

# Stoneman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

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**GOD OF THE FREE.**  
 God of the free! upon thy breath  
 Our flag is for the right unrolled,  
 As broad and brave as when it stars  
 First lit the hallowed tent of old.  
 For duty still its folds shall say;  
 For honor still its glories burn,  
 Where Truth, Religion, Valor guard  
 The patient sword and martyr's urn.  
 No tyrant's impious sword is ours;  
 No list of power on nations rolled;  
 O flag!—for friends a starry sky,  
 For traitors, storm in every fold.  
 O thus we'll keep our nation's life,  
 Nor fear the bolts by despots hurled,  
 The blood of all the world is here,  
 And they who strike us, strike the world.  
 God of the free, our nation blest,  
 In its strong manhood as at its birth,  
 And make its life a star of hope  
 For all the struggling of the earth.  
 Then shout beside thee oak, O North!  
 O South! wave answer with thy palm,  
 And in our Nation's heart  
 Together sing the nation's psalm!

**FROM GEN. McCLELLAN'S ARMY.**  
 Further details of the late Battle—The Evacuation of the White House, etc.

**WITH STONEMAN'S LIGHT DIVISION, June 28.**—More than a week ago Gen. McClellan determined to withdraw from his position on the right at Mechanicsville, get out of the swamp, get better under cover of his parallels, prepare for any disaster, and concentrate his immense army for a grand flank assault upon Richmond. This withdrawal was carried on in such a cautious and quiet way, that it was not until Wednesday night last that the enemy became aware of the important movement. This was evident from the movements they endeavored to execute successfully on our left, some days ago.

On last Wednesday Commodore Rodgers ordered the Port Royal to proceed down the James river to a point just above the mouth of Chickahominy. Here launches and small boats were to proceed to shore and reconnoiter inland until the army pickets were reached, so as to keep up communication with Fort Monroe and our Government at Washington, in view of the probable advance of the enemy upon our right.

Early on Thursday morning Gen. McClellan's division, which was posted a little below Mechanicsville, commenced a retrograde movement towards the position held by Gen. Fitzjohn Porter, in the vicinity of New Bridge. McClellan had scarcely joined Porter before the rebels—the divisions of Anderson, Branch and G. W. Smith, under the command of "Stonewall" Thomas Jefferson Jackson, brushed him hard and forced him to halt and hastily form a line of battle, which was done in excellent style, the Bucktails deployed to the right and left in front of skirmishers. Porter's division came promptly to the support of McClellan, and, fighting desperately, the two divisions fell back slowly towards Savage's Station, on the Richmond and York River railroad, when night came on, and the battle ceased. Meanwhile Capt. Sawtell, of General McClellan's staff, had succeeded in destroying everything in the way of buildings at White House, and moving all the transports down the river, had the gun boats stationed so as to command every approach.

On Friday the battle was renewed with great fury by the rebels, but with different results, McClellan and Porter being reinforced by most of Keyes' corps, making our defending force total up about 40,000 men. The rebels were in turn reinforced by Longstreet's division and a division said to be improvised for Beauregard. General McClellan was present on Friday, and personally manoeuvred the troops, handled them in a masterly manner, and especially supervising the artillery. The cannonade lulled after about five hours' fighting, and both armies seemed to be recoiling for a desperate spring at each other, when the rebel skirmishers, finding no enemy east of them, charged front and advanced some miles towards the White House. General Stoneman now made a dash at them with nearly seven thousand cavalry, including Rush's Lancers, creating great havoc and a real panic. After this, Stoneman craftily wheeled about and covering the rear of our army, as it passed over Bottom's Bridge and the Long Bridge, followed them with his main force, leaving sufficient cavalry to observe the movements of the bamboozled enemy, as he proceeded east.

An hour later, and our gunboats opened up on the enemy on the line of the Pomunkey, near the White House. The old battle ground was made to ring again and again with our floating batteries. When General Stoneman heard this music he turned his horse's head towards the rebel capital, and smiling said, "All is well; now for Richmond!" General McClellan has been at work all day, and in advancing, has driven the enemy back at every point on the left and centre, and with great loss to them, while ours was comparatively light. The transports, hospital ships, and other vessels, have all been ordered to report at Jamestown Island, inside of the island, covered by our gunboats, should any enemy molest them. But of this there is no fear. From this they may proceed to a higher station on the river, as may be necessary. Gen. Casey's brave division did excellent service in securing the transporting stores.

