

as large and formidable as those on Sullivan's Island. The line of the work is elegantly constructed, and extends nearly two miles up the shore of the inlet, with heavy abattis in front. There are other works connecting with it, extending nearly five miles from the harbor, mounting in all about one hundred guns. To garrison these and the surrounding works must have required not less than ten thousand men. The quantities of powder and ammunition strewn about are immense, and with the exception of spiking some of the guns, little or no damage has been done to any part of the works. Some of the gun carriages have been hacked with axes, but the workmen appear to have got tired before completing their destructive intentions.

FORT PINCKNEY.

Fort Pinckney, opposite the city, which at the commencement of the war was a brick work, has been banked up with sand so that the old structure, with the exception of the chimneys, is entirely invisible. It now presents quite a formidable appearance, and would doubtless have done good service against our fleet had it succeeded in passing Sumter.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK ON LITERARY STYLE.

An Andover correspondent of the *Independent* writes as follows:

"Among the pleasures of a short residence in Guilford, Ct., was an acquaintance I formed with Fitz-Greene Halleck, the author of 'Marco Bozaris.'"

Meeting him one day in the street, he stopped me and said: 'I learn that you are going to be a minister. I want you to call upon me. I wish to read you a sermon, that I deem a model for men of your profession.'

I promised to call, and the next morning I went to the poet's house and was shown into the sitting-room, where the poet bade me welcome. He beckoned me to a chair, and then took down from the shelf a volume, and began to read in that sonorous, dreamy, undulatory tone of voice so peculiar to him. The volume was 'Charter's Sermons.' (Charter was a Scotch preacher, located at Wilton, Scotland.)

The poet read from a sermon on the text, 'I would not live always.' He read until the tears gathered into his eyes and coursed down his cheeks. He finished the sermon, laid aside the book and asked, 'How do you like it?' 'Very much,' was my reply. Said he, 'That sermon is what I call a perfect poem.' I then ventured to remark, 'Its great charm, in my opinion, is its simplicity. Many of the sentences, I notice, are composed wholly of monosyllables.'

'I think so too,' said Halleck, 'and that reminds me of an incident that came under my observation while in New York. While there a letter fell into my hands which a Scotch servant-girl had written to her lover. Its style charmed me. It was fairly inimitable; I wonder how, in her circumstances in life, she could have acquired so elegant and perfect a style. I showed the letter to some of my literary friends in New York, and they unanimously agreed that it was a model of beauty and elegance. I then determined to solve the mystery, and I went to the house where she was employed, and asked her how it was that in her humble circumstances in life, she had acquired a style so beautiful that the most cultivated minds could but admire it.' 'Sir,' she said, 'I came to this country four years ago. Then I did not know how to read or write. But since then I have learned how to read and write, but I have not yet learned how to spell; so always, when I sit down to write a letter, I choose those words which are so short and simple that I am sure I know how to spell them.' There was the whole secret. The reply of this simple-minded Scotch girl condenses a world of rhetoric into a nut-shell. Simplicity is beauty. Simplicity is power.

"I would that every man could read this anecdote. How many words, how much bombast, would this principle, here inculcated, eliminate from ambitious sermons and addresses."

ENGLAND AND THE MAORIES.

An English writer in the London *Weekly Dispatch* thus speaks of the course of England toward the aborigines of New Zealand:

I turn to another book of this Iliad that touches us near at home. Surely God never made a nobler people than these Maories. In our dealings with them we seem like yahoos higgling with

