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TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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[PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

BY W. A. LEE AND HUGH WILSON.

ABBEVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 5, 1859.

VOLUME VII.—NO. 14

POETRY.

From the *New England Farmer*.
JUST FIFTEEN YEARS AGO.

BY A. WILLARD HALLOCK.

I'm thinking of the place, John,
Where off we used to roam,
That little cot beneath the trees
We called our forest home.
And well I know you'll never forget,
What'er your lot be now,
That dear old spot we loved so well,
Just fifteen years ago.

I'm thinking of the school, John,
The master, too, so trim,
And how when he would turn his back,
The master would mimic him.
The master sleeps death's dreamless sleep,
The bright green turf below—
Our childhood's home has vastly changed,
Since fifteen years ago.

Last summer time I wandered, John,
To where we used to play;
The school house was not on the hill,
The book had dried away;
The old mill-wheel had ceased to move,
The cottage was laid low—
The fences were not there as we knew
Just fifteen years ago.

I wandered to the churchyard, John,
And I stopped beyond the wall;
The graves were many, and the grass
Over them grew thick and tall;
Upon the stones I read the names
Of those who slept below,
And they were names we loved to speak
Just fifteen years ago.

With saddened heart I turned away,
And gazed the dusty road,
And from that spot so dear to me,
With rapid step I strode;
I could not bear to look around,
It made me sad to know
That all were gone whom I had loved,
Just fifteen years ago.

My eyes are wet with tears, John,
They are falling while I write,
Friends that we loved are cold in death,
And I am sad to-night;
But, John, our sorrows soon will end,
Life's stream will cease to flow,
And we rest where erst we played,
Just fifteen years ago.

WRITTEN FOR THE INDEPENDENT PRESS,
HELLEN STEVENS.

BY SUE ADAMLADE.

Slowly the sun was sinking behind the
western hills, shrouding over hill and dale a
rosy tinge, gilding with every brilliant hue
and shade, the fleecy clouds which were
scattered over the deep blue sky. One by
one the bright stars peeped out and the
pale moon gently arose in the East, her
silvery beams descending in showers through
the budding boughs.

Roll on graceful moon in thy silent splen-
dour, turning into brightness by thy ap-
proving smile, the gloomy darkness of som-
bra night! To deep thought while admiring
the moonlit scenery, stretched out in
view of the traveller, the young man still
pursued his lonely journey until a late hour.

Beneath an aged oak near a murmuring
brook, a young girl would often recline, at
the mellow hour of twilight, upon the
smooth green carpet, which nature had
spread out over the dark surface of earth,
under those studious old trees—that she
might for awhile, dream undisturbed, that
she might for a few brief moments, live in
a little world of her own.

All was still and quiet, save the wind's
low whispering amid the young leaves over
head, and the soft sweet song of the purling
stream at her feet. Memory at this balmy
hour, is ever busy, when we are alone. She
had, this evening, taken by the hand the
fair young girl, and led her back to the
scene of other days;—days, when she was
all joy and happiness;—days, as she reviewed
the vanished past, she saw many a bright,
as well as dark spot in her life's pathway.

"Where there is no sun, there is no shade."
Not far from General Wilkins', lived in a
beautiful new cottage, a young man,
wealthy talented and handsome, and though
not a general favorite yet with Mrs. W. and
the General, Mr. Wallace was a charming
young man. Since Hellen Stevens had
been on a visit to her Uncle's they had fre-
quently met with Mr. Wallace, and though
the idea had never suggested itself to the
young man before, there was of late, some-
thing within, gently bidding him to pay a
visit to the General, and his excellent fam-
ily; he rarely ever visited, except among his
nearest relatives, consequently, his visit was
quite unexpected. He had taken a fancy
to Hellen though he would not allow him-
self to think so; for he had determined
never to marry, but being deeply impressed
by the appearance of the pensive beauty,
he had chosen this lovely evening, to call
upon his highly esteemed neighbors, and to
improve the acquaintance with her, who
upon first sight, had unconsciously stolen his
heart.

