

Edgefield Advertiser.

"WE WILL CLING TO THE PILLARS OF THE TEMPLE OF OUR LIBERTIES, AND IF IT MUST FALL, WE WILL PERISH AMIDST THE RUINS."

SINKINS, DURISOE & CO., Proprietors.

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Literary Department.

BY MISS CLARA V. DARGAN.

"When the War Ends."

That's the cry now-a-days. How many plans are laid off, how many schemes projected! Mrs. Jones—the virtuous better-half of John Jones, Esq., is earnest in her desire for the war to end as the following colloquy will prove. "Oh, what times is these! I raly don't see what I'm to have for dinner. There's Husband always grumbling because I don't have ham and eggs. I wonder if he thinks anything about my struggles to make both ends meet; I wonder if he knows that a ham which use to cost two dollars now costs eight—about twenty-five cents a slice—and aigs a dollar a dozen, a-nigh ten cents a-piece. Oh, these men! It almost breaks my heart to see how little the onfeelin' creatures care for a housekeeper's troubles, so she keeps a good table and don't bother them about it. And I declare there ain't a whole sheet in the house. I never was in such a fix before: it seems as if everything's just wearin' out a-purpose. Well, thank goodness! when the war ends I'll lay in a supply of things, and Husband shall have ham and aigs to his heart's content, and not have to pay a dollar a monthful!"

Mrs. Jones lives in the city, and, of course, sees the darker side of the picture, but Mrs. Smith is equally "unfortunate."

"You, Julie, have you sowed them seeds? The squash seeds on the far side of the garden, and the kebbages up here by this sparrows-grass bed?—No! Do you mean to tell me, Julius Caesar, that you ain't planted them seeds yet?—Hain't got none? Why, what's become of that paper-full of give you?—The rat's eat 'em! Bless my soul! if I didn't know better I'd think the spirits of dead Yankees was in them rats. They eat everything, and presently there won't be noth' left. You, George Washington, you run over to Mrs. Brown's, and ask her to lend me the loan of a few gardening-seeds—squash and kebbage. Tell her the rats is eat all mine, and tell her if she ain't lousy couldn't she over and help me to warp that piece for Jeemeer's coat, and ask her if she's got any coppers to spare, and tell her—Bless my soul! if he ain't gone! That's the way with niggers. Alters goes off half-primed, as he says. I had a message to send to Mrs. Brown, and now he's run off before I begin. But there's them prettars to cut for coffee; I got no time to stand talkin'; 'twon't help things. I do think times is growin' harder and harder. In my day just as regular as the cotton went down to town we got gardening seeds, and always of the best. But since this dreadful war has come on, there's no sich thing; the blockhead's blockheaded out everything, and I suppose if we don't eat corn and cow-peas this summer we must starve. I never could get on without kebbage. But he says we'll have peace by winter, and next spring we'll have gardening seeds a plenty; and Mirandy Jane she must have a new hat and a whoop skeart, poor thing!"

But Mrs. Smith is not the only one that suffers;—for "gardening-seeds" is not the chief object of life, nor the only precious commodity "blockheaded out." Miss Beaudica Beaumonde bears witness to this:

