

The Anderson Intelligencer.

An Independent Family Journal---Devoted to Politics, Literature and General Intelligence.

HOYT & CO., Proprietors.

ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1869.

VOLUME 4---NO. 51.

Selected Story.

A Startling Narrative of Real Life.

BY ANNIE ROBERTS.

I was on a visit to Columbus, Mississippi. I had four or five friends there, schoolmates of mine; for in those days we Southerners used to form parties, and a number of us leave our homes, and go together to the far North to be educated. A great mistake I have since thought; for I have had occasion, often, to regret not having received instruction in my own State.

At the time of which I write, was at the house of my most intimate friend, Sue Long.

She was lovely in disposition, not remarkably beautiful; but I never saw any one with so sweet a face.

Her skin was purely white, and her eyes a dark gray that many mistook for black, because of the long dark lashes veiling them.

She had always a beautiful color and looked healthy; yet, I don't know why, she never seemed strong to me.

At school, I have seen her tremble and grow pale at little incidents that scarcely affected me. That very nervous weakness, so opposed to my strength of nerve, endeared her to me, and I came to watch over her as if she were a younger sister.

I had been spending the winter with her, and it had been such a happy one.

One evening she came into my room just as I was getting ready for a party; she held a note in her hand, and her face was so ghastly that I thought she was ill. She seemed perfectly unnerved, and without a word dropped in a chair, near the bureau, where I was standing.

"Sue, what is the matter?" I said at last.

She put her hands to her face, and wept aloud; but calming herself, she sobbed: "Oh, Lucy, poor Lily is dead!"

I uttered an exclamation of horror. "It can't be! It can't be! We only saw her this morning, and she was perfectly well."

"Yes, but a few minutes after we left she was taken ill, and died about an hour ago. Read the note."

I took it and read a short statement of what she had told me.

We wept together; for Lily was our schoolmate and dear friend.

She was the only daughter of one of the wealthiest men in Columbus; her disposition so kind and amiable, that she was petted and caressed by all.

I had never lost a friend before, nor had Sue; and we felt this bereavement most terribly.

I put off my party dress with the saddest heart I have ever known, and later in the evening we went around to the house of mourning.

She had been laid out in the parlor, and there we went to look at her.

Two evenings before, we had danced on the spot where the still form of the dead now lay.

"Sweet flower! cut off while you yet budded new!"

She was the most life-like corpse I have ever seen. A smile rested on her countenance and her skin still retained a slight roseate hue.

We sat up with her several nights. On Friday she was to be buried; but her father's grief was so heart-rending, and she still remained so life-like, that at his earnest request she was kept some days longer.

At first we had many friends to share our nightly vigils; but the last night all were tired out, and only two others beside Sue and myself remained.

We were much fatigued and very sad; for the next day Lily was to be consigned to the tomb, and we had hoped we hardly knew what.

Two hours passed slowly. There were two parlors, with folding-doors between them. They were handsomely furnished; the most luxurious velvet carpet, chairs, sofas, and mirrors of rare value. The body was in the front parlor, resting on a bier, in the middle of the room, lengthwise between one of the mirrors and the folding-doors. On each side of this mirror were candles. We sat in the adjoining room, and several times during the night, two of us, together, went in and snuffed the candles.

About twelve o'clock this night, the other two girls complained of headache, and laid down to get a little sleep, so only Sue and I were left.

Some hours afterwards, Sue said to me, wearily:

"I feel a perfect horror creeping over me. The sight of poor Lily inspires me with terror."

"Yes," I replied, "I feel wretchedly, too; but I attribute it to loss of sleep, and our long and tedious watch over our friend."

As Sue passed me to go into the next room to snuff the candles, she hesitated, as if about to ask me to accompany her. Would that I had! But I was reclining in my chair, and, in a half-dreamy state, watching her as she unfolded the doors and entered the next room. As I sat I could see everything. There were six candles, I think. She went from one to the other, leaving the two on the mirror-stand, at the head of the dead body, for the last.

She trembled so, that she could scarcely accomplish her task.

I saw her resolutely turn her head away as she approached the mirror; but as she stood in front of it, some feeling prompted her to glance up.

I was wide awake now, and I could see the reflection of her terror-stricken face, and--great God! The corpse was moving!