Hellen dreamed not of another's love feel-
ing sure since Hugh had proved false, she
could never trust again. Once she had loved
and trusted, and with a joyous bounding
hope, she had peered into the future, which
seemed one bright day of sunshine. "But
a change has come over the spirit of her
dream." Now a vast desert, all desolate

and drear, it outstretched before her view;
and far back in the distance, lies a beautiful,
love of a garden, through which she has pas-
sed but she is forbidden to return and re-
trace its sunny paths—never more can she
rest in the deep green shadows of its frag-
rant bowers; or call the odoriferous bloss-
oms, from the parent stems; the sweetness
of whose breath will ever float upon the
dewy wings of early morning's gentle
breeze, and still linger till after the evenings
Zephyr has sung her dim soft tone and fold-
ed her weary pinions to rest.

Hellen was so lost in her reverie, that
she had not thought the light of this de-
lightful day was almost gone, and that
midnight had already flung upon all
around, her dusky mantle, until aroused to
consciousness by the shouts of the merry lit-
tle chiding children, that are ever playful and
happy in her Uncle's yard.

"Missus, say come to the house Miss
Hellen, some body want to see." Slowly and
thoughtfully the young girl arose and wend-
ed her steps toward her Uncle's house—
went into her Aunt's room to enquire who
it was that wished to see her! "A Mr. Wal-
lace my dear, the son of the neighborhood,
how large I would be should you and Mr.
Wallace, take a fancy to each other, and
he is no doubt charmed by your appearance
for he has been asking about you, and was
never here before." "Dearest Aunt do not
talk to me, I feel unusually sad this
evening, and fear 'twill prove quite a task,
to entertain company, but as you desire it
I will do the best I can for your sake, and
away she ran up the long flight of stairs to
her room, to brush down those anubus curls
which her Aunt thought were so beautiful
and dress herself in the most tasteful man-
ner, all to please her enthusiastic Aunt. She
could not go down to tea; for while alone
in her spacious room, thoughts came crowd-
ing into her mind, of the olden time, and
Hugh London was not yet forgotten, though
she never expected to see him again, yet
she still longed to hold one more interview
with him, for she could not believe he ever
wrote that bitter letter, which had separ-
ated them and she wondered if he had ever
married, or what had become of him.

Taking her flickering lamp which scarce
revealed the light of the moon, to the large
mirror that was suspended upon the side-
wall of her room, she beheld, as she turned
it, only the shadow of her former self—trav-
el she had faded very much but was still
beautiful—and the big tears came tramp-
ling down her snowy cheeks, and her heart
seemed as if it would break, burdened with
such a heavy weight, but she must calm
herself, bathe her fevered brow, and swallow
eyes, and yet ready for her entrance into the
parlor after tea. Hellen, after the table
had been served, descended into the dining
room below, and to her Aunt's empyring,
why she did not appear at the table, she re-
plied she thought it best to wait until after
tea, she would then be more likely to make
an impression. This surprised and dis-
heartened the kind Mrs. Wilkins and she began
to hope that her noise had ceased, to cherish
the memory of her, who had loved her
or at least, that she had ceased to love him,
and to her it had always been a matter of
astonishment, that as sensible a girl as Hel-
len, would not so easily, as to allow such a
disappointment to destroy her happiness.
She ought rather to have rejoiced, she
thought that she had missed the heartless
fiat.

When Hellen had finished her supper,
she was led into the well furnished parlor,
by the sanguine Mrs. W. and gayly for
awhile the conversation rattled on, when
they were interrupted by a rap at the front
door. A young man of five bearing enter-
ed. Hellen was struck by his noble ap-
pearance, and his voice sounded to her, like
the sweetest music that ever strains sung,
and his eye was upon the fair living moon,
whose lovely features the lamp was dimly
shining. He sat watching her for a length
of time. The conversation between Mr.
Wallace and Hellen grew dull, and he arose
to leave, bidding "Miss Stevens" good-bye
with a slight pressure of the hand, a ling-
ering farewell look, and a hearty shake of
the hand, with his elderly friends, and a grace-
ful bow to the traveller and he was gone.