"Ma foi! What shall I do! Not a single pair of clean kids to wear, and the rehearsal of the concert given by the 'Babelton Ladies Soldier's Relief and Aid Association' for the purpose of sending jews' harps and linen handkerchiefs to our brave men on the 'tent field' to come off at Mrs. Stuckup's this very evening. I know Pauline Parvenue will laugh if I wear these silk gloves, and one can't go bare-handed if one does wear a diamond solitaire, and has a white hand. Oh, this shocking war! I never was without a dozen new pair before. Papa must take me to Paris *conté que conté* as soon as it is over; and then I shall shop day and night till my wardrobe is replenished. Of the six new silks I had two winters ago there is scarcely one I can wear again—so horribly out of date. The idea of wearing the same fashion two winters! Cill! I never should survive it! And there's that dear French hat *Madame Pheey*, imported for me. It was a lovely thing, but I've worn it a whole season. Papa declares he cannot give forty dollars for a bonnet, and is so old-fashioned and queer as to ask me before Adolphus Stuckup if I had knit a pair of socks or made a shirt for the soldiers. *Grace a Dieu!* those dreadful needles would ruin my fingers, tho' I have had to have something of the kind to hold when I went out to ride. It looks so interesting, so devoted, to be knitting when one is taking the air, as if one had no time to lose for the dear soldiers. I have finished almost two inches since June, it really does very nicely only Bettina has to wash it and take up the stitches every month or so, and sometimes I verily believe the girl rips it out and does it over. But I have been working very hard for the soldiers. Adolphus says it makes a man feel as if he would swallow brimstone and hot lead when he sees the 'dear creatures' as he calls us, working for them. I have embroidered Adolphus a beautiful pair of slippers, silk floss and velvet, for him to wear when he is fatigued. I wonder if he would 'march to death' as he vows so prettily, for my sake. They do say that Adolphus

never marched to anything except the bottle, and that he was court-martialled for running away at Manassas, but I don't believe it.—He wears such a lovely uniform. Well, besides the slippers, I have made an exquisite cigar-case for General Bonabates Puri, so as a token of my regard. I admire him so much; they say he drinks the best of wine, and swears sublimely in French. Think of it! But I must beg Papa for that hat if it does cost forty dollars. I heard the Hon. Mr. Humborg say money was more abundant in our country than it ever was before, and I cannot, *positively*, do without one of those exquisite beauties Madame declares has just run the blockade from Paris, tho' I half suspect Paris is Madame's back-parlor. But Pauline Parvenue won't know the difference. 'A kingdom' for a new pair of pale primrose kids."

We wish the war was over, and Miss B. B. safely landed in her adored "La Belle France." We have no need for young ladies who wear kids, and silks, and Paris hats, and are afraid of spoiling their pretty white hands at such a time as this. But Kittle Knitter speaks quite differently. "Kittle is quite a novice in French, but she understands English and common sense:

"Sallie, Sallie, do come here and see my new dress! Isn't it a beauty? This blue stripe is double-and-twisted, and this dove-color single; dyed with indigo and a teaspoonful of copperas, and—I've forgotten the rest, but mother can tell you. She made the dye, and that is the only help I had. Made it every bit myself from the spinning to the weaving, and no body helped me to warp but Tom. You know Tom has been home on thirty days furlough. Ha! Ha! Yes, he says I wore roses in my cheeks. While I was at the loom, he split the Palm-tree for this hat. Isn't it a nice one? I am going to trim it in the ribbon I had on my Summer bonnet three years ago. It's faded a little but I can wear it still, for you know Sallie, anything will do till the war is over. Mother and I have been carding wool and knitting socks for our company all the winter, and I platted this hat at odd times. We haven't much time for anything but soldier's work these days, have we, Sallie? But it's all play to me. I love to work for our boys, and it seemed wrong-like to make that dress for myself, but mother said I need it and must have it. So I was very well contented to sit at the loom all day for a week—for you see, I also got out two pairs of pants for Tom and a coat—six yards a day, Sallie, and mother said that was doing very well, tho' in her young days they wove eight or ten. Well: Tom sat by me while I was at the loom, and split the Palm-tree, or cut potatoes for coffee, while we talked. Happy times! Oh, Sallie, we talked it all over, and laid off plans for our cottage, garden, and flower plot, and furniture and all. You know—hide your face, Sallie, till I tell you—Tom and I are to be married when the war is over; that is, if God spares him.—Oh, no! I'm not crying! These stripes dazzle my eyes. Pretty dress isn't it? I always think of Tom when I look at it. How happy we will be when the war is over!"

We all love Kittle, don't we, and wish the war was over for her sake if nothing else? We hope Tom will come back with all his limbs safe, and his love for Kittle as true as hers for him; and that the cottage, 'furniture, garden, and all' will tell the advantage of Kittle's "Confederate experience."

But Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. Smith, and Mrs. Beaudica Beaumonde and Kittle Knitter are not all who say "When the war ends." There is something else we need besides ham and eggs, and sheeting, and garden seeds, and kid gloves, and new dresses, and—a husband! What is it?

C. V. D.

Maggie's Verses.

It is natural, and holy, to mourn the loss of dear departed friends, and we therefore give place to the verses of MAGGIE. But is it right to despair under the decrees of Heaven, and to yield the heart up under any circumstances to this very lethargy of grief. The present gloomy war has afflicted many tender bosoms most grievously. And yet shall we even seem to forget that there is "balm in Gilead" that can still heal the deepest sorrows and lead us to the exercise of many charities worth living for? We seek not to give reproach but to encourage hope, and we trust that MAGGIE, and the thousands who suffer like her all over our fair land, will awake in energy and zeal in the discharge of life's varied duties. God will bless the effort.

Solution of Enigma.

The following is a correct solution of the Enigma published in the *Advertiser* of the 23rd ult:

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 1, 9, 13, 20, is a River in England.
My 14, 10, 4, 3, 21, 7, was a celebrated Duke of Normandy.
My 8, 17, 15, 9, is an old-fashioned musical instrument.
My 2, 5, 15, was the second son of Noah.—Ham.
My 4, 20, 8, 12, 5, 16, 6, is the emporium of the linen trade in Ireland.
My 3, 19, is a preposition.
My whole is one of the most glorious events in the history of the Confederacy.
The Battle of Fort Sumter.
S. A. CHILDREN.

He who gives for the sake of thanks knows not the pleasure of giving.

For the Literary Corner.
I'm Weary.

I'm weary of this world so drear,
This cold, unfeeling world below—
We vainly seek for pleasure here,
There's scarce a dream unmixed with woe.

The brightest hopes my Fancy drew
Have been the first to know decay;
The dearest friends I ever knew
Have soonest passed from earth away!

The "mother dear" I called my own
When first my young heart learned to love,
Long since on angel wings hath flown
To her bright, blissful home above.

She soothed my cares and dried my tears—
That kind and loving Angel mother,
And by her side has slept for years
My darling, blue-eyed baby brother.

And now again a brother brave,
A soldier to his country true,
In youth has found a cheerless grave
Remote from home and kindred too.

I'm weary of Time's thickening cares,
There is no mortal tie can give
A charm to chase away these tears
And make me wish on earth to live.

I long to lay this soiling heart
Beneath the sod and safe at rest,
I long to meet, no more to part,
The kindred spirits I love best!

La Fayette, Ga. MARGIE.

Solution of Chess Problem.

First Move.—Advance the Queen obliquely to the left one square, taking up the Pawn by which she was in check.

Second Move.—Retire the Queen obliquely to the left one square, which brings her in front of Opponent's King; and, if he has removed his Bishop from his King's front, bring his King in check, which will cause him to return it to that position.

Third Move.—Advance the Knight on the left one square in front and two squares to the right, and his King is mated. Tyno.

[Your solution would hold out, Tyno. You forget the Black Castle that can be brought to bear upon White Queen. We have not the solution before us, but venture to offer the following as correct:

1. Q to K's B's 3.
2. Q to Q's B's 6.
3. Knight to Q's 5, or, if the game requires it, Q to Q's 6.—Ed. Adv.]

Cultivated Flowers.

The distinctive chain of habit is scarcely heavy enough to be felt till it is too strong to be broken.

Memory is the cabinet of imagination, the treasury of reason, the registry of conscience, and the council-chamber of thought.

A Greek maid being asked what fortune she would bring her husband, replied, "I will bring him what gold cannot purchase—a heart unspotted, and virtue without a stain, which is all that descended to me from my parents."

We are all complaining that our days are so few, yet acting as though there would be no end to them.