First one hand was raised, then fell; then the other; then one of the limbs, and the body became so convulsed that the drapery covering it, fell to the floor.

Sue had seen it all in the glass, without a word, her face stony.

As the pall fell she tottered forward and fell over the body.

I uttered shriek after shriek, and soon the room was filled with our friends and neighbors.

I did not think of Sue, I only said: "Lily! Lily! Save her! Save her! She is alive!"

It was a long time before the restoratives were effectual in arousing her from her trance. Her father knelt by her, weeping and praying. Just as we were giving up in despair, he suddenly uttered an exclamation of joy.

"Look!"

The eyelids quivered and opened, and the sweet mouth smiled. There was nothing to fear now; and the room echoed our rejoicing.

"Come, Sue, and see her," said one of the girls, going to the sofa on which they had laid her when she was taken up so hastily.

"Sue! Sue!" she cried, in alarm, bending over her. "What is the matter? Oh, come here and see! Look at her!"

Alas! our neglect of her fainting-fit had proved fatal.

In her weak, nervous state the startling fright had been too much for her, and I had regained one friend but to lose another, the most beloved I have ever known.

Lily is a matron now, living in Columbus still; and this incident is well remembered by the older inhabitants of this beautiful Southern town.

THE FAMOUS GAINES MILL CASE.—The New Orleans Times relates that twenty-five years ago, when the case of Mrs. Gaines first came up for trial in that city, her counsel having withdrawn because of a difficulty with the judge, General Gaines himself claimed, as an admitted member of the bar to represent his wife's interests.

Unfortunately, when he studied law in Virginia, it was under a very different system of jurisprudence, and he felt very much out at sea in the courts of a civil law State. He would, therefore, ask that the lady defendant, who was better acquainted with the remarkable facts of her history than any one else, should be allowed to address the jury in her own name.

The judge stated that the lady had the right to argue her own case. Then the General, with that grand old dignity for which he was so distinguished, led forward Mrs. Gaines, who proceeded to address the jury at great length, reading numerous documents bearing upon her case. Whilst reading these documents, the Judge, who was a high-spirited man, interfered, and notified her that she could not be allowed to read documents which were not in evidence in the case. The lady still persisting, the Judge again interfered, and a disagreeable wrangle arose, in the midst of which Mr. Gaines charged the Judge with having an interest against her. Judge Buchanan retorted with temper, and notified General Gaines that he was expected to control his wife in court, where no persons were privileged.

Whereupon the stately old General arose to his full attitude of six feet three, and assuming the position of a commander of grenadiers, and gracefully touching the belt of his sword, responded: "May it please your Honor, for everything that lady shall say or do, I hold myself personally responsible in every manner and form known to the laws of my country or the laws of honor." This reply and the accompanying action and the appearance of the general in his military garb, aroused to a still higher pitch the Irish fire of the judge, who quickly answered: "Gaines, this court will not be overawed by military authorities." "Rest assured, your Honor, that when an attempt of that sort is made, the sword which I wear in conformity to the regulations of the service and out of respect to this honorable court, will be quickly unsheathed to defend the rights and dignity of your Honor and of the civil tribunals of my country." After these explanations peace and order were restored.

OVERWORK.—There was William Pitt, dead at forty-nine, carrying the British Empire on his shoulders for a quarter of a century, and attempting to carry a pint of port wine daily and a pinch of opium in his stomach, and foundering in mid-ocean from this over-care. What a wreck was that when Brinsley Sheridan went to pieces on the breakers of intemperance and overwork? There, too, was Mirabeau, that prodigy of strength and health, of versatility and splendid talent, killed by the overwhelming labors and excitements of the tribune and the Cyran hells. Sergeant S. Prentiss attempted the double task; and if over man might with impunity, he could, with leonine health and marvelous mental gifts. Said a distinguished Mississippi lawyer to me, "Prentiss would sit up all night gambling and drinking, and then go into court next day and make a better plea in all respects than I could, or any body else at the bar of our State, even though we studied our case half the night and slept the rest." He tried it, and in the trying burned to the socket in forty-one years the lamp of life that had been trimmed to last four score. A draft upon the constitution in behalf of appetite is just as much a draft as in behalf of work; and if both are habitually preferred together, bankruptcy and ruin are sure and swift.—Lippincott's Magazine.