The moment he had left the room Hel-
len turned her violet eyes upon the traveller,
and they both seemed spell-bound. At length
the young man broke the stilly silence, (for
the old people too were silent doubtless,
thinking of young Wallace) and forgetting
that he had not been introduced enquired
of the young girl if she knew Miss Hellen
Stevens, who had died some time previous
at— and she told him that she was a dear
friend and cousin of hers. "I thought you
resembled her very much and that is why I
took the liberty to ask. I trust you will
excuse me, she was once a dear friend of
mine also, or at least I thought her such,
and I never knew the cause of her acting so
coldly toward me year ago. She refused to
see me—went off to the mountains and sent
all my letters back to me unopened. In a
few months we were to have been married,
my life has ever since, been a blank. I
have been travelling, trying but cannot for-

gether. Not long since I thought she was
dead, and have just been to visit the grave
near her childhood home. Do you remem-
ber to have heard her ever mention the
name of Hugh London?"—"Oh! Hugh, I
cannot endure it any longer, I have wrong-
ed you, in doubting your sincerity, I might
have known you never wrote that cruel
letter, which has so long separated us, that
was my cousin whose name was the same
as my name, but I am your Hellen"—spoke
the impassioned girl. "Then we both have
been unhappy ever since, so we need not be
parted any more, oh dearest!" uttered the
happy young man, while pressing the fair
hand that rested in his. We need not add,
that the happy pair were soon married, and
returned to Hellen's father's where they met
a joyous welcome.

FOREIGN EMIGRATION.

The report for the Commissioners of
Emigration is worth a visit from any one
who would be familiar with the institutions
of New York. It is located in Castle Gar-
den. The number of arrivals have reached
at times the high number of 13,000 in one
week. To give these strangers a refuge,
to screen them from frauds and imposition,
to send them and their baggage direct to
their destination on West, to sell them the
right kind of tickets, at a fair price, to de-
liver all the baggage to the right owner—
is a work of great care, and demands a
system as complete as any banking house in
the land. And this has been done. All
the baggage is numbered, and weighed and
put on board of the trains free of charge to
the emigrant. The funds committed to the
emigrant outside of the depot are not sold.
Spurious tickets are sold. Through tickets
paid for, that carry only to Buffalo. Each
fifty pounds of baggage is allowed to weigh
person free, all the rest is paid for extra.
To swell it a price, some great fat man or
woman is made to stand on the scale to
steer the trucks, and the weight of the
person is added to the baggage, and thus
the emigrant is cheated, with his eyes wide
open. The greatest sharks and cheats are
the German Jews. They will watch their
chance and see a trunk open containing a
valuable stock. Their worldly effects, per-
haps, are stored up in a small wooden box.
At some time during the voyage they will
slip off their check put in on that mark-
ed trunk they covet, and when the baggage is
loaded will present the check, and demand
the trunk and carry it off before the ship
can be detected. On the arrival of a fra-
nch of people, the Castle Garden is a sight
to behold. Several thousands of persons
are put inside the large room, filling the
floor and the galleries. Most of the latter
are valises seen to be from Germany. Their
naked dresses—children looking as if cut out
of a block of iron wood, and about as intel-
ligent looking as young calves—girls in
quaint costumes, and women dressed as
they came from the fields of their homes—
the yelling of the babes, the storming of
the boys, the oaths of the men, the mode of
eating the manner of repose, the singing,
whistling, playing on outlandish instruments
—with the jargon and the crowd—language
as various as that spoken at Pentecost, make
a scene not found outside of New York.
Hundreds of the, with nothing to do, with
nowhere to go, with no money—asking for
work, for help, for all sorts of things—stood
as the least—presenting a hopeful prospect
for the coming of America. The leading
spirit of the Garden is Hon. John A. Ken-
nedy, a paternal and active man, full of
system and order, and better than any other
maning us to conduct this vast business. In
hon the stranger has a fast and able friend.
The yearly cost of the depot is about \$50,
000. It saves millions.

THE POET BURNS.—I saw the following
fugitive lines, in his own handwriting, (co-
pyed) on a pane of glass in the "Globe"
public-house at Dumfries, where, in October,
1857, they were still to be seen:—

"What'er ye seek, but aye or here,
Or what'er ye wish, ye'll find it here,
At moderate fare ye'll find it here,
The best that's in the 'Globe'."

On another pane, equally religiously pre-
served, and certainly in the same hand,
were these lines:

"Gin a body meet a body
Coming thro' the grain,
Gin a body kiss a body,
The thing's a body's ain."

These two stanzas are looked upon as genu-
ine relics of the bard.

When the "Marriage of Figaro" was first
produced in Paris, a critic observed to the
leading actress, Mademoiselle Aronold. It is
a piece which can never succeed!—"Yes,"
she replied, "it will fail—forty nights run-
ning!"

A GENEAL INSURANCE.
When man fell from his high estate,
As Eve in sin the apple ate,
Quoth Adam, "Woman's curse is great;
For written in the book of fate,
'Tis evermore to sin—A-TE."

