## Miscellaneous.

## From Chambers' Journal. LADY COURTHOPE'S TRAP.

"There is a storm gathering over the Beacon Hill, the air is heavy with thunder. Surely, Richard, it were better even now to let your journey rest until to mor-

The tall, bronzed knight, standing booted and spurred, with his hand upon his horse's mane, turned to look in the fair, anxious face of the lady by his side "And if the storm should come, do you think, my sweet wife, that Dick Court hope has never ridden through wind and rain before, or that, for fear of a wetting, I could break my pledge to meet Philip Orme this night at Chester? No, no. -Only let me find you watching for me here at noon to morrow, with those same pink cheeks and bright eyes, and I reck little whether I ride in sunshine or in

His young wife's blue eyes followed until he halted at the great iron gate, and passing through, was hidden from her view; then, slowly turning, she remounted the steps that led to the door of Ashurst Manorhouse. The gloomy red brick walls seemed to frown upon her as she entered, the stained glass window in the the hall was softly opened, and Marston, and friend of his master, Sir Richard; yet not old in years, for he was under he glanced up at the lighted windows of Lady Courthope, glanced quickly at her, hesitated a moment and then said, in a has made Sir Richard heap upon me," respectful but constrained tone: "Surely, my lady, Sir Richard will not ride to like a curse. Chester on such a day as this?"

Lady Com

The lady looked up as though surprised at his addressing her. "Yes," she the leaping flames, her hands lying idle hind it, intently watching her. One insaid, "he has just started. He laughs in her lap, was left undisturbed till nearly stant—and the curtain fell again, softly, at the weather, but I-"

the drawing room

would have us believe that she cares for on her way to the supper room. him, forsooth. He believes it. He has only eyes and thoughts for her; and old friends and old times are all forgotten now. Once he would have told me all waxen doll hears all his plans, and hardly

Richard must be in Chester this night" In the long, low drawing-room, the twilight had already set in, though it was on the mirrors and pictures on the wall, while the high backed chairs and carved tables cast strange, uncouth shadows all around, as the lady made her way to the cushioned window seat, and gazed upon the stormy sky. "He rides fast; his horse is sure-footed; the distance is not great," murmured she to herself. "Why is this dread upon me, this terrible foreboding of some coming evil?" She looked back into the darkening room, and started as a half-burned log fell with a crush upon the hearth. A longing came over her to hear again her husband's blithe voice, to see his fond glance, to have him there beside her; and then gradually her thoughts wandered away from this sombre old mansion to another, far away at Kensington, alive with gay, young voices, smiling faces, and where her voice and her face had, only eight months since, been the gavest and the brightest; for she had been a cherished daughter of that house until Sir Richard Courthope wooed and won her, and brought her here to be mistress of his Cheshire home. Tenderly she recalled to mind the young brothers and sisters, the loving parents of her happy maiden days, and wondered if they yet missed her, and might perhaps be speaking of her even then; till all at once her fancy took another turn, and she felt as though her fond remembrances were treason to her absent husband, who was far dearer to her than any of that merry party. She would shake off this strange sadness which had crept upon her. With a sudden impulse she sprang up, stirred the glowing embers into a blaze, and sitting down beside her harp sichord, began a low, soft air; then her mood changed, and the full notes of some martial air rang out into the room. Once she paused when Marston entered, bearing the tall silver candlesticks, and as the

minute she listened, and then her fingers touched the keys again. "The storm has come, my lady." It was Marston who spoke She had thought him gone, did not meet Sir Richard, he would stay but he was standing close beside her at the Golden Horn till morning." chair. "Sir Richard can never cross Craven Ford to night," he went on. round with startled eyes

music died away, she heard the beating

of the rain against the casement, and the

"He may make for home, but I fear. my lady; and had I your leave, I would the taffeta dressing-gown and velvet slipride out to meet him with a lantern .-The night is as black as pitch, and one false step by the roadside would be his night Now go, and sleep off your head-He spoke low, and there was a ache.' strange engerness in his tone and in his

vague feeling prompted it. Marston's brow darkened. "He is a

## The Unities Devall

VOL. 63.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27. 1863.

NO. 47.