houyhnyms. There is a stink about this civilization of ours, when contrasted with the sweet moral cleanness of the normal unsophisticated heroes of the antipodes, that irresistibly carries me to Swift and Lemuel Gulliver. Thirteen thousand miles have we gone out of our way, to dig our foul digits in their throat and civilize them 'of the face of the earth.' We have Christianized the poor heathen out of the lands of his fathers, and poisoned the sweet life of the manly savage with the foul foeter of European culture. Without money, or means, or knowledge, or the trick of skilled warfare, a handful of these noble sons of nature have for years defied all the resources of the highest belligerent attainment, and strong in self-respect, their sense of devotion to their independence, they have borne up against the strategy and cunning appliances of the best troops the white man could command. "I must not conclude," says Col. Geesen in his very latest dispatch, "without remarking on the gallant stand made by the Maories in the rifle-pits; they stood the charge without flinching, and did not retire until forced out at the point of the bayonet." They had no bayonets, no artillery, no shells; yet "our troops," says a correspondent, "find to their cost that the Maories are no mean foes either in bravery as fighting men, or in scientific acquirements as military engineers." Yet the disadvantage at which we take them seems positively dastardly; and with such secure odds in our favor, to cope with brave men so powerless, looks in the last degree cowardly. Cunning is the natural refuge of the weak; but it finds no place with them. Like the Paladins of old, they send a courtly challenge to the deadly tourney—a written cartel of combat for their hearths and alters. Rawiri despatches his herald to our commander:—"Now hear what we have to say. You have not come to us, and now we are coming to you. We give you warning; you may expect to see me in a month; and do not let your soldiers out, for our young men will certainly shoot them. We give you warning; that you may not say it is murder, for it won't be murder." Does the chivalry of sophisticated Europe reveal a spirit so simply noble, so manly, so grave, so sincere? In defeat and disaster, Wi Tako never forgets the self-possession and dignity of his free manhood. "For three days," says the vanquished hero, "Mr. Fox, I have waited to see you. What are your thoughts? Do you love all the Maories; the bad as well as the good?" Fox—"I have no love for evil." Wi Tako—"Our Lord Jesus loves all men, the wicked as well as the good." Fox—"He will punish the wicked." Wi Tako—"But he desires to save them." He scorns to compound for himself alone. "Do you extend your favor to all on the wrong side? Is that the Governor's feeling as well as yours? I have heard your conditions; but let me hear them again from your own lips." In chains, he manfully avows that he had been waiting for a native king. "When the Governor was here, I told him what was in my heart, and I refused to yield. I made no secret of my Kingism. I desire the good of my people through good report and bad report. I have nothing to be ashamed of when I meet the tribes. I was faithful to kingism till it died. I submit to your rule only because Waikato is crushed and conquered." Where is Exter Hallery? It is not Confederate Americans that are harrying these great and good men out of house and home, but English settlers and British troops. It is England that is confiscating the land that bore them, for the crime of defending their native country. Earl Russell can talk glibly enough about England having no toleration for slave owners, but he can make virtual slaves of New Zealanders, and usurp the Government of one hundred and eighty millions of Hindoos with the most utter unconsciousness of his glaring inconsistency.

PETERS' MICROGRAPHICAL MACHINE.

Mr. Peters, a London banker, has constructed a machine which will trace an exceedingly minute copy of writing or engraving with a diamond upon glass. Delicate mechanism is connected with the diamonds by means of which it may be raised or lowered, and also pressed with greater or less force upon the glass; and so effective are these contrivances, that the thick and thin strokes of ordinary writing can be faithfully transferred to the minute copy on glass. We cannot give a better account of the marvelous achievements of Mr. Peters' machine than in the words of the President of the Microscopical Society, in his address for the year 1862: "The

name and address of Mr. Matthew Marshal, Bank of England, have been written in the two-and-half millionth part of an inch (square inch.) The Lord's Prayer, too, has been written, and is legible in the three-and-a-half thousandth part of an English square inch. The measurements of one of these specimens was verified by Dr. Bowerbank, with a difference of not more than one five-millionth of an inch; and that difference, small as it is, arose from his not including the prolongation of the letter in the sentence "deliver us from evil;" so that he made the area occupied by the writing less than that stated above. Some idea of the minuteness of the characters in these specimens may be obtained from the statement that the whole Bible and Testament in writing of the same size might be placed twenty-two times on the surface of a square inch. The grounds of this startling assertion are as follows: The Bible and testament, together, in the English language, are said to contain 3,566,480 letters. The number of letters in the Lord's Prayer, as written ending in the sentence "deliver us from evil," is 223. Whence, as 3,566,480 divided by 223 equals 15,992, it appears that the Bible and Testament together contain the same number of letters as the Lord's Prayer written about 16,000 times. If, then, the prayer were written in the sixteen thousandth part of an inch, the Bible and Testament in writing of the same size would be contained by one square inch; but as three million five hundred and sixty-six thousand four hundred and eighty millionth of an inch is less than one twenty-second part of one fifteen thousand nine hundred and ninety-two thousandths of an inch, it follows that the Bible and Testament in writing of that size would occupy less space than one twenty-second of a square inch. In other words, the writing is so small, that in similar characters the Bible and Testament together could be written twenty-two times in the space of one English square inch." It is hard for the uninitiated to believe all this; but when it is soberly stated by the learned President of a learned society, and supported by detailed explanations we must yield. It is not the diminishing power of the instrument that astonishes. Theoretically, this may be carried to any extent for the ratio between the two arms of the lever may be anything we please, and there may be three or four levers acting upon one another, instead of merely two; inasmuch that we might arrive at the thousandth-millionth of an inch at last. The marvel is that the mechanism can be so exquisitely constructed and adjusted as to make these minute movements, and that the diamond can be made actually to scratch upon a piece of glass a whole body of sentences and paragraphs, the mere existence of which cannot be detected without the use of powerful microscopes.—*Chamber's Journal*.

THE MARRIED MAN'S SOLILOQUY

BY ONE WHO KNOWS.