A Philadelphia paper says of a drunk-
en negro, who fell down a cellar-way. His
life was preserved by his striking head
first.

ELPHANT HUNTING IN AFRICA.

Two letters have been received from Mr.
Charles John Anderson, the African traveller.
In the first, which is dated August 30,
1858, he says:—

"About two months ago I wrote you
from the banks of the Omurru river, ac-
quainting you with the unfortunate termina-
tion of my late journey, my future plans, &c.
You will also remember that my wagon
was transported to Ojumbique (R. inter-341)
to be repaired, while I myself slowly wend-
ed my way to the river (or rather water-hole)
from which I now address you, with the
view of seeing some unexplored country,
and for the purpose of hunting elephants,
and I have to some extent accomplished
both these objects.

"I encountered a very considerable num-
ber of elephants, but unfortunately chiefly
cows with their young, which are both dan-
gerous and unprofitable. I have had some
perilous adventures with these animals, and
have been taught some severe lessons, which
I am not likely to forget, and if I have not
got a good deal of ivory, I have gained a
great deal of experience and some interest-
ing insight into the natural history of the
African elephant. However, besides some
female elephants, I have killed several truly
magnificent.

"The more I see of these stupendous
animals the more I am surprised. I should
very much like to know the real strength
of a full-grown male; it must be something
almost incredible. Nothing gives a per-
son a better idea of their stupendous power
than a day's walk through one of their
favorite haunts. There may be seen whole
trains of forest laid prostrate, and such trees
sometimes! The trees, which are for the
most part of a brittle nature, are usually
broken short off by the beasts; but when
they meet with a tree that seems to them
too tall to snap at once, up it goes root
and all. If they can do this in more play
or for the sake of feeding on the branches
of the prostrate trees, what will they
not effect in a paroxysm of rage!"

"The other day, after very many hours'
fatiguing tracking, I was doing with a
very large troop of elephants, consisting
chiefly of females, when to my left I sud-
denly espied another troop of what I took
to be males. I at once left the first troop
and proceeded to attack the second. I
walked unperceived to within 25 paces of
the herd, when to my amazement I found
that they also were mostly cows and calves.
There were, however, a couple of fine bulls
among them,—one evidently acting the
part of patriarch to the herd; this beast's
position was unfavorable, and I was wait-
ing for him to present a better mark, when
suddenly they all made off. As they were
disappearing in the brushwood I fired at
one of the hindmost—a male, as I imag-
ined. In an instant the herd wheeled about
and with a terrific crash came rushing the
bushes nearly in a direct line towards me;
but after running for about 60 or 70 paces
they stopped short, evidently disappointed
at not finding the enemy. I felt very much
inclined to take to my heels, but a moment's
reflection convinced me that safety lay
only in keeping close; and it was well I did
so, for in a few moments the patriarchs
made an oblique rush through the jungle
with such force as actually to send a whole
tree that he had uprooted in his headlong
course spinning in the air. A huge branch
remained fixed to one of his tusks. His
head he carried aloft, his huge ears were
spread to the full, while with his trunk he
sniffed the air impatiently. In this position,
and when within less than a dozen paces
of me, he remained. I should say, about half
a minute. I think it was the most striking
and thrilling sight scene that I ever saw;
my assabant looked the very picture of
grandeur and rage."

"I have had several other interesting
encounters with elephants, but have no
time for particulars. At present these ani-
mals have all left my neighbourhood, but I
hope to find them, again ahead of me, and
to do some execution among them.

"I use a heavy rifle, carrying a conical
steel-pointed bullet (three to the pound), and
10 to 12 drachms of the best English rifle
powder. With this charge I sometimes
send the ball clean through an elephant.
Once I fired at a huge one, the bullet en-
tered her hind quarters, and obliquely trav-
elled the entire length of her body passed
out at the shoulder! The only objection
I have to the gun is that it kicks frightfully,
and I dare not now fire it without previ-
ously placing a thick wall on my shoulder.
It is by Powell, the maker of my old rifle,
mentioned in *Lake Nyami*; with which I
killed a vast quantity of game.

"Besides elephants, I have also shot many
giraffes elands, gnoses, hart-beests, kudoes,
and indeed, had I wished to kill merely for
killing's sake, I might have shown a first-
rate 'bag'; but I make a point of not des-
troying unless absolutely in want of meat
to feed either my own party or the hundreds
of poor wretches constantly following in my
track."