Indications of a general battle along the whole line. Gen. McClellan, in order to be ready for any emergencies, gave directions to Gen. Casey and Col. Ingalls to make every preparation for the instant removal or destruction of all the supplies at White House, should the result of the impending battle render such a course necessary, his force being deemed too small to render the successful defense of this position a certainty against such a movement of the enemy. At 9 o'clock a dispatch was received that a general battle was progressing along the whole line, the enemy having renewed the attempt to flank Gen. Porter's position on the right wing. At 11 o'clock, a second dispatch announced that Gen. Porter had driven the enemy before him and repulsed them with terrific slaughter, and was then ordered by Gen. McClellan to fall back. This dispatch was a signal for renewed energy in the work of evacuation, and all the Quartermaster's papers and valuables, and the chests of the Paymasters, were brought on board the mail boat. The family of Quartermaster Engle was also brought on board, with his horses and carriage, and the horses of Assistant Quartermaster Sartell. The house-

hold furniture and the servants of these officials also soon followed, which increased the excitement among the sutlers and army followers. Some of the sutlers became so panic stricken as to sell out their stocks at half price, and hastened on board the boat, whilst some determined to hold on and take the chances.

The steamers and tugs were all in early requisition, and were moving down the river with long trains of transports in tow. The vessels nearest the landing were also stored full of commissary stores and munitions, and moved out in the stream. The immense piles of boxes of crackers, barrels of pork, and other stores along the landing, were again covered over with bales of hay, so as to be ready, at a moment's notice, to apply the torch for their destruction, if it should become necessary. There was also great commotion among the crowds of contrabands, who have been found most of all along the commissary and munition departments. They soon understood that danger was apprehended, and on being assured by Colonel Ingalls that they would not be left behind to meet the vengeance of their masters, went to work with renewed energy. Stores and munitions everywhere disappeared from the landings with great rapidity and were being packed on the wharfbottoms and vessels contiguous. The wives and children of the contrabands also made their appearance, and with bundles and babies took position on the canal boats as they were floated out in the stream. During the afternoon the panic increased until half-past three o'clock, and the steamers and tugs were busily engaged in towing down the transports.

At three o'clock a dispatch was received from Headquarters in substance as follows: "We have been driving the enemy before us on the left wing for the past half hour. Cheers are heard all along the line." This was the signal for a long change in the programme. All the government valuables, and the property of the officers was taken on the mail boat and placed on board the steamer Cammonico, and the order given for the departure of the mail boat, which left for Fortress Monroe, taking with her in tow two heavily laden steamers, with directions for them to be dropped at West Point. Two of the large hospital steamers filled with sick and wounded, also left about the same time, and moved westwardly down the river. The steamer Commodore was still left at the wharf, to receive any new arrivals from the battle field, and the Daniel Webster and the Elm City, devoted to the same service, soon after arrived. It was also announced that Gen. Stoneman, with 6,000 cavalry and artillery, was within six miles of the White House, to protect the work of evacuation if a dash should be made by the enemy in that direction.

The scene presented on the river was an interesting one. Ten miles below the White House, about 200 brigs, bargues and schooners were at anchor, with any quantity of canal boats, loaded with implements of war, commissary and subsistence stores. On the whole route down, steamers and tugs were passed, having large numbers of vessels in tow, and shells and grape poured into them as they advanced, making great gaps in their lines which were immediately filled up, but they moved forward most determinedly. They still moved on and exchanged showers of balls, which were destructive on both sides; but when Gen. Porter ordered a bayonet charge they retreated in double quick. They again rallied a second time, when some terrible slaughter ensued. This time, their artillery being better served, was more effective. On coming to the quarters they were again repulsed and driven back further still. This twice fought over battle ground was now literally strewn with the dead and dying. Gen. Porter then a second time fell back to his position, and waited an hour for the enemy to renew the assault. They finally came on in increased numbers, having been largely reinforced, and were again received with shell and grape, causing great chaos in their ranks. A third time the enemy bore down most bravely and determinedly on our line, and this conflict was the most severely contested of the whole; but when the bayonet was brought to bear, they fell back and were pressed towards Richmond fully a mile beyond our original lines. Again the fourth time, Gen. Porter fell back to his first position, when an order was received from Gen. McClellan to continue his retrograde movement slowly and in order. As soon as it became apparent to the enemy that it was the purpose of Gen. Porter to retire they pushed forward again boldly and bravely, when they were checked by the entire Reserve force, consisting of the New York 5th and 10th, and two other regiments, under Col. Warren, acting Brigadier General. This fresh force held the enemy in check, while the force which had previously borne the brunt of the battle, moved steadily back and in good order. The enemy made a fierce attack on the reserve, but cannon were posted at various points of the route by which they were retreating towards the Chickahominy, and occasionally poured in shot and shell among them, and checked their movements, and enabled the troops to move back in the most admirable order.