TERMS:--\$1,50 in Advance, or \$2 within the year.

A. K. RHEEM, Editor & Proprietor.

"Go yourself," she once more repeat- wards her faults, of his almost fatherly

ed; lose not a moment! Heaven send you may be there before Sir Richard." The man turned silently to obey her respect with which he treated her—of orders, but as he reached the door, he the perfect confidence with which he, the looked round, and for an instant his eye shower. So, now, dear one, farewell, and met her's -only for an instant; but there than twenty year's younger than himself. may God bless you;" and springing into was something in that one glance so pe | And then she pictured the coming years, the saddle, the good knight waved a last | culiar, so sinister, that she almost shud- and the time when his hair should be adieu, and trotted away down the long dered. Ere she could recover her first white, and his now upright figure bent, shock, ere she could speak or think, he and when she in turn should show her was gone. What did it mean? She had love and gratitude by her unwearied care his retreating figure with a wistful gaze, | long known that he bore her no good will, that he regarded her as an intruder in his occasional disrespect to her. She had known this long, but never had his disknown this long, but never had his dis-like for her been written so plainly in his them, making the house, so quiet now, hall threw a purple tint upon her face, face as now.' Could be be plotting harm? and made it almost ghastly, and the oak | Should she follow him and countermand | floor gave back a hollow echo to her tread. his going? For thirty years Marston had Just then, a door at the further end of served Sir Richard faithfully—surely he band's breast, and whisper it to him. would not now be false to him. That the old butler, advanced toward her.— cliff-path might indeed be feared but not Old he was in service, for he had the old and trusted servant. So she waitcliff-path might indeed be feared, but not lived for more than thirty long years at ed, till in less than half an hour she heard Ashurst Manor, at first the page and his horse's hoofs crashing on the garden playfellow, then the confidential servant | walk. She did not hear something else; she did not hear his muttered wor.s, as down, the room seemed darker, and a cold

Lady Courthope, sitting thoughtfully beside the bright fire, her eyes fixed upon | and a white, eager face peering from be-"There will be little cause to laugh if tell her supper waited She asked him had seen it, and she knew it. Not six the storm comes and the river is swoll as she rose if the storm still raged. "It hours ago, that same look of hatred and len," Marston exclaimed abruptly. "You has passed, my lady, and the sky is now revenge had been turned upon her, and will see him back yet, my lady, and that clear." She went to the window and with a sickening heart she recognized the drew aside the curtain. The dark clouds | fierce eyes, the lowering brow, and knew "Nay, he must needs be in Chester were gone, and in their stead the moon at last what that look meant. She did this evening," Lady Courthope made an shone bright on wood and hill. Marston's swer, as, stifling a sigh, she passed on to journey would be needless; Sir Richard wildly, her very blood was chilled; but

The evening wore away; the great clock nine, and the hands were nearing ten, when Lady Courthope, throwing a cover ing embers, and there was no outward about this ('hester journey, but now that over the embroidery that occupied her since supper, retired to her own chamber deigns to speak of them to me. But I for the night. It was a large lofty room have fearned all I care to know-Sir in the left wing of the building, remote had been but a feing to hide his deadly from the starcase, at the further end of purpose and screen himself. He had sto a long corridor, which opened by sidedoors into several unused rooms. But there to wait for her, and-murder her. but four o'clock on a November alternoon; the young bide had chosen it rather than And he might murder here they buge fire had burned low, and the the huge fire had burned low, and the any other, for she knew her husband had in this locked room, how could she esheap of glowing faggots sh. d a weird light lived in it and loved it, and that long ago cape him? If she fled, if she could even it had been his mother's room. The high | gain the gallery outside, it would avail mantel-piece, with its curious carvings, the ceiling, decorated with strange pictures of nymphs and Cupids, the antique furniture, and the tall, canopied bedstead, gave a sombre aspect to the chamber, but to night the fire roared and crackled on the hearth, and flashed upon the yelow damask draperies, and the candles burning upon the dressing table, lit every corner. As Lady Courthope entered, her maid came forward from a door on the opposite side of the room, which led into a small dressing room.