It commenced raining again three months before the war of 1812, and three months before its close, as in the revolutionary war, it again dried up, and so with the Mexican war. Three months before the fall of Fort Sumter it commenced raining, and a short time since dried up.

I give as my author for this an aged man, who was born and is living near the spring and who has considerable property, and offers to bet it all that we will have peace in three months from the drying up of the spring.

[From the N. Y. World.]
"God and the Negro."

One member of the Beecher family has enriched the religious phraseology of the American people with the refined and pious ejaculation of "Bully Hallelujah!" Another scion of the same stock has now favored us with a new national slogan.

"God and the Negro" is the war cry which Henry Ward Beecher recommends to the armies of the republic, through the columns of the Independent, in the following passage, which nothing but a sense of public duty could induce us to quote:

"Congress is to dispute over a bill to arm and equip 150,000 negroes to serve in the war. Let it stop the debate! The case is settled; the problem is solved; the argument is done. Let the recruiting sergeants beat their drums! The next levy of troops must not be made in the North, but on the plantations. Marshal them into line by regiments and brigades! The men that have picked cotton must now pick flints! Gather the third great army! For two years the government has been searching in an enemy's country, for a path to victory; only the negro can find it! Give him gun and bayonet, and let him point the way! The future is fair; God and the Negro are to save the republic!"

If these brutal and blasphemous ravings reached our ears from Babylon they would be sufficiently shocking.—But they are deliberately printed in a paper professing religion. They are intended to be read in the homes of civilized and Christian men. They are the creed of a man calling himself a minister of love and mercy. And made as they are there is a mean method in their madness. The sanguinary rivalry is the calculated voice of a most diabolical cry.

The interval between the destruction and the salvation of the republic is measured by two steps: one is, emancipation; the other, military success. The first is taken; the other delays. How is it to be achieved? There is but one answer: by the negro!

"The negroes are the final reliance of the government. They are the forlorn hope of the republic. They are the last safe-keepers of the good cause. We must make alliance with them, or our final success is imperiled."

We beg the reader to control for a moment his disgust and his indignation, to weigh these words coolly, to measure with unimpassioned eye the abyss of degradation which they reveal. Three rude, ignorant millions of negroes are the "forlorn hope" of twenty millions of civilized Anglo-Americans waging a great war against five millions of their own race. Unless we can seduce these African slaves into taking our guns and bayonets and fighting for us we are hopelessly beaten. We have not the manhood to maintain our own cause; and when we offer freedom to the Southern slave it is not because we feel ourselves strong enough to give him what we promise, but because we hope he will be strong enough not only to secure his own freedom but to save us also from defeat and shame. Is the man who writes these things an American or a Chinese? Are we Greeks of the Lower Empire clamoring for the help of black Varangians to gain the terrible hordes of Jackson and of Lee?

The negroes are not commonly reputed a very warlike race: but the mildest Congo that ever sunned himself among his pumpkins might shrink in scorn from an "alliance" with men whose philanthropy thus shamelessly proclaims itself to be poltroonery in disguise.

With the soldiers and the citizens of the North this crowning insult, offered by the radicals to the American name and race, may safely be left for redress.

Wherever a man lurks within the most stolid armor of fanaticism they must surely find him out and sting his spirit up to some dim sense at least of the crisis we have reached and of the future which threatens us.

There are really no overtures or demonstrations at all made to us by either North-west or North-east, by either the Democrats or Abolitionists, which may not be most fully met, says the Richmond Enquirer, with the diplomacy of our cannon and bayonets. They all know at the North—without exception—that if they indeed desire peace, they have nothing to do but take away their armies from our soil. We know nothing of peace or conciliation except on that basis. We care not who plunders at Washington; here no interest in the success of any of their parties, and consent rather to die than to touch that abomination forever more. Who dreams of any other basis for a peace will do well to keep his own counsel.

DIFFICULTIES are like the Will-o'-the-Wisp: they present an imposing appearance only when they are viewed at a distance.