—A colored lady, boasting the other day of the progress made by her son in arithmetic, exultingly said, "He is in de mortification table."

Miscellaneous Articles.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Vice Presidents of the United States.

With the Presidents of the United States, with their characters and history, almost every well-informed man is familiar, but it is otherwise with the Vice Presidents, the second officers of the Government. There are few who can ever name them in order in which they were elected. A few reflections upon them may, therefore, be both interesting and instructive.

The first two Vice Presidents, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, were both afterwards Presidents. They were signers of the Declaration of Independence, on the committee that drafted it, and were leaders of their respective parties.

The third Vice President, Aaron Burr, is also a great historical character, who, in this connection, we may pass without notice, save the remark that his selection over the distinguished Revolutionary generals, statesmen, and orators, at the early age of forty-one, attests the remarkable talents of the man, and the impression they made upon public opinion.

The fourth Vice President was George Clinton, of New York. He held the office for eight years, under the second term of Jefferson and of the first of Madison, and died in it, the first instance of death invading the great positions of the Government. He had been the Governor of New York for eighteen years, during all the war of the Revolution, and for a long time before and after it. He was the great opponent of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, and, by his influence, came near defeating it in the New York Convention. He was the uncle of a still more celebrated man, De Witt Clinton.

The fifth Vice President was Eldridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, one of the immortal fifty-six who signed the Declaration of Independence. Mr. Gerry was a Democrat, who maintained the faith of the party in the darkest hours in Federal Massachusetts. He had been a Democratic Governor of that State, and from his name political nomenclature has arisen. A Democratic Legislature, under his administration, districted the State for Congress. Of course they regarded political lines even more than contiguity of territory. Party advantage was the great aim. The Federalists denounced the bill as a "gerrymander," and from that day—more than half a century ago—the phrase has always been applied to political Congressional and legislative apportionments. Mr. Gerry, like his predecessor, Mr. Clinton, died in office, and was buried in the Congressional Burying Ground, in the first year of his term.

Daniel D. Tompkins, of New York, was the sixth Vice President, twice elected, holding the position through all the eight year administration of James Monroe. He acquired his reputation as a war Governor in 1812. On one occasion, during that struggle, the credit of the nation had sunk so low, under the Federal opposition of New England, that when the State of New York put its bonds for \$400,000 upon the market there were no takers. It was not until Governor Tompkins, who was a very wealthy man, endorsed them personally that the capitalists stepped forward and took them. He was a man of such popular and pleasing manners that it was said that a refusal from him was more highly prized than an acceptance of his great rival, De Witt Clinton. It is generally believed that the death of Vice President Tompkins was produced by an immoderate indulgence in the use of spirituous liquors.

The seventh Vice President was a man well known to us in middle life who have taken any part in politics—John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, the ablest man, with the possible exception of Jefferson, who ever held the place. He was Vice President under John Quincy Adams, and also under General Jackson. Before his term was out he resigned, in order to take his seat upon the floor as United States Senator, to combat what he considered the Federal heresies of Daniel Webster in regard to the respective rights of the States and the Federal Government. He was the great apostle of State rights, and when he arose to address the Senate his salutation was not "Mr. President," but always "Senators." He considered the Senate a mere convocation of State ambassadors.

The eighth Vice President was Martin Van Buren, of New York, who was afterwards elected President. He was a very successful man, who, by his Talleyrand address, occupied in succession every high position in the Government—Governor, United States Senator, Minister to England, Secretary of State, Vice President, and President. Of all his friends there were none in whom Andrew Jackson reposed so much confidence.

Colonel Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky, was the ninth person who filled the Vice Presidential chair. Until he was chosen, in 1836, no Vice President had ever been selected west of the Alleghany Mountains. He was a gallant soldier of the war of 1812, and with his own hand, as established by incontrovertible testimony, killed Tecumseh, the celebrated Indian Chief, at the battle of the Thames, in 1813. He was then colonel of a Kentucky regiment. His civic distinction arose from his celebrated report, early in Jackson's Administration, against discontinuing the Sunday mail service, which was demanded by the religious sentiment.

In 1840, John Tyler, of Virginia, was chosen the tenth Vice President. By the death of General Harrison he became President in one month after the latter's inauguration. He had been Governor of Virginia, a United States Senator, and was a man of more than ordinary talent.