"Have you been waiting long, Hes-"I have just came in, my lady. Anne

evening, and it is that makes my head ache so. " Poor girl!" said her mistress, pityingly; "you have been more used milking cows than stooping over needlework. But cheer up, Hester, and it will

seem more easy in time. Have the others gone to rest?' " All but Stephen, my lady; I heard

him cross the hall just now.' "Tell him he need not keep watch for Sir Richard. He is, I trust, ere now, safe in Chester. He must have forded the river while it was yet passable.'

"Or if the stream were swollen, my lady, he had but to ride down to the old stone bridge below father's house," the

exclaimed Lady Courthope.

"'Tis by the old Priory-a matter of three miles around maybe; but Sir Richard knows it well."

" And Marston said nothing about it," said her miscress, musingly.
"He said nothing of the ford," Hester

answered; "he only said he was going

howling of the wind among the trees. A | to ride after Sir Richard." "He has not come back?" asked Lady Courthope, abruptly.

"I gave him no such leave;" and there was surprise and resentment in the lady's "What will be do?" and she looked tone. A long silence followed, while the maid moved softly to and fro, assisting her mistress to undress, till, as she bro't pers, Lady Courthope said kindly: "that will do, I can brush my own hair for this

The maid lingered awhile, but at a sec-"Go, "pray, go!" she exclaimed, her be released The lady followed to secure voice trembling with anxiety; "and yet the door; then returning, she drew an might you not send Stephen in your armchair close to the fire. and leaning She knew not why she asked back in it, began to unfasten her shining one fault of his old and faithful servant that question—she only knew that some braids of hair. With her fingers moving was the love of money; and now if through and then he went on again; and now he they fell around her levely face, she sat dressing-room, she may yet be saved. The table. There was a faint rattle, a dead stranger to the country, while I have lived thinking of many things. She thought part before her was hard and perilous, but passe, then again that stealthy tread. She here from my child ood. He does not of her husband, who seemed closer to her she could trust herself to play it. She strove to open her eyes, but they seemed even know the road, while I have ridden heart for that very difference of age which knew that if her nerve once failed, her sealed, and it needed a convulsive effort along it thousands of times by night and had made many marvel at the marriage; doom was scaled, but the brave young to unclose them. She did unclose them day. But he is at your will, my lady." she thought of his tender indulgence to heart did not quail. Slowly and delib- and she saw him.

care of his sympathy in all her pains and pleasures, and yet of the manly care and

-when she should forestall his every wish, and make his declining age so hapher husband's house, and that he bitterly | py, that he should never regret his youth: resented the stern rebukes, and even and when, too-and her cheek flushed at Her voice had not faltered. No tone threats, with which his master had visited | the thought-that young children, bear ing in their faces a mingled likeness to ring with laughter from morn till night; and as that picture rose before her, she vearned to lay her head upon her hus-

it was strange to be here far from him If she could but leave this lonely, silent room, and mount her horse, and gallop through the darkness to that lone inn at Chester. The vague dread was coming back to her again. The fire was dying yet not old in years, for he was under the glanced up at the lighted windows of chill crept over her frame. The dread the drawing room: "She would have grew. The ivy brush upon her knee slid with gray, and there were few wrinkles stopped me had she dared, but she can down, and fell with a dull, heavy sound in his hard, keen face. He stopped near not stop me now. There will be a heavy upon the floor; she stooped hastily to reckning this night for the scorn she reach it, but as she raised her head, all veiled by her long, drooping hair, she and his teeth was ground with something saw, away by the window in the furthest corner of the room, a bony hand grasping the fringed edge of the damask curtain, two hours later, when Stephen came to silently, and that face was gone. But she would be safe now. She heaved a deep she sat on, calmly, quietly. She had The butler looked after her. "She sigh of relief, and with a light step went trembled at the very thought of peril to her husband, but now in her own fearful danger, she was brave and steadfast. Her over the stables had long since struck icy hand still toiled with her bright hair, her eyes were bent vacantly upon the dysign of the tumult within; and yet she knew and understood all. Maiston cas there close by her. His night journey len back in the darkness, and hidder her little. Long, long before she could pass those deserted rooms, before her voice could summon any one to her aid he would be upon her, his fingers at her throat. And there came across her a strange memory of how one Summer day she had seen him standing on the gardon terrace twisting in his hand a piece of rone-how he wound it round and round until the strained fibres were stiff and rigid, and how then his iron fingers were bent for one more effort, and when the last turn was given, the rope was left hanging idly on his arm. A strange ter?" the lady exclaimed, noting the girl's weary eyes. "You look tired." stranger still that she should almost shud stranger still that she should almost shud der in recalling it. What, if rising from and I have been in the work-room all the her chair, she were to go straight to that window, and drawing back the curtain confront him there, and in her husband's, in his master's name, and appeal to him for pity? Ah, no: that name from her lips would but inflame his jealously and hate. She raised her eyes, and they rest ed on something bright and glittering, something which just then seemed almost a friend, for there above the chimney piece, within reach of her hand, hung