President Lincoln as a Dictator.

The important measures which have lately passed, and others which are now under consideration in the two Houses of Congress, will leave no excuse for a failure on the part of the present Administration to put an end to the rebellion. With the closing of the present session, President Lincoln will be practically invested with the powers of a dictator. The scope of his authority and discretion as President of the United States will hardly be less than that of Louis Napoleon as Emperor of France. Our whole political system of the peace establishment, including the subordination of the Federal Government to the will of the States and the people, will be reversed; for the States and the people will be rendered subordinate to the will of the Federal Administration. And this will be done, too, through the duly elected representatives of the States and the people in Congress assembled. This most remarkable political revolution is now within a few days of its consummation. The militia bill, which has passed, places under the control of the President all the militia of the United States, for the purpose of the banking bill, which has passed, and the Treasury note or financial bill, which is under consideration, will invest him with almost unlimited power over the banks, finances and currency of the country; and that other bill which is pending before the House, providing for the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*, will give him full authority over the liberties of the individual citizen. In a word, we may say that with the adjournment of Congress on the 4th of March, President Lincoln, for the two years remaining of his term of office, will be clothed with dictatorial powers, political, military and financial, over State and citizen, and by the action of Congress and under the authority of the Constitution.

This organic instrument and the laws passed in pursuance thereof constitute the supreme law of the land. Nor do we think it can be successfully denied or contested that in straining its warlike authority to establishment at Washington of a temporary dictatorship Congress has in the acts indicated, lessened the barriers of the Constitution. The legislative power of Congress in regard to the militia, in case of rebellion or invasion, and over the financial affairs of the country, and the *habeas corpus*, is broad and comprehensive. It is possible that with a Napoleon, or a Cromwell, clothed with this provisional dictatorship, there would be an end of our Republican institutions and the beginning of an imperial establishment; but there is not the slightest danger of the abuse of his authority by President Lincoln for ambitious purposes. We all know that his ambition is limited to the suppression of the rebellion; but if he were not, we all know that he would be powerless to employ the intelligent, liberty-loving soldiers of the Union in any movement involving the suppression of our regular Presidential election!

We therefore entertain no apprehensions of evil to the reserved rights of the States or the liberties of the people from these extraordinary powers with which Congress is clothing the President. On the other hand, as these laws will be passed over to the next administration, they may even then be turned to good account, in the application of their pains and penalties, to the Abolition disorganizers at the North, after the rebels of the South shall have been reduced to their proper allegiance. Meantime, accepting the plea of imperious necessity, we cheerfully consent to this transformation of our President into a temporary dictator. We cheerfully consent, in view of the great object of concentrating the forces and resources of the loyal States against those of the rebellion, and in the belief that this is the shortest way to the restoration of the Union, we cheerfully consent to surrender, for the present, some of the privileges, immunities, exemptions and blessings of peace, to push on this war, upon which depends the very life of this nation.

Upon this point the patriotism of the loyal States is surely equal to that self-sacrificing fanaticism which governs the people of the rebellious States. These people are under the most terrible despotism ever known to modern times; they bear it, they sustain it, and they submit to conscriptions, cruelties, extortions, privations, sufferings and losses painful to contemplate, under the belief that all these things are demanded of them in order to secure the independence of their Southern Confederacy, and under the belief, too, that with the object secured, they will have a better Government, and a new career of happiness, security and prosperity. Are not, then, the people of the loyal States capable of sustaining, in a comparatively light degree, the burdens of a struggle upon which not only the life of the Government, but the safety of the property, the home and the household gods of every man in the country depends? The intelligent will need no promptings to answer this question.