Blast the women! They are always fretting about something or other! Yesterday the coal wouldn't burn, and the grate must be set; and the furnace must be repaired; and mercy knows what all; and to-day it's as hot as—! Save us from the want of an inconsiderate woman! Only let her get the upper hand, and she'll drive like blazes! But I won't be driven! Not I! If she wants the door fixed or the wood dried, or the water brought, or the leach set, or tubs hooped she may do it herself! Confound it! I can't go into the house but something is wanting! If it isn't one thing it is another! I'll leave my boots in the parlor every night, if I have a mind, and she may help herself! See if I don't. We'll see who will be the master! Before we were married, it was—"If you please, my dear!"—but cracky! if her tone hasn't changed. She shall and shan't from week's end to week's end, and if I venture to put a word in edge-wise, I am shut up by her infernal clatter. Talk about late hours and extravagance! Wonder what she calls late hours! I could stay out once until broad day-light, and she too, if the party was agreeable. But now if I chance to tend the club once a week, there is a muss directly. And don't ever think of her! Gracious me! I wish I could forget her for five minutes to see how it would seem. If the young men only knew! But no! If a man says a word he is set down as a nunny. He must grin and bear it, if it cuts ever so close. "And oyster suppers." Wonder if she don't like oysters! Tell me about the propriety of sitting down to the breakfast table with her head uncombed! Once she

was all curls and smiles. Now she's as slatternly as a washerwoman. Blast that race! They ought to be indicted for taking husbands under false pretences. If they'd only show out, the men wouldn't be such gudgeons. But no, they'll smile and smirk, and twitter till a fellow is caught, and then, by Jupiter, if they don't haul down their colors! And then the baby tending. It is worth a fortune to hear the squalling brats, night after night. Croup or cholera is the eternal complaint. If I had my way I'd shake the cholera out of 'em in a hurry. But no; they must be dosed with pink and annis and onions and deuce only knows what, and trotted till their gizzards are fairly shaken out. And then if any one is to be kept up, why Slocum can set up, it won't hurt him! But I've done with it; I won't, that's a fact. What's that you say? Mended my pants? And four new shirts, and a neckcloth! Well I declare, Mrs. Slocum is clever after all. If she don't scold so like—, but no matter, I know I provoked her, or she wouldn't do it. I'll give in, I'll own up—I'll—. The remainder was lost in something like a kiss. Five shirts must have done it—for Slocum forgot to swear when he was asked to tend the baby.

THE COLLIE.—I certainly witnessed

some "instances of canine shepherd-ing" that were staggering. For example: in one of those flocks of thousands, where the shepherd called his sheep by their own names and knew their individual faces, and where he walked before his flock in a way that most forcibly realized the Scripture scenes of shepherd life, he would say to his dog "go into the flock and fetch me out so and so," mentioning many names. Whereupon the dog would dart into the flock, and single out here one and there another until he had got together a certain number of sheep. Of course, I had to believe that they were the very sheep designated by the shepherd; but, at any rate, it was curious that the dog should fetch them from various parts of the flock. What the shepherd wished me to believe was that his dogs knew the names and faces of the sheep as well as he himself did; but he told me that only two of his dogs would do this. Whether or no he was humbugging me—I forgot what is the equivalent word in Tartar land—I must leave the reader to decide.

On another day the same shepherd found that about two hundred of his sheep were missing. He searched for them with his dog till nightfall without success. I was with him when he came back. He explained to the dog, with similar words and manner that he would have used in addressing a fellow being, that the sheep must be found, and that he, the collie, must manage the business as best he could. With that he dismissed him. The collie answered with an intelligent look and wag of the tail, and bounded away into the darkness. The next day the shepherd renewed his search, but neither sheep nor collie were to be seen. In the afternoon the shepherd had reached a distant moor, and heard every now and then the faint barking of a dog. Guided by the sound he advanced up a glen that narrowed at its furthest extremity into a small plot of ground guarded on every side but one by lofty rock walls. There, at the outlet, was the faithful collie, giving signal barks, but not daring to stir from his post; and there, before him, hemmed in by their rocky fold, were all the sheep. Not one was missing. The glen was between four and five miles from the spot from whence the flock had wandered.

This same collie showed his nationality by evincing a peculiar weakness for milk, and (among many other performances) he had been taught to help himself to his dainty beverage in the following way; first he took, with his teeth, a saucer, or plate, from the table and placed it on the floor. Then he reared himself with his fore paws on the table and by the aid of his teeth took the milk-jug by its handle and carried it down to the saucer; and then with the milk-jug still held by his teeth he poured out the milk into the saucer. This was the most difficult part of his performance, as it obliged him to hold his head on one side with extraordinary care, and with an agonized expression that would have gone to Landseer's heart; for if poor collie spilt one drop of milk in the process he was forbidden his dainty. But he had brought his performance to that degree of perfection that a failure and disappointment of this kind were very rare.—[From *Glencregan*, by Cuthbert Bede.

—A lady calls the vestibules of hotels "monkey roosts," the men stare so.