> -her dressing-room! The door stood open not ten paces from her. Once lock ed in there-but alas! there was neither bolt nor bar, and the key turned on the outside. Her heart almost sank within her. Already she seemed to hear stealthy steps on the floor behind, around her, to self, and comfort for her widowed husfeel his hot breath upon her cheek, and | band. A pause-then another slight | still she sat on quietly. Was there no movement. He was bending over her; escape for her? Once again her eyes he was leaning over the bed, then some fell upon the open door of the dressing-There are moments of life when every nower of the mind is unnaturally strained, and when ideas and plans which, at another time, might be the work of weary hours, are formed in one short instant. Such a moment had come to Lady Courthope now. As she looked on the dressing-room door and the key on the outside, a schome flashed across her mind, bringing back the life-blood to her cheek, sending fresh hope to her heart. If she he turned away. She heard him turn, could but decoy him into that room-decoy him as she had seen birds and dogs from the bed, but the sound brought no decoyed by some tempting buit. He bas relief; she was past that; she had felt come for his revenge, but she knows there ond bidding she withdrew, thankful to is another passion strong in him, and that passion is avarice. Often has the seen his eyes brighten at the touch of gold; often ture; but the end had not come yet. He has Sir Richard laughingly said that the was going to the dressing-room. Once, dreamily among the golden tresses, as that love she can beguile him first to the was moving something on the dressing-

her husband's rapier She might seize

it, and with one wild dash, stab her ene-

my ere he could free himself from those

concealing folds; but her woman's soul

shrank from that deed even in this her

dire extremity. In that upward glance,

another thought had come into her mind

erately she fastened up her hair, then rising from her seat, threw fresh logs upon the fire, and crossing the room laid her brush upon the dressing-table. Some books were lying there; she took one of man of forty five, showed to the wife more | them up, turned the leaves carelessly, and throwing it down exclaimed in a low tone: Too tired to read, and yet not tired enough to go to sleep; I wish night were over." She yawned wearily, waited a moment, as though in doubt,, then muttered: "By the by, these emeralds," took a bunch of keys from the table, and went towards a small ebony cabinet-inlaid with silver which stood near the fire-place could have betrayed that she had seen the crouching figure, and that her words were spoken for those listening cars; and now she must constrain her limbs to calm, slow movements to bear out the deception. She unlocked the cabinet, and from one

corner drew out a small satin-wood box

beside her, she stooped to arrange two then fastening the cabinet, returned to the dressing table, and lifted one of the it, a board behind-her creaked sharply and suddenly, and her heart stood still Was he following her, tempted too soon by the costly prize? Was the great moment come? No, all was again still and quiet as the gaave. She went on, on to the further end of the long narrow dressing-room, leaving the door still set wide open. She put the jewel-box and candlestick upon the table; she stood where the dark corner where he was hiding, noise was, his ear had caught the sound, and and then unfastening the box, she kild be turned and saw her. For one moment the dark corner where he was hiding, out the various trays, and spread the they stood face to fice gazing upon each glittering trinkets all around her. One by one she lifted them, holding them close to the light, moving to and fro, so that the precious stones would sparkle in the blaze, and then carefully polishing them put them back. For nearly half an hour she stood now trifling with one, and then another, her fingers busied in rubbing and arranging, her ear strained for any sound, her heart leaping as the candle threw sudden shadows on the walls; and still there was no movement in the dim chamber boyond. She must return there now, for the could stand no longer; she heard his passionate imprecations; at her knees would scarcely support her; her strength seemed obbing, and that forced composure was two terrible to last. For one half Listant she printed to gather breach, bracelet she was holding, and raising the candle moved toward the bed-room. On the around her, gazing horrowskicker. the threshold sho stopped, retreated a step or two, and then seemed to hesitate. If she had seen how at that moment the and mouning out, "O, husband save me," and behind the curtin was tightening ts grasp upon the knife it held, and the crouching form was making ready for a self-same day, when Sir Richard, followed