It has been charged that he was a traitor to his party; but it is not true. He was always an anti-Union States Bank and anti-protective tariff man, and opposed to internal improvements at the expense of the General Government. It was with that understanding he was nominated and elected. When he vetoed those measures he was no apostate.

The eleventh Vice President was George M. Dallas, of Pennsylvania. The Convention nominated Silas Wright, of New York, but he declined it, and Mr. Dallas was substituted. The first telegraphic despatch that ever passed over the wires was from Baltimore to Washington, acquainting Mr. Wright of his nomination, and requesting his acceptance. Mr. Dallas had been Minister to Russia and United States Senator previous to his election. He was an able and dignified man. He gave the casting vote in the Senate for the free-trade tariff of 1846 against a howl of remonstrance from his own State.

The twelfth Vice President was Millard Fillmore, of New York, who had been for years a distinguished member of Congress from that State. It was during his Presidency of the Senate that death again visited the Executive Mansion removing General Taylor, making him President. It was fortunate for the country. Had Taylor lived the war of 1861 would have ensued in 1850. It was a curious fact that Taylor, the man of the extreme South, was controlled by the men of the extreme North; while Fillmore, a Northern man pursued a moderate, conservative, and national course.

The next Vice President was William R. King, of Alabama. He was dying of consumption when elected, and took the oath of office before an American Consul in the Island of Cuba, where he had repaired for his health. He died a little more than a month after the beginning of his official term. He had been thirty years a Senator from Alabama, and was a gentleman of the "old school" of polished and urbane manners. Without great ability, this fact, combined with his known integrity, gave him position and prominence.

The fourteenth Vice President was General John C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, the only civilian on the Southern side who may be said to have distinguished himself in the late war. Able and eloquent, a man of splendid address, with a fine person and carriage, it is safe to say that the office was never adorned by a more distinguished character. His career in the war was that of a brave and chivalrous soldier, who won the respect even of his opponents.

The fifteenth Vice President was Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine; and the sixteenth was Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee. It is unnecessary to speak of these gentlemen. Mr. Hamlin is a very ordinary man; perhaps the most so, with the exception of the present incumbent—Schuyler Colfax—who ever filled the position. Andrew Johnson was really a superior character, whom death, for the third time, designated as the controller of the Executive Mansion. Severely denounced and bitterly assailed, he may rely with confidence upon posterity doing justice to the great measures of his administration. The man who without any advantages in early life, could rise from a village alderman to be President of the United States, passing, in the meantime through all the gradations, could not but have possessed sterling qualities and a vigorous intellect.

THE NEGRO POSTMASTER AT COLUMBIA.—The Augusta Constitutionalist says: "We understand that Wilder, the negro postmaster of Columbia, has finally concluded that his aspirations have been far above his abilities, and has actually imported Mr. Samuel Leapheart, who formerly held the position of chief clerk in the office (under Mr. J. C. Janney, succeeded by Wilder) to relieve him of his burden, agreeing to accept any part of the salary of the position which Mr. Leapheart's liberality may see proper to allow him. Mr. L., in accordance with the expressed wishes of the citizens, had concluded to accept the proffered offer of Wilder, when the latter found a little hitch in the transfer, growing out of the fact that Governor Scott was one of the endorsers of his official bond, and it would be necessary to consult him with regard to the execution of the manœuvre. The black negro endorser on Wilder's bond acquiesces in the purpose of his principal to transfer his office, and there are hopes expressed that Governor Scott, from a little circumstance of recent occurrence, in which he was personally inconvenienced, may yield his assent to Wilder's abdication. It seems that the Governor has been in Charleston for the past week, and found it essential for his personal or party purposes to order a remittance from the capitol. A check was enveloped and dispatched to his anxious Excellency through the mail. The check failed to reach Charleston, and the Ohio Governor of South Carolina returned to the capital to investigate the obstructions which interposed to shut off his anticipated supply of funds. He succeeded in finding the check, to his great chagrin, (because Southern Governors, in these degenerate days, must have cash at command to grease their machinery) quietly resting in the Columbia Post-office. It is hoped that the people of Columbia may reap some substantial good from this reported 'riling' of Governor Scott, and that the good sense exhibited by Wilder may be allowed to prevail."

—When the enterprising butcher's clerk 'set up on his own hook,' did he find a comfortable seat?