At one time in this retrograde movement the reserve force of Gen. Syke charged on the enemy with the bayonet, and drove him back a mile. In this charge the gallant New York 5th and 10th drew forth the plaudits of the army by their steadiness and bravery, in which they, however, lost about 100 of their number. Cheers went up along our whole line, and at this gallant repulse, which was at 3 p. m., and the enemy did not renew the attack during the balance of the evening, but turned his columns towards the White House. The

division of the enemy dispatched in that direction was estimated at twenty to thirty thousand men of all arms.

It appears that the telegraphic communication between White House and McClellan was not broken until one o'clock on Saturday, when the wire was cut at Dispatch Station, eleven miles out. The last of the transports were moved by the steamtugs, and the few articles scattered about on shore were fired. The whole was of small value, and thus of the many millions of property here a few days since, probably not \$5,000 worth was destroyed.

Since a very early hour Saturday, Gen. McClellan has been deprived of his telegraphic communication with Washington. He abandoned its use several hours before the wires were cut, doubtless being fearful that the enemy might, by placing a magnet on the wire, read his orders. Direct communication is now being opened with him, however, by gunboats, up the mouth of the Chickahominy, and it will soon be all right in this respect.

In the midst of this closing scene, I regret to have to state that some vandal set fire to the White House and it was entirely consumed. The cavalry at the White House guarded the departure of the last of the wagons and horses which moved off at the final evacuation and joined the force under Gen. Stoneman, who, after passing these trains off and securing their safety, moved off with his entire force in a direction that I am not at liberty at present to state. Gen. Casey reports he lost not a man, nor did he leave a soul behind not even a contraband.

A TIMELY REPROOF.—Humor and sharp wit are never put to better use than in answering a fool according to his folly, and we could wish that reprots like the following were more frequent:

I watched him. It had but six years ago, in one of the trains of cars running between Newark and Jersey City, N. J., there was a young naval officer, who was constantly intermingling his conversation with the most profane oaths. A young lady was so situated that she could not but hear every time he swore. At first she bore in with equanimity; then as it continued, and rather increased in the shocking character of his imprecation, she began to grow fidgety and her eyes flashed. We knew that a bolt would be shot, and that it would strike him.

"Sir can you converse in the Hebrew tongue?"

"Yes," was the reply, in a half unconscious, but slightly sneering tone.

"Then," was the reply, "if you wish to swear any more, you will greatly oblige me and probably the rest of the passengers also, if you do it in Hebrew.

I watched him. He had hit. His color came and went—now red, now white. He looked at the young lady, then at his boots, then at the ceiling of the cars; but he did not swear any more, either in Hebrew or English, and he probably remembered that young lady.

DISINFECTING AGENTS.—As the warm weather approaches, our citizens should thoroughly clean their premises, rendering them as pure and healthy as possible. There are a number of disinfecting agents which will be found efficacious in removing offensive smells from damp, mouldy cellars, yards, pools of stagnant water, decaying vegetable matter, etc. Either of the following will answer the purpose, while they cost but a trifle.

1. One pint of the liquor of chloride of zinc, in one pint of water and one pound of chloride of lime in another pint of water. This is, perhaps, the most effective of anything that can be used; and, when thrown upon decaying vegetable matter of any description, will effectually destroy all offensive odors.

2. Three or four pounds of sulphate of copper (copperas) dissolved in a peatful of water, will in many cases be sufficient to remove offensive odors.

