt. But I had saved my horse—no, my horse had saved me, and I shall cherish an undying friendship for the dear old creature so long as I live.

Well, I turned my back on Virginia, and ran to Harper's Ferry wondering and rejoicing at my deliverance.

A Perilous Trip.

RUNNING THE RAPIDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE IN A SKIFF.

The Prescott (Canada) *Telegraph* has the following account of a hazardous exploit:

"During the latter part of July two men, named Violet Jones, of the Fusilier Guards, and Robert Welch, of Mr. Barkers' exchange office, Prescott, left here on a trip to Montreal, intending to run the rapids of the St. Lawrence. They started in a lapstreak skiff, twenty-one feet long, three feet six inches beam, and carried with them the usual pairs of oars, a sail and a tent, with the necessary cooking apparatus, &c., for camp life. They succeeded in running the Long Sault, Cedar, and Coteau rapids, Rapid du Plat, and Rapid Plat, in the north channel of the Long Sault as far as the point, the same evening. Being afraid to venture the remainder of the channel, they carried their boat and traps across the island to the head of the South Channel, but the darkness was so intense that they considered discretion the better part of valor, and they camped on the island all night. Early next morning, they packed up their duds, and made another and this time successful attempt, accompanied by the cheers of about twenty people who had congregated upon the shore. The peril of the undertaking will be better understood when we state that the swells washed over the boat, half filling her with water, one of which struck the man at the oars (Welch) in the face, almost depriving him of his breath. They then ran to Hogansburg, where they laid over a day.

"Next morning the Coteau Rapids were passed in beautiful style, and they soon reached the Cedars, the most dangerous of all the rapids to run. The Slit Rock nearly finished our adventurers. Being unacquainted with the channel, they took the rapids at full speed, and when within a hundred yards off, in a very swift current, they saw ahead of them a fall of about seven feet. By hard pulling they succeeded in turning her sufficiently in making the 'Old Lock,' on the north side, when an oar broke, fortunately just as they were within reach of the lock. They had to shove her back to the head, when a passing raft pointed out the channel, and amid some good swells they descended the rapids safely.

"Then came the Cascades. Here they were advised by a gentleman whom they met not to attempt to run them, as the Cascades had never been run by anything smaller than a bateau; and he was sure they would be drowned. Notwithstanding this they determined to proceed, and were anxiously watched in their perilous journey by the gentleman above spoken of. The first pitch was passed safely; at the second, however, the boat went down, and struck—whether the bottom or a rock they could not, of course, say. She, however, raised, they supposed by the force of the current, although filled with water, overcome with by the force of the current, although filled with water, overcome with by the force of the current, although filled with water, overcome with by the force of the current, although filled