"My wagon has only just joined me. I
purpose prosecuting my journey eastward
in a day or two; but my progress will
necessarily be exceedingly slow for the pres-
ent; as well for the reason that the season
is too far advanced—in other words water
is scarce, and I must wait for the rains
before I can open the campaign with any
chance of success—as that I have just
despatched one of my servants to Ojumbi-
que to await the arrival of a vessel expected
at What fish Bay in September, in order to
bring on a few necessities and my letters. It
is now a long time since I heard from my
friends, and I should much like to know
something further about them before I
finally leave civilization behind me."

Mr. Anderson's second letter is dated
"The Interior, Lake Oumabouke (or route
R. Camero.) October 28 1858." He says:—
"About two months ago I addressed you
from the Omurru river, and trust my
letter safely reached you. Since that
period I have done little or nothing in the
way of travelling, the country being alto-
gether too dry and parched.

"You will perceive this letter is dated
Oumabouke, the spot where Mr. Gibson's
magnificent lake proved to be a mere dried-
up 'vlei.' It is now, however, something
better for the water, notwithstanding the
lateness and dryness of the season, is about
four and a half miles—a large expanse of
water for this miserable country. It is not
a lake, moreover, not even a tarn, but may
not inappropriately be termed an immense
marsh. There are no hippopotami in it,
however, though plenty of room for a score
or two.

"But elephants until quite lately have
largely resorted here, and with some con-
siderable danger, fatigue and patience, I
have succeeded in 'bagging' a number of
splendid bulls, some of which carried mag-
nificent tusks. I have had the most extra-
ordinary run of bad lucks as well as of good
luck. At first I lost every elephant that I
fired at, but all at once the tables turned in
my favor, and I have lately killed eight bulls
without losing a single one. The other
day, indeed, I brought down two at two
successive shots.

"But elephant-hunting on foot at this
season of the year is tremendous work. It
is rarely that I can succeed in tracking;
stalking and killing my elephant, and re-
turn to camp in less than ten hours, and
more frequently it takes me 12, 14, or even
16 hours to accomplish the feat. Of course
it would be nothing in a temperate climate;
but here, where the air is like the draught
of a strongly heated furnace, it is most try-
ing to the constitution. So severe is the
labour, indeed, that I am obliged to divide
my native attendants into two sets, making
use of one set the one day, and the other
the next.

"Elephant hunting on foot is also ex-
ceedingly dangerous work. The fact is, every
time I go in search of those animals I con-
sider my life in peril. It was only a few
days ago that I was suddenly obliged to
leave an elephant, and that by one of those
unforeseen accidents. Before I was aware of
the danger, he was close upon me that I
could not escape by running. Poor Wal-
dog's ear flap brushed across my mind.
However, as good luck would have it, I
broke one of his fore legs, which at once
brought him to his feet. He was not a
large animal, but he is only one of many
hairbreadth escapes that might be men-
tioned.

"I have also had some dangerous en-
counters with other animals. One fine moon-
light night, while watching for elephants,
I encountered a troop of lions, and without
any kind of molestation on my part was
suddenly attacked by the leader, a magnifi-
cent male. Fortunately a well directed
bullet from my elephant rifle put him hors
de combat. The next morning I finished
him under very exciting circumstances. It
so happened that my party was accom-
panied by a large trading caravan, composed
of Damarras, destined for Orambolan, and
as the scene occurred in full view of my
camp, nearly the whole of these people
were in at the death of the lion. More than
200 javelins were poised in the air at the
same moment, ready to strike the prostrate
beast, while a dozen dogs were desperately
tearing away at him. The lion defended
himself bravely, and in his death struggles
severely wounded three of my best dogs.
It was a most imposing scene.

"On another occasion I had my best Da-
marra killed within a few paces of me by
a black rhinoceros that I had badly woun-
ded the preceding night. I, of course, killed
the monster in his turn. It was a heart-
rending scene, for I had to bury the unfor-
tunate man in presence of his wife and com-
panions, all of whom kept up the most dis-
mal howlings and lamentations. This
death-scene, connected with what were other
peculiar circumstances, made a deep im-
pression on my mind.