3. Chloride of lime is better to scatter about damp places, in yards, in damp cellars, and upon heaps of filth.

**THE SKELETON OF JOHN BROWN'S SON.**—When the Massachusetts Second came here the negroes told them that the "mummy," as they called it, of John Brown's son, who was killed in the engine house, was preserved in the office of Dr. Maguire, who is medical director in the rebel army. The soldiers immediately took possession of it, and placed it under the charge of the Post Surgeon, who desires to keep it as a medical preparation. The arteries are injected and the muscles displayed in the usual manner. My first impression was that it should be given over to the family for decent interment; but a medical friend suggested to me, that so long as it can be visited, as doubtless it will be when the surgeon takes it North, by thousands it will tell the tale of the horrid brutality with which it was treated by the Virginians. The skin was stripped off and tanned. It was then prepared as an anatomical specimen. The physician who achieved the job became mad and died, the blacks say and believe, as a judgment of heaven.—Letter from Winchester.

**BURNING POTATOE VINES.**—According to the Massachusetts Ploughman, potato vines should be thrown into heaps and burned for the most plausible theory in regard to the potato rot is, that it is caused by a very minute insect, not visible to the naked eye. By burning the vines, therefore, we may catch millions of them, and send them where they came from for the vines are but very little value as manure, and their ashes are better than their stems buried in the soil. A very reasonable supposition in regard to the rot, is that it is caused by a poisonous little insect, too minute to be readily discerned; yet numerous enough to cause destruction to that root which is almost the sole food of millions of our race. If, as we conjecture, a small poisonous insect is the cause, we can out flank and subdue him by fire and water. Let the vines have the fire, and let the tubers, at the time of planting, be dipped into potash water, to kill the little knits that adheres to them.

The Governor of Alabama, by proclamation warns planters not to plant more than one acre of cotton per nigger. Plant as much as you please, planters. With Uncle Sam's help we will, if you are loyal, protect you.

Fanson Brownlow is not likely to lack offensive weapons when he returns to Knoxville. Since reaching Hartford he has had presented to him a Colt's revolver and a Sharp's rifle.

[BY REQUEST.]  
**THE WHITE RACE IN THE SOUTH, OR, THE EFFECTS OF SLAVERY.**  
 The negro-hating, pro-slavery Democratic press, endeavor to create the impression, by their persistent falsehoods, that it is for the benefit of the blacks alone, that Republicans oppose slavery. We do not deny that anti-slavery men think it but justice that a black man should be permitted to enjoy himself, and his wife and children, and to own the fruits of his own labor, but we do assert most emphatically that the welfare of the blacks is not the sole, or even the main reason why Republicans oppose slavery.

The emancipation of the white race from the awful effects of the curse of slavery, is the chief object we have in view. The effects are so potent, so terrible, so wide reaching, that they threaten to ruin the civilization of the country, unless speedily removed. They have already brought the South measurably to a state of semi-barbarism, and the tendency downwards is increasing in a geometrical ratio.

We ask the attention of those who are in favor of tolerating slavery, and leaving it to exist in the South, working out its desolating effects until it culminates in another rebellion, to the following extract from a writer who is visiting portions of Tennessee and Mississippi, in the track of our armies. After speaking of the natural riches of the country, and pointing out its beauties, and its facilities for supporting a large population, he says:

"Yet, with all these natural advantages, with a healthy climate and a magnificent soil, after fifty years of settlement, this region of country is as yet almost in a state of nature. You ride along through the forest, and only at the distance of two or three miles apart, come upon clearings, or rather fields, in which the gigantic trees are left standing, having been merely girdled years before. The house of the settler is generally a log hut, but imperfectly 'chinked' up with mud. Sometimes even this is not done, but the light of heaven is allowed to stream in all directions. Of course, in this case no windows are needed. Indeed I saw but few glazed windows. Most of the houses had no glass whatever. A wooden shutter, closed at night and open by day, serves all the purposes of air and light. Of course, into such cabins as these, the bugs, ticks and immense poisonous spiders have free access, and doubtless improve the opportunity. In many instances I found the occupants had no beds or bedding, never took off their clothes, or at least only periodically, and when they retired for the night, slept in a semi-circle around the hearth with their feet to the fire, like so many savages. It was not uncommon for the negroes to occupy the same sleeping apartments with the whites. In truth, as to intelligence, the negro appears to be every whit as well informed as his white master or mistress. They are generally much more lively in their speech and motions, and far more healthy looking. Turn your back to the family and you could not tell the difference in speech between the master and man. And in this way is slavery fast placing the once African savage upon a level with the white man. But it is not only doing so in this manner, but in another, and more intimate one. Allude to the commingling of the blood of the two races into one common stock, whether a degenerate one or not time alone can determine. But that amalgamation is going on at an extremely rapid rate no one will have the hardihood to deny. I will give an instance as a specimen, and which I obtained from a distinguished division surgeon, in the army, a native Southerner, born and raised in Kentucky. He was riding out to the front a few days since in company with Gen. — and Staff. They stopped at a log hut by the wayside and were struck with the beauty and intelligent looks of a little girl about four or five years of age. She had eyes of the most brilliant black, straight wavy hair, and white skin. Upon inquiry they learned that she was the daughter of a married woman by a colored man. This woman had also learned to read, and was the daughter of her own master or owner. She had three husbands—negro men also owned by her own father or his neighbors. Two of them had been sent South and sold; the third was now living with her. By her present husband she had several black children, and this white child. Some of the neighbors (perhaps maliciously) it was afterwards found out, reported that this child was the daughter of the woman's own father and owner! The family, white and black, appeared to live very amicably together. The white owner had several children by a white woman, and he was reported to be a kind master to his slaves. Now, here is a specimen of the peculiar institution so revolting as to shock the sensibilities, to say nothing of the religious sentiments, of the most brutal of mankind. Let Northern apologists for slavery talk no more of abolitionists and amalgamationists at the South. If they want to see amalgamation and mormonism of the most degrading kind, just let them visit a slave State, and when they do let them take care to go among the middling class of whites, owners of a few slaves, and if they do not find the population sunk in the most brutish bestiality and ignorance, it is because they will not. Here is a country over which the famous Davy Crockett hunted, and stamped for Congress, over thirty years ago; yet it is still as much of a wilderness as it was when the "chairs" and the catamounts reigned almost supreme in its solitudes. And what has been the drawback to its progress and civilization? Simply the institution of slavery—no more and no less. Yet these are the States, and these the people that have been furnishing the Democratic party of this country its staple majorities for years. No wonder the result has been the breaking up of the Union. No Republic can ever stand such an accumulated amount of darkness and ignorance as are displayed in the Southern States among the backwoodsmen and small farmers, whose votes in reality are the levers by which Southern politicians have ruled this country through the Democratic party.

"The faces of the people indicate a great lack of intelligence. Men and women are slow of speech, drawing in their pronunciation, showing that their brains are slow to communicate their thoughts and ideas. The woman appear to be particularly wanting in intelligence and general information. Most of them look as if an idea would be a God send to them, for such a thing had not entered their heads for years. In such a condition of society of course passion takes the place of reason; they read but little, and are consequently just in the condition to be impressed by the oratory of the stump or the pulpit. For the reason, that most of the political teaching at the South is by word of mouth; the politicians have now, and will always have unlimited sway over the masses. They were always able to excite them to the highest pitch of political frenzy, and finally to carry them away into this wicked rebellion, which was undertaken solely in the interest of slavery, and of the politicians who have always gotten into power upon that all engrossing topic."

Here is the bare truth, without exaggeration. Slavery is promotive of ignorance, vice, poverty, and amalgamation. It is degrading the white race and ruining that section of the country, and, it permitted to go on much longer, no remedy will be found but through seas of blood, and ages of helpless inferiority. Even now, statesmen and philanthropists may well stand aghast at the magnitude of the reformation required to bring the South up to the standard of Northern and European civilization. Now is our opportunity. If we let this pass, we shall be false to our country, to humanity and to God.—Gazette.

**AN INCIDENT.**—Among the curiosities of the wounds received at the battle of the Chickahominy, we notice that of Captain Eli Dougherty, Company K, 93d Regiment, which was wounded in the breast. A Minie ball struck him in the clothes over his heart. It went through his coat, vest, and shirt. It smashed a gold watch (which he had bought for his sister) all to pieces. The ball then went into a Bible and dug its way through the bed and about six hundred pages. At the beginning of the 4th chapter of 2d Timothy it went out of the Bible and inflicted a slight wound in his breast. It left its last mark on the first verso of that chapter. It is as follows: "I charge thee therefore before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom."