—What gives a cold, cures a cold, and pays the doctor? A draught.

CHURCH BELLES.

Coming in couples,
Smiling so sweetly,
Up the long aisle
Tripping so neatly.
Envyng bonnets,
Envyng laces,
Nodding at neighbors,
Peering at faces,
Whispering softly,
Heeding no sermon;
What they go there for
Hard to determine.
On all around them,
Gazing benignly,
Wholly unconsciously,
Singing divinely,
Prosing discouraging,
Don't suit their whims;
Plain they assemble
Just for the "hims."

Mechanics Needed in the Reconstruction of the South.

From a well considered article in the last Abbeville Banner, we make the following extracts. The writer shows the folly and stupidity of the policy heretofore pursued in depending upon the North for superior mechanical labor, and proceeds to urge Southern parents to develop mechanical genius whenever found in their sons. He then administers a just rebuke to the false pride and narrow prejudice against mechanics always existing to a greater or less extent in Southern society, and upon this point we desire to have our readers benefited by his illustrations and sound reflections:

Experience teaches that we should foster the mechanical arts, at least, to the extent of supplying our own wants, and cease to be so entirely dependent upon the Northern States. Such a change in our policy and practice cannot be wrought in a day. This is no reason why an effort should not be made to introduce a change. As a means to this end, we suggest, that parents should study closely the characters of their sons, and direct them to those pursuits, for which they seem to have greatest aptitude. It seems to have been taken for granted, heretofore, that all mechanical talent and inventive genius had been monopolized by the Yankees. The history of the late war put an end to this fallacy. A vast amount of mechanical talent has been buried at the South. Our present necessitous condition demands that all such talents should be developed and applied for the benefit of society.

A very strong and a very general prejudice lies in the way. Employment in the workshop has been regarded in this State, especially as degrading. In our early years, nothing was more shocking to the members of the old families of the State, than the idea of one of them learning a trade. It was too decidedly plebeian. It might be known that they were gamblers, intemperate and licentious; but, they did not lose caste. To handle the trowel or the jack plane, however, was death to character. An intimate friend of our boyhood, belonging to an old family, whose estates had dwindled away, not willing to live poor, in order to feast pride, determined on becoming a brick-mason, having noticed the great success of the father of one of our classmates, who belonged to this class of citizens. His eldest brother remonstrated vehemently against this determination, and said to him: "Do you suppose that, if I meet you in King Street, (the fashionable promenade) with a trowel in your hand and mortar on your shoes, I shall speak to you?" He replied calmly, but firmly: "The day will come, when you will be glad to have a room in my fine brick house." This as we happened to know, was literally fulfilled. This incident serves to illustrate the feeling that has prevailed in this State with regard to boys learning a trade. We confess, that to us, it has always seemed very silly. We have known a man to affect superiority over the mechanic, who built his nice mills, though his own father laid the foundation of his vast fortune in selling half pints. Mixed liquors was decidedly more aristocratic than mixing mortar. Different eyes certainly require different glasses. Parents should teach their children that

"Honor and shame from no condition rise."

Even in this State numerous cases could be adduced to show that mechanics share a pretty fair chance for wealth and position. Let a few suffice. Jonathan Lucas, who amassed a fortune and was made a Baronet by George III. for introducing rice mills into England, was a millwright. His next neighbor, Thomas Bennett, who became very wealthy and was made Governor of the State, was also a millwright. Old Mr. Schmierle was a carpenter, but this did not prevent his son, the General, from filling the Mayorality of Charleston for years. Many more such cases we could cite, but it is unnecessary. These serve to show that despite the strong prejudice against mechanics, many have risen superior to it, and have compelled the respect of those who, in early life, may have regarded them with disdain. We have suffered in this State on account of this prejudice. Our present condition demands that common sense should govern. Our youth should be taught that there is dignity in labor; and they should be encouraged to lay hold of the trowel, the plane, the sledge, the loom, or any instrument of art employing the wants of society. They should be encouraged to regard manual labor, as not adverse to the acquisition of fame, as well as riches. Sir Christopher Wren was an architect. Stephenson was a machinist. Franklin was a printer. Hugh Miller was a stone mason. Elisha Burritt was a blacksmith. What man is there in South Carolina who, however be-

fuddled with notions of caste, would not be exhilarated at the prospect of his son securing a reputation similar to that of these mechanics? And to what does this thing of caste amount? We know a very aristocratic family in which is commingled the blood of a tailor, a tallow chandler, and a dealer in peltry. But they are none the worse for their humble beginnings.