"My original plan," says Anderson, "in
conclusion, 'was to have followed the course
of the Omurru to Ojumbique as far as pos-
sible, but finding the 'Veldt' deficient (in
that direction) in pasture and water, I
came over to this place, and it is just possi-
ble I may endeavor to penetrate to the
Camero from hence. I am only waiting for
the rains to commence operations."

THE LATE BATTLES.—We read much of the tremendous slaug-
ter of the late battles, but if the statements
of either side be true, the comparative loss
would not seem to indicate anything more
than a skirmish on a large scale in either
instance. Thus, at Magenta, it is said the
Austrians lost 20,000 men, put hors de
combat. This allows but one to every five
surrendered on a heavy loss. At Solferino
we are told 20,000 men were killed out of
400,000 engaged in the battle—that is, one-
out of every twenty. A regiment of 1,000
men, that lost in a desperate battle with an
equal force but fifty men killed, would be
we take it, to be accounted to have sustained
an extraordinary loss, and this was the
proportion at Solferino. The numbers
seem large, because so many were engaged
in the battle. We are disposed, however,
to think that the comparative casualties
have been less than in any campaign of
modern times—or at least any campaign
for the last one hundred and fifty years.

For example, at the battle of Brno, in
Moravia, and Eugene, out of an army of
55,000 men, but 12,000, or about one-
fourth, and they were victorious. The
French lost in the battle, and in the pursuit
40,000 men—that is to say, two thirds of
their whole force, which was only 60,000
on the field of battle. At the battle of
Friedland, the Great Frederick killed, wound-
ed, or made prisoners, 20,000 out of 50,000.
At the battle of Marengo, the Austrians lost
fully one-third of their whole army—at the
battle of Austerlitz more than half; at the
battle of Jena, the Prussians lost a third
of their army—in the pursuit all that was left
of it, except four regiments. At the battle
of Friedland the Russians lost 35,000 men
out of 78,000; at the battle of Wagram—
much more indecisive than either Austerlitz
or Friedland—Jena—the Austrians, at the
lowest figure, lost 40,000 men, or about one-
fourth of their army. These were all
decisive battles, striking down the power
of the enemy at a single blow. There were
others of a less decisive character, but yet,
for more bloody. Those of Eylau, Eschlag,
and Borodino, for instance.

At the battle of Borodino, particularly
according to the estimate made by Col.
Boutourin, and adopted by Alison, the
killed and wounded, on both sides, amount-
ed to 87,000 men, and we have seen an
estimate that placed them at less than 70,
000.—The whole force engaged at Borodi-
no, did not greatly exceed the army of
France, Joseph, alone, at Solferino. At
Lutzen, where the whole force engaged was
less than 200,000, the loss on both sides, ex-
ceeded 40,000, as did, with nearly the same
numbers, at Bautzen. At Dresden, out of
150,000 men, the allies lost 15,000, yet it
was not regarded as decisive. At Leipzig,
the only battle of the first Napoleon in
which the numbers engaged equaled those
of the Austrians, the loss exceeded 100,000
on a half a million; and at Waterloo, the entire
loss, in killed and wounded, was about 45,
000 out of about 200,000.

The losses in the late battles cannot
compare with those sustained in these gen-
eral conflicts.—Nay, they are hardly
greater on the side of the Austrians than
those sustained by their fathers, when they
were driven out of Italy, sixty-two years ago
by the little army of Gen. Bonaparte.
That great commander was never able, with
all his skill, to concentrate 80,000 men
upon one field of battle, during the cam-
paign of '96-7. That, indeed, was the
strength of his army. With a small force,
in the course of ten months, he destroyed five
Austrian armies, took more than 10,000
prisoners, 600 field pieces, 2,000 heavy guns
all the Austrian strong holds, after fighting
fourteen pitched battles and seventy com-
bats, in all of which he proved victorious.
In the first month of his operations, he put
more men hors de combat, or took them
prisoners, than the Allies did with all their
armies, ten times greater than
his, and all their resources, which are so
far superior that it is impossible to institute
a comparison.