she might rest and watch. Hastily extinguishing the lights, she drew aside the bed curtains, and lay iching limbs stretched out, her weary head resting on the pillow-a strange repose, even though he was so near her .-The minutes passed away, the deep tones of the clock struck twelve, and still all was quiet, save for the click of the embers on the earth, and the distant baying of dogs in the courtyard. With closed eyes, drawing deep breath as though asleep she lay listening. It seemed as if, she had lain there many hours, when at last there was a faint stir in that corner. He was coming out now. She dared not ook or move, but she heard-she heard the dull fall of the curtain, the stealthy, cautious footsteps on the floor. Was he going to the dressing-room? No-Heaven help her-he was coming to the bed. The steps came on, nearer, nearer; some

thing brushed against the bed clothes, then stopped close behind her. Her eyes were closed, her breath still came through her parted lips, but within that statue like form there was a human soul praying in mortal anguish for pardon for herthing cold and sharp was lightly laid across her throat. The last pang had come, and she had no power to move or ery. One moment more and she would be at peace. But the moment had passed and she still lived. Another moment, and that cold pressure was gone. His breath was no longer on her face, yet he was still there; she felt him stirring; she knew that he was watching her. Long he watched, then, muttering, low : "My hand shakes; I'll wait a while," she heard his footsteps slowly receding the death pangs, and she almost longed that the knife had done its work, and brought her release from that long tortwice he stopped, as though listening,

The room was very dark now, but by he faint glimmer of the fire, she could just discern the door-way of the dressing room, and the figure standing within it The trap had taken-the jewels had lured him. He turned his head, and her lids fell instantly, though she lay hidden in the deep shadow of the heavy bedstead. -

was a light in the dressing room, for he candle burned upon the table by his side She could see him plainly now, his tall square form, his long arms, but not his face, for his back was turned toward her. lasting away the burned match, he bent over the table and softly swept the jewels oward him. This was her time. It would be but the work of two minutes for him to gather, all togather, and return to her. She knew that in those two minutes lay her only chance for which she had so his heartless and blundering war policy -her jewel-box; laying it on the floor longed. But she seemed spell bound -That frightful moment when the steel other boxes which she had displaced, and had touched her neck had paralyzed her powers, and an unspeakable horror was cannot possibly be any worse in result

upon her. She struggled with that horror; lighted candlesticks. With the box in she thought of her husband, of all to whom one hand, and the candlestick and keys her life was precious, and with one inin the other, she advanced toward the ward praver of strength, for courage dressing-room door. Just as she reached slipped noiselessly on to the floor. He had not heard her; his head was still bent; his fingers were still busy with the iewels.

Barefooted, her eyes still fixed upon his figure, she stole on, softly groping her way to the door, passed the end of the bed by the dressing-table; she was close upon it now, her hand was stretched out to grasp itthere were but two more steps to take, when her toot struck with a dull sound against an her every movement might be seen from covered herself instantly; but, faint as the other, and then they both made for the door. She was the nearer of the two, and she was there first; she had hold of it; she pushed it to, but ere she could turn the key, his fingers were upon the other handle. It was a struggle for life and death, between a strong man and a desperate woman. It could not last long. Inch by inch the door was yield ing to his pressure, when, gathering all her strength for one last effort, with a power beyond her own, she forced :t home. the key rattled in the lock, and with a wild hearse scream, she fell back upon the floor. She was still conscious; she heard him beating the strong oak panels in his vain fury ter awhile, other sounds too, reached her ear -burrying feet in the gallery, many voices octside her door. That piercing cry had roused every sleeper in the house, and they