But we concur in these war measures of Congress from still another view of the subject. They will admonish the great Powers of Europe that foreign intervention against the Union is not to be thought of, and that they can only intervene in support of the cause of the Union. Thus Louis Napoleon may, perchance, be convinced that the time has arrived when, acting upon Seward's Congressional peace proposition, he may say to

Jeff. Davis and his confederates: Further resistance to the Federal Government is useless. Accept the friendly offices of France in behalf of your submission to the Union, or prepare for the consequences. But in every view of the subject, foreign and domestic, we are prepared to sustain these war measures of Congress, and to support the President even as a temporary dictator. Let us support him, and all that we have lost may be restored; but if we abandon him, all that we have may be lost.—New York Herald.

Intervention.

From the beginning of this war up to the present time, our people have been seriously troubled with periodical attacks of a disease which, in the phraseology of the day, may be properly called "intervention on the brain."

After the first battle of Manassas, we were assured, by political prophets, who plumed themselves on their prophetic ken, that foreign powers would not witness with indifference the fierce carnage of a civil war. When John Bull paws the earth and lashes his side—when the invincible British lion, "slaking the dew-drops from his mane," shall roar in his wrath!

Influenced by these motives, our people have been on tip-toe, eagerly listening for the first note of foreign intervention. And till lately they have listened in vain. The British lion roared, it is true, but "gently as 'twere any sucking dove." Like Carlyle, (the man who in attempting to reform Englishmen, succeeded in murdering English), the people of England thought it was the foul red chimney that had been afire this century and were willing to see it burn out. Exeter Hall spoke and politicians trembled at the howl of fanaticism. "King Cotton" lowered his sceptre to King Woollyhead, and white Englishmen became starving paupers to elevate the down-trodden African. And John Bull, the pugacious, invincible filibuster that always opposes filibustering—the pious later of slavery, that makes abject slaves of his own subjects—this same innocuous, quiet old gentleman, who preaches one thing and practices another, puts his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest and coolly tells us, "this is a dreadful state of affairs you have among you, but 'pon my word, gentlemen, I see no remedy, can't do anything for you, but wish you very well."

France has done better. Napoleon has manifested a willingness to mediate in our affairs, and has lately made an offer, which has been summarily rejected by Mr. Seward. And now the great question of gold nunes is, what will Napoleon do? Some say he has contracted for cotton in the Confederacy, and that he will speedily raise the blockade, to get his cotton. Rumor says that he has already declared his intention to raise the blockade, recognize us, and to settle all our woubles on this side of the ocean by a Napoleonic *coup de main*.

Whatever may be the intentions of Napoleon there is one thing certain, that neither the prospect of intervention, nor intervention itself, should at all divert us from our plans, or diminish our self-reliance. An independence that is worth anything must be achieved by our own efforts. God helps those who help themselves is true of nations as well as of individuals. If our independence is established by the active interference of foreign nations, will we not be dependent upon them? May they not look upon us as the "sick man"—the Turkey of this continent, to be doted by foreign quacks, and perhaps parcelled out by greedy governments? No man or nation will obtain recognition by begging or whining for it. Let us not deceive ourselves. If we wish a permanent peace, we must conquer it. There is but one path, in these degenerate times, to our independence, and that is the war-path. We must win recognition, at home and abroad by self-reliance and hard blows. Let us be deluded no longer, with the cry of intervention, nor with the, perhaps, delusive hope of peace, but conscious that we are fighting in behalf of liberty, of human rights, and our holy religion, let us go forth to the fight, trusting in the "God of battles," and leaving results with that All-wise being, who alone can give us the victory.—Christian Index.

LETTERS BY FLAG OF TRUCE.—The Richmond Dispatch says that, by orders issued by Brigadier-General John H. Winder, all letters intended to be sent to the United States by flag of truce must be mailed at his office, where they are subjected to examination, and if deemed unobjectionable are forwarded. All letters must have on them either a three cent piece or U. S. postage stamp, and they must not exceed a page in length, or contain any allusions to political or military matters. Letters to be despatched by flag of truce accumulate so rapidly, that if they are written of the usual length, the officials would never find time to wade through them.

The Cotton Question in England.