In the reconstruction of things among us, mechanics are very much needed. We must have all sorts of shops, and all sorts of workmen. Let the boys among us that have an aptitude for mechanics, be encouraged to learn some trade. Let proper attention be showed to them. Let them not be excluded from society, because they handle tools. Let reading rooms and libraries and evening schools be established, so that, like Miller and Burritt and Franklin, they may improve their minds, and be fitted to occupy high positions at home, as abroad. We hope yet to see the day when South Carolina shall not be dependent on Yankeeedom for axes helves and broom handles.

MATLY SENTIMENTS.—The New York Herald but expresses the sentiments of all, save the extreme (torch and turpentine) Radicals, when, in reference to the mean and very doubtful conduct of certain parties at Washington in preventing the decoration of Confederate graves, it asks:

"Is it possible that we cannot see how to be patriots without being brutes? Is it possible that our respect for a great cause requires us to exercise a mean supervision over the actions and thoughts of those whose sorrows differ from ours in their direction? Is this horrible tyranny of a majority to go into the sacred domain of the grave, too, and shall no one be grieved over, if he happened to be wrong? Shame on the zeal that pursues a quarrel beyond the grave. In the United States of America freedom has been much cramped for some time, but we have always desired to believe that it was only necessarily so. Permit us, men in authority, to believe that there is still freedom for a woman to go to the grave of her son or her lover and cast upon it a token of remembrance. If there is not what better are you than the brutal despots that made Austria a byword among nations?"

MARK TWAIN'S EXPERIENCE.—Mark Twain writes as follows from Vicksburg:

At dinner yesterday I helped myself to a piece of pumpkin pie. The gentleman who had been so obliging to amuse me at an expense of \$75, observing me eat the pie, rose from the table with a heavy frown on his face. When I had finished my dinner and walked forward to the social hall, he approached with a drawn Bowie-knife and sternly demanded of me where I was from. I told him, after a slight hesitation, that I was born in Albemarle county, Va., and that I was a nephew of Colonel—. He then said:

"If that is the case, sir, you may continue to live; but, sir, I thought you must be a d-d Yankee from the way you ate that pumpkin pie, and in that case I should have regarded it as a duty to cut your throat!"

I thanked him very politely for the high regard he manifested for the place of my birth and my family connections. He then asked me if I took part in the rebellion. I said yes. He inquired on which side. I replied on both; that I was visiting a relative of mine by the name of John M. Bots at the time the war broke out, and that I remained there until the war closed. He seemed satisfied with my answer, and asked me to introduce him to Gen. Blair.

He told the General that he was the first man he ever voted for that he had fought against; that the South could never have been conquered if he, Col. Jay Hawker I think he called himself, had been in command, or if they had all been like him. He had lost very heavily by the war. I think he said he had lost an uncle, a nigger, a watch and thirty dollars in Confederate money.

—A lad, narrating a street fight in which he had been engaged, said: "I'll tell you how it was. You see, Bill and me went down to the wharf to fish; and I felt in my pocket and found my knife, and it was gone; and I said, Bill, you stole my knife; and he said I was another; and I said go there yourself; and he said it was no such thing; and I said he was a liar, and could whip him if I was bigger'n him; and he said he'd rock me to sleep, mother; and I said he was a bigger one; and he said I never had the measles; I said for him to fork over that knife, or I'd fix him for a tombstone at Laurel Hill; and he said my grandmother was no gentleman; and I said he durstn't take it up; but he did, you bet; you never—well, you never did; then I got up again, and he tried to, but he didn't; and I grabbed him and threw him down on top of me like several bricks; and I tell you it beat all—and so did he; and my little dog got behind Bill and bit him, and Bill kicked at the dog and the dog ran, and I ran after the dog to fetch him back, and I didn't catch him till I got clea' home; and I'll whip him more yet. Is my eye very blue?"

—It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that when our heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would almost seem as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those who have dearly loved in life. Alas! how often and how long may those patient angels hover above us, watching for the spell which is so seldom uttered and soon forgotten.