It was still early on the morning of the

-pring-If she had seen this, even her by a groom, galleped up the beach avenue. ourage might have failed, but she did The white autumn mist hung like a shroud over the park, the golden leaves fell in show not see it, and she played out the play. Murmuring in a low, steady tone: "No ers around him, but he noted them not, as, matter for to-night," she came on into steed. His ruddy face was pale as death her chamber, leaving the jewels scattered his teeth were see in dread anxiety, for he about on the table, and the door standing knew alk. They had sent to summon him, open. And now the trap was set, and and since he had left Chester he had not once drawn rein. He was here at last, at exhausted horse, he flung the reins to his down. There was a strange repose after was there to welcome him. All was still servant, and sprang up the steps. No wife that long and fearful self-restraint in ly and quiet. Without—the dewy grass, the ing motionless, in the fitful firelight, her red sun struggling through the mist, and the falling leaves Within-the dark old hall, the servants sadly watching for him, and to another, then his parch d tongue slowly formed the words: "Where is she?" They led him to the room where she was lying; but when he knelt beside her. and pressed his quivering lips upon her feverish brow, she only greeted him with a wild laugh, and gazing at him vacantly, began again her miserable, rambling talk of emeralds and keys, lonely rooms and glittering knives.-For awhile he lingered, looking down upon her haggard face, softly stroking her tangled hair, then, unable to endure it longer, burried away. They wanted him elsewhere, for Marston was still in the house, and had askhead; he dared not trust himself, just now, | gradual emancipation. But let, 1 beto be near that man; let them carry him far nway from his sight. There was nothing tresh to hear, for Marston had already told all-how his first dislike had deepened into deadly hatred, and how, finding that Sir Richard would be absent, he had resolved to wreak his hatred, enrich himself, and flee; how, feigning that night journey, and leavreturned unse n to the house. thought to do the deed, and then escaping with what treasure he could find, be far on movement. He was bending over her; his way to London before morning broke. His horse was fleet; the servants thought him at Chester; and long before suspicion could have turned upon him, he would have been safe. Doggedly and clamly he spoke of all this, and now hade them to bring Sir Richard to hear what his neglect and harshness had brought about. They carried him, bound hand and foot, to Chester, where three months later, dogged and as calm as ever, he was sentenced to a life-long exile. Many days went by, and still Sir Richard, ever watching by his wife, met only those vacant eyes, heard only that weary, ceaseless muttoring. At length she knew him-at length when weeks had come and gone, she camo from her sick chamber, and leaning on his arm, erept down to the drawing-room. She had left that room a bright-haired bride radiant with health and beauty, she enteredat every sound, clinging to her husband's aim for protection and support. And when years had passed away, and the roses had dreamed of, clustering round her knee, looked up into her face, and marvelled at those silvery locks, then she would hush them with fond words and tender kisses, but she never spoke to them about that night—never again trod that gallery, never again entered that

> Can a watch fitted with a second hand b called a second watch?

A Repentant Voice From Arkansas.

Conviction of A Rebel General that the Rebellion is a failure--He counsels Submission.

A pamphlet copy of the "Address of where she stood an hour ago There the address we learn that Mr. Gratt was held a blazing match in his hand, and a but never took his seat, having been an recently, a Brigadier General in the rebel prisoner and since then has been within the federal lines. He has visited all the States in rebellion and, is therefore well informed upon what he writes. He reviews the early progress of the rebellion, ter against Jefferson Davis, on account of mission to the federal government is not than their experience under rebel rule -

"But we are whipped-fairly beaten. Dur armies are melting and ruin approaches us. Will continuing this strugrle help us? Evry battle we might gain ought to wring tears from the hearts of southern men. We are just that much weaker-that much nearer our final ruin. Anguish and sorrow and desolation meet us wherever we turn. The longer the

struggle the more of it. "Don't let yourselvas be deceived with the hope that the United States will abandon the struggle. They can never do it. They have toiled and spent too much to see the solution of this problem, and not populous and thrifty to day than ever.could sink their armies to-day, and raise from our midst. new levies to crush us and never feel it. field. Half our territory over run. Our smoking ruins, and plantations abandoned anarchy and ruin, disappointment and discontent, lower all over the land!