What shall we say, then? Is Napoleon
III., an inferior General? By no means.
The skill with which he deceived the enemy
in fixing his attention upon one point of the
P's while he passed it at another—the
facility with which he transferred so large
an army from one bank of that river to the
other—his flank march to Verrelli, the bat-
tle of Magenta, the pursuit of the enemy,
the plans which he has laid down for entrap-
ping them and which are now in process of
development—but above all, the confidence
with which he has inspired his troops, all
prove him to be a great General—far greater
than any one among living Generals.—But
the facts we have detailed, prove that bat-
tles are not so destructive as they were fifty
years ago, and that the improvement in
fire-arms has a tendency to diminish the
amount of bloodshed in the battles of the
present era.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

It is with the disease of the mind as
with those of the body; we are half cured
before we understand our disorder, and
half cured when we do.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PICTURE.

Most of the war correspondents give us
only the pomp and paraphernalia of battle,
and the exciting incidents, real or imaginary
of the battle field; but the picture has another
side, which is thus drawn by a correspon-
dent of the London Times, after the battle
of Magenta:

"This station and the railway train itself
were certainly the most shocking scenes of
misery which one can possibly conceive.
It was the darker side of a brilliant victory
—looking behind the scenes by daylight;
wounded men, all stages of agony and pain,
only half-dressed, torn, dusty and muddy, in
their own blood, the priests walking about
with the viaticum to administer the last
sacrament to the dying; the glazed eyes of
death in some, showing that they had
ceased to suffer; the working eyes of others,
and the kneeling priests, before them, shew-
ing that they were on the point of sighing
their last farewell to their fellow men, whom
you would have thought dead, had it not
been for the perceptible movement of the
eye, or a convulsive twist of the limb. You
became involuntarily silent when you en-
tered and took off your cap at the sight of
so much misery. Even the lively French
soldiers, who administered to the wants of
these dejected specimens of humanity, lac-
tose, grave, and this dead silence was only
broken from time to time by the solemn
words of the priest, a faint sob, a frantic
shout of pain, or a weak sigh. You for-
got almost that there was a victory to re-
dem the sick scene, and a these men, who
would otherwise have peacefully followed
their domestic occupations, were summoned
to expose themselves to all this for a cause
which is not their own, which they knew
nothing about, and care for. It was indeed
a hard lot.

"But it was above all, when the wound-
ed had to be moved to the carriages that
the neighborhood became almost intoler-
able. Such shrieks, such pale faces, con-
tracted by pain, such torn limbs! The sol-
diers ordered to transport them seemed to
forget everything in their anxiety to allevi-
ate the pain of the sufferers. The philan-
thropic would have been touched by so
much care, and the cynic might have sneer-
ed at the idea that the very men who had
made the wounds should now try to cure
the mischief ready to begin again. Be-
fore starting, a new distribution of drink
took place, for which there was a craving.
At last the train was off and the noise of
the train drowned all others, while a few
turns of the wheels took us out of sight of
the station. On our arrival at Milan a
number of volunteer nurses were already
waiting with glasses of lemonade to assu-
age the burning thirst after a passage of
more than a hour."

SMALL FEET IN PERU.—The ladies of
Lima are noted for their extremely small
feet, the secret being, that infants of the
female sex undergo, as a rule, amputation
of the little toe of each foot. So general is
the custom, that many women think that
five toes on each foot is a state of things
peculiar to the male sex. It is said that a
Peruvian surgeon is coming over to London
and Paris, where he expects to make a fine
harvest. He warrants the ladies the tiniest
and most graceful foot by means of the
above-named amputation, and compensation
to the house for only one week. A custom
of this kind prevailed pretty generally in
Paris some years ago, kept up by the very
respectable complaisance of a surgeon,
who had acquired some celebrity touching
this disability.—*Paris Medical Journal.*

QUALIFICATION FOR PARLIAMENT.—
"Why don't you stand for the borough?"
I asked a lady of her husband, who was suf-
fering from a fit of the gout. "Why should
I, my dear?" "But I think you should," re-
sponded his wife; "your language and ac-
tions are truly parliamentary. When bills
are presented, you either order them to be
laid on the table, or make a motion to rise;
though out of order, you are supported by
the chair, and often poke your nose into
matters which are calculated to destroy
the constitution!"

MISFORTUNES.—Misfortunes are like
thunder and stormy clouds—in the distance
they appear black, but when over our heads
they are scarcely grey. As bad dreams de-
note an agreeable future, so will it be with
the often painful dream of life when it is
real. All our strong feelings, like ghosts, have
their influence for a certain period only;
and if a man were to say to himself this
passion, this pain, this rapture, is sure after
three days to lose its effects on the mind,
then would he always be more composed
and quiet.