The Bible is so disfigured that it will only be valuable as a relic. It was given to the captain by a lady.

**THE CHICKAHOMINY HISTORY.**—The Chickahominy river, all known, from the reports of Gen. McClellan's operations to be a small stream in the vicinity of Richmond, which broadens and deepens gradually in its course. Sometime before it reaches the James river, into which it empties, thirty-seven miles above Fortress Monroe; it is affected by the tides, and at the mouth is, as it appears from the James, between two and three miles wide. The Chickahominy is the stream which Capt. John Smith was exploring when he was captured by the warriors of Powhatan. It is believed he was captured somewhere near the scene of the late battle. It will be remembered that his banks were in the days of John Smith, as now, noted for marshes. Smith was mired in the swamp when the savages pounced upon him.

George Francis Train is responsible for the following: "What a hero would have passed through England had the Northern army been guilty of the brutal atrocities perpetrated by the Rebels at Manassas and elsewhere? Using the skulls of our brave officers for spittoons, boiling off their flesh to get them for canisters, and sending tokens made from the bones of our brave men to the fiends in the shape of women, who seem to have acted like so many tigresses during this terrible civil war. May God have mercy on their souls!"

Recently there was a funeral in New Orleans, and the coffin was deposited with great pomp in the tomb. General Butler, who keeps his eyes open, concluded from information he had that he would be justified in acting the part of a resurrectionist, and had the coffin exhumed, when it was found packed full of gold coin of 1861, no doubt stolen when the mine was seized last year.

Two Bostonians, residing in Vermont persuaded a lad who owned a pet black bear to let them try three powerful dogs on him, the bear to be made fast to a post by a chain about twelve feet long. The Vermont boys agreed, in consideration of \$2 50, and the result was three dead dogs, two mortified Bostonians, one triumphant bear, and a jubilant Green Mountain juvenile.

Two runaway contrabands—a small boy and his large aunt—were arrested in Detroit, Michigan, on the 17th instant, under the Fugitive Slave law, upon which the negroes generally turned out and raised considerable excitement. Before any actual disturbance took place, however, the fugitives were discharged, under a writ of habeas corpus, and skeddaddled over to Canada.

Bishop Soule, of Louisiana, has been reported to have taken the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy. But such is not the fact. The Bishop in regard to the matter says: "I have not been asked to take the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy, and there are not men nor hemp enough in the confederacy to make me do it."

Barnum has awarded his prizes to the exhibition babies. A child 4 1/2 years old took the first prize of \$100 as the finest child on exhibition. One thousand dollars has been awarded to the Cincinnati child eight months old, which weighs but one pound, seven ounces; and Barnum offers another thousand for a match to it any time within a year.

Extra Billy Smith, a rebel Colonel, and at one time a member of Congress, was wounded at the battle of Fair Oaks. The Breckinridgers of the North used to hold this man up as a model politician and friend of his country.

The Louisville Journal asserts that there have been hundreds of well attested cases where rebels buried their sick and wounded before death.

**MY PLAIN LOVER.**  
 I was a coquette. Many a lover's heart I had lacerated by refusing their offers of marriage, after I had lured them on to a "declaration." My last victim was James Frazier. He was a tall, awkward, hoarse, and ungainly man, but his heart was true as steel. I respected him highly and felt pained when I witnessed his anguish at my rejection of him. But the fact was, I had fallen in love with Elliott Tracy, a city gallant, who had been unremitting in his devotion to me. James warned me against Elliott, but I charged him with jealousy and took his warning as an insult. In a few days after Elliott and I were engaged, and my dream of romantic love seemed in a fair way of realization. I had a week of happiness. Many have not so much in a lifetime. Many awake from the bright short dream to find themselves in life-long darkness and bondage from which there is no escape. Thank God, I was not to be so miserable as they.