He then shows there is no hope foreign intervention, as England will not come to the rescue and Louis Napoleon is only looking out for his own interests, which are incompatible with those of the We fought for negro slavery. We have her tale, ever penting to that inner door; South. With regard to Northern dis- lost. We may have to do without it.

" Have no hopes from a divided North. It is on the surface. Scarcely goes to the bottom of their politics, much less shaking the great masses of their determined people. Remember too, that much of the outh is with them. There is no with spur and whip, he urged on his flagging division as far as fighting us is concorned. The mildest of them simply proposes peace by reconstruction. That rejected they are to press us with redoubled energy. Let us not after all our his own door, and throwing himself off his misfortunes and blunders, construe the struggle between politicians for peace in to sympathy for ourselves. But how could they propose peace? Who would bring the message? To whom would it be delivered? And should the proposition be made and rejected we are that much low sounds of weeping. He lo ked from one worse off for it. We must propose peace, for we ought to know when we have got enough of the thing.

Guerrilla warfare, Le contends cannot. in the nature of things accomplish much, and generally injures those who engage in it more than those assailed by it -With regard to negro slavery he says:

"I am as'ted if Mr. Lincoln's emancipation proclamation will stand. If you continue the struggle, certainly. He has the physical force at his disposal to carry it out If you cease now you may ed to see him. But Sir Richard shook his save all your hands, or compromise on seech you, the negro no longer stand in the way of the happiness and safety of

friends and kindred "The changes of sentiment upon this question in the South have been curious. Not many years since it was by no means unusual for the press and public men, as well as for the people generally in the South, to concede that slavery was an evil, and regret that it should ever have cankering sore, will be more vigorous and existed; expressing, however, no disposition or desire to be rid of it. Yet, a few years more—the demand for cotton having increased, the price of negroes having advanced, and the agitation of the slavery question having increased to virulence-finds us defending slavery as divine institution. De Bow's Review, and other Southern papers and periodi cals, with Senator Hammond of South Carolina, were prominent in this defence Their object was to educate the South ern mind to this belief. Such a course had become vital to the existence of slavery; because, to concede that negro slavery was wrong, was virtually to concede the whole argument to the abolitionists. As the controversy warmed we it again gray haired and feeble, trembling became sensitive. And so morbidly so that the North might have threatened with impunity to deprive us of horses or returned to her cheeks, the sparkle to her other property: yet the whole South eyas—and when the fair children she had would be ablaze if some fanatic took one negro. Such was the public sentiment South at the commencement of this most uniotunate and bloody struggle. But revolutions shake up men's thoughts and put them in different channels. I have recently talked with Southern slaveholders from every state. They are tired of negro slavery, and believe, they could vis, where only ruin awaits them; or whethmake more clear mency and live more

the non-slave-holders of the South, I honestly thought the struggle was for him more than for his wealthy neighbor. That to free the negro would reduce to comparative slavery the poor white man. I now regret that, instead of a war to sustain slavery, it had not been a struggle at the ballot box to colonize it. This will clearly be the next struggle.

peaceably without than with it. As for

"I am of the opinion that, whether it is a divine institution or not, negro slavery has accomplished its mission here. A great mission it had. A new and fertile country had been discovered and must be made useful. The necessities of mankind pressed for its speedy development. Negro slavery was the instrument to effeet this It alone could open up the fertile and miasmatic regions of the South, solving the problem of their utility, which no theorists could have reached.— It was the magician which sudd only revolutionized the commerce of the world by Hon. E. W. Gantt, to the people of Arthe solution of this problem. It peopled kansas," printed at Little Rock, contains, and made opulent the barren hills of New When she looked again he was standing some very important expressions. From England, and threw its powerful influence across the Northwest. Standing as elected a member of Congress in 1860, a wall between the two sections, it caught and rolled northward the wealth and the carnest advocate of secession and until population of the Old World, and held in their places the restless adventurers of army. On the 3d of July, he was taken New England, or turned them along the greet praries and vallies of the West .-Thus New England reached its climat. and the Northwest was overgrown of its age, while the South, with its negro laborers, was sparsely settled and comparaparticularly in Arkansas, and is very bit- tively poor. Thus slavery had done its utmost for New England and the Northwest, and was a weight upon the South in that section, and contends that sub- If, at this point, its disappearance could have clearly commenced, what untold dishonorable under the circumstances, and sufferings and sorrow might have been avoided.