A correspondent of the Charleston Courier, writing from Nassau, gives the following concerning the distress caused by the want of cotton in England:

From the English journals we observe that the distress in Lancashire is assuming appalling proportions. The number of operatives out of work at the last report was 265,000—every one of them dependent upon charity and rated as out-door paupers. Large public meetings are being held over England for the purpose of raising funds to support the sufferers.

At a public meeting held in London, Lord Stanley has made a speech in which the following sentence appears:

"He expressed a hope that we should soon have seen the worst. That depends upon when the American war shall terminate. If it lasts another year we have not by any means seen the worst; should it last five years, the ruin of Lancashire will be irremediable."

The Dublin University Magazine for December, has an article on the Lancashire troubles entitled "Men, Masters and Otton." After portraying the sufferings of the operatives, and paying a tribute to their patient and orderly conduct, the writer makes these significant remarks:

"It now appears that the Cotton crops have been but partially destroyed. An immense quantity awaits the breaking of the blockade for shipment. Her Majesty's Consul at Charleston sets down the total stock of Cotton in the South at 3,950,000 bales. It is not worth running a risk to obtain this supply and light up all the factory fires again? It would be a difficult matter if England were expected to act alone, but all Europe would be with us, in an effort we might make to bring about a settlement and stay the useless effusion of blood. Unless through foreign intervention there is no hope for peace. The remarkable letter of General Scott, read at a New York meeting, shows that the North-erners receive themselves little more than at the beginning of the war as yet. The veteran leader named three years as the shortest time within which they can conquer the South, and they seemed prepared to accept his dictum. The question for our Government is whether it will support our workmen by national grants for what remains of this protracted period. The aid offered by public contributions will soon cease. What then is to be done? It has now been shown that the most India can do for us is very little. All our substitutes have failed. We are thrown back on the Southern American produce. The eyes of tens of thousands are strained Westward to discern the first streaks of an approaching peace which will restore happiness to the desolated homes of Lancashire. We have no other hope—no other reliance."

"We shall never be free from embarrassment until we make up our minds to recognize the Confederacy, and thus do more to put an end to the miseries of war in America and enforced idleness in Lancashire than if joined in the half measure of mediation proposed by France, which, if not backed by force, would only irritate and give a little fresh strength to the Lincoln Government."

An English paper, in remarking upon the condition of affairs in the manufacturing districts, states that in Lancashire there are thousands of stalwart men loitering about with their hands in their pockets, waiting for nothing but the next bulletin of American news. A traveler through the manufacturing towns describes the appearance of "hundreds of smokeless chimneys" as a "harrowing sight."

A TOUCHING ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.—A touching romance in real life is afforded by the death of Capt. Chalmers Glenn, of Rockingham County, N. C., and his faithful follower Mat. Reared together from childhood, Mat had shared in all the boyish pranks and frolics of his master, and in later life had been his constant attendant and most faithful servant. On the morning of the battle of Doomsboro, Capt. Glenn called him to him and said: "Mat, I will be killed in this battle; see me buried; then go home, and be to your mistress and my children all you have ever been to me." From behind a rock the faithful fellow watched all day the form of his beloved master, as the tide of battle ebbed and flowed over the eventful field. At last he missed him, and rushing forward, found the prediction, alas! too truly verified—life was already extinct. Assisted by two members of his company, a grave was dug with bayonets, and soon the cold and silent earth held all that was dearest on earth to Mat. Slowly and sadly he turned his face homeward, and there faithfully delivered all the messages and valuables with which his master had entrusted him. From that day it seemed as if his mission on earth was accomplished. Though constantly attending his master's children and promptly obedient to the slightest word of his mistress, he invariably declined. Finally, he was taken sick, and despite all the assistance which medical skill and kind attention could afford, he died on the 4th of February. What a striking instance of the power of affection in the negro heart, and the strength and beauty of the tie between a kind master and faithful servant. Peace to Mat's ashes. Never the untidy tread of a negro worshipper may pollute the last resting place of his gallant master or his faithful self.—Raleigh Register.