There was an equestrian party winding through our grand old woods and quiet country roads. Elliott and I led the cavalcade. I rode my own beautiful Brown Bess. Elliott was mounted on the handsome black horse that had been sent him from the city. Following us was a bevy of merry girls and their cavaliers, and among them, tall awkward, and silent, rode James Frazier. His presence had marred all the pleasure of my ride, and I was glad to be in advance of them all that I might not see him.

And so we rode on over the soft sandy road that echoed not the tramp of our horses' hoofs and I listened, well pleased to the low but animated words of Elliott Tracy, who wished himself a knight, and me a fair lady of the olden time, that he might go forth to do battle for me and compel all men to recognize the claims of his peerless love, of the brave deeds and perilous exploits it had prompted, wishing again and again that he might thus proclaim his love before the world. It pleased me to listen to this, and believe it sincere, though I had no wish to put my love to such a test.

A shot rang through the still woods and a wounded bird, darting past fluttered and fell at the feet of Brown Bess. With a bound and a spring that nearly unseated me, she was off. Struggling to regain my seat, I had no power to restrain her, she flew, the fear and madness of the moment grew upon her. I could only cling breathlessly to mane and bridle, and wonder helplessly where this mad gallop was to end. She swerved from a passing wagon, and turned into a cart track that led to the river. In the sudden movement the reins had been torn from my hands, and I could not regain them. How sweet was life in those precious moments that I thought my last. How all its joys, its affections, its last crowning love rose up before me. I thought of the pang that would rend Elliott's heart as he saw me lying, mangled and dead, and then the thought would come if he were pursuing and trying to save me, even as he had said, at the risk of life and limb.

I remembered no more, I felt a sudden shock, a fearful rushing through the air, and I knew no more until, days afterwards, I woke to a faint, weak semblance of life, in my room at home.

I never saw Elliott Tracy again.

The last words I ever heard from his lips were those of knightly daring.

The last act of his life in connection with mine was to follow in the train of frightened youths who rode after me, to contemplate the disaster from the affair, and as soon as he saw me lifted from the shallow bed of the river into which I had been thrown when my frightened horse stopped suddenly, on its bank, to ride hastily back to the village. That evening he sent to make inquiries, and learning that I was severely, but it was hoped not fatally injured, he thenceforth contented himself with such tidings of my condition and improvement as could be gained from village rumour.

At last it was known that I could never recover entirely from the effects of my injury and that very day Elliott Tracy departed suddenly from the village. He made no attempt to see me, nor send me any farewell. When I was once more abroad, and beginning, though with much unalloyed bitterness, to learn the lesson of patience and resignation that awaited me, I recalled to my mind, in which he merely said that he presumed my own judgment had taught me that, in my altered circumstances, our engagement must be at an end, but to satisfy his own sense of honor (his honor?) he wrote to say that while entertaining the highest respect for me, he desired a formal renunciation of my claim.

Writing at the bottom of this letter, "Let it be as you wish." I returned it to him as once, and thus ended my brief dream of romantic love.

I had heard ere this, of Elliott Tracy's cowardly conduct that day, and who I first thought me to inquire who had rescued me from imminent death.

And then I learned that James Frazier, his arm already broken by the jerk with which Brown Bess tore away from him as he caught at her bridle, had ridden after me and been the first to lift me from the water.

Many times daily had he made inquiries for me. He had been the hand that sent the rare flowers that decked my room. His were the books I read in the lingering days of convalescence, and his now, was the arm that supported me, as slowly and painfully, I paced the garden walk.

I have been his wife for many a year. I have forgotten that he is not handsome, or rather he is beautiful to me, because I see his grand and lovely spirit shining through his plain features, and animating his awkward figure. I have long since laid aside, as utterly untenable, my pet theory, that beautiful spirit dwell only in lovely bodies. It may be a providential compensation that in denying physical perfection, the soul is not dwarfed or distorted, but shines the brighter that is marred by pretty vanity for love of world's praise.

**SURE ENOUGH.**—A teamster in our army was outrageously rough, and yelled at his mules very foolishly, annoyed all around him. The General (who happened not to be in uniform) once heard him, and ordered him to stop such outcries.

"And who be you?" said the driver.

"I am the commander of the Division."

"Well, then, command your Division—I'm commander of the mules, and I'll holler and swear at 'em as much as I've a mind to."

The General rode forward—wilted.