"Its existence had become incompatible with the existence of the Government. For, while it had stood as a wall, damming up the current and holding back the people and laborers of the North, it had, by thus precluding free intercourse between the sections, produced a marked change in their manners, customs and sentiments. And the two sections were growing more divergent every day. This wall or the government one must give way. The shock came which was to settle the question. I thought that the Government was divided, and negro slavery established forever. I erred. The government was stronger than slavery. Refoot up the figures. They scarcely feel than the downfall of slavery. As I have the war at home. Their cities are more said, the mission of the latter is accomplished. And as his happiness must for every man that dies or gets killed in always be subordinated to that of the battle, two immigrate to the country. white man, he must, ere long, depart on Their villages and towns, their fields and the foot prints of the red men, whose country flourish as fiesh as ever. They mission being accomplished, is fast fading

"While I think the mission of the How is it with us? The last man is in negro is accomplished here, I am clearly of the opinion that the time will come cities gone to wreck, peopled alone by the when civilization and learning shall light aged, the lame and halt, and women and up the dark abodes of the four hundred children! While deserted towns and million people in India, and when their wants and necessities will put the patient and laid waste, meet us on allsides. And and hardy negro to toiling and opening up the great valley of the fertile but miasmatic Amazon. But such speculations are out of place here.

" Let us, fellow citizens, endeavor to be

calm. Let us, look these new ideas and our novel position squarely in the face .then laying her head on Hester's shoulder, sensions he holds the following striking The inconvenience will be great for a is already well nigh accomplished. Yet behind this dark cloud is a silver lining. If not for us, at least for our children. In the place of these bondsmen will come an immense influx of people from all parts world bringing with them their wealth, arts and improvements, and lending their talents and sinews to increase our aggregate wealth. Thrift and trade and common destiny will bind us together. Machinery in the hills of Arkansas will reverberate to the music of machinery in New England, and the whir of Georgia spindles will meet responsive echoes from the slopes of the far off Pacific. Protecting tariffs, if needed, will stretch in their influence from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from ocean to ocean, bearing alike, at last, equally upon Arkansian and Vermonter, and upon Georgian and Californian. Differences of section and sentiment will wear away and be forgotten, and the next generation be more homogeneous and united than any since the days of the Revolution. And the descendents of these bloody times will read, with as much pride and as little jealousy of these battles of their fathers, as the English and Scotch decendents of the heroes of Floded Field read of their ancestral achievements in the glowing lines of Scott, or, as the descendents of highland and lowland chiefs, allusions to their fathers', conflicts in the simple strains of rustic Burns

"Let us live in hope, my grief-stricken brothers, that the day is not far distant, when Arkansas will raise from the ashes of her desolation, to start on a nath of higher destiny than with negro slavery she ever could have reached: while the reunited government, freed from this powerful, and more thrifty, opulent and happy, than though the scourge of war had never desolated her fields or made sorrowful her hearthstones!"

The desolation of the South is told in the following truly touching language: "I have witnessed the desolation of the Southern States from one end to the

other. This hopeless struggle but widens it. Each day makes now graves, new orphans and new mourners. Each hour flings into this dreadful whirlpool more of wrecked hope, broken fortunes and anguished hearts. The rich have mostly fallen. The poor have drunk deep of the cup of sorrow, while surely, and not slowly, the tide of ruin, in its resistless surge sweeps towards the middle classes. A few more campaigns and they will form part of the general wreck. Each grave and each tear, each wasted fortune and broken heart, puts us that much further off from the object of the struggle, and that much further off from peace and happiness.

"Viewing It thus, the terrible question was presented to me, as to whether I should continue my lot in an enterprise so fruitless and so tull of was, and help hold the masses of the people on this ter ible despotism of Da-

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